

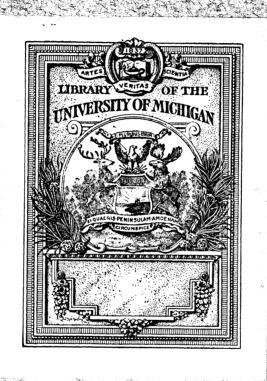
WINDSOR MAGAZINE

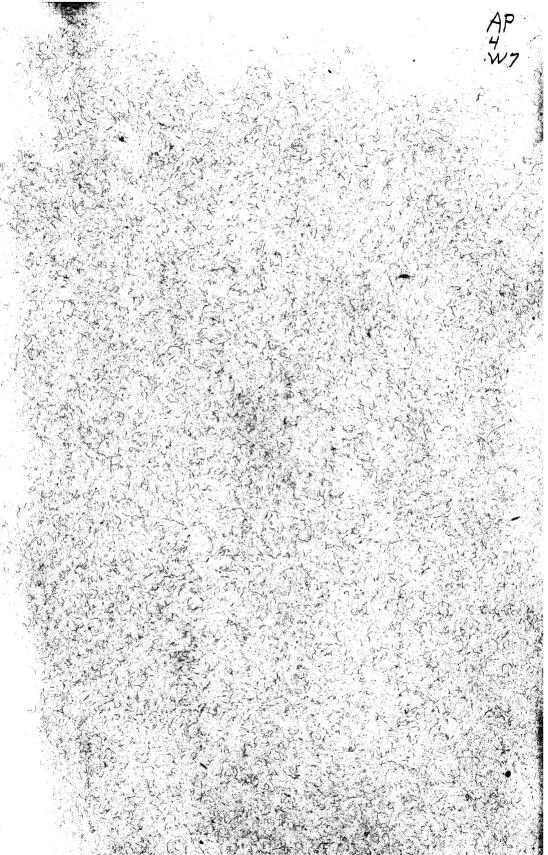
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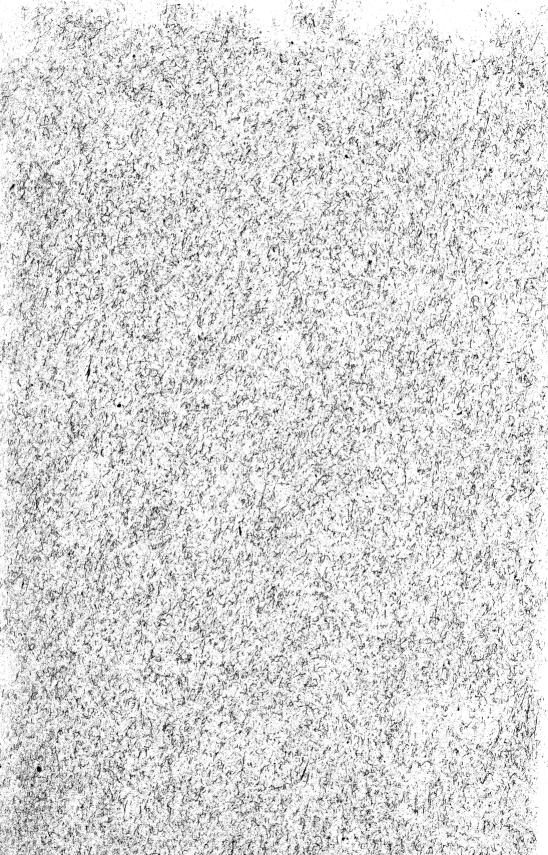


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THE

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XXIX

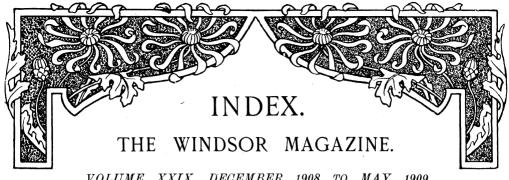
DECEMBER 1908 TO MAY 1909

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VOLUME XXIX., DECEMBER 1908 TO MAY 1909.

PAGE

	PAGE
"AFTER FIFTY YEARS" Frank Bramley, A.R.A	
ART OF MR. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A., THE. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures . Austin Chester	
ART OF WILLIAM DYCE, R.A., THE. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures Austin Cheste.	
ART OF THE McCulloch Collection, The	699
ART OF E. M. WARD, R.A., THE. Illustrated from the Artist's pictures Austin Chester	333
ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING	248
ASSIZE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, THE. Illustrated from photographs Allan Grange	505
Thomas of Wilder and Company	0.00
•••	
Baby in the 'Bus, The. Illustrated by J. L. C. Booth E. M. Bryan	152
BACHELORS. Illustrated by Thomas Maybank	
BATTINE, CECIL. "The Education of a War Horse"	797
	411
BAUGHAN, E. A. "Dr. Hans Richter: An Appreciation"	443
Beardsley, Alice. "Honeymooners, Limited"	
"Benedicta"	
Bensusan, S. L. "A Master of British Sport: Mr. Thomas Blinks and his Pictures".	73
BIT OF CROWN DERBY, A. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	371
	. 140
	75
"A Steenlechase: The Water" (coloured plate)	76
"Duck Shooting" (coloured plate)	85
"Sattare" (coloured plate)	86
"Duck Shooting" (coloured plate)	72
The Alt of Mr. I Hollas Dillias	4 517
BRAZENHEAD IN MILAN. Hittstrated by Maurice Greinenhagen . Maurice Hewitt 179, 229, 58	±, 511
Bretherton, Ralph Harold. "The Chair"	425
British Weights and Measures. Illustrated from photographs F. Stanley Read	163
BRYANT, E. M. "The Baby in the 'Bus"	152
Bullen, Frank T. "The Romance of Wreck-Raising"	308
Bulls. Illustrated by S. B. de la Bere	\cdot 724
Burgh, A. DE. "The Most Noble Order of the Garter"	
	43
By RIGHT OF SALVAGE. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor S. R. Crocket	
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	693
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	693 553
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	693 553 5 94
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	693 553 5 94 238
By Right of Salvage. Illustrated by L. Campbell Taylor	693 553 5 94 2 238 4 425
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out"	693 553 5 94 238 425 5 57
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket CHERUBAND TWO LOCK-OUT" Relph Harold Bretherton CHERUBAND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists"	693 558 594 238 425 57 211
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket CHEVILIAM. "A Lock-Out" E. E. E. Kellet CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo Ralph Harold Bretherton Eden Phillipott CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A."	693 553 5 94 238 425 5 57 211 455
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket CHERUBAND TWO LOCK-OUT" Relph Harold Bretherton CHERUBAND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists"	693 553 5 94 2 238 4 25 5 57 211 455 577
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A."	693 553 5 94 238 425 5 57 211 455
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A."	693 553 594 2 238 4 425 5 57 211 455 577 333
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket A. Ralen E. E. Kellet Kate Jordan Ralph Harold Bretherton Eden Phillpott CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection"	693 553 594 238 425 57 211 455 577 333 699
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art"	693 553 553 94 238 425 577 211 455 577 333 699 3
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Wr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" Lady Henry Somerse	693 693 94 238 425 57 211 455 577 333 699 3
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE	693 594 238 425 57 211 455 577 333 699 3 189
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Wr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CHARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius"	693 553 94 238 425 57 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 666 546
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget "S. R. Crocket S. R. Crocket L. A. L. Bowlet L. Campbell Taylor R. R. Crocket L. E. E. Kellet R. Ralph Harold Bretherton Ral	693 553 594 238 425 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 666 546
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CHRISTMASTIDE" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "H. B. Marriott Watson	693 553 94 2388 425 577 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 66 546 546 547 727
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CHRISTMASTIDE" CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "A L. Bowley CONWAY, SIR W MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents"	693 553 594 294 294 295 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 66 546 661 727 727 545
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Gyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W. MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "CROCKETT, S. R. "By Right of Salvage" "Mrs. Stanhope Forbe	693 553 94 2388 425 577 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 66 546 546 547 727
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTABS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W. MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "GRITICS, THE" CROCKETT, S. R. "By Right of Salvage" CROFTS, ERNEST, R.A. "Napoleon and the Old Guard at Waterloo"	693 553 94 294 294 211 455 577 211 455 577 333 699 3 4 189 66 546 66 621 727 727 545
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTABS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of E. M. Ward, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W. MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "GRITICS, THE" CROCKETT, S. R. "By Right of Salvage" CROFTS, ERNEST, R.A. "Napoleon and the Old Guard at Waterloo"	693 553 94 238 425 57 211 455 57 211 455 57 333 699 3 189 66 546 621 727 545 67
CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Lock-Out" CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL. "A Famous Red Indian Rising" CATCHING TWO TARTARS. Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill CAZABON'S WAY. Illustrated by Gyrus Cuneo CHAIR, THE. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday CHERUB AND THE LUTE, THE. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy CHESTER, AUSTIN. "More Pictures by Modern Artists" "The Art of Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of William Dyce, R.A." "The Art of the McCulloch Collection" "The Women of the Bible in Modern Art" CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT, THE "CLARKE, B. A. "A Cure for Genius" COCKEREL, THE. Illustrated by H. M. Paget CONWAY, SIR W. MARTIN. "Mountain Accidents" "CROCKETT, S. R. "By Right of Salvage" "Mrs. Stanhope Forbe	693 553 94 238 425 57 211 455 577 333 699 3 189 66 546 546 67 455

ii INDEX.

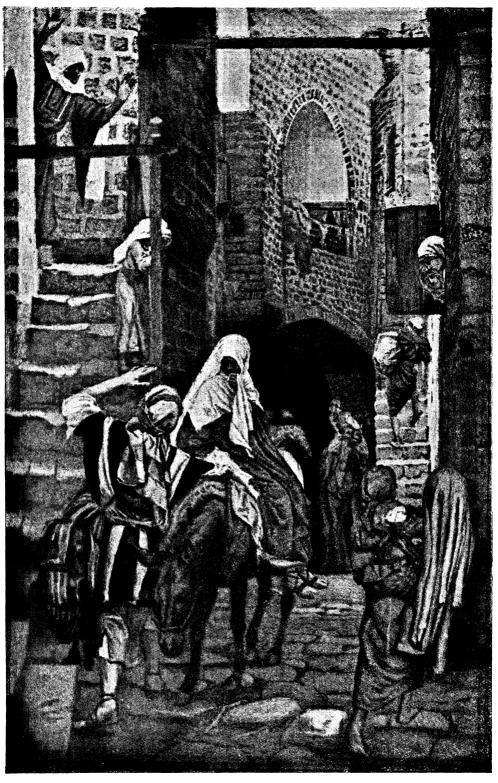
								PAGE
CUPID GOES SLUMMING. Illustrated				A	lice	Heaa	n Rice	
CURE FOR GENIUS, A. Illustrated by Howard Somery	ville .						Clarke	
,								
"Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room at Lord Chester	RFIELD'S "			E.	M.	War	d, R.A.	332
DOUBTRUL CASE A Illustrated by Frank Reynolds 1	R. T						ý Pain	
DUNCAN, NORMAN. "A Lad o' Wits". DYCE, WILLIAM, R.A. "St. John Bringing Home His "The Art of William Dyce, R.								642
DYCE WILLIAM R.A. "St. John Bringing Home His	Adopted M	other	•					576
"The Art of William Dyce R.	A",	Ouroi	•	•		•		577
The fire of William Dyce, 10.		•	•	•		•		٥,,
EARLY FORMS OF SOME GREAT INVENTIONS. Illustra	ated from pl	hotogra	phs .		Geor	·ge A	. Wade	670
Editor's Scrap-Book, The				203,	327, 4	449,	571, 69	3, 817
EDUCATION OF A WAR HORSE, THE. Illustrated from	n photograp	hs .			C	ecil .	Battine	797
EVE OF THE CAMERA, THE. Illustrated by Alec Ball					Fre	d M	. White	155
EARLY FORMS OF SOME GREAT INVENTIONS. Illustrated Editor's Scrap-Book, The Education of a War Horse, The. Illustrated from Eye of the Camera, The. Illustrated by Alec Ball	•							
FAMOUS RED INDIAN RISING, A. Illustrated from ph	otographs		Willi	am Bl	easdi	ell C	ameron	553
FLETCHER, J. S. "Young Mr. Merrill's Love Affair"	0000 Page 1	•						298
FILE TOTAL W. T. KERGIAKE "The Salmon Fighering	of British Co	dumbi	۰.,, ۰	•		•		381
" For rowing Time Tions"	n Diffusii CC	Jiumoi		•	$\mathbf{r}_{A_{2}}$	nin 1	onalae	409
Forests Transpare Markey (CDL) Orest?			•	109	079	940	160 50	1 760
EDONALL JUSTUS MILES. "THE QUEST".			77.7	100,	۵۱۵, ۱ D∞~	o z e,	4 D 4	010
FAMOUS RED INDIAN RISING, A. Intustrated from pheriotremer, J. S. "Young Mr. Merrill's Love Affair" FLINTON, W. J. KERSLAKE. "The Salmon Fisheries of "Following Him Home". FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES. "The Quest". FRONTISPIECES. "After Fifty Years". "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room at 1 "Napoleon and the Old Guard at W"St. John Bringing Home His Adop "Sir Isumbras at the Ford"		ا دوره عد	,, E	1 UNK 1	บาลท	uey,	д.п.д. 1 р /	210
"Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room at I	Lora Uneste	rneia's	•	E.	MI.	war	и, п.А.	552
"Napoleon and the Old Guard at W	aterloo''			Err	nest (Croft	s, K.A.	454
"St. John Bringing Home His Adop	ted Mother	",		Wit	liam	Dyc	e, $R.A$.	576
"Sir Isumbras at the Ford".	Sir J	ohn E	verett	Milla	is , B_i	art.,	P.R.A.	698
"The Virgin Mary and St. Joseph S	eeking a Lo	dging i	in Bet	thlehe	m "			
	Ŭ	Ŭ (colour	red pla	ite)	J. J	. Tissot	2
				_	,			
GAUNT, MARY. "Sweetbriar in the Desert".								493
GIZA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, CAIRO, THE. Illustrated	by the Aut	hor .		Nallia	Had	don	FZS	630
Carrage Asses ((M) - Agging of Weights and Magn	. Dy one Auo.	1101		110000	1144	wen,	r.2.5.	505
GRANGER, ALLAN. "The Assize of Weights and Meas	ures .	•		•		•		
Graves, Clotilde. "A Sailors' Home"				•		•		525
HADDEN, NELLIE, F.Z.S. "The Giza Zoological Gard	ens, Cairo"	' , ·						630
HADDEN, NELLIE, F.Z.S. "The Giza Zoological Gard" HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE	ens, Cairo" Tabernacl	LE" (cc	loure	l $plate$	·) ·			
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE	ens, Cairo" Tabernact	LE'' (co	loure	l plate Frank	e) : W.	W. 2	\cdot . Topham	. 17
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks & Favour".	ens, Cairo" TABERNACL	LE '' (co	loure	F'rank	: W.			. 17 449
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Harris Maurice "Brazenhead in Milan"	ens, Cairo" TABERNACL	.Е" (cc		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Harris Maurice "Brazenhead in Milan"	ens, Cairo" TABERNACL	.е" (cc		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was".	TABERNACL	. E '' (со		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was".	TABERNACL	. E '' (со		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was".	TABERNACL	. E '' (со		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was".	TABERNACL	. E '' (со		F'rank	: W.	179,	. ² 29, 39	17 449 4, 517
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". HEWLETT, MAURICE. "Brazenhead in Milan". HIBBARD, GEORGE. "The Way It Was". HILLIERS, ASHTON. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, THE. Illustrated by Claude Shepp HONEYMOONERS. LIMITED. Illustrated by Penrhyn St	Tabernacl	E'' (co		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio	179, Ann ances ce Be	229, 39 229, 39 	449 4, 517 415 371 8 89 2 252 4 443
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". HEWLETT, MAURICE. "Brazenhead in Milan". HIBBARD, GEORGE. "The Way It Was". HILLIERS, ASHTON. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, THE. Illustrated by Claude Shepp HONEYMOONERS. LIMITED. Illustrated by Penrhyn St	Tabernacl	E'' (co		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio	179, Ann ances ce Be		449 4, 517 415 371 89 2 252 443 37
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was".	Tabernacl	E'' (co		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio	179, Ann ances ce Be	229, 39 229, 39 	449 4, 517 415 371 89 2 252 443 37
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". HEWLETT, MAURICE. "Brazenhead in Milan". HIBBARD, GEORGE. "The Way It Was". HILLIERS, ASHTON. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, THE. Illustrated by Claude Shepp HONEYMOONERS. LIMITED. Illustrated by Penrhyn St	Tabernacl	E'' (co		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio	179, Ann ances ce Be		449 4, 517 415 371 89 2 252 443 37
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from	Tabernacl	E'' (co		Frank	lora Fro Alio Ban	179, Ann ances ce Be rones		17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125
"HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE HARRIS, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". HEWLETT, MAURICE. "Brazenhead in Milan". HIBBARD, GEORGE. "The Way It Was". HILLIERS, ASHTON. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, THE. Illustrated by Claude Shepp HONEYMOONERS, LIMITED. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. HOPE, ANTHONY. "River and Ring" HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER, THE. Illustrated from	Tabernact	LE" (cc		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio Ban	. 179, . Ann ances ce Be . rones		17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125 2, 178
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hilliers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by	Tabernact	LE" (cc		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio Ban J urd H	. 179,	229, 39 ie Steel Rivers eardsley s Orczy unemore	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125 2, 178 6, 613
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Frank	: W. Flora Fro Alio Ban J urd H	. 179,		17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125 2, 178 6, 613
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). IN CAMP WITH THE Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Surences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Frank F Leone therin	V. Flora Fro Alio Ban J urd H e Ceo	. 179, . Ann ances ce Be . rones . Eator cil T	229, 39 i.e Steel Rivers eardsley Sorczy nemore s Smith hurston	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125 2, 178 2, 613 3, 141
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. HOMEWARD CALL, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). IN CAMP WITH THE Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Surences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Frank F Leona therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G	. 179, . Ann ances ce Be . rones . Eator cil T . D.	229, 39 ie Steel Rivers ardsley s Orczy nnemore n Smith hurston Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 37 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 2 613 3 141 3 500
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hilliers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). "In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Frank F Leona therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G	. 179, . Ann ances ce Be . rones . Eator cil T . D.	229, 39 i.e Steel Rivers eardsley Sorczy nemore s Smith hurston	17 449 4, 517 415 371 89 252 443 37 125 2178 613 141 500 257
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate)	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 448 37 125 2, 178 2, 613 3, 141 3, 500 3, 500 3, 719
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hilliers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". HIS CHANCE. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). "In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		229, 39 ie Steel Rivers ardsley s Orczy nnemore n Smith hurston Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 448 37 125 2, 178 2, 613 3, 141 3, 500 3, 500 3, 719
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate)	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 448 37 125 2, 178 2, 613 3, 141 3, 500 3, 500 3, 719
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 8 613 141 5 500 8 257 719 8 135
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hilliers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" "In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct".	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 448 37 125 2, 178 6, 13 2, 141 3, 500 3, 257 7, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 4, 19 5, 1
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V.	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 8 613 141 5 500 8 257 719 8 135
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hilliers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" "In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct".	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 448 37 125 2, 178 6, 13 2, 141 3, 500 3, 257 7, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 3, 19 4, 19 5, 1
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way".	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 2 178 2 178 3 141 5 500 8 257 7 19 8 135
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate)	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 89 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 6 613 2 141 5 507 719 5 135 320 238
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way".	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 2 178 2 178 3 141 5 500 8 257 7 19 8 135
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate)	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char	lora Fro Alio Ban Jurd H e Ceo les G les G		ie Steels Rivers ardsley is Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 89 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 6 613 2 141 5 507 719 5 135 320 238
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way". Kellett, E. E. "Catching Two Tartars". Kipling, Rudyard. "The Mother Hive".	TABERNACL	LE" (cc		Leono therin Char Char	; W. Flora Fro Alio Ban J J G Ban G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 2 178 3 141 5 500 5 257 7 19 8 135 320 238
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring"	TABERNACL erson anlaws the photograph L. Raven-H iday	LE" (cc		Leone therin Char Char	: W. : W. : From the control of the	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy memore Smith hurston Roberts Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2, 89 2, 252 443 37 125 2, 141 3, 613 2, 141 3, 500 3, 141 3, 500 3, 141 3, 500 3, 141 3, 500 3, 141 3, 500 3, 141 3, 14
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp, Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way". Kellett, E. E. "Catching Two Tartars". Kipling, Rudyard. "The Mother Hive" Lad o' Wits, A. Illustrated by Victor Prout.	TABERNACL erson anlaws the photograph L. Raven-H iday	LE" (cc		Leone therin Char Char	: W. : W. : From the control of the	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy unemore i Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 871 8 252 443 37 125 2 178 6 113 6 141 6 500 8 257 719 8 135 320 238 94 27
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp, Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson In the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way". Kellett, E. E. "Catching Two Tartars". Kipling, Rudyard. "The Mother Hive" Lad o' Wits, A. Illustrated by Victor Prout.	TABERNACL erson anlaws the photograph L. Raven-H iday	LE" (cc		Leone therin Char Char	: W. Flora Fr. Alia Ban J J Geles G Ges G Hes G Norn Fr.	179, Annances ce Be cones Fin Tator Lator D. D.	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy vnemore s Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 6 613 141 6 500 6 257 719 1 35 320 238 94 27
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring". Hungarian Peasant Farmer, The. Illustrated from "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated by In the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson in the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding" Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way". Kellett, E. E. "Catching Two Tartars". Kipling, Rudyard. "The Mother Hive". Lad o' Wits, A. Illustrated by Victor Prout Language of Flowers, The. Illustrated by Alec B Leslie, Charles D. "Bachelors".	TABERNACL erson canlaws n photograph L. Raven-H iday Vall all	Hill		Leono therin Char	: W. Flora Fred Fred Fred Fan Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy unemore s Smith hurston Roberts Roberts Council of the Caine of Caine	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 3 141 5 500 5 257 719 8 135 320 238 94 27 4642 647 295 6 693
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St. Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring" "In a Bunker" (coloured plate). "In Camp with the Indian Civilian. Illustrated from the Dark. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson in the Silences. Illustrated by J. G. Millais. In the Unknown Dark. Illustrated by Gilbert Hol Innes, Norman. "Wit and Understanding". Iron Edge of Winter, The. Illustrated by A. J. V. Johnston, Hubert McBean. "The Viaduct". Jordan, Kate. "Cazabon's Way". Kellett, E. E. "Catching Two Tartars". Kipling, Rudyard. "The Mother Hive". Lad o' Wits, A. Illustrated by Victor Prout Language of Flowers, The. Illustrated by Alec B Leslie, Charles D. "Bachelors" Lord of the Glass House. The. Illustrated by Pa	TABERNACL erson anlaws the photograph L. Raven-H iday vall all aul Branson	Hill		Leono therin Char	: W. Flora Fred Fred Fred Fan Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred Fred	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy vnemore s Smith hurston Roberts Roberts	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 252 443 37 125 2 178 2 178 2 178 3 141 3 141 5 500 2 257 7 19 3 195 2 27 4 642 2 647 2 295 2 693
"Hannah Dedicating the Infant Samuel at the Harris, A. L. "Penelope Asks a Favour". Hewlett, Maurice. "Brazenhead in Milan". Hibbard, George. "The Way It Was". Hillers, Ashton. "A Bit of Crown Derby". His Chance. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Homeward Call, The. Illustrated by Claude Shepp Honeymooners, Limited. Illustrated by Penrhyn St Hope, Anthony. "River and Ring"	TABERNACL erson anlaws the photograph L. Raven-H iday vall all aul Branson	Hill	. Ka	Leona Char Char	; W. ; W. Flora Fre Fre Alia Ban J urd I urd I ee Cec lees G lees G Norm Fr. Wi les G	. 179,	ie Steels Rivers ardsley s Orczy unemore s Smith hurston Roberts Roberts Council of the Caine of Caine	17 449 4, 517 415 371 2 89 2 443 37 125 2 178 6 613 2 141 5 500 6 257 719 5 135 320 238 94 27 4642 26 647 295 26 643 37 37 37 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 38 3

INDEX.

McCulloch Collection, The Art MacPhairsson's Happy Family. I Master of British Sport, A: Mr.	of the. Il llustrated b	llustra y Har	ted ry Ro	ountre	90		\cdot Cho	. Au urles G	ustin ł. D.	Chester Roberts	PAGE 699 682
MELINDY AND THE LYNXES. Illustr MOBERLY, L. G. "Through Thine of More Pictures by Modern Artist	Illustrated ated by Err	from nest F	the A osber	rtist' y	s pict	ures	. Cha	ırles C	ł. D.	Roberts	389
MORE FICTURES BY MODERN ARTIST MORKISON, H. M. "The World'S W MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTE	arehouses'' R. The. Il	lustra	$\det_{\mathbf{t}}$	e Art	Jara I	pictui	es	. A1	isiin A. d	Cnester e Burgh	211 435 43
MOTHER HIVE, THE. Illustrated by MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS. Illustrated f	Harry Rourom photogr	ntree raphs	•	•	:		Šir I	Rud V. Ma	yard $rtin$	Kipling Conway	$\frac{27}{727}$
MORKISON, H. M. "The World's W MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTE MOTHER HIVE, THE. Illustrated by MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS. Illustrated f MY MISTAKE. Illustrated by L. Rav	en-Hill	:	•	•		•	•	•	Jes	sie Pope	811
"Napoleon and the Old Guard A										ts, R.A.	
NESBIT, E. "Lucy"		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		403
ORCZY, BARONESS. "The Hungaria ORR, WILBUR T. "Bulls"	n Peasant I	farme:	r ''								$\begin{array}{c} 125 \\ 724 \end{array}$
Otti, Willbott I. Dalis		•	•	•	•	•	,	,	•	•	1.42
PAIN, BARRY. "A Doubtful Case" PARADISE. Illustrated by Cyrus Cur "PARADISE LOST" (coloured plate)							Horac	e Ann	esley	Vachel	130 198
"PARADISE LOST" (coloured plate)				• ,		•	•		$Abbe_i$	y Altson . Harris	7
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. "The Cherub a	nd the Lut	е ;;						•		. 110///	57
"Porringe" (coloured plate)	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		Ida 1	Loverina	811
"Paradise Lost" (coloured plate) Penelope Asks a Favour Phillpotts, Eden. "The Cherub a Pope, Jessie. "My Mistake". "Porridge" (coloured plate) "Putting" (coloured plate).	: :	•				·				nnemore	
QUEST, THE. Illustrated by William	n Hatherell	, R.I.	Just	us M	Tiles F	'orma	n 10	B , 273,	349,	469, 59	1, 769
Rawson, Maud Stepney. "Love a	nd the Jam	biste'	, ,,.								661
READ, F. STANLEY. "British Weight "READY!".					:			\cdot_{Ber}	nard	Ġribble	163 499
"RESTORATION OF THE WIDOW'S SON RICE, ALICE HEGAN. "Cupid Goes RICHTER, DR. HANS: AN APPRECIAT	TO LIFE BY	, Elij.	ан, Т •	HE ''	(colou	red p	late) I	rord M	Iados	c Brown	18 789
RICHTER, DR. HANS: AN APPRECIAT RICKERT, EDITH. "White Lucy" RIVER AND RING. Illustrated by Fr. RIVERS, FRANCES. "The Homewar ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D. "In the "MacPh" Melind "The Ir "Melind "The Ir "The Lo ROMANCE OF WRECK-RAISING, THE. "RUTH AND NAOMI" (coloured plate	non. With	Port	rait	•	:			. E.	A. E	Baughan	411 563
RIVER AND RING. Illustrated by Fr	ed Pegram					:		. A	ntho	ny Hope	37
RIVERS, FRANCES. "The Homewar ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D. "In the	G Call ". Silences "	•		:	:	•	•	•	•		252 500
"In the	Unknown I	Oark "	٠.,	٠,							257
" MacPh " Melind	airrson's Ha v and the I	appy 1	amii	у ′′	•	•	•	•	•		682 380
"The Ir	on Edge of	Winte	r ''	:			:	:			135
"The Lo	rd of the G	lass H	louse '	,,	;	. •		٠		£ •	733
"RUTH AND NAOMI" (coloured plate)	illustrate	a iron	n pno	togra	pns, e	tc.	Philin	H Co	nk T aldere	. Bullen on R. A	308
(cotton con prints)	, .	•	•	•	•		· www.p		evacro	770, 10.21	. 0
SAILORS' HOME, A. Illustrated by V	ictor Proud	t.						. Cl	$otild\epsilon$	Graves	525
"ST. John Bringing Home His A	DOPTED MO	THER	"·	٠, .	٠.	•	V	Villiar	n Dy	ce, R.A	. 576
SALMON FISHERIES OF BRITISH COL	UMBIA, THE	E. III	ustrat	ed fr	om pi	ıotog	raphs	. Kore	lale	Flinton	901
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, THE. Illus	strated from	phot	ograp	$_{ m hs}$							747
SHOCKING STORY, A	 CE Illustr	otod h	. Cii	hont.	Մահե		•	1771			571
SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD				Sir.	.lohn	ay Evere	tt Mil	riora lais F	ı Anı Bart	ne Steel P.R.A	713
SMITH, LEONARD EATON. "In Camp	with the I	ndian	Civili	ian ''		•					
"Somebody's Luggage: An Irony Somerset, Lady Henry. "The Chi Stead, William T. "The Art of Pu Steel, Flora Annie. "His Chance	OF THE SE	lA '' nment	;;	•		•		Flemi	ng V	Villiams	
STEAD, WILLIAM T. "The Art of Pu	blic Speaki	ng"		:	:	:	•		•		189 248
STEEL, FLORA ANNIE. "His Chance	"	· ~		.,•					,	. ,	89
"Successful Day with the Devoi	en and Gold	ten Si	lence	 HOTE		,,	•		E'	k Crain	713
SWEETBRIAR IN THE DESERT. Illus	trated by C	yrus C	uneo	HUUD	, no,	•	•			к Orang 1 Gaunt	
	F . ' !		/			•		•		,	'
TAYLOR, J. PAUL. "The Cult of the	Trout "				•		•				263

iv INDEX.

	IV			INDE	A.				
	"THROUGH THINE OWN HEART A THURSTON, KATHERINE CECIL."	LSO." In the	Illust Dark	rated by	y Claud			. L. G. Moberly	PAGE 655 141
	UNEXPECTED, THE. Illustrated by	y Alec	Ball	•	•			. Fred M. White	803
		Parad	ise"						193
	VERSE. "1909"	•	•		٠.	• •		. Jessie Pope	328 .
	"Ballade, A"	•	•	•	,			Archibald Sullivan	154
	"Christmas"		•	•	•			Edith C. M. Dart	572
	"Christmas Trials"		•	•	•	•	• . •	Dorothea Mary Wood	72
	"Contributor's Introduct	ion of	a Man	uscrint	À	•		. Jessie Pope	$\frac{203}{208}$
	" Daffodils"			ascript,		•	· Aan	nes Grozier Herbertson	544
	" Degenerate Pantoum, A	``.		·		•	. 119,		330
	" Eliza Jane" .							. Rupert Thorold	574
	"Fair Warning, A"							. Jessie Pope	696
	"First Straw, The" .			•					818
	"From Exile"	•	•	•			٠		629
	"Happy Shepherd, The" "Heimweh",	•	•	•	•		Agi	nes Grozier Herbertson	348
	"Intimations"	•	•	•	•	• •		. L. G. Moberly	732
	"Joy".	•	•	•	•	•	127777	Elizabeth B. Piercy am Wallace Whitelock	$\frac{612}{272}$
	"Little Maids of Devon.	The "	•	•		•		rothy Frances Gurney	202
	"Masquerade, The".							. May Byron	448
	" Moment After, The ".		6					. May Byron	236
	"My Lady's Hat"							. R. Mertun	206
	"Ode to Spring" "Orchard, The"		•	•				. Stuart Furniss	820
	"Piping Shepherd, The		•	• .			٠, , .	Augusta Hancock	738
	"Recipe, A"	•		•		•	. Agr	nes Grozier Herbertson	802
	"Red Necklace, The".	•	•	•		•		Katherine Mann Alice E. Gillington	$\frac{452}{42}$
	"Riding Song".			•		•		Theodore Roberts	151
	"Road to Cabinteely. Th	е".						Dora Sigerson Shorter	410
	"Sir Guyon".							allace Bertram Nichols	294
	"Snow-Clouds"							Alice E. Gillington	251
	"Song and the World, Tl "Song in Green, A"	he".	•			•		Una Artevelde Taylor	138
•	"Spring"	•	•	•		•		. May Byron	810
	"Spring's Heralds"	•	•	•		•		Garnet Noel Wiley Elizabeth B. Piercy	$\frac{669}{552}$
	"Time to Go to Bed".		•	•		•		D. K.	380
	"Vanity of Great Ships."	The $"$		·		•	• • •	Theodore Roberts	434
	"Violet, The".							Archibald Sullivan	692
	"Westminster".	•						Herbert E. A. Furst	570
	"Wind, The"	•	•	•		•	Agr	nes Grozier Herbertson	134
	"Winter Vignette, A".	•	•	•		•		. Victor Plarr	192
	VIADUCT, THE. Illustrated by A. I	Foresti	ier	•	•	•	Ha	Edith C. M. Dart bert McBean Johnston	$\frac{306}{320}$
	"VIKINGS"			•		•		Edwin Donalas	$\frac{320}{262}$
	"VIRGIN MARY AND ST. JOSEPH S	SEEKIN	NG A I	ODGING	in Bi	ETHLEHE	M. THE	' (coloured plate)	202
	V*						•	J. J. Tissot	2
	WADE, GEORGE A. "Early Form	s of So	me Gr	eat Inve	entions	,,,			670
	WARD, E. M., R.A. "Dr. Johnson	ı in th	e Ante	-room a	t Lord	Chesterf	ield's "		332
	"The Art of	E. M.	Ward,	R.A. "					333
	"WARDERS OF SIBERIA, THE".	G- 1						Fleming Williams	388
	WAY IT WAS, THE. Illustrated b	Cocke	rel						621
	"WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN	y IVI. V	vatkin	S. Louwed a	iata) .	•		. George Hibbard	415
	Weights and Measures. British	r. Illi	ustrate	d from	nhatag	ranhs		Mrs. Seymour Lucas F. Stanley Read	$\begin{array}{c} 187 \\ 163 \end{array}$
	WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. THE AS	SSIZE (эв. II	lustrate	d from	nhotogra	nhs .	. Allan Granger	505
	WEIR, GEORGE, COMEDIAN. Illus	strated	from	photogra	aphs .				766
	WHITE, FRED M. "The Eye of the	ne Can	aera '' 🏻			•			155
	"The Language					•			647
	WHITE LUCY. Illustrated by Ceci	tea "		•		•		73.71.77 701.7	803
	"WINTER FAIRY A" lealoured also	1 A1011	ц.,	•				. Edith Rickert	563
	"WINTER FAIRY, A" (coloured pla "WINTER'S TALE, A"	· · ·	•				• •	J. MacWhirter, R.A. A. J. Wall	$\frac{139}{237}$
	WIT AND UNDERSTANDING. Illust	rated	bv F. 1	H. Towr	nsend	•	•	. Norman Innes	719
	WOMEN OF THE BIBLE IN MODER	N ART	THE.	Illusti	rated .			. Austin Chester	3
	World's Warehouses, The. Illu	ustrate	d from	photog	raphs			. H. M. Morrison	435
	37 36- 35				_		_		
	Young Mr. MERRILL'S LOVE AFE	MIR.	Illustr	ated by	Bertha			. J. S. Fletcher	298
	"Youthful Trio, A"		•	•	•			. Arthur Cooke	492



"THE VIRGIN MARY AND ST. JOSEPH SEEKING A LODGING IN BETHLEHEM."
By J. J. Tissot.

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THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE IN MODERN ART.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

I N the early part of the Christian era, when the art of nations was still designed on classical lines, the Christian Church

prohibited the painting of figuresubjects on the walls of her buildings, but, as Professor Middleton and William Morris explain, the prohibition was in vain : "The double desire. both for the artistic effect of painted walls and for the religious teaching afforded by the pictorial representation of sacred scenes and the celebration of Sacraments, the was too strong. In spite of the zeal of bishops and others, who sometimes with their own hands defaced the pictures of Christ on the walls of the churches, in spite of threats of excommunication. the forbidden paintings by degrees became more numerous, till the walls of almost every church throughout Christendom were decorated with whole series of pictured stories. The useless prohibition was

"THE EXPULSION FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN."
BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

From the stained glass cartoon in the possession of Mrs. Hueffer.

when, towards the end of the fourth century, when the Byzantine style had replaced with hieractic type the debased Classic, the learned Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, ordered the two basilicas, which he had built at Fondi and Nola, to be adorned with wall-paintings of

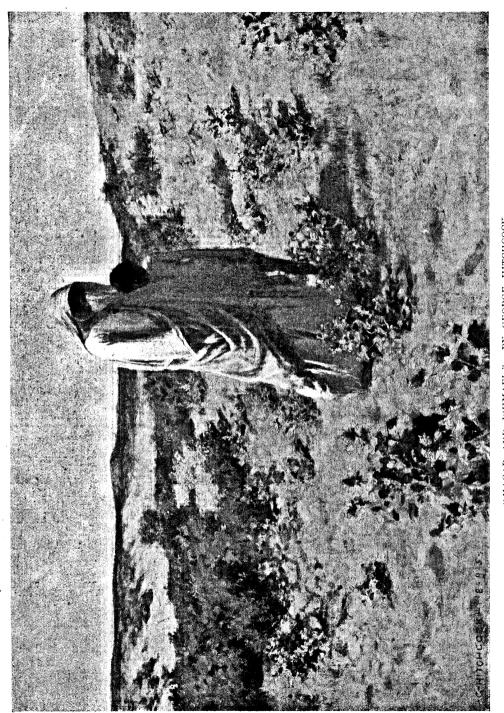
sacred subjects, with the special object, as he says, of instructing and refining the ignorant and drunken people. These painted histories were, in fact, the books of the unlearned, and we can now hardly realise their value and importance as the chief mode of religious teaching in ages when none but the clergy could read or write."

From that period down to the present time, Biblical themes have never ceased to inspire artists ecclesiastical in sympathies or solely historical It is, inalike. deed, so impossible to overestimate the influence of the Church on mediæval and Renaissance art that we may wonder whether many of the world's greatest painters would have left us pictures at all had they lacked the inspiration themes from the Christian religion,

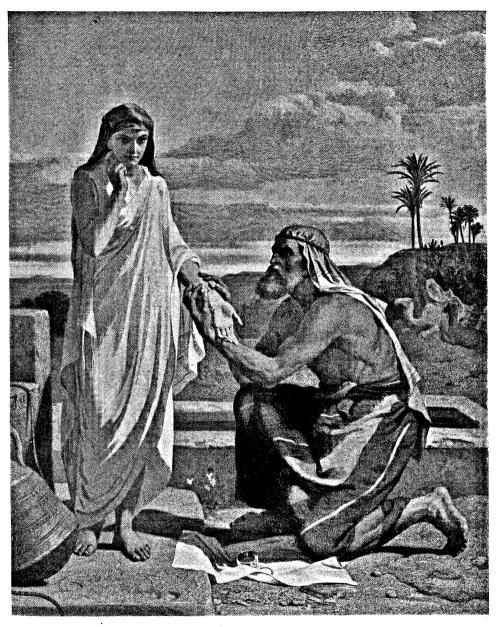
or would not rather have sought some other form of artistic expression.

But since the work of the great artists of the

becoming obsolete



"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL." BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK.



"REBEKAIL" BY FREDERICK GOODALL.

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past is accessible to all, at least in photograph and engraving, and in innumerable books, we have thought it of interest to collect and reproduce some of the many modern pictures based on the Bible story, of which the originals are, for the most part, still in private collections or otherwise far to seek in any accessible form of reproduction.

Here, then, as a first garner from a most fruitful field, is a selection of pictures in which modern artists have sought to visualise for us the Women of the Bible. And this, at least, may be said for those who have dared to follow in the footsteps of the Old Masters, that they have spared no labour of research to re-create as accurately

as may be the "local colour" of the Biblical narrative.

A number of fables have gathered round the simple story of the Creation of Adam and Eve as told in the Old Testament, but it has been left to that something inspired which appears equally in art, in Milton's and

Schiller's verse, in the paintings of old and modern masters, to create for us a semblance of the scenes of those early days of which the first chapters of Genesis are barren. We know by the Bible that, after the Fall, God drove our parents from Paradise, but we know little, but by the means of art, of the "charmed and temperate" spaces of their lives spent in the first days in Eden, nothing of the overwhelming horror they must have felt as the result of their disobedience, nothing of the passionate grief desperate awe they must have experienced on first seeing death.

Dürer, Raphael, Hubert Van Eyck, Rubens, Paolo Ucello, Perugino, Francisco Michael Albani, Augelo — all these great men, whose genius was above even their respective periods, have left to us illuminating ideals of Eve in her state of innocence: and we have bas-reliefs by Jacops della Quercia, and engravings by

Albert Dürer, of the same period. The temptation and the expulsion, however, attracted Titian, Tintoretto, and Michael Coxcie.

It is curious that both painters and poets s'rould invariably depict the mother of men

with fair hair, for although the geographical position of Eden has been sought as elaborately and ingeniously as fruitlessly, its general position is assumed as east of the place where the Book of Genesis was written, therefore we must equally assume that our "general mother" was of Eastern type.

An important work, popularly known as Raphael's Bible, in the *loggia* of the Vatican, is supposed to have been done chiefly by Giulio Pippi, Raphael simply giving the design, and perhaps finally retouching to bring it, after Pippi's work was done, into conformation with his own style. These cartoons show us Eve being brought to Adam by Jehovah, and she stands with her hands meekly folded across her breast as though she said -

My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st Unargued I obey. So God ordains: God is thy law, thou mine.

In this series there is shown the expulsion from Eden—a later scene of Eve spinning beneath a tree, with Cain and Abel about her knees, whilst Adam, heavy of heart, is at work tilling the soil.

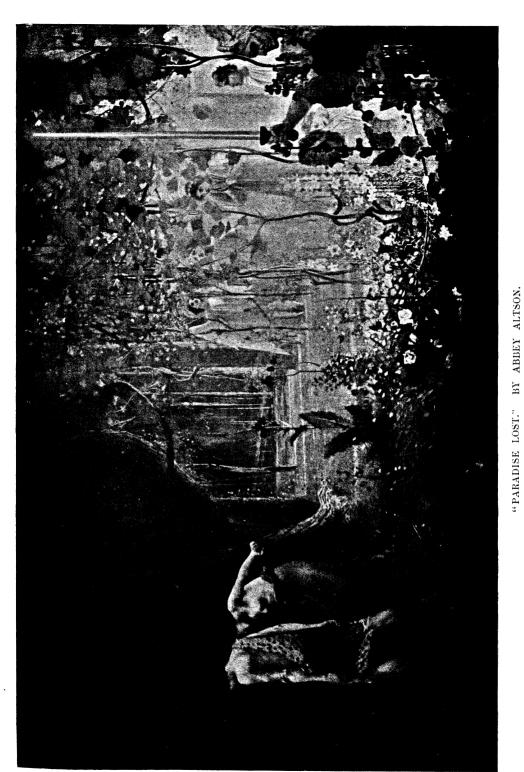
Ford Madox Brown, Sir Edward Burne-Jones—one treated the expulsion with pre-Raphaelite precision, and the other from a decorative point of view.

But the poignant tragedy of the expulsion has been more dramatically realised in modern times by both A. T. Nowell and Abbey Altson, who have followed the two English pre-Raphaelites only in showing the vision of angels that barred the return into Eden.

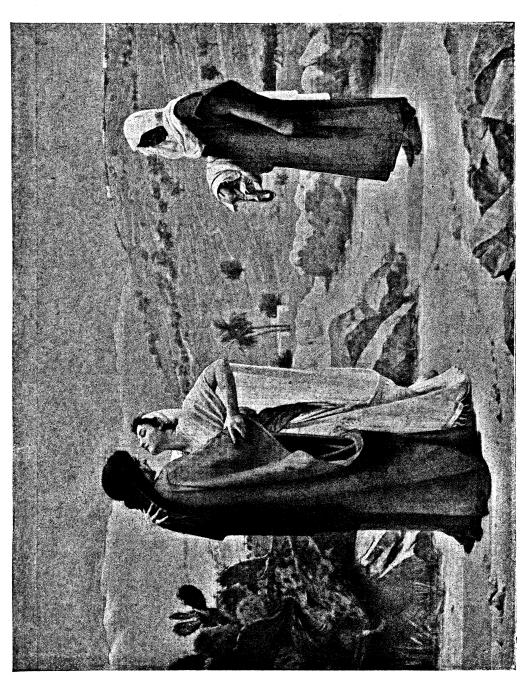


"RACHEL." BY HENRY RYLAND.

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From the original in the collection of Peter Keuru. Esa.



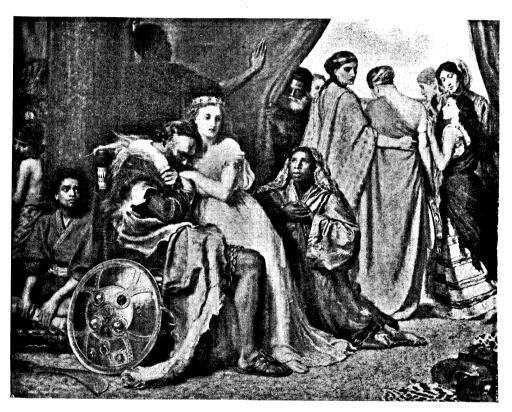
"RUTH AND NAOMI." BY PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

Prom the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced by permission of the Curporation of Liverpool.

G. F. Watts, whose work it was rarely possible to sever from the spiritual, has left to us a wonderful vision of "Eve Repentant," and Bouguereau a graphic portrayal of her despair when she first looks on death. Eve in her innocence has inspired Mr. George W. Joy for one of his most gracious studies.

After reading of Eve, we are told of her sons and of the sons' wives, and the names of their sons and their sons' sons; but it is not until the days of Lamech, the father of Noah, that the names of any wives are men-

tioned without reference to their mothers, wives, or daughters, and then we come to the story of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and Hagar, her maid the Egyptian. And the story of Hagar, the mother of Abram's son Ishmael, is almost as familiar to us in pictorial art as it is through the words of the Bible. Here for a period the modern artist has somewhat strangely stayed his hand—perhaps because of the greatness of the past, for there is a wonderful picture by Vandyck of the presentation of Hagar to Abram; and



"JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER." BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

tioned. Then we hear of the two wives of Lamech that: "The name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah." And we like to think that Adah and Zillah were the grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, of the maidens in Millais' beautiful picture, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," in which two sweet-faced women, scarce out of girlhood, welcome "the wandering dove" that could find no home on the face of the waters.

Ten lineal descendants of Noah are men-

another by Rubens of a later moment, that in which Sarai, as the Bible explains, "dealt hardly" with Hagar, who "fled from her face."

The next scene of the drama, that in which the messenger of God tells Abram that to Sarai shall be born a son, is one of the scenes in Raphael's Bible, and of this moment Murillo has left us two versions; and so, too, has Rembrandt.

Then comes the moment of Hagar's expulsion, which was painted by Pierre Francesco



"RIZPAH." BY LORD LEIGHTON.

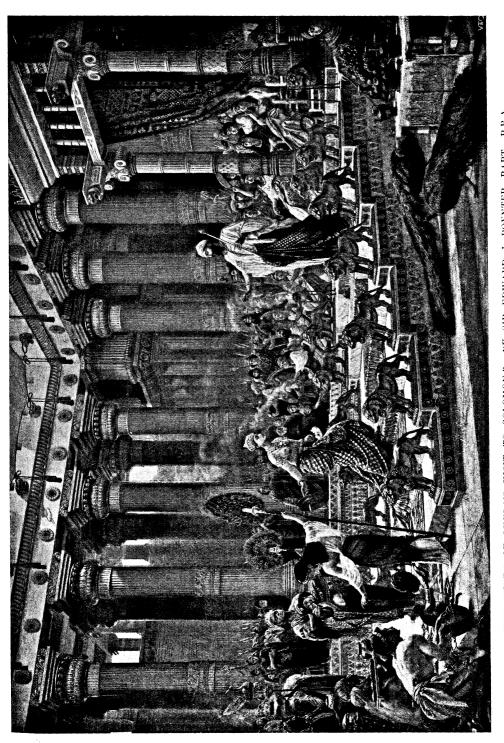
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Mola, by Giovanni Barbieri, who is known as Guercino because of his squint, and Adrian van der Werff.

With the theme of Hagar's banishment the modern painter again becomes a diligent searcher of the Scriptures. The favourite moment in the story, chosen for delineation by him, is that which shows the wanderings of Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness. A fine picture by J. C. Cazin, one of the nineteenth century French exponents of Biblical history, shows the mother and son in the last straits of starvation, Hagar hiding her face from the entreaties of Ishmael, who is too young to comprehend the full horror of their

plight. Philip H. Calderon deviates from this situation to show Hagar alone by the fountain of water, and at the moment when the Angel of the Lord is about to address her, and Gustave Friedrich Papperitz introduces an angel into his picture. Of the work of modern men on this theme, the painting by George Hitchcock may challenge comparison with any for utter pathos. Mr. J. Doyle Penrose has done a powerful, if somewhat theatrical, picture of Hagar with arms raised as though in her despair to strike the rock beneath the shadow of which the young Ishmael lies exhausted.

Of Lot and his daughters there is an



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Noorfields, E.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate. "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON." BY SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, BART., P.R.A.



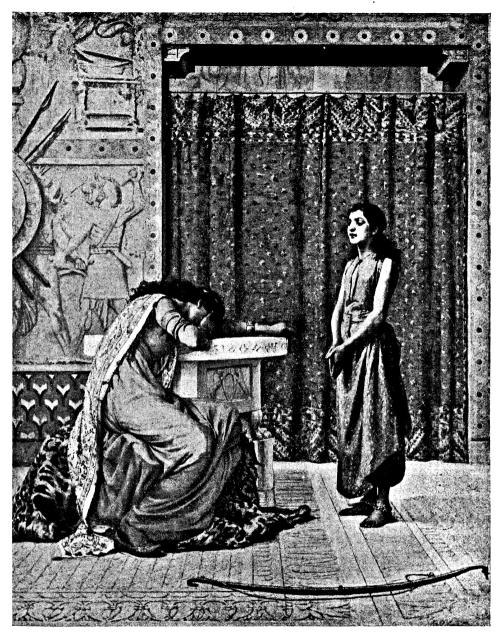
"JEZEBEL WATCHING AHAB COVETING NABOTH'S VINEYARD." BY T. M. ROOKE, A.R.W.S.

etching by Rembrandt, which preserves the design of a lost picture, but the subject of Lot and Lot's wife has not proved a plentiful source of inspiration; and since talent can rarely be exercised with profit unless the theme and the painter are at one, the pictures of Paolo Veronese, Guercino, Rubens, Gozzoli, and Guido Reni remain the only ones of note which chronicle the tragedy. But in the story of Rebekah many a man's talent has shaped a successful course, from Murillo, Guido Reni, Poussin, Veronese, and Gozzoli, down to a number of modern men who have retold the story of the beautiful daughter of Bethuel. Notably from the latter we have William Hilton's "Rebekah at the Well," and "The

Meeting of Rebekah and Eliezer," by Frederick Goodall.

The next scene of courtship commemorated in paint is that in which Jacob, the best beloved of his parents, after supplanting his brother in their parent's blessing—a theme admirably treated by Murillo in one of his five large pictures illustrating the life of Jacob—seeks his wife from amongst the maidens of his mother's kin, and meets Rachel at the well. Andrea Appiani, Giordano, Claude, and several of the school of Giorgione painted this incident, and in recent times Mr. H. R. Mileham has made an idyllic version of it.

Rubens, in his picture, represents both



"NAAMAN'S WIFE." BY F. W. W. TOPHAM.

Rachel and Leah—the gentle-eyed—as in sumptuous dress, and, thus gowned, they seem less familiar to us as Biblical characters than in the gracious simplicity of William Dyce's picture of the wooing of Rachel by Jacob, or in "Rachel and her Flock," one of the best of Frederick Goodall's many pictures of life in ancient Palestine.

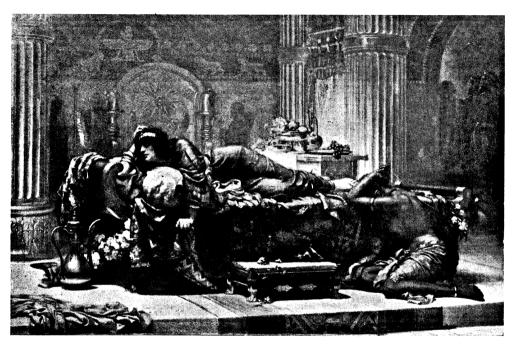
"The Death of Rachel" has been recorded in a fine but somewhat conventional work by Giovanni Cignaroli, an early eighteenth century artist, and the tomb of Rachel has inspired the brush of Mr. Herbert Schmalz.

For pictures of Potiphar's wife we must still refer chiefly to the Old Masters, but Jochebed, the mother of Moses, Miriam, the

prophetess, his sister, and Pharaoh's daughter have each their place in the Book of Exodus; and the story of the prophet, which embraces the actions of the three women, is told in paint with graphic power. The hiding and finding of the infant Moses has been painted by Rembrandt, Veronese, Giorgione, Bonefazio, Poussin, Rubens, Delaroche, Eugène Thirion, Frederick Goodall, and, but the other day, by Sir Laurence Alma Tadema and J. Young Hunter.

Miriam lives better by her song of triumph than by her pictures, as far as the Old Masters are concerned, but William Gale, has been made the subject of many a picture, although the paint of neither Vandyck, Jan Victors, Rubens, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Lucas Kranach, Turchi, nor the fine modern pictures of S. J. Solomon, Heseltine, and Mitrecey, have reached quite the wonderful effect of Milton's words in "Samson Agonistes."

The story of Ruth, touched throughout with peculiar poetry, has lent itself to varied illustration: and strange fancies, quaint conceits, subtle moralising, seem to have urged each separate artist to work out for himself his idea of the Moabitish woman.



"VASHTI DEPOSED." BY ERNEST NORMAND.

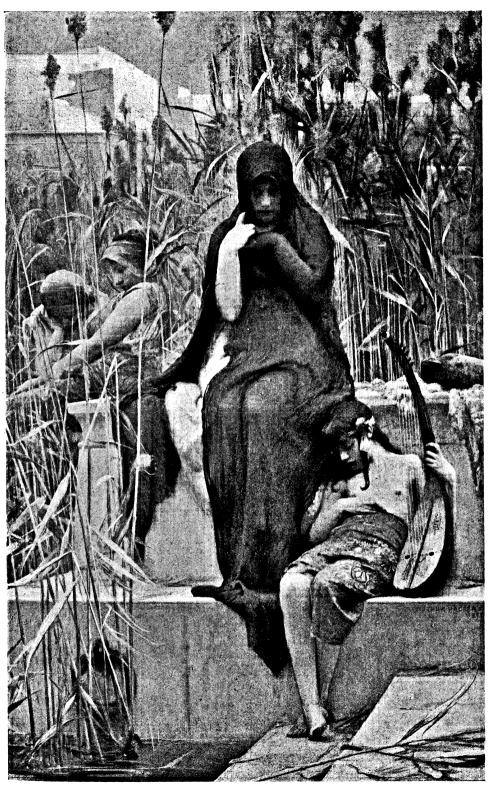
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Wilhelm Hensel, and Sir William B. Richmond, amongst modern artists, have painted her.

The ensuing Books of Laws give the artist no heroine to portray, but Frederick Goodall painted a gracefully symbolical picture of a young Jewish matron making her purificatory offering of doves in the Tabernacle, and then we touch, in Judges, one of the most pathetic of all Bible stories, that of Jephthah's daughter. To this story Karl Oesterley, Charles Lebrun, Julius Schrader, Millais, T. M. Rooke, Miss Jessie Macgregor, and Burne-Jones (in a stained-glass window) have each given pictorial expression. Delilah

Murillo painted a large canvas of her and Naomi leaving Moab, and the modern picture by Philip H. Calderon, which deals with the same point of the story, is probably one of the most popular of that artist's works. Calderon has left us no fewer than three pictures of Ruth, and one of the others shows her in the earlier scene of her story, "amid the alien corn," the moment which both Burne-Jones and Henry Ryland have more recently painted.

There is a clever drawing by Alexander Bida of the same moment, which was chosen for portrayal also by Julius Hübner and Madame Bouguereau, and the figure of



'BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON." BY ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A. Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Hudson.

Naomi in most of these pictures, if it has less obvious beauty than that of Ruth, has beauty of a type that grows upon us as does that of some loved, familiar face. Ruth gleaning is a favourite moment in the story which has been painted by Vandyck, Poussin, Cabanel (who also shows Ruth asleep), Bruck-Lajos, and T.M. Rooke. Mr. Rooke, in an interesting triptych, has also depicted Naomi nursing the child of Ruth and Boaz, whose grandson was King David. Of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, there are curiously few pictures, but Mr. F. W. W. Topham shows the devoted mother dedicating

of their work is in no way lessened. Twice Rembrandt painted her, and there are pictures of her by Hans Memling, Carlo Maratti, Francia Bigio, and Palviatino.

The terrible story of Rizpah, shielding from birds and beasts of prey the dead bodies of seven of the sons of Saul, has been painted with equal effect by George Becker and Lord Leighton. In the story of the Women of the Old Testament this grim episode comes as a tragic interlude between the story of Bathsheba and that of her son, King Solomon, entertaining the Queen of Sheba. This event offered a scene of brilliant



"ESTHER DENOUNCING HAMAN." BY ERNEST NORMAND.

Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Sunderland from the picture in the Sunderland Art Gallery.

her infant son to the service of the Temple.

Of the Witch of Endor we know nothing except that she was the sorceress whom Saul consulted on the eve of the battle of Gilboa, in which he perished. Rembrandt painted a picture of Saul's anxious visit, and Salvator Rosa another, and, in modern days, Mr. Fred Appleyard has made a grimly powerful version of this episode, whilst between those men stands the work of Benjamin West.

With the story of Bathsheba a more material feeling crept into the painter's art, but as her history, as subject, attracted many of the best men, the purely artistic quality

colour, of which Rubens, Veronese, Memling, and Piero della Francisco availed themselves. One modern artist, Sir Edward Poynter, as did his four great predecessors on this theme, has painted the Reception of the Queen by Solomon.

The wife of Jeroboam consulting the blind prophet Ahijah has been painted by G. Grenville Manton, and Ford Madox Brown found one of his best pictures in the story of the widow whose son was restored to life by Elijah. Naaman's wife and the little Syrian maid are both shown us by F. W. W. Topham, but whilst Jezebel has attracted the talent of such modern painters



. "HANNAH DEDICATING THE INFANT SAMUEL AT THE TABERNACLE."
BY FRANK W. W. TOPHAM.

From the original in the collection of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart.



"THE RESTORATION OF THE WIDOW'S SON TO LIFE BY ELIJAH."
By Ford Madox Brown.

From the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

as E. H. Corbould, Frank Dicksee, and T. W. Rooke, the story of Esther and Vashti, touched with pre-eminence by Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, has been popularised to-day by Edward Armitage,

Ernest Normand, and Julius Schrader.

The women unnamed individually in the concluding books of the Old Testament who have supplied themes to the modern artist include the Daughters of Judah in captivity, whom both Mr. Arthur Hacker and Mr. Herbert Schmalz have shown in their sorrow "by the waters of Babylon," and the rebuke of the women of Babylon by the prophet Isaiah forms the subject of one of Simeon Solomon's most impressive pictures. "The King's Daughter'' of the Psalmist, with "the damsels that bear her company," has been radiantly depicted by both Mr. George W. Joy and Mr. Schmalz. The women of the Apocrypha are represented in modern art by Judith, Susannah, and Cleopatra.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the painters whose genius has created, as it were, a practical standpoint whence to show us the invisible, for events that have occurred in religious history and those who have taken part in them must ever be for us of momen-

tous interest. When we come to the New Testament, it is to the Renaissance—a period which, at its zenith, covered the years that lie between 1450 and 1530—that we have to turn for the great wealth of pictures of which the subjects chiefly treat of incidents in which the women of the New Testament play a part.

Botticelli, Raphael, Perugino, Lippo Lippi, Ercoli Grandi, Albertinelli, Lorenzo di Credi. Bartolommeo, Correggio, Titian, Leonardo da

Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, amongst others, by their genius have visualised for us Anna, the mother of Mary; Mary, the mother of Christ; Mary, the Magdalene: and Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist; and they then found, for all time, the formula in paint which is held to be most expressive of the characters of each of the women they depict. We so completely recognise our responsibility to their genius that those who to-day essay to paint these holy women adhere to the type so rigorously as to lead us to suppose it irreverent to depart from these laid down, concrete terms. Browning makes the last living disciple ask—

There is left on earth No one alive who knew (consider this) -Saw with his eyes and handled with his hands

That which was from the first, The Word of Life; How will it be when none more saith "I saw"?

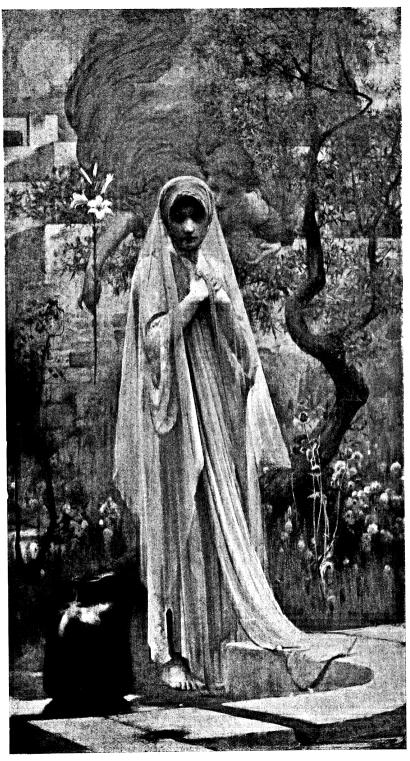
and, as though answer to the unphrased question, there arose this band of wonderful painters, which almost we can hear, paradoxically, say to posterity: "We found you blind, we

taught you how to see." Did they guess, these men of the Renaissance, that their inner vision was to be accepted as authoritative sight; and this, not because their pictures are beautiful, not because art with them was a service in which they used brains, eyes, and hands



"ST. ANNA AND THE VIRGIN MARY IN GIRLHOOD." BY C. MÜLLER.

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"THE ANNUNCIATION." BY ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.



Photo by [Alfred Freke, Cardiff.

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

From the stained-glass window in Llandaff Cathedral.

simultaneously, but because their works stand to us, to-day, as revealing the meaning of things pictured, almost we might suppose, in the inspiration of their occurrence long centuries before?

The art revealed in the painting by

Leonardo da Vinci of the head of St. Anna, the woman who, as the mother of the Virgin Mary, takes chronological precedence of all other women mentioned in the New Testament, has, in full measure, the transforming quality which Pater demanded as the base of



"THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

From the picture in the collection of Lawrence F. Gjers, Esq., of which a limited number of artist's proofs printed in colour are published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol.

artistic genius. Leonardo makes this face of Anna not only an image of the mysticism of his own art, but makes it, with its eyes looking through Time with pitying resignation and acceptance, forese, beyond the moments of the happy intercourse of her Divine Grandchild with His mother, the solemn tragedy of Mount Calvary.

Titian is supposed to have been the painter of a fresco entitled "The Meeting of Joachim and Anna," which is on the walls of the Baptistry in the Church of the

Carmine Padua. It is damaged, faded, but in its more wonderful parts has something of the glory of that message Joachim in his old age is bringing to his wife.

Thus did Anna inspire the Old Masters; yet the modern painter has been almost curiously neglectful of her theme, the French Tissot and Carl Müller the German artist being almost her only devotees.

Probably this comparative neglect comes of the fact that we read in the New Testament little of Anna save that her husband was



"MARY MAGDALENE AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE." BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

From the photograph by Mansell & Co., Oxford Street, W.

Joachim, a shepherd of the tribe of Judah, living in Jerusalem: that they had been long married, and that their childlessness was a source of sorrow. But at last a daughter was born to them, and from her third to her twelfth year "was in the temple as if she were a dove that dwelt there."

Of "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin," Dante Gabriel Rossetti has left a picture "permeated with an earnestness and dignity that at once appeal to those open to such influences," and in his "Sonnets for Pictures" he applies these lines to his subject:—

Thus held she through her girlhood; as it were An angel-watered lily, that near God Grows, and is quiet.

The same sonnet concludes with the lines which fit his picture of "The Annunciation":—

Till one dawn, at home, She woke in her white bed, and had no fear At all—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed; Because the fulness of the time was come.

Both these pictures show the tutelary power of the younger Raphael.

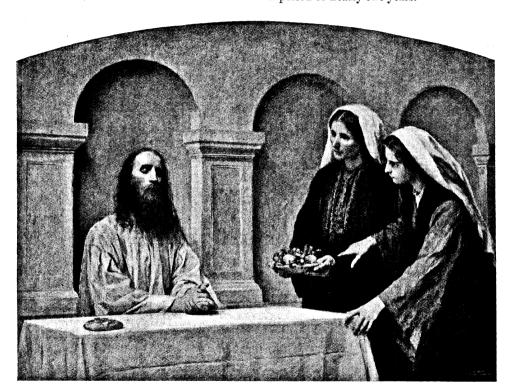
In far other spirit has Mr. Herbert

Schmalz treated this period of Mary's life, for this artist, with his zealous interest in the local colour of Palestine, was bound to see the Virgin as a beautiful Eastern maid.

It is difficult in a short article even to enumerate the modern pictures which illustrate the different scenes in the Virgin's life: but among the most beautiful of all those which treat of the Annunciation must be considered those of Rossetti, Tissot, George Hitchcock, Robert Anning Bell, and Arthur Hacker.

as well as by many of the most talented of our younger painters.

The next stage in the Virgin's life is shown in a beautiful way, in modern art, by Holman Hunt, who imagines the souls of the murdered Innocents hovering around the infant Christ on His journey into safety. The Flight into Egypt is generally believed in the West to have occurred a few days after the birth of our Lord. The Eastern Churches, on the other hand, extend the interval which is supposed to have elapsed to a period of nearly two years.



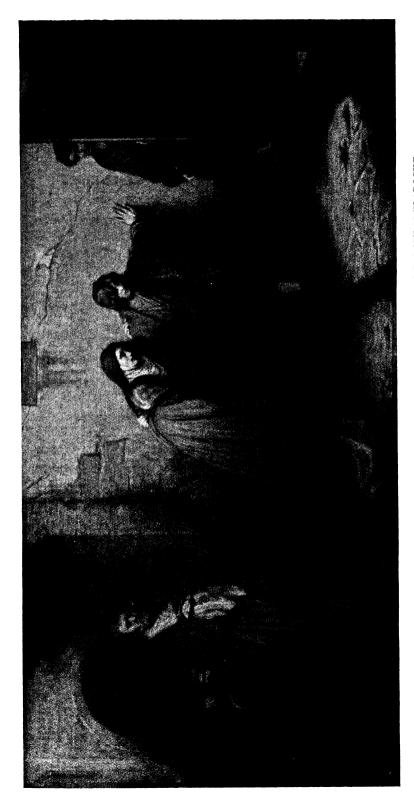
"MARY AND MARTHA, THE SISTERS OF LAZARUS, MINISTERING TO OUR LORD AT BETHANY."
BY EUGÈNE BURNAND.

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The next scene in the history of the women of the Bible—that in which the Virgin went to the house of Zacharias in the hill country to see her cousin Elizabeth, an occasion immortalised in words by the "Magnificat"—is in paint presented to us by Tissot with a strangely lyrical effect.

Of the birth of Christ, of the adoration of the Holy Child by the Magi, we have works by many of the greatest of modern masters, But Mr. Holman Hunt assumes the Flight to have occurred about sixteen months after the birth of Jesus. "Guided by Christian tradition," he says, "and holding the birth of our Lord to have taken place in December, it follows that the period which I have assigned to the Flight into Egypt is the second April in His life."

Another modern painter, Mr. George Hitchcock, places equally the time of the Flight in the spring, and shows the Holy



"THE RETURN OF THE MOTHER OF JESUS FROM GOLGOTHA." BY PAUL DELAROCHE. Reproduced from the plate published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W.

Family making its way through a wilderness of brilliantly blossoming flowers.

In Millais' "Christ in the House of His Parents" we have the face of Mary aged almost by a decade, and then, with the exception of "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple by His Mother," by Holman Hunt, we have from this period but few pictures of the Mother of Christ as central figure until after the Crucifixion; but in most of those which treat of Calvary she is seen beneath the Cross. The "Stabat Mater" of H. Lazerges gives a pathetic illustration of the statement: "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the mother of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene," and the Holy Women are shown in like manner in the pictures of J. V. Kramer and Sigismund Tissot, however, gives to the Holy Mother and the attendant women still more poignant part in the great drama of Calvary, and in several wonderful pictures of the descent from the Cross, "the Rock of Anointing," and the Entombment, the passionate grief of the Holy Women is suggested with overwhelming pathos.

Paul Delaroche painted the night of the Crucifixion and named it "The Mother of Our Lord." From the Virgin's eyes sleep has fled, and she is waiting for dawn to return to the tomb with the spices for anointing the body. Yet another he painted of the same subject, in which we see all the other Holy Women gathered round the Mother of Christ to support her. He painted, too, the return of the Mother of Jesus from Golgotha, as have done Herbert

Schmalz and William Dyce.

Mary Magdalene has formed the subject of one of Rossetti's finest pictures, and more recently of a dramatic painting by Herbert Schmalz.

Mary, the sister of Lazarus, appears in all the modern pictures of the raising of Lazarus, amongst the most important of which are those by the late W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and Harry R. Mileham. Eugène Burnand gives a very delicate study of the two sisters of Lazarus ministering of their household goods to the Christ.

Salome, the daughter of Herodias, was the subject of many older pictures. Georges Rochegrosse has painted her in an ambitious work, and there is a decorative picture by

Mr. Joseph Southall, who has been called "the modern Gozzoli."

Tabitha—"which by interpretation is called Dorcas," who "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did "—is the subject of several pictures. Whereas Guercino, Massolino da Panicale, and other Old Masters dealt chiefly with the miracle of her raising from death by St. Peter, the modern men, Karl Schonherr and W. C. T. Dobson, have preferred to show her actively engaged in her works of charity.

Sapphira has proved an unpopular subject, and, with the exception of Poussin's large picture in the Louvre, there is no important one of her; but of those women of the New Testament who are unnamed, such as the widow of Nain, the woman of Samaria, the woman of Canaan, the daughter of Jairus, and the women types of the parables, there have been in paint achievements of a high order—some peculiar and ambitious, some far-reaching in beauty, and others marked with that na.vete which distinguishes much Biblical art.

Most important of all the women whose actual names are not given is the wife of Pilate, the one human being in the whole world who actively strove to save Christ from condemnation and the Cross. Comparatively unhonoured by the Churches, this woman's unique claim upon our admiration has inspired a weirdly powerful picture of Gustave Doré's representing the dream which prompted her interference with so-called "justice." Tissot neglects the actual dream, but shows a handmaid reporting her mistress's message to Pilate.

In considering the works of some modern artists, who have dared to follow in the footsteps of the greatest masters in the cause of Biblical art, we may be tempted to deny to one artist grandeur, to another beauty; we may accuse one man's art of horrifying realism, hold that of others as too mundane, that of yet another group as giving too much significance to flesh, and that of an opposite school not enough; but, criticise as we may, we know at least this—they have lent their genius to religious ends, and addressed themselves to some emotional element in us which is always stirred to interest by the very titles of their themes—how much more, therefore, by any well rendered interpretation of imperishably familiar episodes!



If the stock had not been old and overcrowded, the Wax-Moth would never have entered; but where bees are too thick on the comb there must be sickness or parasites. The heat of the hive had risen with the June honey-flow, and though the fanners worked, until their wings ached, to keep people cool, everybody suffered.

A young bee crawled up the greasy trampled alighting-board. "Excuse me," she began, "but it's my flist honey-flight. Could you kindly tell me if this is my—"

"Yes! Buzz in, and be foul-brooded to you!

"Shame!" cried half-a-dozen old workers with worn wings and nerves, and there was a scuffle and a hum.

The little grey Wax-moth, pressed close in a crack in the alighting-board, had waited this chance all day. She scuttled in like a ghost, and, knowing the senior bees would turn her out at once, dodged into a brood-frame, where youngsters who had not yet seen the winds blow or the flowers nod discussed life. Here she was safe, for young bees will tolerate any sort of stranger. Behind her came the bee who had been slanged by the Guard.

"What is the world like, Melissa?" said a

companion.

"Cruel! I made a full load of first-class stuff, and the Guard told me to go and be foul-brooded!" She sat down in the cool draught across the combs.

"If you'd only heard," said the Wax-

moth silkily, "the insolence of the Guard's tone when she cursed our sister! It aroused the Entire Community." She laid an egg. She had stolen in for that purpose.

"There was a bit of a fuss on the Gate,"
Melissa chuckled. "You were there,
Miss——?" She did not know how to

address the slim stranger.

"Don't call me 'Miss.' I'm a sister to all in affliction—just a working-sister. My heart bled for you beneath your load." The Wax-moth caressed Melissa with her soft feelers and laid another egg.

"You mustn't lay here," cried Melissa.

"You aren't a Queen."

"My dear child, I give you my most solemn word those aren't eggs. Those are my principles, and I am ready to die for them." She raised her voice a little above the rustle and tramp round her. "If you'd like to kill me, pray do."

"Don't be unkind, Melissa," said a young bee, impressed by the chaste folds of the Wax-meth's wing, which hid her ceaseless

egg-dropping.

"I haven't done anything," Melissa

answered. "She's doing it all."

"Ah, don't let your conscience reproach you later, but when you've killed me, write me, at least, as one that loved her fellowworkers."

Laying at every sob, the Wax-moth backed into a crowd of young bees, and left Melissa bewildered and annoyed. So she lifted up her little voice in the darkness and cried, "Stores!" till a gang of cell-fillers hailed her, and she left her load with them.

"I'm afraid I foul-brooded you just now," said a voice over her shoulder. "I'd been on

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the Gate for three hours, and one would foulbrood the Queen herself after that. No offence meant."

"None taken," Melissa answered cheerily.
"I shall be on guard myself, some day.

What's next to do?"

"There's a rumour of Death's Head Moths about. Send a gang of youngsters to the Gate, and tell them to narrow it in with a couple of stout scrap-wax pillars. It'll make the Hive hot, but we can't have Death's Headers in the middle of the honey-flow."

"My Only Wings! I should think not!" Melissa had all a sound bee's hereditary hatred against the big, squeaking, feathery Thief of the Hives. "Tumble out!" she called

across the youngsters' quarters. "All you who aren't feeding babies, show a leg. Scrap-wax pillars for the Ga-ate!" She chanted the order at length.

"That's nonsense," a downy, day-old bee answered. "In the first place, I never heard of a Death's Header coming into a hive. People don't do such things. In the second, building pillars to keep 'em out is purely a Cypriote trick, unworthy of British bees. In the third, if you trust a Death's Head, he will trust you. Pillarbuilding shows lack of confidence. Our dear sister in grey says so."

"Yes. Pillars are un-English and provocative, and a waste of wax that is needed for higher and more practical things," said the Wax-moth from an empty store-

"The safety of the Hive is the highest thing I've ever heard of. You mustn't teach us to refuse

work," Melissa began.

"You misunderstand me as usual, love. Work's the essence of life; but to expend precious unreturning vitality and real labour against imaginary danger, that is heartbreakingly absurd! If I can only teach a—a little toleration—a little ordinary kindness here towards that absurd old bogey you call the Death's Header, I shan't have lived in vain."

"She hasn't lived in vain, the darling!" cried twenty bees together. "You should see her saintly life, Melissa! She just devotes herself to spreading her principles,

and—and—she looks lovely!"

An old, baldish bee came up the comb.

"Pillar-workers for the Gate! Get out and chew scraps. Buzz off!" she said. The Wax-moth slipped aside.

The young bees trooped down the frame,

whispering.

"What's the matter with 'em?" said the oldster. "Why do they call each other 'ducky' and 'darling.' Must be the weather." She sniffed suspiciously. "Horrid stuffy smell here. Like stale quilts. Not Waxmoth, I hope, Melista?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Melissa, who, of course, only knew the Wax-moth as a lady with principles, and had never thought to report her presence. She had



"She had always imagined Wax-moths to be like blood-red dragon-flies."

always imagined Wax-moths to be like bloodred dragon-flies.

"You had better fan out this corner for a little," said the old bee and passed on. Melissa dropped her head at once, took firm

hold with her fore-feet, and fanned obediently at the regulation stroke—three hundred beats to the second. Fanning tries a bee's temper. because she must always keep in the same place where she never seems to be doing



"White clover, which to an overtired bee is as soothing as plain knitting to a woman."

any good, and, all the while, she is wearing out her only wings. When a bee cannot fly, a bee must not live; and she knows it. The Wax-moth crept forth, and caressed Melissa again.

"I see," she murmured, "that at heart

you are one of Us."

"I work with the Hive," Melissa answered briefly.

"It's the same thing. We and the Hive are one."

"Then why are your feelers different from ours? Don't cuddle so."

"Don't be provincial, carissima. You can't have all the world alike—yet."

"But why do you lay eggs?" Melissa insisted. "You lay 'em like a Queen—only you drop them in patches all over the place. I've watched you."

"Ah, Brighteyes, so you've pierced my little subterfuge? Yes, they are eggs. By and by they'll spread our principles. Aren't you glad?"

"You gave me your most solemn word of

honour that they were not eggs."

"That was my little subterfuge, dearest for the sake of the Cause. Now I must reach the young." The Wax-moth tripped

towards the fourth brood-frame where the young bees were busy feeding the babies.

It takes some time for a sound bee to realise a malignant and continuous lie. "She's very sweet and feathery," was all that Melissa

> thought, "but her talk sounds like ivy honey tastes. I'd better get to my field-work again."

She found the Gate in a sulky uproar. The youngsters told off to the pillars had refused to chew scrap-wax because it made their jaws ache, and were clamouring for virgin stuff.

"Anything to finish the iob!" said the badgered Guards. "Hang up, some of you, and make wax for these slack-jawed sisters."

Before a bee can make wax she must fill herself with honey. Then she climbs to safe foothold and hangs, while other gorged bees hang on to her in a cluster. There they wait in silence till the wax comes. The scales are either taken out of the maker's pockets by the workers, or

tinkle down on the workers while they wait. The workers chew them (they are useless unchewed) into the all-supporting, all-embracing Wax of the Hive.

But now, no sooner was the wax cluster in position than the workers below broke out again.

"Come down!" they cried. "Come down and work! Come on, you Levantine parasites! Don't think to enjoy yourselves up there while we're sweating down here!"

The cluster shivered, as from hooked forefoot to hooked hind-foot it telegraphed uneasiness. At last a worker sprang up, grabbed the lowest wax-maker, and swung, kicking above her companions.

"I can make wax too!" she bawled. "Give me a full gorge and I'll make tons

of it."

"Make it, then," said the bee she had grappled. The spoken word snapped the current through the cluster. It shook and glistened like a cat's fur in the dark. "Unhook!" it murmured. "No wax for anyone to-day."

"You lazy thieves! Hang up at once and produce our wax," said the bees below.

"Impossible! The sweat's gone.

make your wax we must have stillness, warmth, and food. Unhook! "Unhook!"

They broke up as they murmured, and disappeared among the other bees, from whom, of course, they were undistinguishable.

"'Seems as if we'd have to chew scrap-wax for these pillars, after all," said a worker. "Not by a combful," cried the young

"Not by a combful," cried the young bee who had broken the cluster. "Listen here! I've studied the question more than twenty minutes. It's as simple as falling off a daisy. You've heard of Cheshire, Root and Langstroth?"

They had not, but they shouted "Good

old Langstroth!" just the same.

"Those three know all that there is to be known about making hives. One or t'other of 'em must have made ours, and if they've made it, they're bound to look after it. Ours is a 'Guaranteed Patent Hive.' You can see it on the label behind."

"Good old guarantee! Hurrah for the

label behind!" roared the bees.

"Well, such being the case, I say that when we find they've wilfully betrayed us, we can exact from them a terrible vengeance."

"Good old vengeance! Good old Root!
'Nuff said! Chuck it!" The crowd cheered and broke away as Melissa dived through.

"D'you know where Langstroth, Root and Cheshire live if you happen to want 'em?" she asked of the proud and panting

orator.

"Gum me if I know they ever lived at all! But aren't they beautiful names to buzz about? Did you see how it worked up the sisterhood?"

"Yes, but it didn't defend the Gate," she

replied.

"Ah, perhaps that's true, but think how delicate my position is, sister. I've a magnificent appetite, and I don't like working. My instinct tells me that I can act as a restraining influence on others. They would have been worse, but for me."

But Melissa had already risen clear, and was heading for a breadth of virgin white clover, which to an overtired bee is as soothing as plain knitting to a woman.

"I think I'll take this load to the nurseries," she said, when she had finished. "It was always quiet there in my day," and she topped off with two little pats of pollen for the babies.

She was met on the fourth brood-comb by a rush of excited sisters all buzzing together.

"One at a time! Let me put down my

load. Now, what is it, Sacharissa?" she said.

"Grey sister—that fluffy one, I mean—she came and said we ought to be out in the sunshine gathering honey, because life was short. She said any old bee could attend to our babies, and some day old bees would. That isn't true, Melissa, is it? No old bees can take us away from our babies, can they?"

"Of course not. You feed the babies while your heads are soft. When your heads harden, you go on to field-work. Anyone

knows that."

"We told her so! We told her so; but she only waved her feelers, and said we could all lay eggs like Queens if we chose. And I'm afraid lots of the weaker sisters believe her, and are trying to do it. So unsettling!"

Sacharissa sped to a sealed worker-cell whose lid pulsated, as the bee within began

to cut its way out.

"Come along, precious!" she murmured, and thinned the frail top from the other side. A pale, damp, creased thing hoisted itself feebly on to the comb. Sacharissa's note changed at once. "No time to waste! Go up the frame and preen yourself!" she said. "Report for nursing-duty in my ward to-morrow evening at six. Stop a minute. What's the matter with your third right leg?"

The young bee held it out in silence—unmistakably a drone leg incapable of

packing pollen.

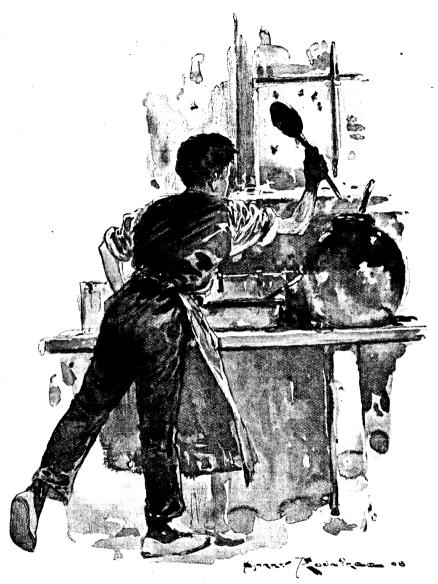
"Thank you. You needn't report till the day after to-morrow." Sacharissa turned to her companion. "That's the fifth oddity hatched in my ward since noon. I don't like it."

"There's always a certain number of 'em," said Melissa. "You can't stop a few working sisters from laying, now and then, when they overfeed themselves. They only raise dwarf drones."

"We're hatching out drones with workers' stomachs; workers with drones' stomachs; and albinoes and mixed-leggers who can't pack pollen—like that poor little beast yonder. I don't mind dwarf drones any more than you do (they all die in July), but this steady hatch of oddities frightens me, Melissa!"

"How narrow of you! They are all so delightfully clever and unusual and interesting," piped the Wax-moth from a crack above them. "Come here, you dear, downy duck, and tell us all about your feelings."

"I wish she'd go!" Sacharissa lowered her



"They took to cadging round sugar-factories."

voice. "She meets these—er—oddities as they dry out, and cuddles 'em in corners."

"I suppose the truth is that we're over-stocked and too well fed to swarm," said Melissa.

"That is the truth," said the Queen's voice behind them. They had not heard the heavy royal footfall which sets empty cells vibrating. Sacharissa offered her food at once. She ate and dragged her weary body forward. "Can you suggest a remedy?" she said.

"New principles!" cried the Wax-moth

from her crevice. "We'll apply them quietly—later."

"Suppose we sent out a swarm?" Melissa suggested. "It's a little late, but it might ease us off."

"It would save us, but—I know the Hive! You shall see for yourself." The Old Queen cried the Swarming Cry, which to a bee of good blood should be what the trumpet was to Job's war-horse. In spite of her immense age (three years), it rang between the cañon-like frames as a pibroch rings in a mountain pass; the fanners changed their note, and

repeated it up in every gallery; and the broad-winged drones, burly and eager, ended it on one nerve-thrilling outbreak of bugles:—
"La Reine le veult! Swarm! Swar-rm!"
Swar-r-rm!"

But the roar which should follow the Call was wanting. They heard a broken grumble like the murmur of a falling tide.

"Swarm? What for? Catch me leaving a good bar-frame Hive, with fixed foundations, for a rotten old oak out in the open where it may rain any minute! We're all right! It's a 'Patent Guaranteed Hive.' Why do they want to turn us out? Swarming be gummed! Swarming was invented to cheat a worker out of her proper comforts. Come on off to bed!"

The noise died out as the bees settled in

empty cells for the night.

"You hear?" said the Queen. "I know

the Hive!"

"Quite between ourselves, I taught them that," cried the Wax-moth. "Wait till my principles develop, and you'll see the light from a new quarter."

"You speak truth for once," the Queen said suddenly, for she recognised the Waxmoth. "That Light will break into the top of the Hive. A Hot Smoke will follow it, and your children will not be able to hide in any crevice."

"Is it possible?" Melissa whispered.
"I—we have sometimes heard a legend like

it."

"It is no legend," the old Queen answered. "I had it from my mother, and she had it from hers. After the Waxmoth has grown strong, a Shadow will fall across the Gate; a Voice will speak from behind a Veil; there will be Light, and Hot Smoke, and earthquakes, and those who live will see everything that they have done, all together in one place, burned up in one great Fire." The old Queen was trying to tell what she had been told of the Bee Master's dealings with an infected hive in the apiary, two or three seasons ago; and, of course, from her point of view the affair was as important as the Day of Judgment.

"And then?" asked horrified Sacharissa.

"Then, I have heard that a little light will burn in a great darkness, and perhaps the world will begin again. Myself, I think not."

"Tut! Tut!" the Wax-moth cried. "You good, fat people always prophesy ruin if things don't go exactly your way. But I grant you there will be changes."

There were. When her eggs hatched, the

wax was riddled with little tunnels, coated with the dirty clothes of the caterpillars. Flannelly lines ran through the honeystores, the pollen-larders, the foundations, and, worst of all, through the babies in their cradles, till the Sweeper Guards spent half their time tossing out useless little corpses. The lines ended in a maze of sticky webbing on the face of the comb. The caterpillars could not stop spinning as they walked, and as they walked everywhere, they smarmed and garmed everything. Even where it did not hamper the bees' feet, the stale, sour smell of the stuff put them off their work; though some of the bees who had taken to egg-laying said it encouraged them to be mothers and maintain a vital interest in life.

When the caterpillars became moths, they made friends with the ever-increasing Oddities — albinoes, mixed-leggers, single-eyed composites, faceless drones, half-queens and laying sisters; and the ever-dwindling band of the old stock worked themselves bald and fray-winged to feed their queer charges. Most of the Oddities would not, and many, on account of their malformations, could not, go through a day's field work, but the Waxmoths, who were always busy on the broodcomb, found pleasant home occupations for them. One albino, for instance, divided the number of pounds of honey in stock by the number of bees in the Hive, and proved that if every bee only gathered honey for seven and three quarter minutes a day, she would have the rest of the time to herself, and could accompany the drones on their mating flights. The drones were not at all pleased.

Another, an eyeless drone with no feelers, said that all brood-cells should be perfect circles, so as not to interfere with the grub or the workers. He proved that the old sixsided cell was solely due to the workers building against each other on opposite sides of the wall, and that if there were no interference, there would be no angles. Some bees tried the new plan for a while, and found it cost eight times more wax than the old six-sided specification; and, as they never allowed a cluster to hang up and make wax in peace, real wax was scarce. However, they eked out their task with varnish stolen from new coffins at funerals in the village, and it made them rather sick. Then they took to cadging round sugar-factories and breweries, because it was easiest to get their material from those places, and the mixture of glucose and beer naturally fermented in store and blew the store-cells out of shape, besides smelling abominably. Some of the sound bees warned them that ill-gotten gains never prosper, but the Oddities at once surrounded them and balled them to death. That was a punishment they were almost as fond of as they were of eating, and they expected the sound bees to feed them. Curiously enough the age-old instinct of loyalty and devotion towards the Hive made the sound bees do this, though their reason told them

side—two miles away sometimes," cried Melissa.

"Pardon me," said the blind thing, sucking hard. "But this is the Hive, is it not?"

"It was. Worse luck, it is."

"And the Hival Honey is here, is it not?"
It opened a fresh store cell to prove it.

"Ye—es, but it won't be long at this rate," said Melissa.



"How the nectar for it was won out of hours in the teeth of chill winds."

they ought to slip away and unite with some other healthy stock in the apiary.

"What about seven and three-quarter minutes' work now?" said Melissa one day as she came in. "I've been at it for five hours, and I've only half a load."

"Oh, the Hive subsists on the Hival Honey which the Hive produces," said a blind Oddity squatting in a store-cell.

"But honey is gathered from flowers out

"The rates have nothing to do with it. This Hive produces the Hival Honey. You people never seem to grasp the essential simplicity that underlies all life."

"Oh, me!" said poor Melissa, "haven't

you ever been beyond the Gate?"

"Certainly not. A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth. Mine are in my head." It gorged till it bloated.

Melissa took refuge in her poorly-

paid field-work and told Sacharissa the

story.

"Hut!" said that wise bee, fretting with an old maid of a thistle. "Tell us something new. The Hive's full of such as him—it, I mean."

"What's the end to be? All the honey going out and none coming in. Things

can't last this way!" said Melissa.

"Who cares?" said Sacharissa. "I know now how drones feel the day before they're killed. A short life and a merry one for me!"

"If it only were merry! But think of those awful, solemn, lop-sided Oddities waiting for us at home—crawling and clambering and preaching—and dirtying things in the dark."

"I don't mind that so much as their silly songs, after we've fed 'em, all about 'work among the merry, merry blossoms,'" said Sacharissa from the deeps of a stale Canter-

bury bell.

"I do. How's our Queen?" said Melissa.
"Cheerfully hopeless, as usual. But she

lays an egg now and then."

"Does she so?" Melissa backed out of the next bell with a jerk. "Suppose now, we sound workers tried to raise a Princess in some clean corner?"

"You'd be put to it to find one. The Hive's all wax-moth and muckings. But—

well?"

"A Princess might help us in the time of the Voice behind the Veil that the Queen talks of. And anything is better than working for Oddities that chirrup about work that they can't do, and waste what we bring home."

"Who cares?" said Sacharissa. "I'm with you, for the fun of it. The Oddities would ball us to death, if they knew. Come

home, and we'll begin."

* * * * * *

There is no room to tell how the experienced Melissa found a far-off frame so messed and mishandled by abandoned cell-building experiments that, for very shame, the bees never went there. How in that ruin she blocked out a Royal Cell of sound wax, but disguised by rubbish till it looked like a kopje among deserted kopjes. How she prevailed upon the hopeless Queen to make one last effort and lay a worthy egg. How the Queen obeyed and died. How her spent carcass was flung out on the rubbish heap, and how a multitude of laying sisters went about dropping drone-eggs where they listed, and said there was no more need of Queens.

How, covered by this confusion, Sacharissa educated certain young bees to educate certain new-born bees in the almost lost art of making Royal Jelly. How the nectar for it was won out of hours in the teeth of chill winds. How the hidden egg hatched true—no drone, but Blood Royal. How it was capped, and how desperately they worked to feed and double-feed the now swarming Oddities, lest any break in the food-supplies should set them to instituting inquiries, which, with songs about work, was their favourite amusement. How in an auspicious hour, on a moonless night, the Princess came forth—a Princess indeed, and how Melissa smuggled her into a deep empty honey-magazine, to bide her time; and how the drones, knowing she was there, went about singing the deep disreputable love-songs of the old days—to the scandal of the laying-sisters, who did not think well of drones. These things are written in the Book of Queens, which is laid up in the hollow of the Great Ash Ygdrasil.

After a few days the weather changed again and became glorious. Even the Oddities would now join the crowd that hung out on the alighting-board, and would sing of work among the merry, merry blossoms till an untrained ear might have received it for the hum of a working hive. Yet, in truth, their store-honey had been eaten long ago. They lived from day to day on the efforts of the few sound bees, while the Wax-moth fretted and consumed again their already ruined wax. But the sound bees never mentioned these facts. They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and

ball them to death.

"Now you see what we have done," said the Wax-moths. "We have created New Material, a New Convention, a New Type, as we said we would."

"And new possibilities for us," said the laying-sisters gratefully. "You have given us a new life's work, vital and paramount."

"More than that," chanted the Oddities in the sunshine; "you have created a new heaven and a new earth. Heaven, cloudless and accessible" (it was a perfect August evening) "and Earth teeming with the merry, merry blossoms, waiting only our honest toil to turn them all to good. The—er—Aster, and the Crocus, and the—er—Ladies' Smock in her season, the Chrysanthemum after her kind, and the Guelder Rose bringing forth abundantly withal."

"Oh, Holy Hymettus!" said Melissa, awestruck. "I knew they didn't know how honey was made, but they've forgotten the

Order of the Flowers! What will become of them?"

A Shadow fell across the alighting-board as the Bee Master and his son came by. The Odditics crawled in and a Voice behind a Veil said: "I've neglected the old Hive too long. Give me the smoker."

Melissa heard and darted through the gate. "Come, oh come!" she cried. "It is the destruction the Old Queen foretold.

Princess, come!"

"Really, you are too archaic for words," said an Oddity in an alley-way. "A cloud, I admit, may have crossed the sun; but why hysterics? Above all, why Princesses so late in the day? Are you aware it's the Hival Teatime? Let's sing grace."

Melissa clawed past him with all six legs. Sacharissa had run to what was left of the fertile brood-comb. "Down and out!" she called across the brown breadth of it. "Nurses, guards, fanners, sweepers—out! Never mind the babies. They're better dead. Out, before the Light and the Hot Smoke!"

The Princess's first clear fearless call (Melissa had found her) rose and drummed through all the frames. "La Rrine le veult! Swarm! Swar-rm!"

The Hive shook beneath the shattering thunder of a stuck-down quilt being torn back.

"Don't be alarmed, dears," said the Waxmoths. "That's our work. Look up, and you'll see the dawn of the New Day."

Light broke in the top of the hive as the Queen had prophesied—naked light on the

boiling, bewildered bees.

Sacharissa rounded up her rearguard, which dropped headlong off the frame, and joined the Princess's detachment thrusting toward the Gate. Now panic was in full blast, and each sound bee found herself embraced by at least three Oddities. The first instinct of a frightened bee is to break into the stores and gorge herself with honey; but there were no stores left, so the Oddities fought the sound bees.

"You must feed us, or we shall die!" they cried. holding and clutching and slipping, while the silent scared earwigs and little spiders twisted between their legs. "Think of the Hive, traitors! The Holy

Hive!"

"You should have thought before!" cried the sound bees. "Stay and see the dawn of your New D."

of your New Day."

They reached the Gate at last over the soft bodies of many to whom they had ministered.

"On! Out! Up!" roared Melissa in the Princess's ear. "For the Hive's sake! To the Old Oak!"

The Princess left the alighting-board, circled once, flung herself at the lowest branch of the Old Oak, and her little loyal swarm—you could have covered it with a pint mug—followed, hooked, and hung.

"Hold close!" Melissa gasped. "The

old legends have come true! Look!"

The Hive was half hidden by smoke, and Figures moved through the smoke. They heard a frame crack stickily, saw it heaved high and twirled round between enormous hands—a blotched, bulged, and perished horror of grey wax, corrupt brood, and small drone-cells, all covered with crawling Oddities, strange to the sun.

"Why, this isn't a hive! This is a museum of curiosities," said the Voice behind the Veil. It was only the Bee Master talking to his son.

"Can you blame 'em, father?" said a second voice. "It's rotten with Wax-moth. See here!"

Another frame came up. A finger poked through it, and it broke away in rustling flakes of ashy rottenness.

"Number Four Frame! That was your mother's pet comb once," whispered Melissa to the Princess. "Many's the good egg I've watched her lay there."

"Aren't you confusing post ho; with propter hoc?" said the Bee Master. "Waxmoth only succeed when weak bees let them in." A third frame crackled and rose into the light. "All this is full of laying workers' brood. That never happens till the stock's weakened. Phew!"

He beat it on his knee like a tambourine,

and it also crumbled to pieces.

The little swarm shivered as they watched the dwarf drone-grubs squirm feebly on the grass. Many sound bees had nursed on that frame, well knowing their work was useless; but the actual sight of even useless work destroyed disheartens a good worker.

"No, they have some recuperative power left," said the second voice. "Here's a

Queen cell!"

"But it's tucked away among— What on earth has come to the little wretches? They seem to have lost the instinct of cellbuilding." The father held up the frame where the bees had experimented in circular cell-work. It looked like the pitted head of a decaying toadstool.

"Not altogether," the son corrected. "There's one line, at least, of perfectly good

cells."

"My work," said Sacharissa to herself.
"I'm glad Man does me justice before—"

That frame, too, was smashed out and thrown atop of the others and the foul ear-

wiggy quilts.

As frame after frame followed it, the swarm beheld the upheaval, exposure, and destruction of all that had been well or ill done in every cranny of their Hive for generations past. There was black comb so old that they had forgotten where it hung; orange, buff, and ochre-varnished store-comb, built as bees were used to build before the days of artificial foundations: and there was a little, white, frail new work. There were sheets on sheets of level, even brood-comb that had held in its time unnumbered thousands of unnamed workers; patches of obsolete drone-comb, square and highshouldered, showing to what marks a male grub was expected to grow; and two inch deep honey-magazines, empty, but still magnificent: the whole gummed and glued into twisted scrap-work, awry on the wires, half-cells, beginnings abandoned, or grandiose, weak-walled, composite cells pieced out with rubbish and capped with dirt.

Good or bad, every inch of it was so riddled by the tunnels of the Wax-moth that it broke in clouds of dust as it was flung on the heap.

"Oh, see!" cried Sacharissa. "The Great Burning that Our Queen foretold. Who can bear to look?"

A flame crawled up the pile of rubbish, and

they smelt singeing wax.

The Figures stooped, lifted the Hive and shook it upside down over the pyre. A cascade of Oddities, chips of broken comb,

scale, fluff and grubs slid out, crackled, sizzled, popped a little, and then the flames roared up and consumed all that fuel.

"We must disinfect," said a Voice. "Get

me a sulphur-candle, please."

The shell of the Hive was returned to its place, a light was set in its sticky emptiness, tier by tier the Figures built it up, closed the entrance, and went away. The swarm watched the light leaking through the cracks all the long night. At dawn one Waxmoth come by, fluttering impudently.

"There has been a miscalculation about the New Day, my dears," she began; "one can't expect people to be perfect all at once.

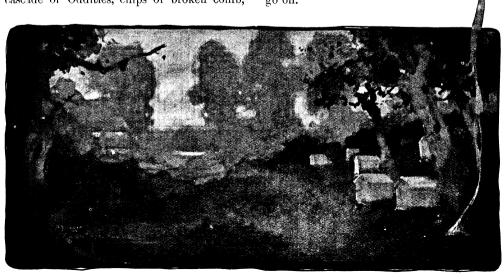
That was our mistake."

"No, the mistake was entirely ours," said the Princess.

"Pardon me," said the Wax - moth. "When you think of the enormous upheaval—call it good or bad—which our influence brought about, you will admit that we, and we alone—"

"You?" said the Princess.
"Our stock was not strong.
So you came—as any other disease might have come.
Hang close, all my people."

When the sun rose, Veiled Figures came down, and saw their swarm at the bough's end waiting patiently within sight of the old Hive—a handful, but prepared to go on.



RIVER AND RING.

By ANTHONY HOPE.



was a dark and gusty night; rain now drizzled and now whistled down; the wet pavement gleamed under the lamps, and the policeman's waterproof cape flashed back as it were an answering signal.

The few people about scurried hard for home or some makeshift shelter—no need to bid them "move on"! The policeman had his beat, and his thoughts, pretty well to himself. His beat lay along the Embankment at the Westminster end; his thoughts were wholly set on wondering how long the hands on the clock in the tower up there would take to cover what was professedly only half an hour; the boom of ten o'clock from Big Ben would set him free.

Indulging in an unveiled yawn, he strolled along with the ponderous passivity that characterises the policeman unemployed. Yet the next moment his eye—his human eye, not his professional-brightened somewhat at the sight of a graceful figure leaning against the parapet just under a lamp. married man, he was yet accustomed to beguile his hours of duty by a discreet, though critical, appraisement of the beauty he encountered; no harm, surely, in that? He strolled more slowly, aiming at noiselessness, for he did not wish to disturb the girl; she was obviously engrossed in thought, gazing across to the wharves on the Surrey side, her hands clasped and her elbows resting on the parapet. She was draped from neck to feet in a long cloak; to the pelt of the rain--it was coming down smartly now-she seemed quite indifferent.

When the policeman was some ten paces from her, he stopped suddenly; she had unclasped her hands, and by that action revealed a small object which had lain hidden between them. It was a little case; the

next moment the policeman—her preoccupation allowed him to steal gradually up to her—saw her open it; with one hand she took out a ring; with the other she flung the case into the river. Then she put the ring on the third finger of her left hand and seemed to study the effect it made so placed.

In an instant the policeman became pro-

fessional. He was by her side.

"Seeing how it looks on you?" he asked; his voice was free from cockney taint, but rough with a northern burr.

She turned to him with a start, showing a small, delicately featured face, pale in tint, and with large eyes.

"Didn't want to keep the case, didn't

you?" he asked.

"I didn't want to keep the case—and, yes, I am seeing how it looks on me," she answered in a composed voice. "And when I have seen how it looks on me, I'm going to throw it into the river, after the case."

"That's a rum start!" There was more than the connoisseur's study of beauty in his regard of her now. "Throwing pearl rings into the Thames is a funny way of spending your time, ain't it?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning

and facing him squarely.

"The case—well, that's not so funny; cases tell tales. But I was thinking that you might only have thought of throwing the ring after it quite lately—since you've seen me, in point of fact. Anything in that?"

She looked at him a moment longer, and then smiled tentatively. "Oh!" she said slowly, in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "You're thinking——?" Her smile broadened a little, developing a dimple in her left cheek. "I suppose it must look curious!"

"Well, it does a bit, miss." Her air and the quality of her voice extorted the "miss"

from him, in spite of his suspicions.

"Of course I thought nobody would see me."

The policeman's face remained gravely irresponsive to the hint of appeal in her words. An alarm — yet rather humorous than serious—showed in her eyes.

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"You really mustn't take me up," she said. "That would be most awkward. I—I suppose I should have to explain—everything?"

"Couldn't you begin by explaining a bit now, miss? Just a bit to go on with, so to

speak."

"Oh, why not?" she murmured, as though to herself. She turned away from him towards the river again, fingering the pearl ring. "It must have looked funny," she acknowledged again. "But I hadn't worn it for nearly three years. So I thought I'd put it on just once more and see how it—how it used to look. And just then you came up!"

"It looks worth money."

"Not very much. The friend who gave it to me wasn't rich—when he gave it to me."

"My missus would call it pretty fine! Folks down our street wouldn't think she'd come honestly by it."

"And you don't think I have?" She

smiled again.

"I've got my duty to do, miss." A touch

of apology softened his sturdiness.

"I came honestly by it, but I can't keep it honestly. So "—she drew the ring off her finger—"it's best at the bottom of the river."

"Wait a bit, miss!" he said sharply, as

he laid his hand on hers.

She faced him again. "Well, then, I suppose I must tell you about it—though that seems to me just as funny as throwing the ring into the river. Funnier, in fact! You needn't hold me. I won't throw it in until you give me leave. There, let it lie on the parapet between us. No, the wind may blow it away; you hold it." She gave it to him, and clasped her hands again.

The policeman looked at the ring—a single pearl of no great size, plainly set in gold.

"Maybe a—a token, miss?" he hazarded.
"Yes, a token. An engagement ring."

"I gave my girl a brooch—rare pleased

she was with it!"

"I was rare pleased with that, but now it's best at the bottom of the river." She paused a moment, then glanced round with a smile. "We can't stay here talking all night, can we, either of us? I must clear my character, and then go home! - Well, a man I was engaged to gave me that ring. I needn't tell you what he said when he gave it to me, need I?"

"That will not be necessary, miss."

"I'm glad. Just three months later—you don't want his name, do you?"

"Not at present, at all events, miss."

"Just three months later I got a letter from him—from the South of France, where he was. I can't produce the letter."

"Never mind that, miss."

"He told me that he loved me best still, but that he couldn't stand the pressure put on him by his family. They had found a great match for him—a girl very much richer and greater than I am. He did say too that she was very pretty, but as I knew her by sight, I didn't—well, never mind that. Then he went on to ask me to forgive him and not think too badly of him. He said he knew he was a coward—"

"He was right there, miss."

"But if I understood how he was placed, I shouldn't think him quite such a cur as he looked. And he asked me, if I had ever cared for him at all, not to make it too hard for him, and to keep his ring for the sake of old times. He said that, if I sent it back, he'd think I meant that he was the worst kind of cur."

"I'd have sent it back," observed the

policeman.

"I kept it as the one thing in the world I had left."

"Women are different, sometimes."

"But I can't keep it any more now."

"Got over your feelings? That's right,
miss. There's as good fish——"

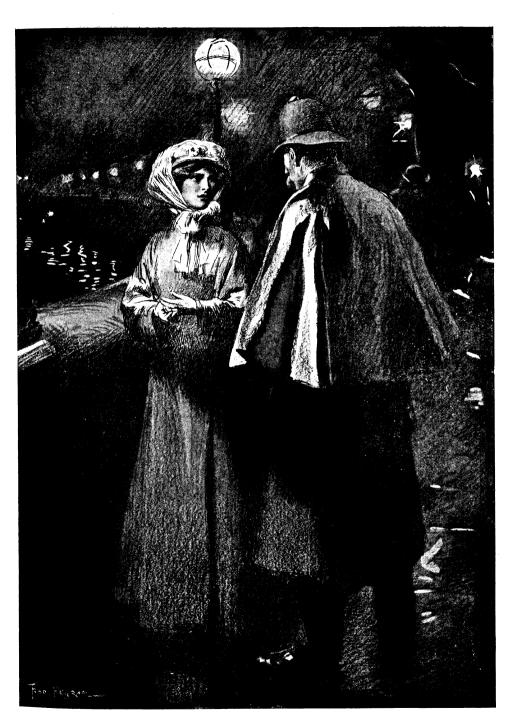
"I've got another ring, anyhow."

"I see, miss," said the policeman, with a comprehending nod. "I remember," he went on meditatively, "a drunk as I once ran in—"

"A drunk what?"

"I beg your pardon, miss. A gentleman in a state of intoxication, I should have said. Well, he was a scholar, and he told me while we was waiting for his bail, you know, miss—a lot of stories of old days—(His head was all right, only his legs had given out hopeless)—one about some great man who took and threw his favourite ring into the sea, just because things were going too lucky with him, and there must be a change soon; he kind o' tried to have a bit of bad luck and get it over. No good! Next time he had fish for dinner—he had it every day, too, I expect—there was the ring in the fish's—inside the fish, miss. He couldn't get fair rid of that ring, and lots of trouble it brought him. The gentleman was going on to tell me all about it, only the bail came. You meet a lot of interesting men in my profession, miss."

"I don't think my ring will come back to



"'Throwing pearl rings into the Thames is a funny way of spending your time, ain't it?"

me-for good or evil. Shall we throw it in now?"

"Well, considering all things, it is better there, ain't it, miss?"

"Your wife wouldn't like it?"

"Not that chap's ring on her finger, miss!"

"Let me put it on mine once again!"

"You wouldn't, miss?"

"And then—the river!"

"As you please, miss."

"Am I to keep it, and steal looks at it, and get unhappy again?"

"You're right. It's better in the river,

miss."

"Give it to me, please."

She took it and put it on the third finger of her left hand again. After a deliberately defiant look at the policeman she kissed it. Then she drew it off and flung it after its case, as far out into the river as she could.

The clock in the tower boomed ten; the last thirty minutes had not seemed so long

to the policeman, after all.

"I don't suppose we shall ever speak to one another again," she said, "but you've been kind to me. I'm grateful."

"I didn't mean to intrude, miss. It was

only my duty."

"I know. I never thought how odd it might look."

"Seeing as we're not likely to meet again, may I make bold to wish you all happiness, miss? There's as good fish——!"

"Thank you. I shall think of you as a

friend. Good night."

She gave him her left hand—the little hand whereon the ring had once rested in loved possession: his mighty fist swallowed it for a moment, almost as the broad river had the ring. He watched her as she sped swiftly across the road and past the big buildings. There were cabs at the foot of Northumberland Avenue, and she got into one.

"Lucky she didn't want to chuck herself in too!" reflected the policeman. "Some

of 'em do!"

Next day the round of his varied and, as he had justly hinted, often interesting duties called him to the task of regulating the "setting-down" and "taking-up" of carriages at the entrance to St. Margaret's Church. The occasion was one of interest, nay, even of some popular excitement. The church itself was crowded; the many outside were agog to catch a sight of the eminent and

sumptuous few who were privileged to enter; carriages and cars were there in a swarm, and the policeman was kept busy in the exercise of his discreet omnipotence. So he missed the ingoing of the bride, all veiled, on her father's arm, and had to take it on trust, from a junior comrade, that she was a "spicy piece of goods!" He smiled rather scornfully, telling his young friend that he had seen a mint of such. Yet he liked the occasion. It was a soldier's wedding. was an old soldier, and grew warm at heart when he saw the uniforms passing in to ornament the scene. Moreover he was always pleased to have a wedding to tell his wife about at supper. That amused her, whereas he had decided that the story of the girl on the Embankment and her ring would Sentimental tales about other women were apt to breed sarcasm: such was the policeman's personal experience. But even his tale of the wedding would be held a lame one if he could not so much as see the bride.

Fate was kind to him and his domestic reputation. He had marshalled his carriages and cars in the neatest order before the service in the church was over; the carriage that was to receive the newly married pair headed the line, and he stood by it, hot but satisfied. Music pealed muffled from within; bride and bridegroom came out, and passed between the rows of his comrades who held back the spectators. He was furthest from the door on his side and nearest the carriage. But he saw her directly she came out; her veil thrown back suffered him to see the fine delicately cut features which had been turned to him under the Embankment lamp the night before. This "fashionable function" became much more to him; and he, in some odd way, seemed to become much more of it—to be translated in a moment into the inside, the intimate side, of it. It was very possible that he knew something about it which nobody else in church or square knew, save only the girl who walked there Something of a thrill in bridal white. possessed him; there were interesting people and interesting things to be met with in his profession!

Would she see him? He had a queer longing that she should. But her eyes were orthodoxly downcast. He was grateful to a man in the crowd who raised a cheer. It met with a kindly response; the bridegroom was a well-known and popular man. The cheer made her look up, and smile, and glance

from side to side.



"The policeman heard it quite plainly, though nobody else did."

"Surely she must see me!" thought the policeman, as he stood burly, motionless, rooted to the place which discipline assigned him. Suddenly her lips parted, as though in eagerness; then came the smile again—last night's smile, born of humour, not of happiness—and the faintest tinge of colour in her cheeks. Her eyes rested on him for a

moment, and he heard her voice—yes, the policeman heard it quite plainly, though nobody else did. "You see now why it's better at the bottom of the river!" she said. As she passed into the carriage, his hand flew to the salute.

"She did speak to me again, after all!" he was crying behind his stolid mask.



THE RED NECKLACE.

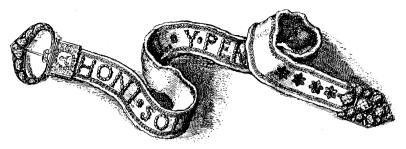
SPINDLE-WOOD charms be found no more; Hag-berries shrivel outside your door; Ivy-berries grow black as jet; But the little green holly is gladsome yet! Toward Yule when every flow'r is fled, The holly tree wears her necklace red!

Guelder rose tokens have dropt, long syne; Briony hoops no longer twine; Shortest day and darkest night Bring ivy black and snowberry white; But 'tis the shining Yule-star leads The holly bush with her scarlet beads!

Ivy shall wreathe my lady's wall, Mistletoe hang in my gentleman's hall; Myrtle and fir your mirrors beset; But the little dark holly stands highest yet? Toward Yule when every nut is shed, The holly tree bears her necklace red!

Give of your garments to clothe the poor! Give them out of your silver store! Bear their burdens and share their needs, While the holly is decked in scarlet beads, Aud ye who this old carol hear God send you all a happy New Year!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.



"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

BY A. DE BURGH.

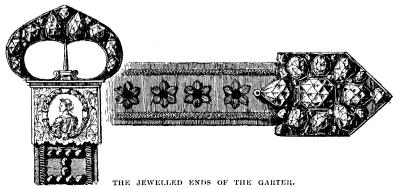
In inverse ratio to our artistic education, which becomes complete in proportion to our sensitiveness to beauty, do we become sceptical of romance as our common sense modifies our credulity, or, to put the same sentiment in Carlyle's words, "the graceful minuet dance of Fancy must give place to the toilsome, thorny pilgrimage of understanding."

Woven into the real matters of honours, tinged with sentiment and with humour which notinfrequently borders burlesque, there are threads of romance which by their gorgeous hues of improbability give a touch of vivid colour to what would otherwise be prosaic. Thus in the prime honour of the Order of the Garter, which ranks in dignity with Italy's "Annunziata," with Spain and Austria's "Golden Fleece," Prussia's "Black Eagle," Russia's "St. Andrew," Sweden's "Seraphim," and the "St. Michael and Holy Ghost" of France, is the harvest of romance bound into one sheaf with a woman's garter.

Although according to legendary law there are distinctions of a similar nature much older than the Order which is the subject of this paper (in China, we are told, there have been orders of valour in existence for thousands of years), and although there are others as much coveted, of greater intrinsic value—orders which bring with them greater privileges; still, the Order of the Garter, from its first foundation, is one of the most illustrious anywhere existing.

It is true that the Garter of to-day is not the same as it was at its institution; indeed, in some important respects, it has changed its whole nature and its purpose. Primarily it was bestowed for those virtues which were especially displayed by knights, kingly or otherwise, on the field of battle; to-day it is granted in many—in fact, in the great majority of cases—to those who already rank high by birth, for statecraft or for personal services to the Sovereign.

It is asserted that the first actual institution of knighthood in England took place





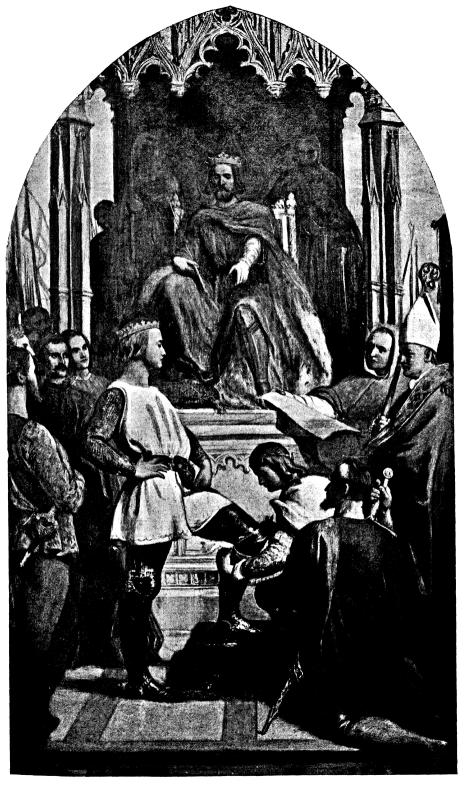
THE LEGENDARY STORY OF JOANE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, AND HER GARTER. FROM THE PICTURE BY HOWARD DAVIE, WHICH HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING AS THE SUBJECT FOR HIS PERSONAL "CHRISTMAS CARD" FOR 1908.

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during the reign of Arthur, who, out of admiration of acts of valour, and in order to stimulate a perfect observance of the unwritten code of honour, formed a fellowship amongst his gallant and worthy friends, styling them Knights of the Round Table; and as we cannot altogether disassociate the Knights of the Round Table from the Knights of the Garter, we must credit Edward III. with the establishing of the Order for the purpose of continuing that

chivalry which one of the old chroniclers vouches Arthur to have established "to adorn martial virtue, to increase virtue and honour in the hearts of his nobility."

The myths, which encircle the real Arthur like clouds, make of this gallant leader of the West of England's Celtic tribes, who was killed in battle near Bath somewhere about A.D. 520, a very visionary creature, whose exploits fill the poetry of the Middle Ages, till he stands before us a moral David, "since he



"EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE INVESTED WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER." By C. W. Cope, R.A.

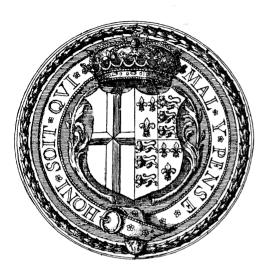
From the coloured sketch in the South Kensington Museum, for the fresco in the House of Lords.

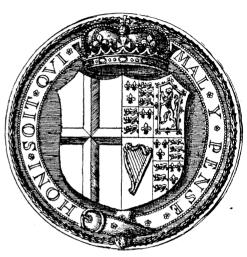
slayed a giant; a Solomon, without his scepticism." Born of miraculous parentage, and wielding his "Excalibur" of magic power, he looms large on the borderland wherein fact is lost in romance. If we accept King Arthur's Round Table as a knightly order, England must be allowed the distinction of having introduced this form of chivalry into Europe, and on

Order, and to avoid any controversy about priority of place, they sat round a round table, and thence the name."

The qualification of all these knights was that they should belong to the nobility of their country and be

> Sworn to vows Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness, And loving utter faithfulness in love And uttermost obedience to the King.





THE SEAL OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

looking into the statutes and conditions of the knightly company of the Round Table, and those of the Garter, instituted more than eight hundred years afterwards, we find that there is a similarity between the two orders which can hardly be attributed to mere coincidence.

I have before me an old chronicle in manuscript, entitled "Brute" or the Chronicles of England, beginning at Brute and ending the sixth year of King Henry V., wherein it is noted that "after King Arthur

had conquered divers countries, his renown became so great that many of the most valorous knights came from all parts to his Court as to a school of military discipline to give "evidence of their prowess in the exercise of arms. This gave him occasion to select out of these and his own subjects a certain number (twenty-four?) of the most valiant knights, whom he invited to join the



ANOTHER VERSION.

In which particular year the most noble Order of the Garter was instituted there is much conflicting opinion, and of absolute knowledge there can be none, since the original records of that time are no longer in existence. Stubbs, in his "Constitutional History," who is in agreement with Ashmole as to the date of its inauguration, places it during the period in which England was devastated by the Black Death, and quotes it as a "typical illustration" of the lack of sympathy existent

between the people and the Court. If these two events synchronise, then the Order of the Garter must have been established between August, 1348, and December, 1349. Mr. Longman, in his "Life of Edward III.," Mr. Beltz, in his "Memorials," place its founding, as does Froissart, in 1344. Certainly the Wardrobe account marks the extravagance of certain vestments and payments for the embroidery of garters with mottoes as due to preparations for St. George's Day, 1347, and in the Treasury accounts of the Prince of Wales there is entered the

item, in 1348, of the cost of gifts made by him of twenty-four garters to the Knights of the Society o f the Garter. Thus the Order must have been fully constituted in that year. The amalgamated wisdom of the latest historians places the date of the establishment of the Order of the Garter as occurring in 1350, and in "The Historians' History" we read: "It was after his return from Calais that Edward instituted an order of knighthood which has survived all hisother achievements, as well as produced better fruits than his victories on the fields of France. This was the Order of the Garter, which he established in 1350." Mr. F. Drummond, in an admirable essay on knighthood, says: "It clear,

hood, says: "It seems pretty clear, however, the seal of the order of the Garter was instituted and the great feast celebrated, not in the midst of the Black Death, but at any rate some months before its ravages commenced." This last opinion is the one we incline to, since it brings the

Feast of St. George's Day into agreement with Froissart's date of 1344. "The King," wrote this great Frenchman, who seems to have been born a historian, since he began

in his youth to write the histories of the wars of his own time. ''founded a chapel at Windsor in honour St. George. and established canons there to serve God, with a handsome endowment. He then issued his Proclamation for this Feast by his heralds, whom he sent to France, Scotland, Burgundy, Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, and the Empire of Germany, and offered to all knights and squires, that might come to this ceremony, passports to last for fifteen days after it was over." From this same authority learn that the King and the elected knights were each "clothed in gowns of russet, powdered with garters blue," and that each was likewise wearing " the like garters also on their right legs and mantles of blue, with scutcheons of St. George,"



THE SEAL OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, SHOWING ST. GEORGE, THE PATRON SAINT OF THE ORDER.

and it was at this time, of which Froissart writes, that Edward III. revived the feasts of the Round Table.

According to Professor J. H. Middleton, "the first complete Round Tower," at

Windsor Castle, was built by Henry III. about 1272, but was wholly reconstructed on a more massive scale by Edward III., who in 1344 designed the new tower to form a meeting-place for his newly established Order of the Knights of the Garter. Edward selected this spot because, according to a popular legend (quoted by Froissart), it was on the summit of the circular mound that King Arthur used to sit surrounded by his Knights of the Round Table. If Professor Middleton is right, this distinctly fixes the

particular honour, and had his pictures on his banners, and, probably, implored for the Order of the Round Table his special protection. After the Arthurian period the popularity of St. George as a saint dates from the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, who invoked his aid during the first Crusade. At the Council of Oxford, in 1222, his day was ordered to be kept as a national festival, but it was Edward III. who made him patron saint of the kingdom.

Various as are the dates given for the



PROCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER ON SAINT GEORGE'S DAY, 1578.

establishment of the Order as not later than 1344.

Four patrons were selected for the Order of the Garter—viz., the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. George of Cappadocia, and Edward the Confessor. Du Chesne (a French historian) acknowledges that it was by special invocation of St. George that King Edward III. gained the battle of Cressy; and in this we get further association between the Knights of the Round Table and those of the Garter, for, according to Harding, King Arthur paid St. George

foundation of the Order of the Garter, the versions of the incidents to which it owes its institution are equally divergent. One is to the effect that the garter of Joane, Countess of Salisbury, having accidentally fallen off, as she danced in a "solemn ball, King Edward stooped, took it from the ground, and handed it to the Countess, whereupon some of his nobles and courtiers smiled as at an amorous action. The King, observing their sportive humour, turned it off with the remark: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' and



A KNIGHT COMPANION'S MANTLE IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

added, in disdain of their smiles, that in a short time they should see the garter advanced to so high honour and esteem as to account themselves happy to wear it."

This is quite an invention of later days. Froissart, who speaks of the institution of the Order, never mentions anything of the above story. Nor is any record made of such an incident until two hundred years afterwards, when Polydor Virgil takes occasion to say something about it. Why the garter should have been supposed to be that of Lady Salisbury, also called the Fair Maid of Kent, who for her third husband married Edward the Black Prince, there is absolutely no reason,

as she was never a favourite at the Court of Edward III.

Dr. Heylin writes in 1652 anent this tale: "This I take to be a vain and idle romance, derogatory both to the founder and the Order, first published by Polydor Virgil, a stranger to the affairs of England."

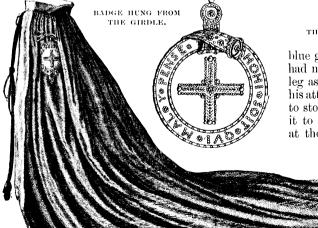
The other most popular version of this same story is that "the Queen having left King Edward to return to her own house, he followed her soon after and espied a



THE ELIZABETHAN SURCOAT.

blue garter lying on the ground. He had no doubt it had slipped from her leg as she went along, and as some of his attendants had passed by, disdaining to stoop at such a trifle, he commanded it to be taken up and handed to him, at the receipt whereof he said: 'You

make but small account of this garter; but within few months I will cause the best of you to reverence the like.'" The motto, according



THE SOVEREIGN'S MANTLE IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

to this story, was the Queen's answer when the King asked her what men would conjecture about her losing her garter on the road.

According to other authorities, the Order owed its origin to the King giving the word "Garter" as a password to his army on the

day of the battle of Cressy; and yet another version has it that on this same occasion, as a signal for attack, he caused his garter to be raised on the point of a lance.

Having gained at Cressy a decisive victory, he made the garter the pre-eminentemblem of distinction, the symbol of unity and society which should bind a 11 the knights together and to the Sovereign. To make the bond of friendship more close and thorough, the King caused those who belonged to the Order to be called Fellows.

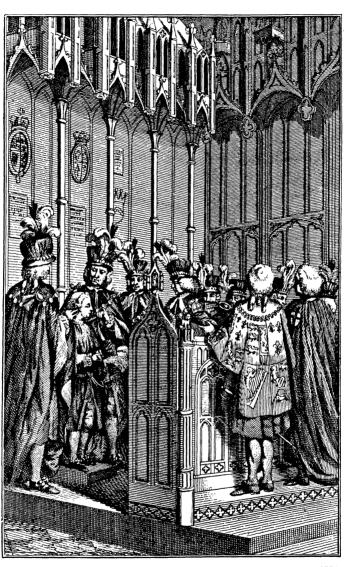
Associates, Colleagues, Brethren, and Knights Companions, and the Order itself a Company, Fellowship, and College of Knights, and he ordered their habits and ornaments to be entirely alike in fashion and material.

Edward, claiming the title to the kingdom of France, adopted blue, the colour of the arms

of that kingdom, and also a French motto: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Harpsfield conjectures that "this apophthegm was selected or designed to put the Knights Companions in mind not to admit anything in the action of their lives, or among their

thoughts, unbecoming to themselves or to their honour."

There were changes in the statutes of the Order from time to time, especially u'n der Edward VI. at a chapter held Greenwich in the third year of his reign; these changes were made void under the reign of his sister Mary and reinstated by Elizabeth. Henry VIII. added the George and collar to the insignia assigned to it by Edward III. - namely, garter, mantle, surcoat, and hood, and he introduced the garter and motto into the Great Seal of



AN INSTALLATION OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AT WINDSOR, IN 1771.

England, and even foreign potentates who felt honoured in the possession of this knightly distinction added the badges of it to their coats-of-arms. During the Elizabethan era the garters became very costly and ornamental, being richly embroidered with gems and pearls.



QUEEN VICTORIA INVESTING NAPOLEON III. WITH THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, 1855. FROM THE PICTURE BY R. HIND.

Perhaps the most magnificent badge was the one sent to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, every letter of the motto being composed of diamonds, which numbered four hundred and eleven. The garter worn by Charles I. was also a very valuable one, the motto being composed of four hundred and twelve diamonds.

Before the insignia took their present shape and form they underwent various changes.

In our to-day's thoughts of the insignia of "the most noble Order" are associate only the symbols of the Ribbon, the Collar, the Star, and the actual Garter; for, losing sight of the motive with which the robes were originally designed, we have come to regard the wearing of them as embellishments of occasions of State; but Ashmole tells us that "among the ancients the Romans were most exact in assigning each degree a peculiar habit and vesture by which alone the quality and condition of their citizens might be known and distinguished. This custom of distinction in apparel was afterwards taken

up by sundry other nations, whence it came to pass that every military as well as ecclesiastical order of knighthood did appropriate to itself a peculiar habit, and this the fellows and companions of those orders were appointed and enjoined to wear; to the end, they might be distinguished by them, as from others, so from one another. . . . The habits and ensigns of this most noble Order of the Garter are highly honourable and immensely magnificent; and consist

these particulars following. Namely, the Garter, Mantle, Surcoat, Hood, George and Collar." So wrote Ashmole in 1672. But, since those days the caprice of the Sovereign's taste has intervened.

In the reign of Henry VI. we find velvet substituted for the woollen cloth previously used; and in the reign of Elizabeth (upon what ground there is no mention), the colour of the mantle, hitherto a blue, the same colour as the field in the French arms, was changed to purple; . . . thus the purple came in and continued until about the twelfth year of King Charles I., when that monarch determined to restore the colour of celestial blue. But even then the mantle was not exactly the same, for it was plain instead of being powdered with embroidered golden garters.

The Collar was an addition made by

Henry VII. The lesser George, which is worn by a ribbon round the neck, is said to have been introduced by James I., and to owe its suggestion to the Golden Fleece, but, as there is a letter dated 10th July, 1627, from the Heraldit - Arms to Henry, Earl of Holland, in which he tells him he has seen a picture of Queen Eliza beth, "wherein was represented the lesser George hangbefore ingher breast," it is probable that this additional ornament was in use before James's time.



THE COLLAR AND GREAT GEORGE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Charles I. is responsible for the Star, which, it is said, he conferred in imitation of the Badge of the Order of the St. Esprit.

The colour of the Ribbon has varied from time to time; but its present hue, Garterblue, was chosen to differentiate it from that worn by those knights upon whom James II., in his exile, had illegally conferred the Order.

In our pictures of Their Majesties, King



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, WITH THE STALLS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, AND THEIR BANNERS HUNG ABOVE.

Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, we show the emblems of the Order as worn

to-day.

The solemn and sacred ceremony of installation we tell in the words of His Grace the Duke of Argyll: "To the sound of organ-music a groom and page, after making reverence, unroll a carpet before

the altar, and then stand on each side. Then the Garter Herald waves his rod. after double obeisances, and the Knights Companions take their places each before his stall. Black Rod then, making double reverences in the middle of the choir, ascends to near the altar, from which he turns, and the Groom of the Wardrobe gives him a little carpet of silk or cloth gold, which he lays on the Haut Pas towards the altar. Moreover, the groom holds a fair cushion of cloth of gold for the Sovereign to kneel upon, at the time of the Sovereign's offering. Note that each of these gentlemen kisses the cushion to prove that there is no poison in They make 'assay' of it. The Sovereign

then, his cushion being proved to be innocent of evil, arises from the seat, makes his reverence to the altar, then descending to the chapel floor, makes another bow, and 'ascends' towards the altar, attended by Garter Herald, the Registrar, the Chancellor, the nobleman that bears the

sword. The Knight Companion goes a little behind the Sovereign, who proceeds, the train of his robe being borne up, to the middle of the choir, where again he bows, and at the Haut Pas again. He that bears the Sovereign's offering is the man of greatest rank or estate present, and he receives it from Black Rod, the Sovereign kneeling mean-

while, and taking the offering and delivering it to the Prelate. Then, rising, he goes to his stall, again making, at each place as before, the reverences towards the altar. After these exertions, 'He reposeth himself, and looks on at the others of the Order as they perform their parts. 'The two Provincial Kings,' who seem to have been the two senior knights, have their turn, an intimation that they shall proceed being given to each by heralds who go to them and bow to them.

While they of fer, the Knights Companions kneel together on the Haut Pas. Their offerings are both of silverand gold, placed into two basins held by two prebends. They then rise and divide, and, all making their



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY P. TENNYSON COLE.

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appointed reverences as they retire, go back to their places escorted by heralds both in coming to the altar and in going from it. When all the Knights Companions have offered, the cushion is removed, the carpets are rolled up, and all proceed to the Presence Chamber, and 'so to dinner,' as Mr. Pepys says."



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA WEARING THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. From the Portrait by François Flameng.

Until the reign of Charles II. the Knights themselves filled the vacancies by election, but then the right was surrendered to the Sovereign. Still the Companions continued—anyhow, formally—to elect up to the time of George III. He and his successors dispensed with chapters and institutions, and it is now the established custom for the Sovereign to elect and instal Knights when vacancies occur. In most cases the King or Queen accepts the recommendation of the Prime Minister.

Although, as Sir Harris Nicolas observes, nothing is now known of the form of admitting ladies into the Order, the description applied to them in the records during the fourteenth and fifteenth century leaves no doubt that they were regularly received into it. The Queen Consort, the wives and daughters of Knights, and some other women of exalted position were designated "Dames de la Fraternité de St. George," and entries of the delivery of robes and garters to them are found at intervals in the wardrobe accounts from Edward III. to Henry VII., the first being Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the daughter of Edward, and the last being Margaret and Elizabeth, the daughters of the latter king. The effigies of Margaret Byron, wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K.G., at Stanton Harcourt, and of Alice Chaucer, wife of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, K.G., at Ewelme, which date from the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., have garters on their left arms. We also read that in ancient times the Queen and wives of Knights of the Garter wore special robes and hoods, gifts of the Sovereign. These were made of the same material as the mantles used by the Knights, were lined with fur, and garnished with small embroidered garters. A proposed revival of this usage during the reign of Charles I.

failed through the outbreak of the Civil War.

Of the various insignia belonging to the Garter the most conspicuous is the collar, a chain worn round the neck and shoulders, and to which is attached the George. The garter itself is worn on the left leg below the knee; it has undergone very little alteration since its institution by Edward III.

The officers of the Order are five-the Prelate, Chancellor, Register, King of Arms, and Usher. The first, third, and fifth have been attached since the foundation, the King of Arms was added by Henry V., and the Chancellor by Edward IV. The Prelate has always been the Bishop of Winchester, the Chancellor was formerly the Bishop of Salisbury, but now it is the Bishop of Oxford, the Registership and the Deanery of Windsor have been united since the reign of Charles I., the King of Arms is Garter Principal King of Arms (formerly his duties were discharged by Windsor Herald), and the Usher is the Gentleman Usher of the Black The former position is at present held by Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, the latter by Admiral Sir Henry F. Stevenson, G.C.V.O.

Each Knight has his stall at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, over which hangs the Knight's banner, which is solemnly removed by the King of Arms after the death of a Garter, and again replaced by that of the new one.

To take part in the services of St. George's Chapel is to gain a deep insight into the impressiveness of ceremonial; we face the void stalls of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, the last two victims of anarchy; and reverently our lips silently form the words that are the audible prayer of the officiating clergyman: that the Knights of the Garter may be in the safe keeping of the Most High.





D. Anderson. Photo bu IL ROSSO'S CHERUB.

THE CHERUB AND THE LUTE.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

N the second long gallery of the Uffizi an Italian sat copying a picture. The famous winged putto of Fiorentino was perched in a good light, and Signor Jacopo Naldini had nearly completed a reproduction. He sat in the long, cool gallery with a Roman matron towering above him. She purified an atmosphere which, in his opinion, was vitiated by the crowd of sightseers who wandered up and down. Many stopped to look at the painters engaged in copying; many were more interested in the new work than in the

The immortal cherub of Il Rosso's gem may be known to the reader. The cherub drowses

over a golden lute, his long black lashes seem to close, his curls droop, his little hand relaxes. We feel that the baby is going to sleep in the middle of his song; we long to pick him up, fold his delicious scarlet and ivory feathers, and cuddle him. For more than three hundred years the generations of man have taken joy in this precious atom, but no one, since that minor master and co-worker with Andrea del Sarto called him into being, has won from this magic thing a tithe of what it meant to Jacopo Naldini.

The Italian was a poor gentleman of high birth and wide culture. Left a childless widower at thirty, he had pursued art and lived alone for twenty years. His time was fully occupied, and his accomplishments, com-

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bined with great personal charm, made the artist popular in society at Florence. he was eccentric and, in the matter of his own family history, he strained the belief of his friends. He had weak spots. believed himself the greatest living authority on the Renaissance. He discovered Naldini who were soldiers, and Naldini who were saints, and Naldini who were the bosom friends and supporters of all the great artists from Cimabue to Ghirlandaio. By some strange oversight none of the authorities on Florentine history had anything to say about the Naldini; but Signor Jacopo was correcting this conspiracy of silence in a work presently to shine upon an admiring His history of the "most famous and most beauteous daughter of Rome" would appear presently. It was to be called "Queen of Etruria," and, in the author's opinion, could not fail to create a new epoch of renaissance knowledge and re-value all values entertained before him.

Signor Naldini was a poet and a metaphysician. Most modern social questions interested him, and he knew English and French as well as his own language. He could copy with magical facility, but painted few original pictures. Il Rosso's putto he had reproduced seven-and-twenty times. He never wearied of the task, and openly asserted that a strange spiritual link existed between his spirit and the wonderful cherub.

"We know one another very well," he was wont to say. "He has told me a great many things about the Re-birth that none else have yet heard. I shall, however, tell them again. He is very wise—this baby wise enough not to grow up, you see. Those dreamy eyes of his have looked into the eyes of Andrea and Michael Angelo. There was a Naldini once who was a good friend to This very cherub may have been painted for one of my ancestors; it is more than likely. As for me, he is my Familiar. He has no secrets from me; I have none from him. We understand mankind—even womankind a little. It is true that he lives here in the Uffizi; but when it is shut and the herd are driven out, he spreads his feathers and comes, like a scarlet and silver butterfly, over the housetops to me. And I make sonnets for his lute, and he sings them till the dawn wakes over Settignano. Then we both go to sleep, and when I waken he has flown away."

In person the Signor was of medium height and slight build. He had an artist's hand and eye. His hair was powdered with grey, and his alert face wore only a small moustache upon it. Culture and dignity were there, and none denied him the noble descent he claimed. Indeed, it could not be denied him. But he was poor and very proud. Few might do him service, because he would not sell his pictures to friends. His famous copies of "The Cherub and the Lute" were eagerly purchased by the public, but among his intimates the putto was always a gift. To hint at payment would have lost his friendship.

Now, to this man, so full of great thoughts and high, if futile, ambitions, there happened the event of his later lifetime. And upon another, of texture remote, there also fell an experience that changed his future radically

from his own plans for it.

A burly, flaxen tourist with blue eyes, broad shoulders, and a red jowl, came along the gallery and caught sight of Il Rosso's picture.

"At last!" he said. "What an infernal nuisance it is, moving these things from their places! But here's your imp—at least, I suppose so."

He shouted these words to a woman twenty yards behind him. Then he mopped his head, turned his back on the cherub, and waited for his companion to join him. He was young and handsome after a coarse and obvious fashion. A certain truculence sat upon his broad face, and his amber moustache was curled like the German Emperor's. But a very different mouth lurked under it. John P. Schultz would have been wiser to conceal his lips than reveal them, for, to a physiognomist, they betrayed him.

His companion arrived, and he spoke again.
"Here it is, with one of these Italian

beggars trying to copy it."

Mr. Schultz had not regarded the painter, but was merely aware that a small man sat in front of the putto and worked at his easel there. He was now about to make a gesture and indicate that he desired the artist to get out of the way; but Signor Naldini took the initiative, altered the situation, and readjusted the big man's perspective.

The painter rose from his seat, put down his brushes and palette, and then, approaching Mr. Schultz, slapped his big red cheek with

an open palm.

"Fat oaf!" he said in the best of English.
"Who and what are you, to dare to talk of Italian beggars? Go home to the benighted land whence you come, and learn better manners!"

Then a strange thing bappened, and the

mouth of Mr. Schultz showed that there—in those fat, feeble lips, and not in his broad shoulders or big voice—lurked the truth of him. He looked, indeed, exceedingly fierce, bulked large, towered above Naldini, and fell back. He twirled his moustache and blazed his blue eyes and threatened enormously; but he did nothing.

"Heavens! what next, you—you whipper-

snapper?"

"Next I will pull your nose," answered the dauntless painter. "'Italian beggars'— 'Italian beggars'! And what are you? I am said. "The American Consul shall look into this."

"You will be in error to trouble him. He is a very enlightened gentleman. He understands me, and even Italy—a little. I dined in his company last night. Tell him that Signor Jacopo Naldini slapped your face for insolence. What a man must you be, for all your great torso! Why, surely the least that you could have attempted would have been to fling me out of this window. However, go to the Consul."

The big man blustered and produced a card.



"More interested in the new work than in the old."

sorry such people are permitted to come here. Your very money is not sweet. Now take yourself away, and try to learn to be a gentleman, and not make the Anglo-Saxon offensive to us. We glory in great and good and clever people here, who came from both England and America. Have we not brought life and joy to Shelley, Landor, Browning, Story—all spirits of fire? Remember these things and be humble and repent. Now go away."

The other blustered.

"I want your name—I insist on it," he

"There," he said. "And you'll be sorry you insulted John P. Schultz of Vermont before you're many days older."

Signor Naldini bowed and took the card.

"Go away, Mr. John P. Schultz of Vermont, and let me forget you as quickly as I possibly can," he said. "There are still great and good Americans in Florence, who have yielded to the glorious demand of this country and live among us, and are worthy to share the air of Italy with us and make us the happier and wiser by their company. Seek them in a humble spirit and learn what

they can teach. They will instruct you to be

a little braver and a little wiser."

A crowd had collected, and now Mr. Schultz pushed his way through them and felt a secret hope that the spectators were not familiar with his language.

One, however—his companion, had listened to some purpose, and he regretted it.

turned to her now.

"Come, Elena!" he said. "We've had

about enough of this maniac."

But he dropped his voice over the last word, so that the painter should not hear it. Already Mr. Schultz seemed to feel those thin, nervy brown fingers taking liberties with his fine nose.

"You must wait," answered the other quietly. "I have not seen the putto yet."

There was in her voice something very far from agreeable to the man. He hid his annoyance and walked slowly on. But she. waited and regarded the masterpiece. for the painter, he resumed his work and smiled to himself.

Presently, when they were alone, the lady addressed him—not in English, but Italian.

She spoke perfectly and her voice was musical. No shadow of accent grated on his ear; indeed, her intonation was true Tuscan.

"I beg you to forgive him, Signor. is very young—only twenty-five. He has never been in Italy before. He forgot him-He will bitterly regret it, as I do."

She was a dark, handsome woman, with bright black eyes and more in them than Her figure was slight and brightness. quietly clad in grey. Her hat also was silver grey, with a white rose in it. might have been five-and-forty, but was a woman to attract attention and win admiration. She carried her gloves, and the man noticed that she wore a wedding-ring.

"For your sake, Signora, he is forgiven," returned the painter. He had risen and put

down his brushes.

"John Schultz saved my life at the risk of his own," she said simply.

"Then surely he is ten thousand times

forgiven."

In secret Jacopo Naldini marvelled what accident had given to such a poltroon so rare an opportunity. He already doubted the fact, for Mr. Schultz seemed not the man to risk his own life under any circumstances.

The lady read his scepticism in his eyes.

"It may interest you?" she asked.

"Profoundly," he assured her. He set his chair for her; but she shook her head

and looked to the end of the gallery, where her hero was gazing at Bandinelli's futile version of the Laccoon.

"It was in the desert," she explained. "I was wandering with a caravan from Biskra, arranged specially for me. I wanted to be out of sight of the world—to live in the sand and see no European or American face. I hungered for solitude."

"Who has not? Solitude is a necessary

food for every high spirit."

"But we entered dangerous country. The I insisted. fault was mine. nothing. We got into trouble with the folk of an oasis. They objected to my caravan. Their chief would not listen to us. came to blows, and had it not been for the intervention, the providential intervention, of a little company of English and Americans that was also wandering under tents, I am told that I should have been destroyed. Thankful indeed was I when they appeared. They and their men turned the tables. There was a night attack, and two or three Arabs were One died afterwards. much hurt. Schultz did miracles. His friends told me about it when all was over. He understands the Arabs and their language and manners and customs. It is certain that I have to thank him that I am in the land of the living at this moment."

"He has nobly justified his existence, Signora. I thank you for your story. I know the desert, too."

She smiled and looked at the picture he

was copying.

"I do love it so," she said. " Il Rosso's dear cherub. His angels at Santa Maria Nuova are good, but this is better. Muses and Pierides at the Louvre are levely, too."

"Ha! ha! you know him?

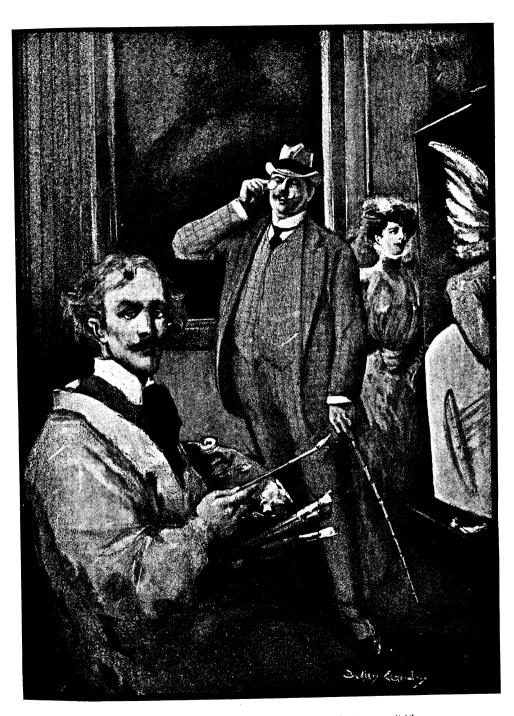
my scarlet wings?"

"Yes. There is something that makes me feel quite silly about it."

"Good—good—excellent!"

"If I may say so, Signor, your copy is quite amazing. You have done not only what the painter did, but what time has taken all these centuries to do to his picture since. Your brush is not dry, and yet your copy is as old as the original."

He was much pleased.
"Now, that," he said, "is at once the pleasantest and truest thing that I have heard from mortal lips for a month! mirably and subtly marked! A gigantic compliment. Yes, I can do what time has done for the Masters. It is my secret."



" 'Here it is, with one of these Italian beggars trying to copy it."

She bowed, and was departing, but he

spoke again.

"And I will not be behind you in truth, Signora. Your Italian is the purest, the——"
She put up her hand and laughed.

"That is a compliment I have not earned. I am an Italian. I was born at Florence!"
She smiled and went her way, while he

stared, quite taken aback.

"Body of Bacchus!" he said to himself with irritation. "Since when was I a fool? It must have been that grotesque, ruddy creature with her that misled me. How interesting she becomes! And she was interested, too. I would give this copy of my cherub to learn more of her. Italian, most truly; and yet there was that about her—and the red Schultz. I pray he may go to the Consul, so that I hear more concerning the lady. There is a romance here. But she is sadly mistaken in him."

He was right; and, as she walked down the corridor to join her companion, Mrs. Elena Beck, widow of the American millionaire and patriot, David Penn Beck, began to wonder if an error lurked in her romantic estimate of the young man from Vermont. She had seen the hero who was alleged to have saved her from a horde of fierce desert nomads, slapped in public; and she had observed his fashion of retort. Mr. Schultz said a great deal upon the subject when the widow stood by his side again, but she did not listen very intently.

II

CHANCE willed that, within a few hours of their first meeting, Signor Naldini and Mrs. Beck were arm in arm. The occasion was a dinner-party, and to the painter fell his acquaintance of the morning. Both exclaimed at this coincidence, and the man rejoiced to note that Mr. Schultz was not of the company. Him they did not discuss; but their conversation ranged over great subjects, while each marvelled at the other's knowledge and echoed the other's estimates. Naldini was a brilliant talker, and mixed a leaven of shrewd observation and sound sense with his paradoxes and jests.

"You can understand," he said, "because you are an Italian. English and Americans cannot. Why? Because they are English and Americans. In the Anglo-Saxon mind, thought and action are like the feet of a small bird—they hop together. But with us, how different, how much deeper are we! We go like the big, solemn birds, one foot at a time. We cannot understand this close,

ridiculous correspondence between conception and execution. It keeps the soul in the mud of the practical—where Anglo-Saxon souls, indeed, are usually to be found. We, on the other hand, soar always, and do not suffer from this madman's unrest to convert theory into practice. We gyrate upon infinite space and the pure regions of abstract thought; they follow thought no further than its application. Naturally, therefore, they will conquer the earth and dig all the gold out of it; but the gift the gods have bestowed upon us is above gold. If we are to demand action at every turn, then high thought perishes. We divorce thought and action therefore, and, knowing thought to be the greater, enjoy the liberty of thinking without acting."

"And so, from the worldly point of view, you get left," said a young Englishman on the other side of the table. Naldini had met him a few days before and liked him well. He admitted the conclusion with great

good nature.

"True — who knows it better than I? Who has been left more completely than the last of the Naldini? You come, you material people, and buy, buy, buy our treasures until we might starve for our daily food of art. Some day, but not before I am dead, thank God, the Anglo-Saxon will have all the gold and offer so much of it for our art that Italy, then bankrupt and starving, will sell her soul for bread. Meantime, you begin by a peaceful invasion. You purchase our ancient homes and live in them. They have nearly all gone. My historic home, for instance, the famous Villa Naldini, is only waiting for an Anglo-Saxon with enough gold and——"

"You must be careful," said Mrs. Beck. "I have come to find a villa. My hope is to live in Florence for six months out of

every twelve henceforth."

He knew nothing of her means, and could not guess that the gigantic home of his forefathers, perched on the hills above San

Miniato, might attract her.

"It would be one pang the less to see it again in Italian hands. The King looked at it for a friend when he was last in Florence. His Majesty doubted openly to me that the frescoed roof of the great loggia was not by Fiorentino, Andrea's assistant and the painter of my cherub; but well I know that it is!"

The subject changed; the ladies anon withdrew, and Signor Naldini learned some interesting particulars of his handsome widow. It was the Englishman who enlightened him.

"Shows what a fool even the cleverest

woman can be. She's fabulously rich—the widow of the famous American, David Penn Beck. A Florentine herself, she means to settle here. Her fortune is her own, but she spends tons of money in the States on good works. Well, we were prowling in the desert—a dozen of us with a dozen Arabs. Tom Bland, the novelist, was of our party, and Colonel Weston, of the Southern States of America; and while we made preliminary plans, a chap called Schultz, who was stopping at the hotel, asked to join us. He was rather a bounder-a German American or American German, or some such thing—but he knew Arabic and knew the ways of the people, so we took him. Then, by luck, after a week of the sand, we fell in with Mrs. Beck and her caravan just as they'd got into a deuce of a row near an oasis twenty miles from anywhere. I don't suppose any harm would have fallen upon her, for her people liked her well enough, and she paid and bribed like a princess; but, at any rate, the row was an ugly one, and it happened rather fortunately that we came along and put a bold face upon it. Schultz was useful, because he could talk; but I never saw a white man in such a holy funk in all my He shook like a jelly, and it was all we could do to make him face the music. Then comes the joke. Afterwards we stopped with the lonely lady, saw her back to Biskra, and brought her there in triumph. It was then that this chap got round her, made it clear that he had been the guiding spirit of our party, and explained, of course implicitly, that he, and he alone, had saved her from some unutterable fate in the hidden fastnesses of that oasis!"

"But surely you undeceived her—you others?"

"No, we didn't," confessed the speaker. "You see, we weren't wanting a rich wife any of us. It wouldn't have been sporting to interfere with the man. In fact, we helped him and made out he was a hero. A most romantic woman, and he's young and fills the eye. They both knew America, and she had married an American, and she was taken with the man and believed all his tall talk and made a regular fairy story out of it. It was quite amusing to watch them. Even the Arabs laughed. And now I hear in Florence that he's done the deed and she's accepted him. But I hope she won't try his courage again, for she'll be very much disappointed. The chap who really did the work and showed a nerve of steel and saved the situation was that little, bald, brown

southerner talking to the count. He's a big man. We wanted him to go for the widow, and were ready to back him. However, he wasn't that sort."

Signor Naldini reflected deeply on this narrative. Considerations of what his English friend called "sportsmanship" did not weigh with him. He only saw a fellow-countrywoman about to commit an egregious error.

He talked with Mrs. Beck again presently, and she promised to visit the Villa Naldini in his company at no distant date. Before the appointed day, however, he called upon her with a gift and placed before her his last copy of "The Cherub and the Lute." She had thought a great deal about the Signor since their recent meeting, and she had quarrelled with Mr. Schultz rather sharply on two occasions. There was no doubt that Mr. Schultz did not take his place smoothly in Florentine society. He wanted to go home to Vermont, and he felt no great interest in the purchase of the villa. He had, in fact, altered since their betrothal, and not for the better.

"Give heed to it; give heed to it," said Naldini earnestly, nodding as he did so to the picture. "Let it talk seriously to you about your future. It has said many things to me of late. It has spoken—forgive it—of you. And I have listened. You are in danger. I am distressed. For once in a way I, too, must link thought with action if I can. The Cherub is on your side—never forget that."

With which enigmatic speech, and waiting for no thanks, the painter departed.

He was very busy before he met Mrs. Beck again and showed her the splendours of the villa. It had long passed from his family's possession, but was only recently come into the market after being the property of an American family for fifty years.

"A sacred place," he said. "All the mighty dead have been beneath this roof. Michael Angelo has broken bread in this room, and yesterday—but yesterday—Carducci moved here. Before him those great Anglo-Saxons, Landor and Browning—men whose knees the English writers of to-day cannot reach—have also stood where we stand."

She was thoughtful and very quiet. The place was good to her. Everything chimed with her desire and her delight. The man at her left elbow belonged to this environment picture as a part intrinsic and proper, without which it lacked completion; but the man on her right—the man she had promised to wed——

Mr. John P. Schultz strode about talking loudly of sanitation and a garage. He revenged himself on Naldini in a thousand conversational pettinesses. He bragged about the lady's money. She shuddered, and at last sent him away to look at a part of the grounds where a ruined lake might be rebuilt.

"I see the Cherub has talked to you," said Jacopo earnestly. "I knew that he would. He has told me all. Nothing is hidden from me. We must do our part, then. We are Italians; this red tunny of a man is a Teuton. His god is the dollar; that makes all easy. There are so many ways. It would not be kind to pick a quarrel, and the duello with such an one. No—no! You have cared for him, therefore the mountain is sacred. But he must take his sanctity back to Vermont. He is tired of Florence, and Florence is tired of him."

She did not answer, and her silence was

in itself a triumph.

Mr. Schultz returned, and the party drove back to Florence. Time passed. Mrs. Beck was determined to take Villa Naldini; John P. Schultz begged her to do no such thing. He cared not for Italy and suggested a palatial home in the skirts of New York. Meantime the painter and Elena grew more intimate. Schultz blustered and desired her to see him no more; but Naldini came when he pleased, and presently brought matters to a climax.

He challenged the lady's wisdom and urged her to break off the engagement. She pleaded her promise; and then he hesitated not to declare that the promise was given

under a false apprehension.

"He did nothing but act as interpreter. He trembled like a jelly. I have the word of a witness. If any man had pricked him or pointed a pistol, he would have screamed and fled. The desert got into your heart and built a false picture of him. You are Italian-a poet-full of art and romance. You make everything beautiful in the light of your thoughts—even this bag of lard. You must be firm with him and true to yourself. There is no obligation at all. English companions have told me these things. They are the truth, and now you know the truth. You saw the truth at the Uffizi, when I was called upon to slap him. Above all, listen to the Cherub. The Cherub has told me much more—much more than I can tell you again—at present. Give yourself into the hands of the Cherub—I implore you You owe it to yourself and to to do so. Italy!"

III.

Now, while these two, so obviously ordered each for the other, were troubling upon the problem of the engagement; while he urged her to be reasonable, and she could not see any way in honour to break her foolish promise, light broke on the situation. And it was John P. Schultz himself who brought dawn out of the cloud. He, too, had learned a great deal since the arrival of Elena in He had realised that she was an Italian, for one thing; and he had also found that of all places his wandering feet had trodden, he liked Italy the least. He knew now that he must release Mrs. Beck: but he was not convinced that he need go empty-handed away from her. He was well-to-do, but he wanted more, and he felt that she ought to pay for her amusement and change of mind. This, then, was the problem that occupied his Germanic spirit. He could not marry her. and he no longer desired to do so, since she had returned as a daughter to her fatherland; but some of her ridiculous load of money----?

He trusted to fate and her generosity. He released her in a theatrical and rather heart-rending fashion. He moved her honestly and deeply. She admitted that he was wise and right; then she talked a good deal about his future and the sort of woman he ought to marry. This did not interest him, but presently Elena came to dollars. His head still drooped on his hand, but his ears pricked. She managed the matter with her accustomed

delicacy.

"When you are engaged to a young woman—and you must never think of an old one again, dear John—let me hear about it. She will be a very lucky and a very happy girl—perhaps luckier than you know. I shall rejoice to give her a wedding present—and it shall be a little out of the common. And you will both come and stop at Villa Naldini with me and cheer my loneliness? Let it be soon—let it be soon!"

He wished that she had put it in writing; yet felt that he could trust her. The very next week he said "Good-bye" and sailed from Genoa to New York.

Time passed, and he found what he wanted and she kept her word. The future Mrs. Schultz, to her undying amazement, received fifty thousand pounds as a token of Elena Naldini's regard for her brave husband.

"I knew she'd take that man," said John P. when he heard the news. "He was a little, low class Italian fellow who lived by



"" You owe it to yourself and to Italy!"

copying pictures in the galleries. He looked like an organ-grinder. He mesmerised her, I always said. The brute had some occult gift, and the moment he knew she was rich he went for her. She'll rue it, however. Those Italians only take their wives' money and laugh at them."

But so far this prophecy has not come true. No more devoted, no more distinguished couple than Signor Naldini and his wife adorn Florentine society. She abounds in generous works, and her name continues to be blessed in New York as well as Italy.

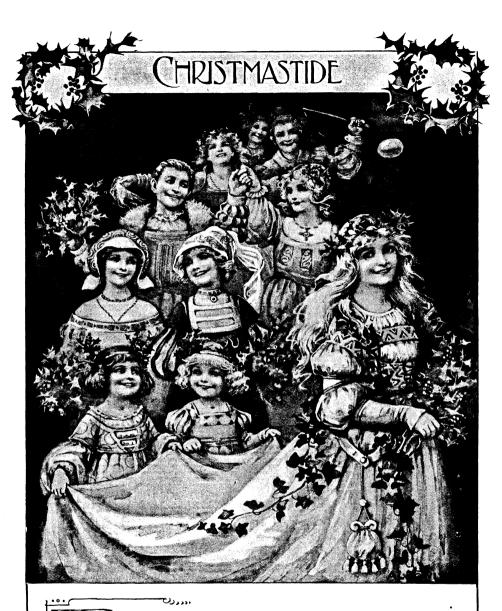
"My money came from there, and a large part shall go back there," she always declared.

The Signor, however, is not stinted. He has made Villa Naldini and its domains unutterably glorious.

"And is that delicious putto all to you that it is to your husband?" a friend once

asked of Elena.

"All—all," she declared devoutly. "We are three—three close familiar spirits—he, the Cherub, and I! Just now, indeed, we are all breathless, for the great book, 'Queen of Etruria,' is to be published at last."



When Christmas-tide gomes in like a bride, With Holly & IVY CLAD, Welve days in the year, much mirth & good cheer.
In every household is had.

A BALLAD . 1630

BY RIGHT OF SALVAGE.

By S. R. CROCKETT.



HE time, by chance,
was Christmas Eve,
but it was in the
Scotland of thirty
years ago, so
the fact made no
difference; the
Scriptures had not
declared Christmas
unto them; the

minister was silent on the subject, or spoke only to fulminate against "prelates," "Englishers," and others who "regarded times and seasons."

But it was the field-night of the "Choral Union," and the little Whinnyliggate schoolhouse had never been fuller. There was a light snow on the ground—a sprinkling only, for the frost of December had been long and black. Many a man there had a back stiff with the slow lift and drive as he sent the channel-stone up the rink. But the "Singing School" concert—ah! that brought out all in the upper end of the parish who were neither deaf nor bedridden.

If you had gone to the four little steps that led up to the steep schoolhouse brae, you would hardly have seen the light from the windows for the heads clustering thick without and within. The young men who had had to take care of the horses and see them safely stabled at the smithy or at Gatehead Farm, arrived late, and mostly found themselves without seats. But in revenge they stood about the windows, and even threw conversation lozenges in the direction of the dainty half-circle about the precentor, where the singers were fluttering the lace sleeves of their best gowns and shaking their ringlets, one on each side falling low on the shoulder rebelliously, or tossing them back with the prettiest gesture of the head.

They were only awed into attention by the waving baton of Robert Affleck, of the Garioch, noble-hearted man and excellent musician, who only looked ridiculous when he began to sing. That is, to those who did not know him. Those who did, thought nothing of strange screwing of the mouth,

the twitching nostrils, or the rise and fall of the shaggy black eyebrows as he twanged the tuning-fork and prepared to attack the fortress of "Ring the Bell, Watchman," or even "The Watch on the Rhine"; for it was the time of the Franco-German war, and, in English versions, warlike songs ravaged the remotest country parishes, otherwise haunts of ancient peace.

Here and there a greybeard elder shook his head and confided to his brother in office: "If they were to sing the Hundredth Psalm, it wad fit them better than a' that clinkum-clankum! Hear to that craiturs, 'Ring, ring, ring'! Ye wad think it was a smiddy. I tell ye what, Drumglass, I'm no on wi' that vain sacrifices."

"There's the harps," suggested Drumglass in the speaker's ear. "If you and me are on the road Up Yonder, we had better be gettin' accustomed to the like o' that."

But the Hallelujah Chorus, murdered wilfully in the first degree and without extenuating circumstances, silenced both office-bearers. They remained, critic and apologist, with dropped jaws till the final "Amens" seemed to escape through a broken roof.

The little stove in the centre on its red sandstone foundation was growing ruddy when at last the benediction was said. Then the door was opened, and those nearest it fell out as turnips fall from an over-full cart when both pins are out and the backboard comes away with a clatter.

Mr. Goodlison, the minister, was going from group to group buzzing the wonted compliments. His wife was shaking her long side curls at him from the doorway as a signal to him to be done and come away home to his supper. She held ready in her hands the minister's white knitted comforter. Abraham was so sensitive to colds, so forgetful and careless, and yet withal, so cunning, that (will it be believed?) he would sometimes sneak into the "soiled" linen cupboard and get out a worn shirt and collar which she had put away, alleging as an excuse, when taxed with his crime, that "a stiff one choked the word of God in a man's throat."

But the young people were all outside early arranging their affairs. Those who

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could walk home had generally their companions trysted long beforehand. The moon was at its full, of course; indeed, Christmas Eve had been chosen for the festival entirely on this account.

Those living at greater distances drove. One or two well-to-do married farmers had their gigs. But such hurried homegoings by no means satisfied the young people. The longest farm-carts had been covered with a thick felting of sacks along the shelving sides. The cart bottom was deep in straw, while all the rugs, wraps, and coverlets in the house had been requisitioned for the homecoming.

There was much laughter. Invitations, audacious and mock-tender, rang through the air. Young men who were to sit in the corner to drive, offered more quietly special accommodation by their sides and promised to be "douce." There was but one of all the singers who stood aloof, showing no preference, accepting no invitation of all those laughingly or wistfully extended to her.

Alison Cairns, called from her rebellious locks "Curly," pouted disdainfully apart. Roy McFarlane asked her, "majorin'" the worth of his turnout like an auctioneer. He retired snubbed. Andro Crossmyloof ventured in, was refused, and fell back amid the muttered jeers of his comrades.

But the other girls, who envied Curly her good looks and her position as premier soloist, said, loud enough for each other to hear: "Oh, I know, Will Arnott has gone home with Lizzie Baker."

It was not true, but Alison Cairns turned her face away towards the sheeted hills that stood up white on the farther side of the Loch.

She did not believe it of Will. Of course not. She knew why these girls said it, and she smiled pleasantly at the nearest, Bell Burns, ruddy even in the moonshine.

"I will wait," she said; "there's never a lad in this end of the parish worth the snap of a finger!"

"Come with us, Ailie," cried Agnes Begbie, more tender-hearted than the others, reaching a hand to help her up.

"Let her bide, if she's sae upsettin', the proud madam!" murmured the more jealous. "Drive on, Roy!"

Now, there was enough of truth in all this to hurt, and Alison Cairns felt very angry indeed to be thus publicly shamed. Will Arnott had promised to be there waiting for her, and—no, no, it was impossible. She knew Will. There must be some accident.

She was sure there must be some accident. All the same, a sudden resolve came to her. The little, strongly shod foot stopped tapping the hard-beaten snow, on which the wheels of many gigs and carts had executed fantastic curves and circles in turning.

In another moment the minister and his wife came out. Mrs. Goodlison was busy rectifying the sit of the white comforter about her husband's neck, for well she knew that in Scotland, at least, a minister's throat is his fortune.

"Bless me!" said the minister, "is that not one of the maids I see going alone round

the turn at the smithy?"

Well he knew that it was not good Whinnyliggate custom to permit anything of the kind. The young men ought to be ashamed of themselves. Now, in his time——! "Should not I——?" he stammered, "should not we, Marion——? That is to say, I do not like any of the young women returning home alone at this time of night."

But Marion pulled him round sharply. The comforter was not yet entirely to her mind, and she gave it an extra twitch because

he was talking nonsense.

"We shall do no such thing, Abraham," she said. "You will go doucely home with this old woman here present, and then you will take your milk-gruel while it is hot. Then to bed you will go like a decent man! As for the lassie, it will only be Jess Kelly from the Greystane. She has only the corner to turn, at any rate. And yonder is Will Arnott, with an empty gig, following her up!"

"Good night, Will," the minister called out.
"Good night, sir," said a voice from the

gig, with an unusual strain in it.

"Why, what's the matter, Will?" cried the minister, stopping, in spite of the forward tug of a wifely hand on his arm. "What's that on your face? Blood?"

"Only a bit of a spill, sir," said Will Arnott. "Someone let fall a lantern in front of Bess as we drove out of the inn yard, and before I could get her mastered she tumbled me out at the Well corner."

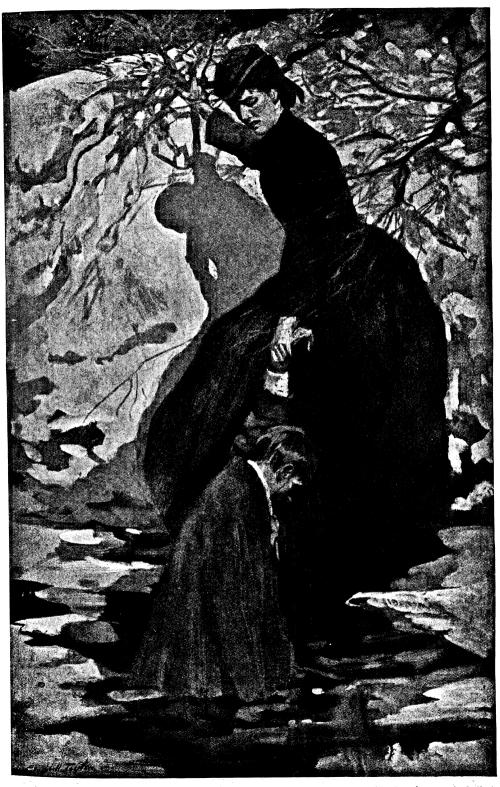
"Come your ways into the manse, Will," said Mr. Goodlison; "it's wise that these

things should be seen to at once."

"No, thank you, sir," said Will; "it's really nothing, and there's the mare—she's not to be trusted even yet—and——"

"What, Will?"

"Did you happen to see" (Will had a delicacy in mentioning names) "a young lady waiting——"



"There was a long struggle."

"Who was to go home with you, William?" said the minister's wife, who loved to get to

the point in such matters.

"Ah, well—that is to say, I hoped, I expected Miss Alison Cairns," the youth stammered, occupying himself with the mare's restlessness to hide his own growing con-

"Alison?" said Mrs. Goodlison reassur-"Oh, of a certainty she will have found a seat in one of the long wagons. I saw Roy McFarlane speaking to her before she left the schoolroom.'

"Oh, thank you; no doubt," said Will Arnott, as little reassured as possible by the information. "Good night, madam! good

night, Mr. Goodlison!"

For Will had been at college, and was accounted by far the most mannerly young man in the parish. He was a favourite, also, with the minister's wife, who thought him much too good for any of the village, or even for the farmers', daughters.

But the minister, in spite of fifty years and a strict régime of comforters, had a warm spot in his heart for honest swains.

"I saw somebody that looked like Ailie Cairns," he called out as Will drove off, "going round the Smithy turn a minute or two ago!"

"Nonsense—it was only the Kelly lass from the Greystane!" interrupted his wife. But Will had whipped up the mare, and by this time was rounding the turn himself.

"Oh, these young people," said the minister's wife, "they think of nothing else but love-making! I wish they were more awake to their higher duties."

"Remember the Long Loaning, Marion!" said Mr. Goodlison, giving his wife's arm

a quick squeeze under his. "For shame, Abraham! Think of your

age and position."

"Ah, I am thinking!" sighed Mr. Goodlison, and they walked all the way home, silent both of them.

Meanwhile, Will Arnott was on the trail as hard as the mare could go, and, indeed, she laid herself well down to her work, as if she knew her master's heart. The corner They flashed round the quick turns about Greystane and up the long alley of beech and birch, their naked twigs winnowing in the moonlight. No Ailie was to be seen. The avenue to the bridge, and beyond it as far as Willowbank, white on its hill, glimmered pearly pale, delicately patterned by the branch shadows, all the way to the knoll from which you look down on the Loch.

Instinctively Will laid the whip-lash along the mare's glistening side. Bess bounded forward, and, eager on his chase, Will let

It seemed as if he reached the top of the Urioch brae in a dozen strides. As they topped the rise something moved behind a broom bush on the steep face from which in summer the children dig pig-nuts. Whereupon Bess, quick to resent anything after the sting of the whip-lash in the avenue of beeches, laid back her vicious ears, set her head between her knees, and went down the

steep hill at full gallop.

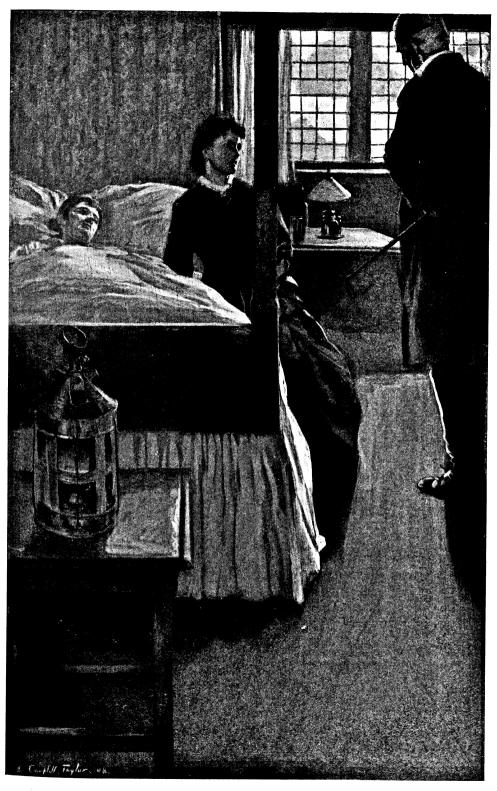
Now, at the foot was the smallest sort of burn, tinkling and murmuring, half hidden in summer, but now, of course, frozen stiff. Then came three awkward turns, where already more than one man had found his end. A little beyond Bess swerved to the left, where was only a steepish, rough bank. down which the wheels skidded. She struck the ice of the Bogle Thorn Pool, which broke beneath her weight. There must have been a spring there, for a black column of water rose churning in the frosty air. was crested with white—the broken, snowcovered ice of the Pool. It sank, and all To the watcher behind the whinbushes on the brae, only a little black patch broke the white uniformity of the lake, a blot irregularly shaped, but, as it seemed, no bigger than a man's hand.

How Alison Cairns got out of her hidingplace, how fast she crossed the crisp meadow grass, hard as iron underneath, how she found herself standing on the verge of splintered ice, she never knew.

She saw a whip-lash floating, that which had done all the mischief. The butt was still held down under the water. Something told her there was a chance. She dared not hesitate, but still less dared she pull. she knew that the whip might be her only

guide to the hand that grasped it.

Taking firm hold of the branch of a scraggy thorn which overhung the pool, Alison let herself down into the water. did not feel the chill. She only felt herself The branch snapped, and she sinking. swerved in the direction of the outer edge of the ice. She felt her feet entangled; then suddenly they rested firm. Up the whip-handle a hand had come as if by magic into hers. She pushed violently shorewards, striking the solid mass which was beneath her feet to give her an impetus, and the face of Will Arnott came up close to hers, darkly white and wet under the moon.



" And then?' said Mr. Cairns, turning to his daughter."

She had her hand on the branch—a stronger branch—then on the roots of the whins. There was a long struggle, but Will was out on the snow. Silent, cold, and, ita seemed, dead on the steep, rough bank.

Then quite suddenly Alison's courage deserted her. She threw her arms about his face, crushed it against her, crying out: "Oh, Will, Will, forgive me, do forgive me!"

At that moment she felt this horror was all her fault, and she wept over him, chafing his hands and wooing the life that would not come back into her sweetheart's body.

"I have killed him! I—I—who loved

him!"

So busy was Ailie that she had not heard the jingle of horse-accourrement on the road above. Two men slid down the embankment, leaving another in the wagon.

"What's this, what's this, Ailie?" said her father, standing tall and grave beside

her.

"It's Will," she sobbed, giving way completely now that all was over. "I frighted the horse and drowned him!"

Her father was bending over Will Arnott. He was a quick, brusque man, and generally ordered everybody about rather roughly, but he was gentle that night.

"Let us get him first to the mill," he said, "and then you, Rob, drive Alison home as fast as may be——"

"I shall stay with Will!" she cried. "I must—I killed him! But I only meant to frighten him. He had made me wait at the school-gate. Oh, father, I am not wet—or cold! Indeed, I am not!"

Her father sucked a little, low, comprehensive whistle between his lips.

"Whew-ew?" he murmured. "So, Master

And in ten minutes all were safe in the mill-house—Will in bed, and the miller's wife bustling about to find dry clothes for Ailie out of her daughter's store.

The next morning David Cairns strode into the room, flicking his high riding-boots free of snow. Alison sat with Will's hand in hers, and, strange enough, did not seem in the least abashed.

"Now, young people," said her father, "be good enough to tell me the meaning of

all this."

With a faint smile and happy eyes, Will

referred him to his daughter.

"If it had not been for Ailie," he said, "I would have been lying beside Bess in the pool at the Bogle Thorn!"

"And then?" said Mr. Cairns, turning

to his daughter.

"Will is mine," affirmed that young woman brazenly. "I saved him and I mean to keep him! Besides, he needs someone to keep him from careering madly about the country. Even you will admit that."

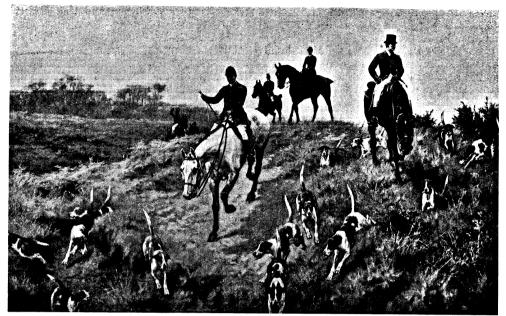
"And if it had not been for me," said Mr. Cairns, "pray where would the pair of you have been?"

"Dear father!" said Ailie, laying her hand upon his arm with the treacherous and selfish affection common to daughters on such occasions.

CHRISTMAS.

THE gossamer has laboured all the night, His silken thread bepearled with frozen dew, And our old Mother-World he clothes anew With supernatural robes of lucent white.

So Love awakes, the old year's latest=born, To bind our spirits with his ghostly chains, He casts around our nature's frequent stains His seamless robe of love on Christmas morn.



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"A DAY WITH THE OAKLEY: THE DRAW." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

A MASTER OF BRITISH SPORTS

MR. THOMAS BLINKS AND HIS PICTURES.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

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ETWEEN the sporting picture that will satisfy the amateur and the one that will appeal to the fastidious and critical sense of the sporting man yawns a gulf at least as wide as that into which Marcus Curtius is said to have ridden in the days when Rome was young. Many artists rush at sporting pictures with the same measure of happy confidence that was displayed by the Trishman who said he had never handled a violin, but thought he could play one if he tried; but work of this kind does no more than amuse or disgust the special class whose pastime it purports to set out. Only a sporting man can achieve success as a sporting artist. He must know his subject as he knows his pocket, all manner of questions relating to the anatomy of bird and beast must be mastered, the incidents of sport must be familiar, he must look in hunting-field, at covert-side, on stubbles and on marsh, for

the most intimate details of colour and line. On the canvas his horses, hounds and quarry must have action; they must move as pursuers or pursued are wont to move; his birds must have flight after their kind, and every shooting man knows the difference between flight of grouse, pheasant, partridge, and wild-duck, and should be able to differentiate between the various movements of each individual bird. The grouse, for example, as he comes gliding up the butts, is not the same as when he gets up in front of the guns; the pheasant flushed from a field edge in October has a flight very different from that of his December brother coming hard back down wind to his home wood over a double line of guns. These differences might be multiplied, and the hunting man knows Reynard in more aspects than his shooting comrade of the world of sport knows his pheasants, while both recognise that the hounds and dogs

they trust so highly are full of varying moods and expressions, some of which it

would be hard to capture.

To appreciate all these phases of bird and beast life, to give them an interpretation as intelligent as we can make it, is to appreciate the essence of country life, and there are many men who present a dull and apathetic appearance under ordinary circumstances, but wake to extraordinary enthusiasm when their favourite sport is discussed. Now and again we find a man whose sporting tastes are remarkable for their catholicity, but we must travel far to find the artist who

eye of expert sportsman and trained artist, who loves to set a scene down as it passed breathless and palpitating before him, Mr. Blinks paints for sportsmen, and is yet acknowledged as a good man by his brethren of the brush. It is exceedingly difficult to placate and interest the two classes of men, to catch the sportsman who wants to see every feather in its place, and the artist to whom a picture is a harmony in line and colour, neither more nor less; but this sturdy man of Kent, who divides his time between his homes in St. John's Wood and the most pleasant country



"A STEEPLECHASE: EVENS ON THE FIELD." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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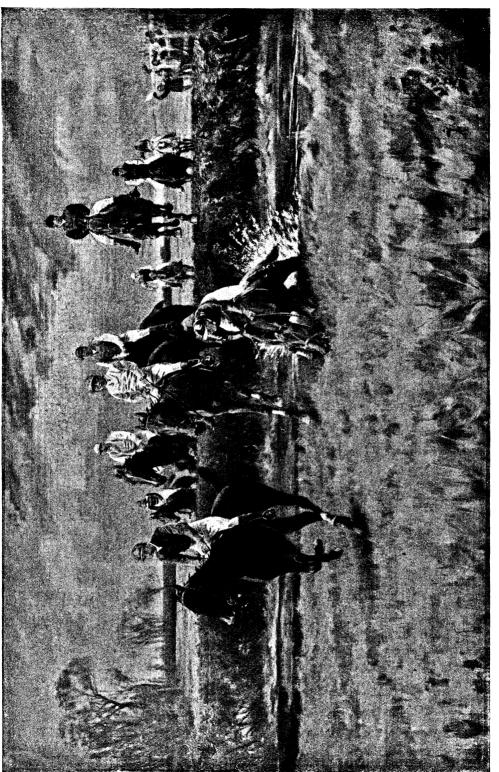
can see the "fine shades" of sporting life in several branches, and present them in fashion that preserves the necessary amount of realism without sacrifice of the artistic quality—who can draw bird or beast in its habit as it lives, and yet compose an artistic and well-proportioned setting for his work. Mr. Thomas Blinks is one of the few men to whom the term sporting artist may rightly be applied, and he has arrived at his present excellence by way of a quarter of a century's hard work.

A man who hunts, although his riding weight he forgets, who takes all that comes to the gun on moor and meadow and spinney, who sees the life he lives and loves with the in Hertfordshire, was born to play more parts than one.

I asked him once where he learned to know the anatomy and action of a horse so well, that his horses move across the canvas as though they were racing or hunting, as the case may be, with never a false line or an impossible position, everything easy and swinging, moving forward at high pace to the appointed goal—a veritable record of something seen and understood.

"At Tattersall's," was the unexpected answer, and it led him to talk awhile of the good sportsman who fathered him a sturdy Kentish yeoman who could farm his land with the best of them, and had a keen eye

"A STEEPLECHASE: THE OPEN DITCH." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

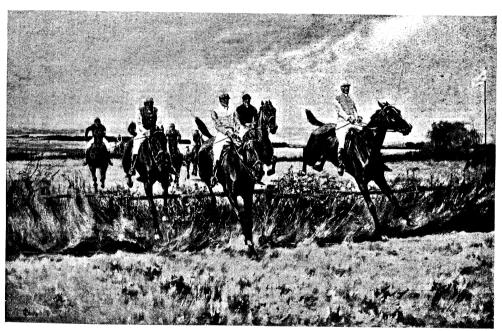


"A STEEPLECHASE: THE WATER." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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for cattle and a real *flair* where horses were concerned. "I took that from him," declared the artist—we were in the harness-room at his country place, where there seemed to be enough material to supply the hunt and all whippy's tack. "I wasn't exactly born in the saddle, but my earliest recollections of life are the views I got of it from horseback, and at the age of nine or ten I was whipper-in for a neighbouring farmer's trencher-fed pack that could hunt and kill anything they were laid on to. I've always felt more at home in the saddle than

derful effects he obtained from ploughland and stubble, and the fine feeling of his winter landscapes, and Mr. Blinks told me that for two years or more he worked on his father's farm, and that he took to art against the wishes of his father, who thought it was a very precarious livelihood at best. "I was little more than twenty when I started," he remarked, "and my first exhibits were with some charcoal drawings. Then I painted portraits of horses and small hunting scenes for a few friends, and exhibited a bit at the Dudley Gallery. I remember one



"A STEEPLECHASE: THE LAST FENCE." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

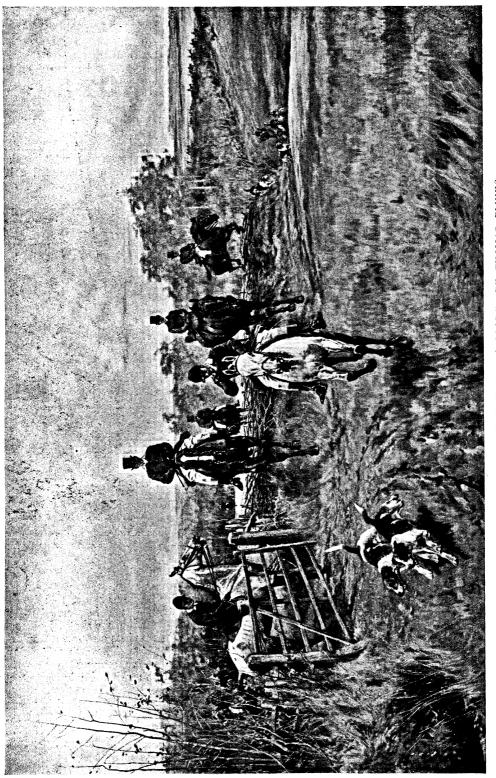
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on the ground, and I love horses even more than I love dogs.

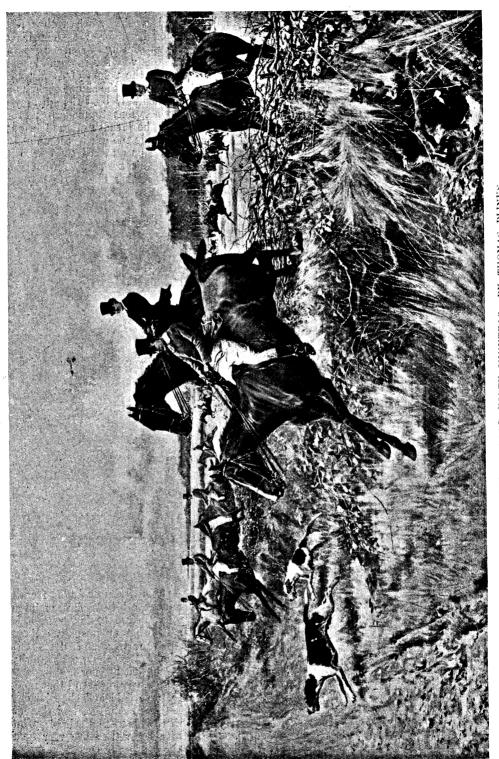
"A horse is like a dog—they both know if you understand them, and when they are assured of that, they yield obedience. Some of my dogs and horses have been the best and truest companions ever man had, and it has been every bit as much pleasure as profit to set them down on canvas. Put me among them, and I'm at home, and I think I may say without boasting, that I know what can be done with many an animal that wiser men fight shy of. I've had plenty of falls in my time, but I've brought many a naughty one to good manners when previously nobody would look at it."

I commented another time on the won-

of my artist friends coming to me one day and saying: 'What are you sending to the show at the Dudley?' I told him I had nothing to send, and he worried me to start at once, reminding me that I had done very well in the previous season with one or two charcoal drawings. The day was Tuesday, and the last day for sending in was the Thursday. I don't think I'd have sent at all, but my friend Wardle put an empty canvas on the easel, and I knocked in 'Here They Come!' while he waited, which went in at the eleventh hour-product of two days' work. Much to my surprise, t was a great success. Messrs. Tooth and Sons published it, and there were more than a dozen offers for replicas. I did five. It's



"A DAT'S HUNTING: WE ARE IN FOR A GALLOP." BY THOMAS BLINKS. Copyright, 1898, by Photographische Gesellschaft.



"A DAY'S HUNTING: A GOOD FORTY MINUTES." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

Committed 1899. In Photographische Gesellschaft...

a long time ago. Since then I've exhibited at Buriington House for twenty-four years out of twenty-five, and, as you know, my pictures have been published by Tooth's, the Berlin Photographic Company, and others. I love the work, because everything I do stands for something I wanted to say. Some incident of field sport has held me, and I've known it will hold sportsmen all over the country if I can give them what they, too, have seen, just as they saw it. Sometimes, when the hounds are drawing a cover or the beaters are getting into line, I

subject, and would much rather discuss the points of horse or dog than his own success in presenting them. Like most sportsmen, he is very severe with those who have sacrificed the points of so many good dogs for the sake of the show-bench, and his own dogs, splendidly bred though they are, make no concessions to modern perverted tendencies. The breadth of head in one of his pointers made me ask if the animal was pure-bred, and he attacked those who have played showman's tricks with what should be our best sporting dog. He holds that



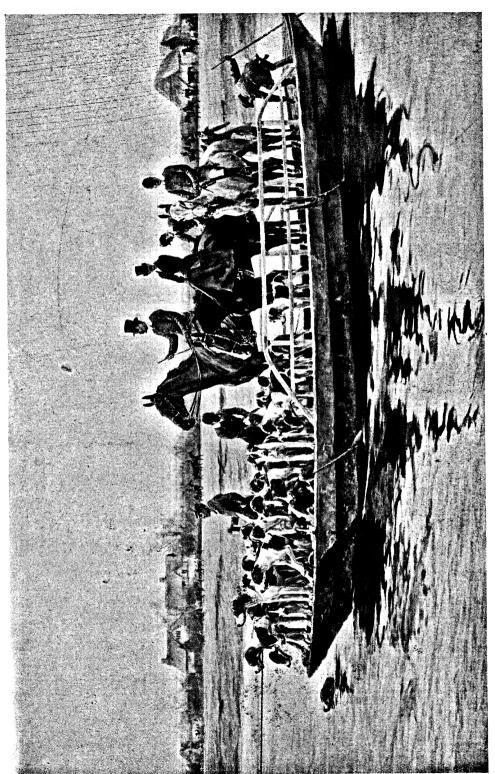
"HARK TO TOWLER!" BY THOMAS BLINKS.

Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

find myself snatching an envelope and a pencil out of my pocket for a hurried note that will be the foundation of a picture. I feel that when a thing comes right off the land it will have the scent of the brown earth about it. A few years ago, when I was working as hard as most, I found time to hunt three days a week, and if I'm not as much in the saddle as I used to be, it is because I am bulky, and we are in a country that seems to grow as much barbed wire as corn."

Mr. Blinks does not talk boastfully or with the least suggestion of pose, but rather with the confidence born of perfect intimacy with his collies have suffered almost fatally from this modern tendency, a belief I have maintained in these pages before to-day, with a keen recollection of what an unspoilt collie will do to help the Highland deer - stalker. Mr. Blinks holds, with the great majority of good sportsmen, that little or nothing should be sacrificed to appearance, and that no dogs can hope to serve field and show-bench for long. Something has to go, and those who know how hard it is to find reliable pointers and setters to-day will realise very quickly how great the evil has become.

In dealing with setters, our artist is particularly happy, and some of the pages



"A DAY'S HUNTING: THE FERRY." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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"GROUSE SHOOTING." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

Copyright, 1900, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

of his sketch-book would charm any lover of these delightful dogs. It must be admitted, at the same time, that modern agricultural implements, which are fatal to the old-time long stubbles, and the undeniably useful practice of heather-burning on grouse moors, have made it almost as hard to find good country for pointers and setters as it is to find the dogs for the country, when one has the luck to find somewhere the conditions that our fathers knew still obtain. Doubt-

reproductions of the artist's work speaks volumes for the range of his taste and his quick eye for the pictorial side of every form of sport. He is more keen on hunting than on shooting, and would lay aside the gun for the horse at any time, but his shooting pictures are wonderfully graphic, and his studies of game-birds are a delight to the trained eye.

You can see them all—grouse skimming over the moorland, with the true purple of



"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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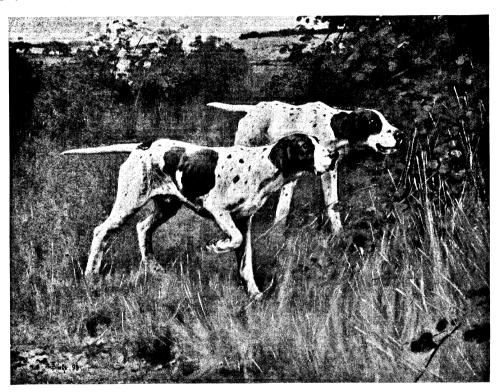
less, many sportsmen follow the artist in securing their animals and breeding them, if necessary, with the problems of sport in view, and those who look at the dogs in Mr. Blinks' pictures will see that he presents animals that were born for service in the field, and do not seek to claim too close a relationship to animals whose merits are summed up in points that are at least as ornamental as useful. They are for work, not for show.

A very casual glance at representative

the heather felt as much as it is seen, partridges coming right at you across the stubble, with a line of guns behind them—a happy arrangement this, when so many people put the guns in the foreground and so avoid the difficulties of giving the partridges head on as they fly from danger. There are pheasants struck in mid-air, and the artist has caught the startling contrast between the bird that goes rejoicing in its strength, and its less fortunate neighbour that seems to crumble up and collapse like a torn balloon as it comes

crashing down to earth, dead as Queen Anne. A study of wild-duck rising from the reeds is not less happy; the birds are cleaving the air, alarmed by some noise behind them, and there can be very few of us who handle the gun often and have not seen duck flushed in similar fashion.

All hounds have been the object of the artist's special study, and they can be seen in his work under all conditions. It is not difficult to see, from the part they play in the picture, that they have helped or winter—naturally enough, spring and summer find place in few of his works—there is a distinct feeling for earth and trees and sky, and the expression of this feeling makes it possible to take one of the artist's pictures or engravings to our favourite room with the certain knowledge that it will not fail us. We all know that enthusiasm for a picture is often very fleeting; the work that attracts us to-day may be in the spare room or even lumber-room next year; but the sportsman must feel that Mr. Blinks has



"POINTERS." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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very largely to suggest it. The composition, though chosen with due regard for what the sportsman wants to see, is never too conventional, and the more closely we examine the men, dogs, birds, and horses in Mr. Blinks' pictures, the more we shall see that each and all have been observed, that nothing is dropped in for added effect, and that, wherever the scene of the picture be laid, we are safe to find that the artist has been profoundly conscious of whatever natural charm the season and the place may have held. It does not matter whether the time be autumn

caught a moment with all its life and bustle and excitement, and has made it enduring for us, that we may summon recollections of the story it has to tell when we can no longer ride to hounds, or climb the hill to the moor, or face with equanimity a long, hot day on the stubbles. We all remember some "hair-breadth incident" of hunting-field or forest, but our memory for incident or surroundings is apt to mislead us unless we have trained the faculty to observation properly, and most of us know that there are very many points of beauty round us while the hounds are

"DUCK SHOOTING." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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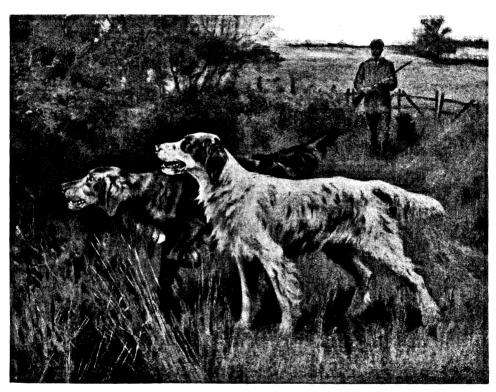
"SETTERS." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

Perpendenced by permission of the Bertin Photographic Company, Nove Bond Street, London, W. Coppright, 1908, by Photographische Gesellschaft

working the cover or the beaters are starting their work.

Many men have an open eye for these things, and when they approach a sporting picture, they do not seek what is obvious, but look for the points that they saw for themselves while the rank and file looked on without attempting to see anything that was not before their eyes. Mr. Blinks' work rewards the careful searcher, who will see that the details of action are suggested by one who knows how things come about, and

We have remarked that the painter of sport has little to do with spring or summer, but the heart of the year is not without the debatable sport of otter-hunting, and while its glories are on the wane the cubs pay penalty that the young drafts may be blooded, so it will be seen that there are occasions when "full-flamed summer" may engage the artist's brush, and Mr. Blinks has not failed in the course of his long career to take advantage of the opportunities. Born in Kent and brought



"SETTERS." BY THOMAS BLINKS.

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that under the artist's direction horses can gallop, and dogs can retrieve, and birds can solve the problem of flight.

And you feel that the artist has it all in his eve, that he sees as only the man who has had half a century's practice to aid a natural aptitude can hope to see, and that there is no limit to the work to be done, for there is hardly a long run or a day with the gun that will not provide something new, or a fresh manner of treating a subject that is as old as the history of the sport. And the artist's treatment is ever modern.

up to the sporting life of Kent and Sussex, he had ample opportunities of hunting the otter and presenting purely summer scenes. Naturally he prefers the fox to the otter, but in the summer the man who would hunt must be grateful to the unfortunate otter for providing the incentive to hard work and early rising. Many a day Mr. Blinks has dived in with all his clothes on to investigate some "holt," and he has not escaped scot-free for these daring departures from the regulations of common sense. Rheumatism has come along in due course to reprove

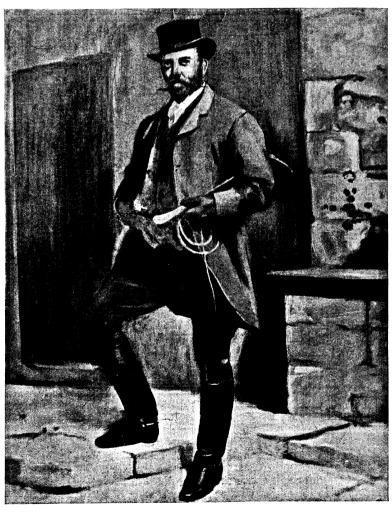
the follies of youth, but the sufferer does not hesitate to say that if his time came over again, it would find him unrepentant. Every kind of hunting pleases, and he is not ashamed to confess that he has had splendid runs with the drag. Not a few of the men who love horses will respond to Mr. Blinks when he speaks in favour of a form of sport that never hurt fox or farmer and never failed to give its votaries a good run.

In addition to the many pictures in which Mr. Blinks has treated hunting and shooting there are the splendidly vivid paintings in which he has realised with remarkable vigour and fidelity to detail the subject of the Steeplechase, and other works, such as his

portrait of Lord Lonsdale in this year's Academy, illustrated the versatility of his talent.

One cannot rightly turn from even this brief survey of a sportsman-artist's delightful work without the thought that it stands for more than meets the eye. It sets out a side of life that has done much for England, that, for all the faults that it may engender in a sacrifice of work for play, has helped to keep men of leisure from becoming degenerate.

Thomas Blinks' pictures present and preserve types of men and women who will not be found wanting in times of trouble; who are strenuous and laborious, ready to face the elements with indifference, to ride straight and hold straight.



MR. THOMAS BLINKS.

From a portrait by Fred Roe.

HIS CHANCE.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.



E sat biting his nails viciously. It was not a habit of his, but, at the moment, the tangle of his nineteen years of life had been too much for him, and he sat before it helpless yet resentful.

He was trying to write a letter to his mother, his widowed mother far away over the black water in England, to tell her that he had been placed under arrest for cowardice—since that was what it came to in the end—and yet not to hurt her, not to blame her, whom every bit of his being blamed. Why had she brought him up a nincompoop? Why had she been so afraid for him? Poor little mother, whose nerves had been shattered once and for all by her hero husband's death ere her child was born. Yet that father had been brave to recklessness.

The boy's head went down on his arm. Something like a sob quivered through the hot air. For it was hot, though the sun was but an hour old, in the little grass-thatched bungalow which boasted of but one room, two verandahs, and two corresponding slips of dark enclosed space: one a bathroom, the other full of saddles, corn, empty boxes—briefly, the factotum's go-down; the whole house being nothing but a square mushroom set down causelessly in a dusty plain and guarded by two whitewashed gate-pillars, one of which bore the legend on a blackboard, "Hector Clive, 1st Pioneers."

A good name, Hector Clive, and yet the boy's head was down on his arm. Why had he been such a cursed fool?

A brain-fever bird was hard at work in a far-off sirus tree. He could see it in his mind's eye—green, with its red head held high among the powder-puff flowers as it gave its incessant cry with the regularity of a coppersmith's hammer; for though he had been but one year in the country, he knew all its birds, and beasts, and flowers; aye! and had a good smattering of its lingo also—it

was that partly which had made him—what was it—afraid—or—or cautious?

His brain was in such a whirl he could not tell which. And he had no one to whom he could talk; not a friend in the whole regiment, for he was shy. That was why he was living alone in this cursed shanty, where the centipedes—and snakes, too, sometimes—(but he was not afraid of them, or of any animal, thank Heaven) fell from the cloth ceiling; and the sparrows (poor devils! after all, they were only making their nests) dropped straws over one's letters. That one had made a blot, like a tear-mark, or was it indeed——?

He cursed again under his breath, and a

rigid obstinacy came to his face.

Like his name, it was a good enough face, though curiously young even for his young age. The great height of his forehead, it is true, took away from its breadth, and the short-sighted blink of the eyes set so close upon the high, narrow nose, prevented their piercing clearness from being seen. On the lower part of his face hair had scarcely begun to show itself. All was callow, immature; yet the square chin showed stiff and strong enough.

There should, at least, be no suspicion of tear-marks, so he took a fresh sheet; and then the thought struck him. He would write two letters. One to the dear little mother who had devoted herself to him—him only—ever since he was born; the other to the woman who had spoiled him and his life, whose timidity had accentuated his birthlegacy of fear. It would do him good to have it out with himself and with Fate—not with her—no—never with her!

So this was what he wrote, and left lying on the table when an orderly came to summon him to the Colonel.

"Dear Mother,—It has come at last! I always knew it must come if you would make a soldier of me, just because my father was one! Why didn't you think? Why didn't you know? Poor mother! I'm sorry to write all this. How could you dream I have felt more or less a coward all my life when he was so brave?

"And then you made me worse, you know you did. I wasn't allowed to risk things like the other boys did, because I was your only one. Ah! I don't blame you, but it

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"'In the name of all these, thanks for a brave deed."

was rough on me. I should have made an And yet I'll excellent parson, I expect. be hanged—this isn't really for your eyes, mother darling—if I can see what good I should have done if I had ordered that Sepoy under arrest. The men wouldn't have obeved orders. I saw murder in their eyes. I've seen it for a long time, and I haven't dared to say so—haven't dared to warn those who should be warned, for fear of being thought a coward! Isn't that cowardice in itself? Oh, mother! mother! was very simple. A Sepoy was cheeky over these cartridges; actually threatened to shoot me if I ordered him under arrest, and-I-you see, I know a lot of their lingo and I understand-I was afraid to do what I ought to have done—chanced it. Of course, it doesn't read as bare as that in the adjutant's report, but I am under arrest. Not that it matters. It must have come sooner or later, for I'm a coward—that is what I am—a coward—

The words, still wet, stared up into the baggy cloth ceiling, and the sparrows dropped straws over them while Ensign Hector Clive was being interviewed by his Colonel. He sat stolid, acquiescing in every word of

blame; and yet he was obstinate.

"I don't see, sir, what good it would have done," he began drearily, when the Colonel

stopped him with a high hand.

"Now, I won't have a word of that sort, Mr. Clive," he said severely. "There is enough of that silly talk amongst civilians, and I won't have it amongst the officers of my regiment. It is as good a regiment as any in India, and I'll stake——"

Here, feeling some lack of dignity in what he was about to say, he stood up, and the lad, standing up also, overtopped his senior by many inches. Something suggestive in his still lanky length seemed to strike the Colonel. "I'll tell you what it is, Clive, you live too much alone. You're altogether too—too—why! I don't believe you even had a cup of tea before you started. There! I was sure of it. Absolute suicide! How can you expect in this climate, and with a Colonel's wigging before you——? Really too foolish! My wife shall give you one now; she's in the verandah with the boy, and—and—of course, I can't promise, but you—you shall have your chance if—if—possible."

The lad—for he was but that—murmured something unintelligible. Perhaps, to his dejected mind, another chance seemed to be but another opportunity of disgracing

himself.

"How very shy he is!" thought the tall, slim woman who gave a cup of tea into his reluctant hand and sent Sonnie round to him with the toast and butter. "I must get you to give my small son a lesson, Mr. Clive," she said, smiling, trying to make conversation. "He was telling me all sorts of dreadful things he has heard—so he says—from Budlu, his bearer, and that he was frightened. And I told him a soldier's son never could be frightened at anything. Isn't that true?"

Ensign Hector Clive turned deadly pale. The child standing with the plate of toast and butter looked up at him confidently, as children look always where they feel there is sympathy.

"But you are flightened, aren't you?" he asked.

There was an instant's silence; then the answer came desperately true: "Yes! I am; but, then, I'm a coward—that's what I am, a coward!"

You might have heard a pin drop in the pause. Then something in the wise, gentle face of the Colonel's wife broke down the barriers.

"Ah! you don't know—" he began;

and so with a rush it all came out.

The Colonel's wife sat quite still; she was accustomed to confidences, and even when they did not come voluntarily, she had the art of beguiling them. The art also of comforting the confider; and so, when the lad's face had gone into his hands with his last words, as he sat—his elbows on his knees—the picture of dejection, she just rose gently and came over with soft step to where he was. And she laid a soft hand on either of his lank, long-fingered ones and pulled them apart. So, standing, smiled down upon him brilliantly, confidently.

"I don't believe it!" she said. "I don't believe a word of it! You'll be brave, oh! so brave when your chance comes. Now, my dear, dear boy "—she looked at him as if he had been her son—"go away and forget all this nonsense. And see! Come back at dinner-time and tell me before dinner that you've obeyed orders and haven't even

thought about it."

She stood and waved her hand at him as he rode away in the blare of sunlight. Her voice echoing through the hot, dry air reached him faintly as he turned out of her garden into the dust of the world beyond. "Till dinner-time—remember!"

Remember! The memory of those words came back to her idly as she sat clasping her baby to her breast, while Sonnie, wearied out with fear, slept in her lap, and her one dis-

engaged hand busied itself in fanning a halfdelirious man who lay on a string bed set in the close darkness. Dinner-time! Yes, it must be about dinner-time, for through a chink in the door you could see the sun flaring to his death in the West.

What had happened? She shuddered as she thought of it. What had come first of all the horrors of that long, hot May day? She could not piece it together. All that she knew was that someone had taken pity on the women and the children. And that they were all huddled together in that one room waiting till darkness should give a chance of escape; for the hut was built against an old ruin through which some underground passage gave upon ground not quite so sentry-warded as the barrack-square in front. She could hear the familiar words of command, the clank of arms as they changed guard, and she shuddered again. Aye! the women and children might be safe, even if the almost hopeless stratagem failed; but what of the man-her husband-the only one, so far as she knew, of all the officers of the regiment who had escaped that massacre on the parade-ground? How had he been saved? She scarcely knew. She remembered his running back like a hare -yes! he the bravest of men—all bleeding and fainting, to gasp some words of almost hopeless directions for her safety. And then old Imân Khân ves! it had been he -faithful old servant! Why had she not remembered before? For there he was, his bald head bereft of its concealing turban, keeping watch and ward at the door.

What a ruffian he looked so—poor, faithful Imân Khân!

Hush! a voice from outside, a reply from the bald-headed watcher within. More questions, more replies, both growing in urgency in appeal. Then a pause and retreating footsteps.

"What is it, Iman Khan?" she questioned dully, as the old man stole over to her and

laid his forehead in the dust.

"What this slave has feared—has waited for all the hours," he whispered whimperingly. "They know, Huzoor"—he pointed to the bed—"or, at least, they have suspicion that a man is here. And they must search; they will search, or kill. I have sent them away to await the Huzoor's decision."

She stood up, still clasping her babe, the boy slipping half-asleep to the ground, and looked round at those other women—those other children who had lost their all. And hers, lay here——

"They must come," she said in a muffled voice. Then she bent over her husband. "Will!" she whispered, bringing him back from confused, half-restful dreams, "the Sepoys say they must search or—or kill—all. We will hide you—if we can."

If we can! Was it possible? she wondered, feeling dead, dead at heart, as the door opened wide, letting in the sunlight and showing a group of tense womanhood, a bed whereon huddled up asleep or awake lay the children deftly disposed to hide all betraying contours.

"Huzoor! salaam!" said the tall subahdâr, drawing himself up to attention, and the

search-party of four followed suit.

How long that minute seemed! How interminable the sunlight! Ah! would no one shut out the light, and why did Sonnie move his hand——?

"Huzoor! salaam!"

Oh! God in heaven! were they going? Was the door closing? Was the blessed darkness coming?

It was utter darkness as, her strength giving way, she fell on her knees beside the bed, burying her face upon her children, her husband.

"Will! Will!" she whispered.

A faint sigh came from the watching women. So Fate had been kind to her—her

only.

One who had seen her husband shot down before her very eyes rose slowly, and taking her baby from the bed, moved away, rocking it in her arms almost fiercely. So in the grim intensity of those first seconds, the sound of further parley at the door escaped them.

Then, in the ensuing pause, old Imân Khân's bald head was in the dust once more; his voice, scarce audible, seemed to fill the

room.

"Huzoor! They have seen. He must go

forth, or they will kill—all."

The words, half heard, seemed to rouse the wounded man to his manhood. He raised himself in bed, he staggered to his feet; so stood swaying unsteadily, yet still a man. "All right, I'll go; let me out, quick—quick!"

But someone stood between him and the door. It was Hector Clive. His face was pale as death, his hands twitched nervously, but in the semi-darkness his eyes blazed,

his chin looked square and set.

"No, sir," he said quietly; "this is my chance. Look here! I ran and hid in the passage-way when the others died like men. I couldn't help it. Perhaps if they had had

the chance I had—but that's nothing nothing! I heard—I understand their lingo. They don't know you're here, sir—only a man—let me be a man—for once. It is my chance!"

of life, soul warring with frail flesh, for this boy.

"Let him go, Will," she whispered hoarsely. "As he says, it is his chance."

> The Colonel shook himself free from his wife's detaining hand. The code of con-

ventional honour was his. in all its maddening lack

of comprehension.

"Stand back, please; and you, Mr. Clive, obey orders —I—I——" He reeled and would have fallen but for the bed against which he sank. His wife was on her knees beside him.

"Let him go, Will. It is his chance; give it him, give it him!"

There was no answer. Unconsciousness had come to bring the silence which gives consent, and she stood up again, stepped to the lad, and laid her lips on his forehead.

"Thank you, dear; in the name of all these, thanks for a brave deed."

The blood surged up to his face. A boyish look of sheer triumph transfigured it as he paused for an instant to throw off his coat and tighten his waistband.

"I shall have my chance, too," he cried exultantly, "for I was always a good runner at school!"

Aye! A good runner indeed! With the wild whoop of a schoolboy at play he was across the barrack-square untouched. Once over that low wall in front and he would be in cover. He rose to the leap lightly, and for an instant showed in all pathetic beauty of immature strength, all the promise of

what might lie hidden in the future, against the red flare of the sunlit sky, against the glorious farewell which is true herald of the rising of another day. Then he threw his arms skywards and fell, shot through the heart.

He had had his chance!



"Then he threw his arms skywards and fell."

His eyes sought the Colonel's wife in bitter appeal.

Swift as thought she answered it. Her hand was on her husband's shoulder to hold him back, for she saw in a flash what others might not see: a martyrdom

CATCHING TWO TARTARS.

$\mathbf{B}_{\mathbf{Y}}$ E. E. KELLETT.



HEN Hoppy was made a prefect (in place of Thompson, who left rather suddenly in the middle of term), some chaps were angry and some were surprised. Among the latter was Hoppy himself.

"I didn't think," he owned to me, "that the

Head could be so just."

"So blind, you mean," I retorted. Don't think I was jealous of Hoppy's promotion, or had expected the post myself. Our friend-ship was above jealousy, and I never, in my wildest moments, put myself on an equality with him. Besides, I knew he would share with me all that he possessed, whether of pelf or of privilege.

"Not at all—so just," he repeated. "He has recognised my qualities as a leader of Opposition in a way that is rare in partisans; and now he has offered me a place in the Government." Hoppy had an original way

of putting things.

"Seems to me rather like taking a traitor into his bosom," I said. "But where's the

justice?"

"There's a touch of discipline in it, any-how," replied Hoppy. "The Head's scored off me, as usual. He knew I'd given Thompson a pretty bad time; so he put me in a position in which other chaps may treat me as I've treated Thompson. Lex non aguior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

"You're not likely to perish," I said.
"The chaps'll take good care not to try it

on with you."

"That's the weak point, certainly," answered Hoppy, "in the Head's skilful little plan. The chaps may be more merciful

to me than I was to Thompson."

They were. Not that Hoppy deserved to be let off lightly; for he certainly had made Thompson's life a burden to him; but Nemesis does not always work as she should. It is often the criminal that is promoted, and the victim that is punished.

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Among the chaps who were angry that Hoppy was promoted were those who broke rules—Roberts and his set, for example. It was indeed rough on them. Hoppy had broken rules too, sometimes in company with them, and he knew where, when, and how they were broken. He knew when the chaps generally made tea in the bathrooms, and where they smoked cigarettes, and what restaurants they liked, and the favourite place for slipping out of bounds and dodging in again. Thompson had always been orderly, and so knew nothing. Small chance of getting a rise out of Hoppy. No wonder those chaps were angry. They felt as highwaymen might have felt if Dick Turpin had been made a Bow Street runner.

Personally, if you want to know, I fancy the Head's real reason for appointing Hoppy was the same as Henry VII.'s for making the Earl of Kildare ruler of all Ireland. The whole house couldn't manage him; then let him manage the whole house. But there was more in it than that. The Head also knew well that Hoppy had a high sense of honour (Hoppy was my friend, you know, and noscitur a sociis); so he felt sure that if he could only enlist him on the side of discipline, he would have a trusty coadjutor. Perhaps Vernon also spoke up for us, for we had never tried to deceive Vernon in our lives. So, when the Head sent for Hoppy, on the evening after Thompson had gone, and told him he meant to trust him, Hoppy at once became worthy of trust. Anyone who doubted Hoppy had generally good reason to doubt him; but the converse was true too.

The Head was particularly kind and gracious, seemed to have forgotten all the little passages of arms they had had in the past, and treated it simply as a matter of course that he should expect Hoppy's help when he was in a difficulty. He enumerated a few things that he required to be done, and ended up by saying: "So I put you on your honour, you know." Hoppy on his honour was like Horatius on the bridge. He came from that interview a new man. "I shall give up everything irregular," he said to me, after narrating what the Head had said.

"So shall I," I answered; and my friend seemed pleased, though, as he said, there was no obligation on me to do anything of the kind. "You aren't in a position of trust," he remarked. But I always did as he did, and in five minutes there was a regular little holocaust of pipes, tobacco, and cigarettes; nay, we had even drawn up and signed a document (Hoppy was nothing if not legal) to the effect that we would keep rules ourselves and do our best to make others keep them. "It's a wrench, of course," said he; "so better get it over at once. It's like having a tooth out; we shan't do any good by waiting."

So, having almost literally burnt our boats, we waited for the first attack of the enemy. Nor was it long before Hoppy's resolution was put to the test. We used then to be allowed a sickly, flabby stuff for tea-half leather, half morass—which they called toast. This stuff wasn't so bad if you dried it before a decent fire and spread some butter on it while it was hot, and some of the chaps had got into the habit of running into hall on half-holidays, five minutes before tea, to bag the toast and the butter, and lug it off to the reading-room fire. Hoppy didn't really see much harm in this; he had often, when a mere boy, done it himself, but at last, when the masters saw how many knives were lost by it, and how much butter was wasted, they told the prefects to keep a lookout and stop it. Some of the prefects were slack about it, but that wasn't Hoppy's way. "A rule's a rule," he said, "and it's got to be kept." So he let it be known that when he was on duty, he should stop it. Next day, just as about ten chaps were coming out of the hall, loaded with toast and butter—in fact, as Shakespeare says, "leaving not a rack behind "—there was Hoppy waiting for them outside. He spotted them all, and made them take their spoils back to where they got them from. One chap, who dropped a pat of butter on the floor, had to clean it up. They didn't like this sort of thing, I can tell you. Roberts, who was the leader of the set, was a bit rebellious.

"Sneakish thing that!" he muttered, under his breath, but loud enough for Hoppy to hear. "Used to do it himself, and now stops us. Dog in the manger, I call it."

"Sneakish, is it?" said Hoppy. "Didn't I tell you quite plainly yesterday that I should stop you if you tried it on !"

"Yes, you did."

"Then where's the sneakishness? I should have been a sneak if I'd told you and then

didn't turn up. Anyhow, you know now. If I catch any of you chaps again, two hundred lines each."

"The other prefects don't hang round corners like that," said Roberts. "You're

only the junior prefect, you know."

"The junior prefect's better than the senior ass," replied Hopkins, and the other chaps laughed. Roberts grew red with rage; but he said no more, and marched off with his head in the air. Hoppy had won a victory; he knew that the chaps would not try it on again in his weeks; but he had lost his popularity nevertheless, and he did not like it.

"I had them on toast," he laughed to me in describing the incident; "but it's a nuisance, all the same. It's pleasant to be liked."

"It'll wear off soon," I said consolingly.

"Yes," replied he, "but it's not nice while it lasts. The worst is, Bob told the truth. I am the junior prefect."

"So is he the senior ass. You told the

truth too."

"Perhaps the juniority'll wear off also," he said. "The Head may make you a prefect next term."

"I'm half one already," I answered. "Animæ dimidium tuæ. All right, old chap; whatever you do, I shall back you up in it."

Well, Hoppy did a good deal of work that term; he stopped the tea-making in improper places, and smoking stopped of its own accord when he said he should give five hundred lines to anyone who did it. The house was restive, but obedient; there hadn't been such order in it for years. In the dormitory—I wasn't in Hoppy's any longer, but I heard things went on all right. Roberts tried to get up a row or two, but Hoppy made him ridiculous, and he could do nothing but growl. He once told Hoppy he was conceited; but my friend told him he was mistaken. "I'm not at all vain of my trade of ass-driver," he said.

"You're not going to drive me, anyhow,"

replied Roberts.

"Some animals are hard to drive," said Hopkins, with a look of such meaning that all the chaps enjoyed it much, and laughed unmercifully at Bob's discomfiture. As Hoppy afterwards told me, the joke was not a good one, but it was just on the level of the chaps, and that's the sign of a good humorist, not to go above the taste of his audience. "Besides, Roberts understood it; that proves it was a bad one, but if a

bargee insults you, you must answer in bargese."

Another time he told Roberts to make less row.

"You can't stop me talking," said Bob.

"Nor could Balaam," retorted my friend; and Roberts decided to shut up. If he could have made Hoppy angry, he might have had a chance; but he never got him to do more than laugh at him. He jeered at Hoppy behind his back; but, as my friend observed, backbiting is a very unsatisfactory way of taking a meal.

Hoppy's real difficulties did not begin till the two Murrays came to the school. They were twins. Of course, as Hoppy observed, they could not help that, but he did seem to think that they might have helped being as like as two black pins. You had no chance of telling them apart; and the only chance of doing justice was always to punish both, and let which liked to do the impot do it. They often did each other's punishments; and later on one would often finish off the other's innings at cricket after the interval. Though they called themselves Murray, they were Parsees (their real name was Mouri, I believe), and as 'cute between them as a Scotchman, a Jew, and a Yankee put As for their depth, Hoppy together. strained himself for a comparison—Tennyson's "deep as first love" seemed totally inadequate. Roberts, as usual, was the first to burn his fingers with them.

"Where do you come from?" he asked

them on the night of their arrival.

"India," they answered—at least one did, but which is "wrapt in mystery."

"Then you're savages," reasoned Bob.
"We must be, I suppose," said Murray incertus.

"Cannibals?"
"Very likely."

"Do you eat people in India, then?"

"If they're clean. You'd be safe enough,"

replied they.

Hoppy didn't object to their scoring off Roberts; but they soon became a fearful nuisance in school, in the house, and in the dormitory, not only by their bewildering twinship, but by their 'cuteness and simplicity. When Fatty Taylor asked them what master they'd been to for Latin, they said they didn't know his name, but he was a little chap trying to grow a moustache; and Fatty didn't know how to take it, for everybody knew that was meant for Mr. Pilling. Taylor had to turn round to hide a laugh; and then Murray nudged him and

said, pointing to Fatty: "I suppose he's what you call a prefect, isn't he?" Hoppy couldn't help laughing, and Fatty caught him at it. He said nothing, but he obviously thought my friend was not acting up to his position as a prefect; and Hoppy didn't care to be thought lacking in a sense of his position.

Well, these two chaps were the bane of Hoppy's existence. They were never exactly disorderly themselves, but they caused a good deal of disorder, and Hoppy could never be quite sure how much was real ignorance and how much was put on. They took him for a kind of master, and called him "Sir," and "Mr. Hopkins" till he nearly went mad. If he told them he wasn't a master, they went as far the other way, and couldn't see why they should obey him and not be familiar. Within a week, too, they were almost the recognised bankers and money-lenders of the house; Hoppy knew this, but didn't know how to stop it. Altogether he was glad that the term ended in a fortnight, so that he could have a rest and think over a plan of action. You see, they were outside his experience. his range, Hoppy had nous enough for most people, but outside it his very brains led him wrong. He was like what Wellington would have been if he'd suddenly been called on to face an invasion from the moon.

When next term came, it was not long before Hoppy decided that the two Parsees were less simple than they had seemed. Remembering his own dealings with Mr. Taylor, he concluded that no one except very clever people could be as dull as they looked. They forgot so many things, and remembered so many others, that Hoppy and I came to the decision that the forgetfulnesses were contrived on a system, and ought to be eliminated by the simple mnemonic of vigorous punishment.

"When we find out they really are disorderly," said my friend to me, "we're halfway on the road to stopping them. It's when we don't quite know what they are

that we're nonplussed."

"Yes," I said; "when you know the disease, there's a chance of curing it." I was now, as Hoppy had prophesied, a prefect myself, and was as eager as he to show these young rascals that we weren't to be done. "And show them we will," I said.

A few days later we heard one of those indefinite rumours which are always running about in schools, and which, while generally true, are so hard to trace to their source. This was to the effect that the Murrays were



"'So I put you on your honour, you know."

vigorously smoking, in spite of Hoppy's expressed resolve to put smoking down. He didn't like it when I told him. "How did you hear it?" he said.

"Why, I overheard young Smith saying something about it."

"We can't force him to tell more, I suppose," said Hoppy.

"Hardly."

"No; but we'll find out, nevertheless. Where do they do it, I wonder? Not in the house, I'll be bound. We must catch them in the act. They must be careful with their clothes, too, or we should have smelt them long ago."

It was a chase worthy of the hunter; for

these chaps were as 'cute as Hoppy himself. "Funny, isn't it," he said, "that you and I should be working as hard to find out smoking as we used to be not to be found out ourselves?"

"Funny, yes," I answered.
"Well, I'll go round to all the places we If they're clever, they'll used to haunt. choose those."

"A good idea," I answered.

"No," he said, after a little further reflection, "it'll be no use. They're not clever, they're very clever, and they won't go there. A clever chap would do it, of course; but a very clever chap will know that I should think of those places at once, and he will only learn them to avoid them. And it's easy enough to know them. Everybody in the house, except Thompson, knew them."

"Perhaps," I said, "they are so clever that they see that you will see that they won't go to those places, and that therefore you

won't look at them; and so they will go after all."

Hoppy reflected for a "No," he said, moment. "I know them too well. They aren't quite so clever as that; and, besides, they're too cautious. Also, though they'll know me well enough to know 1 shall think of those places, they don't know me well enough to know that I shan't go. You see, they think me a bit of a fool, whereas I have the advantage of thinking them clever.

"You're right," I replied. "But how to

get them?"

"First," he answered, "we'll try a sweet-shop, and see whether they buy a lot of cachous. They must, of course, or they'd soon be found out by their breath. Come along."

We went down town accordingly, and called at a sweet-shop. To my astonishment, we heard they had bought but little. But Hoppy was not sur-"They are cunprised. ning," he said; "they'll buy a little at a lot of shops, instead of much at one." And so it proved, for when we had been to all the shops in the town, we found that the Murrays had bought something at all of them. "Shall we try the tobacconists now?" I asked.

"No," replied Hoppy, "we've got all the proof we want. Chaps don't buy pounds of cachous in two or three weeks for nothing. Besides, they will buy their tobacco in the Vac., or send other chaps to buy it; they won't risk being caught themselves."

"But what about their clothes? How do

they get rid of the smell? Where do they smoke?"

"We know when," said Hoppy. "It's in the afternoons, because that's the only time they can get off the ground; and it's early in the afternoons, too, to get time to get rid

of the smell, too."

"I've seen them bicycling out after lunch pretty often," I said; "perhaps they do it then."

"Very likely; but it's awfully difficult to follow them. They're as bad as we were when we bathed in Dickon's Pool. I put Robinson on to follow them once, but he said they dodged and doubled like hares, and couldn't possibly be traced. Robinson's not the 'cutest of fellows, of course; but, still, I don't think we shall catch them that way; and if we did, we shouldn't catch them smoking, you may be sure of that.

"We've got to catch them at it," I said.

"Yes, of course," replied my friend. He was in deadly earnest, not so much because he thought smoking so very wrong, but because he didn't like to be done. To be beaten at his own weapons was a new experience for Hoppy, and he wasn't going to own himself defeated till the worst came to the worst.

I aided him to the best of my little ability. On one occasion, entirely on my own initiative, I made a search of all their things, to find their pipes and pouches. There was, of course, not a sign of them

anywhere. Hoppy was not surprised. "They're not asses," he said.

"They must keep their pipes somewhere,"

I replied.

"Not in any ordinary place. They'll have found some hole in a tree, or they'll dig a hole in the ground, or they get some other



"Hoppy."

chap to put them in *his* tuck-box. No, you won't get them that way; and besides, we don't want the pipes, we want them."

The chase became more exciting, and it was soon plain that the two Parsees knew they were being chased. Day after day they used to set out from the school, either walking or on bicycles, Hoppy knowing well enough that they were wanting him to pursue them; but he didn't He let Robinson try again, and even I went once; but I soon saw that Robinson's previous report was right. They dodged me with the skill born of much practice; it would have taken Chingachgook all he knew to track them; and when finally, after a long chase, I accidentally looked back and saw them a few yards behind me, I tried to appear as wise as I could and came home. There was a slight friendly smile on their faces as they passed me; and when I got home, Hoppy called me an ass for my pains.

"You won't catch them that way," he said confidently.

"Then how on earth are they to be caught?" I cried.
"You aren't going to give

"Never," he said decisively. "But you are an ass, Slops, if you think you'll get them in any way but one."

"What's that?"

"By sitting down and thinking, as Dupin caught the murderer of Marie Roget." Hoppy had long been a student of Edgar Allan Poe, and thought Dupin the ablest of men.

"We've done enough thinking," I replied, "and we're no nearer catching them than we were at first."

"A lot nearer," answered my friend.
"It's like 'The Purloined Letter.' These chaps aren't going to do what we want them to do. They're not going to be so obliging

as to smoke just as we come on them. No, they've got a place which *they* think *we* shall never think of, and *there's* the solution."

"Well, go there, then." "I haven't decided what it is yet; but that's the xof the problem. If I knew what they thought of me and my brains, I should get it at once; that's just the diffi-I can think what Iculty. should do if I were they; but I can't think what they would do if they thought something about me which I never thought about myself. I've got to think myself into their point of view; and as soon as I do it, I shall simply

go straight and catch them."

I couldn't share my friend's confidence, and told him so.

"No, I'm not an ass," he answered. "And that's another point. Seeing that I don't chase them, they see I'm not an ass, either; and they'll alter their conduct accordingly. I've noticed in the dormitory, by their way of talking, that they begin to see I'm not such a fool as they thought me; and they'll be more cautious than ever. And that's another link in my chain. Thev'll go somewhere where they think a clever chap wouldn't think they'll go. So I have to get their idea of a clever chap, and when I've got it, we shall be all right."

My friend was getting too clever for me at any rate; and I left him with a half-sarcastic hope that his sitting - still method would succeed.

For some days afterwards Hoppy was very silent and thoughtful. I could see the problem was exercising him strongly, and a few muttered "Yeses," "Noes," and "That

won't do's" would have convinced me that something was up even if I had not known it beforehand. He was trying to think himself out of himself; and this was



"Slops."



especially difficult to so decisive a personality as Hoppy's. His thoughts were usually so original, and so emphatically his own, that perhaps he found it harder than a duller chap to think not as he thought, but as others might think he thought. At the same time I fancied he was getting near a solution that satisfied him; at any rate, when I proposed to pursue the truants once more, he greeted me with such an emphatic "No" that I decided at once he must be on the verge of discovery. But he said nothing as

One evening, however, he broke his long

"You were right, Slops," he said; "I am an ass. Or, rather, I have been, but I am so no longer."

"What!" I cried, "have you found it

out?"

"Yes," he said.

"And have you caught them?"

"No," he said rather indifferently. "That will come to-morrow, and you shall do it."

I could not understand this at the time, but years afterwards I read that Adams, the astronomer, when he had mathematically worked out the position of Neptune, never bothered to look for it through the telescope. The calculations were the real thing, and verified themselves; why trouble about so contemptible a thing as seeing? So it was with Hoppy.

"Well," he went on, "we have several

facts to go on. First, they do smoke."

"That's true," I said.

"But they never smell of it."

"True also, but the cachous do that."

"Only their breath; not their clothes. What do you get from that?"

"They smoke out of doors, and let the

wind blow it away."

"Either that, or-"

"Or nothing. I can think of nothing

"Well, I don't think they smoke out of

"In this house? Impossible."

"No, not in this house."

"Well, where?"

"Think of the clothes again."

"I've thought of them till I'm tired, and

I can make nothing of them."

"Well, then, try another way. They go to some place where they think we shall never suspect them of going, and they're so far right that we didn't think of it for weeks—not till to-day, in fact. Now, where's that?"

"If it's the very place where I never think they'll go," I said, "I don't see how you can expect me to think of it."

"Logical, but wrong. Think of the last

places you would think of."

"You can't expect me to think of that

first," I answered.

"You've no imagination," he replied. "The way to do it is to think of somebody the exact opposite of yourself, and then think of what he'd think of first. rate, that's how I did it."

"Well," I said, "instead of beating about the bush like this, you might tell me straight out where they go, and have done with it."

"This is it, then. It's all done by putting two and two together. When I thought of the way their clothes didn't smell, I first thought they must change them; but I saw they wore the same clothes when they went out as they did all day, and, besides, I looked at their other clothes in the linen-cupboards, and they didn't smell, either. So I saw they must wear someone else's."

"But he would smell them."

"No, not if he smoked himself. That's the very point. We're brought down to this, that they've been using the coats of smokers. Now don't you see?"

"Can't say I do."

"Why, who are the smokers on this place?"

"Some of the chaps, a few of the servants,

and nearly all the masters."

"Just so. Well, we may, I think, cut the chaps out of the problem. The servants maybe the people; but then the Murrays are economical.'

"A mild way of putting it," I said.

"And they're not likely to bribe servants to lend them coats, especially if they can do it cheaper another way."

"Hoppy," I cried, "you don't mean to

"Yes, I do. There's no other conclusion.

It's masters' coats they smoke in."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, as the audacity of the two young villains dawned on me, "I should never have thought of that."

"We ought to have thought of it in ten minutes. But-don't you see?-it's so risky a plan that it almost becomes safe. They would think we should never think of it; and, you see, we almost never did."

"But where do they do it?"

"Oh, that's very easy to guess; in fact, there's only one place in the whole school where they could do it, and that's the masters' smoking-room."



"Sure enough, there they were.

" There!" I cried, still more astonished. "Yes, there," said my friend calmly. "There they'd find plenty of coats pretty well impregnated with tobacco smoke. Pilling, for example, is a regular chimney. Some of the non-resident masters keep smoking-jackets there regularly; and the young beggars have only got to put on one of these jackets, and spread a gown or another jacket over their knees, and then they can smoke away in

comfort. And then how safe it is! If one

of the masters does notice the smoke in the room, he'll only put it down to Pilling having gone at it a little earlier than usual."

"Whew!" I whistled. "Supposing they were spotted! It's the most daring thing ever done in the school!"

"Yes, and it has succeeded because it was so daring. You'll see, they go there while there's a match on. All the masters that smoke will be watching the match; those that don't watch matches don't smoke: the nonresidents are all away; and, besides, you may bet your last halfpenny they count up and see who are at the match. Why, really, if you only think, it's just about the safest place in the school. When the lion's out on the prowl, hide in his den. By Jingo, they're a shrewd pair!" Hoppy finished his long speech and paused in admiration. He always did admire intellect, whoever showed it; and he seemed almost to lose the delight of the chase in the artistic pleasure with which he contemplated the skilful doublings of the hare.

"It is a safe place," I observed. "You can see anybody coming for an awful distance; and if you're quick, you can dodge out at the

back."

"Yes, and no prefects ever go there. Even the Head never goes. It's safe from everybody except about a dozen people. Well, Sloppy, we've solved our problem. Where's 'Guy Mannering'? I was half-way through it when these beastly chaps choked me off." He took down the volume and began to read as if he had no care in the world.

"Shan't you really go and see if you are

right?" I asked after a few minutes.

"Of course not. I am right. You shall go. There's a match to-morrow, isn't there? Never you fear; you'll catch them all right."

"Still, I should have thought you'd like to

catch them yourself."

"Not a bit. I'm a detective; let the bobby do the arresting." And nothing would move him from his determination.

I is strange how few pleasures are really unalloyed. One would have thought that the solution of a problem like this would have given Hoppy unmixed delight. After half an hour of "Guy Mannering" he looked up rather gloomily.

"They are clever chaps. I wish I'd thought of that trick. It's rather humiliating to think I've been here all these years, and never thought of it yet. And then two chaps come along, and before they've been two months in

the place hit on it at once!"

"You've thought of a good many places,"

I said consolingly.

"Yes, but not the *best* place," he answered sadly.

"Well," I replied, "you have thought of it, after all."

"No; they thought of it, not I. It's a lesson in humility, Slops."

"But they never told you; you found it

out by yourself. I can't see why you aren't as good as they are."

"It's an awkward point," he said reflectively.
"Can I be said to have thought of it myself when I only thought of it by thinking what they would be thinking I was thinking?"

"I should think you can," I answered.

"Anyhow, you've done enough thinking in thinking out that sentence to last you a good

while."

"Perhaps so," said Hoppy. "After all, one may be original without being the first to think of a thing. What does that Latin chap say? Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt. Anyhow, perish the Murrays!"

"They shall," I said; and "Guy Mannering"

proceeded comfortably till bedtime.

I won't weary you by telling you how I set to work next afternoon to circumvent the two young scoundrels. It was, of course, even yet a delicate operation; but I wasn't going to let myself down in Hoppy's eves by failing at the eleventh hour. I was very careful. got Robinson to do some watching from a distance; and having seen the Murrays well out of the way, dodged stealthily into the house from the back, and hid in a room below. Ten minutes after the match had begun, Robinson saw one of them coming along as bold as brass, and marching straight in, as if he wanted to ask a master a question. A little later the other followed. After a quarter of an hour, knowing that it was now or never, I slipped upstairs in my stockinged feet, opened the door suddenly, and, sure enough, as Hoppy had said, there they were, each with a master's smokingjacket over his coat, and a gown carefully wrapped round his legs, smoking for all he was They were surprised when I came in.

But Hoppy was not right in everything. True, the two Parsees had a heap of cachous in their pockets, and they had planted their easy-chairs so as to command a good view from the window. But they were economical, in spite of their gains as bankers and moneylenders. Noticing so many pipes and tobaccojars providentially lying about, they had seen no reason why they should waste money in buying any for themselves. One of them was colouring Pilling's best meerschaum, and the other had Fatty Taylor's seasoned churchwarden.

When I told this to Hoppy, he said that if I hadn't so often interrupted him when he was thinking, he'd have thought of that too.



THE QUEST.

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

A MYSTERY AND A DARK LADY.



ROM Ste. Marie's little flat which overlooked the garthey drove dens down the quiet Rue Luxembourg, du and, at the Place St. Sulpice, turned to the left. They crossed the Place St. Germain des

Prés, where lines of home-bound working people stood waiting for places in the electric trams, and groups of students from the Beaux Arts or from Julien's sat under the awnings of the Deux Magots, and so, beyond that busy square, they came into the long and peaceful stretch of the Boulevard St. Germain. The warm sweet dusk gathered round them as they went, and the evening air was fresh and aromatic in their faces. There had been a little gentle shower in the late afternoon; and roadway and pavement were still damp with it. It had wet the new-grown leaves of the chestnuts and acacias that bordered the street. The scent of that living green blended with the scent of laid dust and the fragrance of the last late-clinging chestnut blossoms; it caught up a fuller, richer burden from the overflowing front of a florist's shop; it stole from open windows a savoury whiff of cooking, a salt tang of wood smoke, and the soft little breeze—the breeze of coming summer—mixed all together and tossed them and bore down them the long quiet street; and it was the breath of Paris, and it shall be in your nostrils and mine, a keen agony of sweetness, so long as we may live and so wide as we may wander—because we have known it and loved it, and in the end we shall go back to breathe it when

The strong white horse jogged evenly along over the wooden pavement, its head

down, the little bell at its neck jingling pleasantly as it went. The *cocher*, a torpid, purplish lump of gross flesh, pyramidal, pear-like, sat immobile in his place. The protuberant back gave him an extraordinary effect of being buttoned into his fawn-coloured coat wrong side before. At intervals he jerked the reins like a large, strange toy, and his strident voice said—

"He!" to the stout white horse, which paid no attention whatever. Once the beast stumbled, and the pear-like lump of flesh

insulted it, saying—

"Hè! veux tu, cochon!"

Before the War Office a little black slip of a milliner's girl dodged under the horse's head, saving herself and the huge box slung to her arm by a miracle of agility, and the cocher called her the most frightful names without turning his head, and in a perfunctory tone quite free from passion.

Young Hartley laughed and turned to look at his companion, but Ste. Marie sat still in his place, his hat pulled a little down over his brows, and his handsome chin buried in the folds of the white silk muffler with which, for some obscure reason, he had

swathed his neck.

"This is the first time for many years," said the Englishman, "that I have known you to be silent for ten whole minutes. Are you ill, or are you making up little epigrams to say at the dinner-party?"

Ste. Marie waved a despondent glove. "L'ave" said he "wat von call zo

"I 'ave," said he, "w'at you call ze blue. Papillons noirs—clouds in my soul." was a species of jest with Ste. Marie-and he seemed never to tire of it—to pretend that he spoke English very brokenly. As a matter of fact, he spoke it quite as well as any Englishman, and without the slightest trace of accent. He had discovered a long time before this-it may have been while the two were at Eton together—that it annoyed Hartley very much, particularly when it was done in company and before strangers. In consequence he became, at such occasions, a sort of comic-paper caricature of his race, and by dint of much practice, added to a naturally alert mind, he

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became astonishingly ingenious in the torture of that honest but unimaginative gentleman whom he considered his best friend. He achieved the most surprising expressions by the mere literal translation of French idiom.

"Ye—es," he continued sadly, "I 'ave ze blue. I weep. Weez ze tears full ze eyes. Yes." He descended into English. "I think something's going to happen to me. There's calamity—or something—in the air. Perhaps I'm going to die."

"Oh, I know what you are going to do, right enough," said the other man, "you're going to meet the most beautiful woman—girl—in the world at dinner, and, of course, you are going to fall in love with her."

"Ah, the Miss Benham!" said Ste. Marie with a faint show of interest. "I remember now, you said that she was to be there. I had forgotten. Yes, I shall be glad to meet her. One hears so much. But why am I, of course, going to fall in love with her?"

"Well, in the first place," said Hartley, "you always fall in love with all pretty women as a matter of habit, and, in the second place, no one could help falling in

love with her, I should think."

Ste. Marie turned his head a little and looked curiously at his friend, for he considered that he knew the not very expressive intonations of that young gentleman's voice rather well, and this was something unusual. He wondered what had been happening during his six months' absence from Paris.

"I dare say that's what I feel in the air, then," he said after a little pause. "It's not

calamity. It's love.

"Or maybe," he said quaintly, "it's both. L'un n'empêche pas l'autre." And he gave an odd little shiver, as if that something in the air had suddenly blown chill upon him.

They were passing the corner of the Chamber of Deputies which faces the Pont de la Concorde. Ste. Marie pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"Shall we get out and walk across the bridge and up the Champs Elysées?" he said. "I should like to, I think. I like to walk at this time of the evening—between

the daylight and the dark."

So they got down and walked slowly across the Pont de la Concorde. They went in silence, for Hartley was thinking still of Miss Helen Benham, and Ste. Marie was thinking of Heaven knows what. His gloom was unaccountable, unless he had really meant what he said about feeling calamity in the air. It was very unlike him

to have nothing to say. Midway of the bridge he stopped and leant upon the parapet, arms folded before him and eyes afar. He began to sing, à demi-voix, a little phrase out of "Louise"—an invocation to Paris—and the Englishman stirred uneasily beside him. It seemed to Hartley that to stand on a bridge, in a tophat and evening clothes, and sing operatic airs while people passed back and forth behind you, was one of the things that are not done. He tried to imagine himself singing in the middle of Westminster Bridge at half-past eight of an evening, and he felt quite hot all over at the thought. It was not done at all, he said to himself.

Then he fell to watching the man's dark and handsome face, and to think how little the years at Eton and the year or two at Oxford had set any real stamp upon him. He would never be anything but Latin, in spite of his Irish mother and his public school. Hartley thought what a pity that As Englishmen go, he was not illiberal, but no more than he could have altered the colour of his eyes, could he have believed that anything foreign would not be improved by becoming English. That was born in him, as it is born in most Englishmen, and it was a perfectly simple and honest belief. He felt a deeper affection for this handsome and volatile young man, whom all women loved and who bade fair to spend his life at their successive feet-for he certainly had never shown the slightest desire to take up any sterner employment—he felt a deeper affection for Ste. Marie than for any other man he knew, but he had always wished that Ste. Marie were an Englishman, and he had always felt a slight sense of shame over his friend's un-English ways.

After a moment he touched him on the

arm, saving-

"Come along! We shall be late, you know. You can finish your little concert another time."

"Eh!" cried Ste. Marie. "Quoi, donc?"

He turned with a start.

"Oh, yes!" said he. "Yes, come along! I was mooning. Allons! Allons, my old!" He took Hartley's arm and began to shove

him along at a rapid walk.

"I will moon no more," he said. "Instead, you shall tell me about the wonderful Miss Benham whom everybody is talking of. Isn't there something odd connected with the family? I vaguely recall something unusual, some mystery or misfortune or something."

"I suppose," said the other man, "you mean the disappearance of Miss Benham's young brother, a month ago, before you returned to Paris. Yes, that was certainly very odd. That is, it was either very odd or very commonplace. And in either case the family is terribly cut up about it. The boy's name was Arthur Benham, and he was rather a young fool, but not downright vicious, I should think. I never knew him at all well, but I know he spent his time chiefly at the Café de Paris and at the Olympia and at Longchamps and at Henry's Well, he just disappeared, that is all. He dropped completely out of sight between two days, and though the family has had a small army of detectives on his trail, they've not discovered the smallest clue. It's deuced odd altogether. You might think it easy to disappear like that, but it's not."

"No-no," said Ste. Marie thoughtfully.

"No, I should fancy not.

"This boy," he said after a pause, "I think I had seen him—had him pointed out to me—before I went away. I think it was at Henry's Bar, where all the young Americans go to drink strange beverages. I am quite sure I remember his face. A weak face, but not quite bad.

"Was there any reason why he should have gone away? Any quarrel or that sort

of thing?"

"Well," said the other man, "I rather think there was something of the sort. boy's uncle-Captain Stewart, middle-aged, rather prim old party—you'll have met him, I dare say—he intimated to me one day that there had been some trivial row. You see, the lad isn't of age yet, though he is to be in a few months, and so he has had to live on an allowance doled out by his grandfather, who's the head of the house—the boy's father is dead. There's a quaint old beggar, if you like!—the grandfather. He was rather a swell in the Diplomatic, in his day, it seems—rather an important swell. Now he's bedridden. He sits all day in bed and plays cards with his granddaughter or with a very superior valet, and talks politics with the men who come to see him. Oh, yes, he's a quaint old beggar. He has a great quantity of white hair and an enormous square white beard, and the fiercest eyes I ever saw, I should think. Everybody's frightened out of their wits of him. Well, he sits up there and rules his family in good old patriarchal style, and it seems he came down a bit hard on the poor boy one day over some folly or other, and there was

a row, and the boy went out of the house swearing he'd be even."

"Ah, well, then," said Ste. Marie, "the matter seems simple enough. A foolish boy's foolish pique. He is staying in hiding somewhere to frighten his grandfather. When he thinks the time favourable, he will come back and be wept over and forgiven."

The other man walked a little way in

silence.

"Ye—es," he said at last. "Yes, possibly. Possibly you are right. That's what the grandfather thinks. It's the obvious solution. Unfortunately there is more or less against it. The boy went away with—so far as can be learned—almost no money, almost none at all. And he has already been gone a month. Miss Benham—his sister—is sure that something has happened to him, and I'm a bit inclined to think so too. It's all very odd. I should think he might have been kidnapped but that no demand has been made for money."

"He was not," suggested Ste. Marie, "not the sort of young man to do anything desperate—make away with himself?"

Hartley laughed.

"Heavens, no!" said he. "Not that sort of young man at all. He was a very normal type of rich and spoilt and somewhat foolish American boy."

"Rich?" inquired the other quickly.

"Oh, yes! they're beastly rich. Young Arthur is to come into something very good at his majority, I believe, from his father's estate, and the old grandfather is said to be indecently rich—rolling in it! There's another reason why the young idiot wouldn't be likely to stop away of his own accord. He wouldn't risk anything like a serious break with the old gentleman. It would mean a loss of millions to him, I dare say; for the old beggar is quite capable of cutting him off, if he takes the notion. Oh, it's bad business all through." And after they had gone on a bit he said it again, shaking his head—

"It's a bad business! That poor girl you know—it's hard on her. She was fond of the young ass, for some reason or other.

She's very much broken up over it."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie, "it is hard for her—for all the family, of course. A bad business, as you say." He spoke absently, for he was looking ahead at something which seemed to be a motor accident. They had, by this time, got well up the Champs Elysées and were crossing the Rond Point. A motorcar was drawn up alongside the kerb just

beyond, and a little knot of people stood about it and seemed to look at something on

the ground.

"I think someone has been run down," said Ste. Marie. "Shall we have a look?" They quickened their pace and came to where the group of people stood in a circle looking upon the ground, and two gendarmes asked many questions, and wrote voluminously in their little books. It appeared that

Ste. Marie turned an amused face from this voluble being to the other occupants of the patently hired car, who stood apart, adding very little to the discussion. He saw a tall and bony man, with very bright blue eyes—and what is sometimes called a guardsman's moustache—thedrooping walruslike ornament which dates back a good many years now. Beyond this gentleman he saw a young woman in a long, grey silk coat and



a delivery boy, mounted upon a tricycle cart, had turned into the wrong side of the avenue, and had got himself run into and overturned by a motor-car going at a moderate rate of speed. For once the sentiment of those mysterious birds of prey, which flock instantaneously from nowhere round an accident, was against the victim, and in favour of the frightened and gesticulating chauffeur.

a motoring veil. He was aware that the tall man was staring at him rather fixedly, and with a half-puzzled frown, as though he thought that they had met before, and was trying to remember when; but Ste. Marie gave the man but a swift glance. His eyes were upon the dark face of the young woman beyond, and it seemed to him that she called aloud to him in an actual voice that rang in his ears. The young woman's very

obvious beauty he thought had nothing to do with the matter. It seemed to him that her eyes called him. Just that. Something strange and very potent seemed to take sudden and almost tangible hold upon him—a charm, a spell, a magic—something unprecedented, new to his experience. He could not take his eyes from hers, and he stood staring.

As before, on the Pont de la Concorde, Hartley touched him on the arm, and abrúptly the chains that had bound him

were loosened.

"We must be going on, you know," the Englishman said, and Ste. Marie said rather

hurriedly—

"Yes! yes, to be sure. Come along!" But at a little distance he turned once more to look back. The chauffeur had mounted to his place, the delivery boy was upon his feet again, little the worse for his tumble, and the knot of bystanders had begun to disperse; but it seemed to Ste. Marie that the young woman in the long silk coat stood quite still where she had been, and that her face was turned towards him, watching.

"Did you notice that girl?" said Hartley, as they walked on at a brisker pace. "Did you see her face? She was rather a tremendous beauty, you know, in her gipsyish fashion.

Yes, by Jove, she was!"

"Did I see her?" repeated Ste. Marie.
"Yes. Oh, yes. She had very strange eyes.
At least, I think it was the eyes. I don't know. I've never seen any eyes quite like

them. Very odd!"

"Oh, well, I shouldn't have said there was anything strange about them," Hartley said, "but they certainly were beautiful. There's no denying that. The man with her looked rather Irish, I thought."

They came to the Etoile, and cut across it towards the Avenue Hoche. Ste. Marie glanced back once more, but the motor-car and the delivery boy and the gendarmes were

gone.

"What did you say?" he asked idly.

"I said the man looked Irish," repeated his friend. All at once Ste. Marie gave a loud exclamation—

"Sacred thousand devils! Fool that I am! Dolt! Why didn't I think of it before?" Hartley stared at him, and Ste. Marie stared down the Champs Elysées like one in a trance.

"I say," said the Englishman, "we really must be getting on, you know, we're late." And as they went along down the Avenue

Hoche he demanded—

"Why are you a dolt, and whatever else it was? What struck you so suddenly?"

"I remembered all at once," said Ste. Marie, "where I had seen that man before, and with whom I last saw him. I'll tell you about it later. Probably it's of no importance, though."

"You're talking rather like a mild lunatic," said the other. "Here we are at the

house!"

CHAPTER II.

THE LADDER TO THE STARS.

MISS BENHAM was talking wearily to a strange, fair youth with an impediment in his speech, and was wondering why the youth had been asked to this house, where in general one was sure of meeting only interesting people, when someone spoke her name, and she turned with a little sigh of relief. It was Baron de Vries, the Belgian First Secretary of Legation, an old friend of her grandfather's, a man made gentle and sweet by infinite sorrow. He bowed civilly to the fair youth and bent over the girl's hand.

"It is very good," he said, "to see you again in the world. We have need of you, nous autres. Madame your mother is well, I hope—and the bear?" He called old Mr. Stewart "the bear" in a sort of grave jest, and that fierce octogenarian rather liked it.

"Oh, yes," the girl said, "we're all fairly well. My mother had one of her headaches to-night and so didn't come here; but she's as well as usual, and 'the bear'—yes, he's well enough physically, I should think, but he has not been quite the same since—during the past month. It has told upon him, you know. He grieves over it much more than he will admit."

"Yes," said Baron de Vries gravely. "Yes, I know. You have heard no—news?

They have found no trace?"

"No," said she. "Nothing. Nothing at all. I'm rather in despair. It's all so hideously mysterious. I am sure, you know, that something has happened to him. It's—very, very hard. Sometimes I think I can't bear it. But I go on. We all go on."

Baron de Vries nodded his head strongly. "That, my dear child, is just what you must do," said he. "You must go on. That is what needs the real courage, and you have courage. I am not afraid for you. And sooner or later you will hear of him—from him. It is impossible nowadays to disappear

for very long. You will hear from him." He smiled at her—his slow, grave smile that was not of mirth, but of kindness and

sympathy and cheer.

"And if I may say so," he said, "you are doing very wisely to come out once more among your friends. You can accomplish no good by brooding at home. It is better to live one's normal life—even when it is not easy to do it. I say so who know."

The girl touched Baron de Vries' arm for an instant with her hand—a little gesture that seemed to express thankfulness and trust

and affection.

"If all my friends were like you!" she said to him. And after that she drew a quick breath as if to have done with these sad matters, and she turned her eyes once more towards the broad room where the other guests stood in little groups, all talking at once very rapidly and in loud voices.

"What extraordinarily cosmopolitan affairs these dinner-parties in new Paris are!" she said. "They're like diplomatic parties, only we have a better time and the men don't wear their orders. How many nationalities should you say there are in this room now?"

"Without stopping to consider," said Baron de Vries, "I say ten." They counted, and out of fourteen people there were repre-

sented nine races.

"I don't see Richard Hartley," Miss Benham said. "I had an idea he was to be here. Ah!" she broke off, looking towards the doorway.

"Here he comes now!" she said. "He's rather late. Who is the Spanish-looking man with him, I wonder? He's rather handsome, isn't he?"

Baron de Vries moved a little forward to look, and exclaimed in his turn. He said—

"Ah! I did not know he was returned to Paris. That is Ste. Marie." Miss Benham's eyes followed the Spanish-looking young man as he made his way through the joyous greetings of friends towards his hostess.

"So that is Ste. Marie!" she said, still watching him. "The famous Ste. Marie!"

She gave a little laugh.

"Well, I don't wonder at the reputation he bears for—gallantry and that sort of thing.

He looks the part, doesn't he?"

"Ye—es," admitted her friend. "Yes, he is sufficiently beau garçon. But—yes, well, that is not all, by any means. You must not get the idea that Ste. Marie is nothing but a genial and romantic young squire-of-dames. He is much more than that. He has very fine qualities, To be

sure, he appears to possess no ambition in particular, but I should be glad if he were my son. He comes of a very old house, and there is no blot upon the history of that house—nothing butfaithfulness and gallantry and honour. And there is, I think, no blot upon Ste. Marie himself. He is fine gold."

The girl turned and stared at Baron de

Vries with some astonishment.

"You speak very strongly," said she. "I have never heard you speak so strongly of anyone, I think."

The Belgian made a little deprecatory gesture with his two hands, and he laughed.

"Oh, well, I like the boy. And I should hate to have you meet him for the first time under a misconception. Listen, my child! When a young man is loved equally by both men and women, by both old and young, that young man is worthy of friendship and trust. Everybody likes Ste. Marie. In a sense that is his misfortune. The way is made too easy for him. His friends stand so thick about him that they shut off his view of the heights. To waken ambition in his soul he has need of solitude or misfortune or grief. Or," said the elderly Belgian, laughing gently, "or perhaps the other thing might do it best—the more obvious thing?"

The girl's raised eyebrows questioned him, and when he did not answer, she said—

"What thing, then?"

"Why, love," said Baron de Vries. "Love, to be sure. Love is said to work miracles, and I believe that to be a perfectly true saying. Ah! he is coming here."

The Marquise de Saulnes, who was a very pretty little Englishwoman with a deceptively doll-like look, approached, dragging Ste.

Marie in her wake. She said—

"My dearest dear, I give you of my best. Thank me, and cherish him! I believe he is to lead you to the place where food is, isn't he?" She beamed over her shoulder and departed, and Miss Benham found herself confronted by the Spanish-looking man. Her first thought was that he was not as handsome as he had seemed at a distance, but something much better. For a young man she thought his face was rather oddly weather-beaten, as if he might have been very much at sea, and it was too dark to be entirely pleasing. But she liked his eyes, which were not brown or black, as she had expected, but a very unusual dark grey—a sort of slate colour. And she liked his mouth too. It was her habit—and it is not an unreliable habit—to judge people by their eyes and mouth. Ste, Marie's mouth pleased

her because the lips were neither thin nor thick, they were not drawn into an unpleasant line by unpleasant habits, they did not pout as so many Latin lips do, and they had at one corner a humorous expression which she

found curiously agreeable.

"You are to cherish me," Ste. Marie said.
"Orders from headquarters. How does one cherish people?" The corner of his very expressive mouth twitched, and he grinned at her. Miss Benham did not approve of young men who began an acquaintance in this very familiar manner. She thought that there was a certain preliminary and more formal stage which ought to be got through with first, but Ste. Marie's grin was irresistible. In spite of herself she found that she was laughing.

"I don't quite know," she said. "It sounds rather appalling, doesn't it? Marian has such an extraordinary fashion of hurling people at each other's heads. She takes my

breath away at times."

"Ah, well," said Ste. Marie, "perhaps we can settle upon something when I've led you to the place where food is. And, by the way, what are we waiting for? Are we not all here? There's an even number." broke off with a sudden exclamation of pleasure, and when Miss Benham turned to look, she found Baron de Vries, who had been talking to some friends, had once more come up to where she stood. She watched the greeting between the two men, and its quiet affection impressed her very much. She knew Baron de Vries well, and she knew that it was not his habit to show or to feel a strong liking for young and idle men. This young man must be very worth while to have won the regard of that wise old Belgian.

At table Miss Benham found herself between Ste. Marie and a fair youth who had no attention to waste upon social amenities. He fell upon his food with a wolfish passion extraordinary to see and also, alas! to hear. Miss Benham turned from

him to Ste. Marie.

"Why," she said, "does everybody call you just 'Ste. Marie'? Most people are spoken of as Monsieur this or that—if there isn't a more august title—but they all call you Ste. Marie without any Monsieur. It seems rather odd."

Ste. Marie looked puzzled.

"Why," he said, "I don't believe I know, just. I'd never thought of that. It's quite true, of course. They never do use a Monsieur or anything, do they? How

cheeky of them! I wonder why it is. I'll ask Hartley."

He did ask Hartley later on, and Hartley didn't know, either. Miss Benham asked some other people, who were vague about it, and in the end she became convinced that it was an odd and quite inexplicable form of something like endearment. But nobody seemed to have formulated it to himself.

"The name is really 'de Ste. Marie,' "he went on, "and there's a title that I don't use, and a string of Christian names that one employs. My people were Bearnais, and there's a heap of ruins on top of a hill in the Pyrenees where they lived. It used to be Ste. Marie de Mont-les-Roses, but afterwards, after the Revolution, they called it Ste. Marie de Mont Perdu. My great-grandfather was killed there, but some old servants smuggled his little son away and saved him."

He seemed to Miss Benham to say that in exactly the right manner, not in the cheap and scoffing fashion which some young men affect in speaking of ancestral fortunes or misfortunes, nor with too much solemnity. And when she allowed a little silence to occur at the end, he did not go on with his family history, but turned at once to another subject.

So these two talked together through the entire dinner period, and the girl was aware that she was being much more deeply affected by the simple magnetic charm of a man than ever before in her life. It made her a little angry, because she was unfamiliar with this sort of thing and distrusted it. She was a rather perfect type of that phenomenon before which the British and Continental world stands in mingled delight and exasperation—the American unmarried young woman, the creature of extraordinary beauty and still more extraordinary poise, the virgin with the bearing and savoir faire of a woman of the world, the fresh-cheeked girl with the calm mind of a savant and the cool judgment, in regard to men and things, of an ambassador. The European world says she is cold, and that may be true; but it is well enough known that she can love very deeply. It says that, like most queens, and for precisely the same set of reasons, she later on makes a bad mother; but it is easy to point to queens who are the best of mothers. In short, she remains an enigma, and like all other enigmas, for ever fascinating.

Miss Benham reflected that she knew almost nothing about Ste. Marie, save for his reputation as a carpet knight, and Baron de Vries' good opinion, which could not be despised. And that made her the more displeased when she realised how promptly she was surrendering to his charm. In a moment of silence she gave a sudden little laugh which seemed to express a half-angry astonishment.

"What was that for?" Ste. Marie demanded. The girl looked at him for an

instant and shook her head.

"I can't tell you," said she. "That's rude, isn't it, and I'm sorry. Perhaps I will tell you one day when we know each other better."

But inwardly she was saying: "Why, I suppose this is how they all begin—all these regiments of women who make fools of themselves about him! I suppose this is exactly what he does to them all!"

"You say," said Ste. Marie, "'when we know each other better.' May one twist that into a permission to come and see

you?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes, one may twist it into something like that without straining it unduly, I think. My mother and I shall be very glad to see you. I'm sorry she is not here to-night to say it herself."

Then the hostess began to gather together her flock, and so the two had no more

speech.

CHAPTER III.

A VOW AND A PAIR OF EYES.

HARTLEY looked over his shoulder and gave

a little exclamation of distaste.

"It's Captain Stewart, Miss Benham's uncle," he said, lowering his voice. "I'm off. I shall abandon you to him. He's a good old soul, but he bores me." Hartley nodded to the man who was approaching, and then made his way to the end of the table where their host sat discussing Aeroclub matters with a group of the other men.

Captain Stewart dropped into the vacant

chair, saving—

"May I recall myself to you, M. Ste. Marie? We met, I believe, once or twice, a couple of

years ago. My name's Stewart."

Captain Stewart—the title was vaguely believed to have been won some years before in the American service, but no one appeared to know much about it—was not an old man. He could not have been, at this time, much more than fifty, but English-speaking acquaintances often called him

"old Stewart" and others "ve vieux Stewart." Indeed, at a first glance, he might have passed for anything up to sixty, for his face was a good deal more fined and wrinkled than it should have been at his age. Hartley's adjective had been rather apt. man had a desiccated appearance. Upon examination, however, one saw that the blood was still red in his cheeks and lips. and, although his neck was thin and withered like an old man's, his brown eyes still held their fire. The hair was almost gone from the top of his large round head, but it remained at the sides, stiff colourless hair with a hint of red in it. And there were red streaks in his grey moustache, which was trained outwards in two loose tufts like shaving-brushes. The moustache and the shallow chin under it gave him an odd, cat-like appearance. Hartley, who rather disliked the man, used to insist that he had heard him mew.

Ste. Marie said something politely noncommittal, though he did not at all remember the alleged meeting two years before, and he looked at Captain Stewart with a real curiosity and interest, in his character as

Miss Benham's uncle.

"I noticed," said Captain Stewart, "that you were placed next my niece, Helen Benham, at dinner. This must be the first time you two have met, is it not? I remember speaking of you to her some months ago, and I am quite sure she said that she had not met you. Ah! yes, of course, you have been away from Paris a great deal since she and her mother—her mother is my sister, that is to say, my half-sister—have come here to live with my father." He gave a little, gentle laugh.

"I take an elderly uncle's privilege," he said, "of being rather proud of Helen. She is called very pretty, and she certainly has

great poise."

Ste. Marie drew a quick breath and his

eyes began to flash.

"Miss Benham," he cried—"Miss Benham is—" He hung poised so for a moment, searching, as it were, for words of sufficient splendour, but in the end he shook his head, and the gleam faded from his eyes. He sank back in his chair sighing.

"Miss Benham," said he, "is extremely beautiful." And again her uncle emitted his little, gentle laugh which may have deceived Hartley into believing that he had heard the man mew. The sound was as much like mewing as it was like anything

else



"'I fancy I know who the man was."

"I am very glad," Captain Stewart said, "to see her come out once more into the She needs distraction. We-vou∗ may possibly have heard that the family is in great distress of mind over the disappearance of my young nephew. Helen has suffered particularly because she is convinced that the boy has met with foul play. I myself think it very unlikely, very unlikely indeed. The lack of motive, for one thing, and for another—— Ah, well, a score of reasons! But Helen refuses to be comforted. It seems to me much more like a boy's prank—his idea of revenge for what he considered unjust treatment at his grandfather's He was always a headstrong youngster, and he has been a bit spoilt. Still, of course, the uncertainty is very trying for us all -very wearing."

"Of course," said Ste. Marie gravely. "It is most unfortunate. Ah, by the way!" He looked up with a sudden interest. rather odd thing happened," he said, "as Hartley and I were coming here this evening. We walked up the Champs Elysées from the Concorde, and on the way Hartley had been telling me of your nephew's disappearance. Near the Rond Point we came upon a motor-car which was drawn up at the side of the street—there had been an accident of no consequence, a boy tumbled over but not hurt. Well, one of the two occupants of the motor-car was a man whom I used to see about Maxim's and the Café de Paris and the Montmartre places too, some time ago a rather shady character whose name I've forgotten. The odd part of it all was that at the last occasion or two on which I saw your nephew he was with this man. I think it was in Henry's Bar. Of course, it means nothing at all. Your nephew doubtless knew scores of people, and this man is no more likely to have information about his present whereabouts than any of the others. Still, I should have liked to ask him. I didn't remember who he was till he had gone.

Captain Stewart shook his head sadly, frowning down upon the cigarette from

which he had knocked the ash.

"I am afraid poor Arthur did not always choose his friends with the best of judgment," said he. "I am not squeamish, and I would not have boys kept in a glass case, but—Yes, I'm afraid Arthur was not always too careful." He replaced the cigarette neatly between his lips.

"This man now, this man whom you saw to-night, what sort of looking man will he

have been?"

"A tall man with blue eyes and a heavy, old-fashioned moustache. I just can't remember the name."

The smoke stood still for an instant over Captain Stewart's cigarette, and it seemed to Ste. Marie that a little contortion of anger fled over the man's face and was gone again. He stirred slightly in his chair.

After a moment he said—

"I fancy—from your description I fancy I know who the man was. If it is the man I am thinking of, the name is—Powers. He is, as you have said, a rather shady character, and I more than once warned my nephew against him. Such people are not good companions for a boy."

"Powers," said Ste. Marie, "doesn't sound right to me, you know. I can't say the fellow's name myself, but I'm sure—that is, I think—it's not Powers."

"Oh, yes," said Captain Stewart, with an elderly man's half-querulous certainty. "Yes, the name is Powers. I remember it well. And I remember—— Yes, it was odd, was it not, your meeting him like that just as you were talking of Arthur? You oh, you didn't speak to him, you say? No! no, to be sure. You didn't recognise him at once. Yes, it was odd. Of course, the man could have had nothing to do with poor Arthur's disappearance. His only interest in the boy at any time would have been for what money Arthur might have, and he carried none, or almost hone, away with him when he vanished. Eh, poor lad! Where can be be to-night, I wonder? It's a sad business, M. Ste. Marie. A sad business.

Captain Stewart fell into a sort of brooding silence, frowning down at the table before him and twisting with his thin fingers the little liqueur-glass and the coffee-cup which were there. Once or twice, Ste. Marie thought, the frown deepened and twisted into a sort of a scowl, and the man's fingers twitched on the cloth of the table, but when at last the group at the other end of the board rose and began to move towards the door, Captain Stewart rose also and followed them.

At the door he seemed to think of something, and touched Ste. Marie upon the arm.

"This—ah—Powers," he said in a low tone, "this man whom you saw to-night. You said he was one of two occupants of a motorcar. Yes? Did you by any chance recognise the other?"

"Oh, the other was a young woman,"

said Ste. Marie. "No, I never saw her before. She was very handsome."

In the drawing-room he had opportunity for no more than a word with Miss Benham. for Hartley cut in ahead of him and manœuvred that young lady into a corner, where he sat before her, turning a square and determined back to the world. Ste. Marie listlessly played bridge for a time, but his attention was not upon it, and he was glad when the others at the table settled their accounts and departed to look in at a dance somewhere. After that he talked for a little with Marian de Saulnes, whom he liked and who made no secret of adoring him. complained loudly that he was in a vile temper, which was not true: he was only restless and distrait and wanted to be alone: and so, at last, he took his leave without waiting for Hartley.

Outside in the street he stood for a moment hesitating, and an expectant flacre drew up before the house, the cocher raising an interrogative whip. In the end Ste. Marie shook his head and turned away on foot. It was a still, sweet night of soft airs and a moonless, starlit sky, and the man was very fond of walking in the dark. From the Etoile he walked down the Champs Elysées, but presently turned towards the His eyes were upon the mellow stars, his feet upon the ladder thereunto. found himself crossing the Pont des Invalides. and halted midway to rest and look. laid his arms upon the bridge's parapet and turned his face outwards. Against it bore a little gentle breeze that smelt of the purifying water below and of the night and of green things growing. Beneath him the river ran black as flowing ink, and across its troubled surface the coloured lights of the many bridges glittered very beautifullyswirling arabesques of gold and crimson. The noises of the city—beat of hoofs upon wooden pavements, horn of train or motorcar, jingle of bell upon cab-horse-came here faintly and as if from a great distance.

Ste. Marie closed his eyes and, against darkness, he saw the beautiful head of Helen Benham, the clear-cut, exquisite modelling of feature and contour, the perfection of form and colour. Her eyes met his eyes, and they were very serene and calm and confident. She smiled at him, and the new contours into which her face fell with the smile were more perfect than before. He watched the turn of her head, and the grace of the movement was the uttermost effortless grace one dreams that a queen should have.

The heart of Ste. Marie quickened in him and he could have gone down upon his knees.

He was well aware that with the coming of this girl something unprecedented, wholly new to his experience, had befallen him—an awakening to a new life. He had been in love a great many times. He was usually in love. And each time his heart had gone through the same sweet and bitter anguish, the same sleepless nights had come and gone upon him, the eternal and evernew miracle had wakened spring in his soul, had passed its summer solstice, had faded through autumnal regrets to winter's death; but through it all something within him had

waited asleep.

He found himself wondering dully what it was, wherein lay the great difference, and he could not answer the question he asked. He knew only that whereas before he had loved, he now went down upon prayerful knees to worship. In a sudden, poignant thrill the knightly fervour of his forefathers came upon him, and he saw a sweet and golden lady set far above him upon a throne. Her clear eyes gazed afar, serene and untroubled. She sat wrapped in a sort of virginal austerity, unaware of the base passions of men. The other women whom Ste. Marie had, as he was pleased to term it. loved, had certainly come at least halfway to meet him, and some of them had come a good deal farther than that. He could not, by the wildest flight of imagination, conceive this girl doing anything of that sort. was to be won by trial and high endeavour, by prayer and self-purification, not captured by a warm eye-glance, a whispered word, a laughing kiss. In fancy he looked from the crowding cohorts of these others to that still, sweet figure set on high, wrapt in virginal pride, calm in her serene perfection, and his soul abased itself before her. in an awed and worshipful adoration.

So, before quest or tournament or battle, must those elder Ste. Maries—Ste. Maries of Mont-les-Roses—have knelt, each knight at the feet of his lady, each knightly soul aglow with the cheste widow of chiralty.

with the chaste ardour of chivalry.

The man's hands tightened upon the parapet of the bridge, he lifted his face again to the shining stars whereamong, as his fancy had it, she sat enthroned. Exultingly he felt under his feet the rungs of the ladder, and in the darkness he swore a great oath to have done for ever with blindness and grovelling, to climb and climb, forever to climb, until at last he should stand where

she was—cleansed and made worthy by long endeavour—at last meet her eyes and touch her hand.

It was a fine and chivalric frenzy, and Ste. Marie was passionately in earnest about it, but his guardian angel—indeed, Fate herself—must have laughed a little in the dark, knowing what manner of man he was in less exalted hours.

It was an odd freak of memory that at last recalled him to earth. Every man knows that when a strong and, for the moment, unavailing effort has been made to recall something lost to mind, the memory. in some mysterious fashion, goes on working long after the attention has been elsewhere diverted, and sometimes hours afterwards, or even days, produces quite suddenly and inappropriately the lost article. Ste. Marie had turned with a little sigh to take up once more his walk across the Pont des Invalides, when seemingly from nowhere, and certainly by no conscious effort, a name flashed into his mind. He said it aloud-

"O'Hara! O'Hara. That tall, thin chap's name was O'Hara, by Jove! It wasn't Powers at all." He laughed a little as he remembered how very positive Captain Stewart had been. And then he frowned, thinking that the mistake was an odd one. since Stewart had evidently known a good deal about this adventurer. Captain Stewart. though, Ste. Marie reflected, was exactly the sort to be very sure he was right about He had just the neat and precise and semi-scholarly personality of the man who always knows. So Ste. Marie dismissed the point with another brief laugh, but a cognate matter was less easy to dismiss. The name brought with it a face, a dark and splendid face with tragic eyes that He walked a long way thinking called. The eyes about them, and wondering. haunted him. It will have been reasonably evident that Ste. Marie was a fanciful and imaginative soul. He needed but a chance word, the sight of a face in a crowd, the glance of an eye, to begin story-building, and he would go on for hours about it and work himself up to quite a passion with his imaginings. He should have been a writer of fiction.

He began forthwith to construct romances about this lady of the motor-car. He wondered why she should have been with the shady Irishman—if Irishman he was—O'Hara.

The eyes haunted him. What was it they suffered? Out of what misery did

they call?—and for what? He walked all the long way home to his little flat over-looking the Luxembourg Gardens, haunted by those eyes. As he climbed his stair it suddenly occurred to him that they had quite driven out of his mind the image of his beautiful lady who sat amongst the stars, and the realisation came to him with a shock.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD DAVID STEWART.

It was Miss Benham's custom upon returning home at night from dinner-parties or other entertainments to look in for a few minutes on her grandfather before going to The old gentleman, like most elderly people, slept lightly, and often sat up in bed very late into the night reading or playing piquet with his valet. He suffered hideously at times from the malady which was killing him by degrees, but when he was free from pain, the enormous recuperative power which he had preserved to his eighty-six years left him almost as vigorous and clear-minded as if he had never been ill at all. Hartley's description of him had not been altogether a bad one—"a quaint old beggar . . . a great quantity of white hair and an enormous square white beard and the fiercest eyes I ever saw——" He was a rather "quaint old beggar" indeed! He had let his thick white hair grow long, and it hung down over his brows in unparted locks as the ancient Greeks wore their hair. He had very shaggy eyebrows, and the deep-set eyes under them gleamed from the shadow with a fierceness which was rather deceptive, but none the less intimidating. He had a great beak of a nose, but the mouth below could not be seen. It was hidden by the moustache and the enormous square beard. His face was colourless, almost as white as hair and beard: there seemed to be no shadow or tint anywhere except the cavernous recesses from which the man's eyes gleamed and Altogether he was certainly "a sparkled. quaint old beggar."

He had, during the day and evening, a good many visitors, for the old gentleman's mind was as alert as it ever had been, and important men thought him worth consulting. The names which the admirable valet, Peters, announced from time to time were names which meant a great deal in the official and diplomatic world of the day.

On her return from the Marquise de

Saulnes' dinner-party, Miss Benham went at once to her grandfather's wing of the house, which had its own street entrance, and knocked lightly at his door. "Is he awake?" she asked the admirable Peters, who opened to her, and being assured that he was, went into the vast chamber, dropping her cloak on a chair as she entered. David Stewart was sitting up in his monumental bed behind a sort of invalid's table which stretched across his knees without touching them. He wore over his night-clothes a Chinese mandarin's jacket of old red satin, wadded with down, and very gorgeously embroidered with the cloud and bat designs and with large round panels of the Imperial five-clawed dragon in gold. He had a number of these jackets—they seemed to be his one vanity in things external, and they were so made that they could be slipped about him without disturbing him in his bed, since they hung down only to the waist or thereabouts. They kept the upper part of his body, which was not covered by the bedclothes, warm, they certainly made him a very impressive figure.

He said—

"Ah, Helen! Come in! Come in! Sit down on the bed there and tell me what you have been doing!" He pushed aside the pack of cards which was spread out on the invalid's table before him, and with great care counted a sum of money in francs and half-francs and nickel twenty-five centime pieces.

"I've won seven francs fifty from Peters to-night," he said, chuckling gently. "That is a very good evening indeed. Very good. Where have you been, and who were

there?"

"A dinner-party at the de Saulnes'," said Miss Benham, making herself comfortable on the side of the great bed.

"Who were there?"

"Oh, well——" she considered, "no one, I should think, who would interest you. Rather an indifferent set. Pleasant people, but not inspiring. I met a new man whom I think I am going to like very much indeed. He wouldn't interest you, because he doesn't mean anything in particular—and, of course, he oughtn't to interest me for the same reason. He's just an idle, pleasant young man, but—he has great charm. Very great charm. His name is Ste. Marie. Baron de Vries seems very fond of him, which surprised me rather."

"Ste. Marie!" exclaimed the old gentle-

man in obvious astonishment. "Ste. Marie de Mont Perdu?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that is the name, I believe. You know him, then? I wonder he didn't mention it."

"I knew his father," said old David.
"And his grandfather, for that matter.
They're Gascon, I think, or Bearnais, but
this boy's mother will have been Irish, unless
his father married again.

"So you've been meeting a Ste. Marie, have you? And finding that he has great charm?" The old gentleman broke into one of his growling laughs and reached for

a long, black cigar, which he lighted.

"Well," he said, when the cigar was drawing, "they all have had charm. I should think there has never been a Ste. Marie without it. They're a sort of embodiment of romance, that family. This boy's great-grandfather lost his life defending a castle against a horde of peasants in 1799. His grandfather was killed in the French campaign in Mexico in '39—at Vera Cruz, it was, I think; and his father died in a filibustering expedition ten years ago. I wonder what will become of the last Ste. Marie?" Old David's eyes suddenly sharpened.

"You're not going to fall in love with Ste. Marie and marry him, are you?" he

demanded.

Miss Benham gave a little laugh.

"Certainly not!" she said with great decision. "What an absurd idea! Because I meet a man at a dinner-party and say I like him, must I marry him to-morrow? I meet a great many men at dinners and things, and a few of them I like. Heavens!"

"It is odd," said old David Stewart, "you taking a fancy to young Ste. Marie. Of course, it's natural too in a way, because you are complete opposites, I should think—that is, if this lad is like the rest of his race. What I mean is, that merely attractive young men don't as a rule attract you."

"Well, no," she admitted, "they don't usually. Men with brains attract me most, I think—men who are making civilisation, men who are ruling the world, or at least doing important things for it. That's your fault, you know. You taught me that."

The old gentleman laughed.

"Possibly," said he. "Possibly. Anyhow, that is the sort of men you like, and they like you. You're by no means a fool, Helen. In fact, you're a woman with brains. You could wield great influence married to the proper sort of man."

"But not to M. Ste. Marie," she suggested,

smiling across at him.

"Well, no," he said. "No, not to Ste. Marie. It would be a mistake to marry Ste. Marie—if he is what the rest of his house have been. The Ste. Maries live a life compounded of romance and imagination and emotion. You're not emotional."

"No," said Miss Benham slowly and thoughtfully. It was as if the idea were new to her. "No, I'm not, I suppose. No.

Certainly not."

"As a matter of fact," said old David, "you're by nature rather cold. I'm not sure it isn't a good thing. Emotional people, I observe, are usually in hot water of some sort. When you marry, you're very likely to choose with a great deal of care and some wisdom. And you're also likely to have what is called a career. I repeat that you could wield great influence in the proper environment."

The girl frowned across at her grandfather

reflectively.

"Do you mean by that," she asked after a little silence, "do you mean that you think I am likely to be moved by sheer ambition and nothing else in arranging my life? I've never thought of myself as a very ambitious

person."

"Let us substitute for ambition, common sense," said old David. "I think you have a great deal of common sense for a woman—and so young a woman. How old are you, by the way? Twenty-two? Yes, to be sure. I think you have great common sense and appreciation of values. And I think you're singularly free from the emotionalism that so often plays hob with them all. People with common sense fall in love in the right places."

"I don't quite like the sound of it," said Miss Benham. "Perhaps I am rather ambitious—I don't know. Yes, perhaps. I should like to play some part in the world. I don't deny that. But—am I as cold as

you say? I doubt it very much."

"You're twenty-two," said her grandfather, "and you have seen a good deal of society in several capitals. Have you ever fallen in

love?

Oddly, the face of Ste. Marie came before Miss Benham's eyes as if she had summoned it there; but she frowned a little and shook

her head, saying-

"No, I can't say that I have; but that means nothing. There's plenty of time for that. And you know," she said, after a pause—"you know, I'm rather sure I could

fall in love—pretty hard. I'm sure of that. Perhaps I have been waiting. Who knows?"

"Aye, who knows?" said David. He seemed all at once to lose interest in the subject, as old people often do without apparent reason, for he remained silent for a long time, puffing at the long, black cigar or rolling it absently between his fingers. "Was young Richard Hartley at your dinner-party?" he asked presently. And she said—

"Yes. Oh, yes, he was there. He and M. Ste. Marie came together, I believe.

They are very close friends."

"Another idler," growled old David. "The fellow's a man of parts—and a man of family. What's he idling about here for? Why isn't

he in Parliament, where he belongs?"

"Well," said the girl, "I should think it is because he is too much a man of family, as you put it. You see, he'll succeed his cousin, Lord Risdale, before very long, and then all his work would have been for nothing, because he'll have to take his seat in the Lords. Lord Risdale is unmarried, you know, and a hopeless invalid. He may die any day. I think I sympathise with poor Mr. Hartley. It would be a pity to build up a career for oneself in the lower House and then suddenly in the midst of it have to give it all up. The situation is rather paralysing to endeavour, isn't it?"

"Yes, I dare say," said old David absently. He looked up sharply. "Young Hartley doesn't come here as much as he used

to do."

"No," said Miss Benham, "he doesn't." She gave a little laugh. "To avoid cross-examination," she said, "I may as well admit that he asked me to marry him, and I had to refuse. I'm sorry, because I like him very much indeed."

Old David made an inarticulate sound which may have been meant to express surprise—or almost anything else. He had

not a great range of expression.

"I don't want," said he, "to seem to have gone daft on the subject of marriage, and I see no reason why you should be in any haste about it—certainly I should hate to lose you, my child; but—Hartley, as the next Lord Risdale, is undoubtedly a good match. And you say you like him." The girl looked up with a sort of defiance, and her face was a little flushed.

"I don't love him," she said. "I like him immensely, but I don't love him, and, after all—well, you say I'm cold, and I admit I'm more or less ambitious, but, after



"'You're twenty-two. . . . Have you ever fallen in love?'"

all-well, I just don't quite love him. I want to love the man I marry."

Old David Stewart held up his black cigar and gazed thoughtfully at the smoke which streamed thin and blue and veil-like from its

lighted end.

"Love!" he said in a reflective tone.
"Love!" He repeated the word two or three times slowly, and he stirred a little in his bed. "I have forgotten what it is," "I expect I must be very old. I said he. have forgotten what love—that sort of love It seems very far away to me, and rather unimportant; but I remember that I thought it important enough once, a century or two ago. Do you know, it strikes me as rather odd that I have forgotten what love is like. It strikes me as rather pathetic." He gave a sort of uncouth grimace and stuck the black cigar once more into his mouth.

"Egad!" said he, mumbling indistinctly over the cigar, "how foolish love seems when you look back at it across fifty or sixty

vears!"

Miss Benham rose to her feet, smiling, and she came and stood near where the old man lay propped up against his pillows. touched his cheek with her cool hand, and old David put up one of his own hands and patted it.

"I'm going to bed now," said she. "I've sat here talking too long. You ought to be

asleep, and so ought I."

"Perhaps! "Perhaps!" the old man said. "I don't feel sleepy, though. I dare say I shall read a little." He held her hand in his and looked up at her. "I've been talking a great deal of nonsense about marriage," said he. "Put it out of your head! It's all nonsense. I don't want you to marry for a long time. I don't want to lose you." His face twisted a little quite suddenly. "You're precious near all I have left now," he said.

The girl did not answer at once, for it seemed to her that there was nothing to say. She knew that her grandfather was thinking of the lost boy, and she knew what a bitter blow the thing had been to him.

But after a moment she said very gently— "We won't give up hope. We'll never give up hope. Think! he might come home to-morrow. Who knows?"

"If he has stayed away of his own accord," cried out old David Stewart in a loud voice, "I'll never forgive him-not if he comes to me to-morrow on his knees! Not even if he comes to me on his knees!"

The girl bent over her grandfather, saying: "Hush! hush! You mustn't excite yourself." But old David's grey face was working and his eyes gleamed from their cavernous shadows with a savage fire.

"If the boy is staying away out of spite," he repeated, "he need never come back to I won't forgive him. And if he waits until I'm dead and then comes back, he'll find he has made a mistake—a great mistake. He'll find a surprise in store for him. I can tell you that. I won't tell you what I have done, but it will be a disagreeable surprise for Master Arthur. You may be sure."

The girl was silent, because again there seemed to her to be nothing that she could She longed very much to plead her brother's cause, but she was sure that would only excite her grandfather, and he was growing quieter after his burst of anger. She bent down over him and kissed his cheek.

"Try to go to sleep!" she said. "And don't torture yourself with thinking about all this. I'm as sure that poor Arthur is not staying away out of spite as if he were myself. He's foolish and headstrong, but he's not spiteful, dear. Try to believe that! And now I'm really going. Good night!"

She kissed him again and slipped out of

the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

MISS BENHAM stood at one of the long drawing-room windows of the house in the Rue de l'Université and looked out between the curtains upon the rather grimy little garden, where a few not very prosperous cypresses and chestnuts stood guard over the rows of lilac shrubs and the box-bordered flower-beds and the usual moss-stained fountain. She was thinking of the events of the past month, the month which had elapsed since the evening of the de Saulnes' dinner-party. They were not at all startling events; in a practical sense they were no events at all, only a quiet sequence of affairs which was about as inevitable as the night upon the day—the day upon the night again. In a word, this girl, who had considered herself very strong and very much the mistress of her feelings, found, for the first time in her life, that her strength was as nothing at all against the potent charm and magnetism of a man who had almost none of the qualities she chiefly admired in men. During the month's time she had passed from a phase of angry self-scorn through a period of bewilderment not unmixed with fear, and from that she had come into an unknown world, a land very strange to her, where old standards and judgments seemed to be valueless—a place seemingly ruled altogether by new emotions, sweet and thrilling or full of vague terrors as her mood veered here or there.

That sublimated form of guesswork which is called "woman's intuition" told her that Ste. Marie would come to her on this afternoon, and that something in the nature of a crisis would have to be faced. Even as Miss Benham stood at the window looking out through the curtains, Monsieur Ste. Marie was announced from the doorway.

"I have been sitting with your grandfather for half an hour," Ste. Marie said, and she said—

"Oh, I'm glad! I'm very glad. You always cheer him up. He hasn't been too cheerful or too well of late." She twisted a chair about unnecessarily and after a moment sat down in it.

"It's a great privilege to be allowed to see him—such a man as that," said the man. "And I know we get on wonderfully well. He doesn't condescend, as most old men do, who have led important lives. We just talk as two men in a club might talk. And I tell him stories and make him laugh. Oh, yes, we get on wonderfully well."

"Oh!" said she. "I've often wondered what you talk about. What did you talk

about to-day?"

Ste. Marie turned abruptly away from her and went across to one of the windows. She saw him stand there, with his back turned, the head a little bent, the hands twisting together behind him, and a sudden fit of nervous shivering wrung her. Every woman knows when a certain thing is going to be said to her, and usually she is prepared for it, though usually also she says she is not. Miss Benham knew what was coming now, and she was frightened—not of Ste. Marie, but of herself. It meant so very much to her, more than to most women at such a It meant, if she said "Yes" to him, the surrender of almost all the things she had cared for and hoped for. It meant the giving up of that career which old David Stewart had dwelt upon a month ago.

Ste. Marie turned back into the room. He came a little way towards where the girl sat,

and halted, and she could see that he was very pale. A sort of critical second self noticed that he was pale, and was surprised, because, although men's faces often turn red, they seldom turn noticeably pale, except in very great nervous crises; while women, on the contrary, may turn red and white twenty times a day, and no harm done. He raised his hands a little way from his sides, in the beginning of a gesture, but they dropped again, as if there were no strength in them.

"I—told him," said Ste. Marie in a flat voice, "I told your grandfather that I—loved you more than anything in this world, or in the next. I told him that my love for you had made another being of me—a new being. I told him that I wanted to come to you, and to kneel at your feet, and to ask you if you could give me just a little, little hope—something to live for—a light to climb towards. That is what we talked about, your grandfather and I."

"Ste. Marie! Ste. Marie!" said the girl

in a half whisper.

"What did my grandfather say to you?" she asked after a silence.

Ste. Marie looked away.

"I cannot tell you," he said. "He—was not quite sympathetic."

The girl gave a little cry.

"Tell me what he said!" she demanded. "I must know what he said." The man's eyes pleaded with her, but she held him with her gaze, and in the end he gave in.

"He said I was a fool," said Ste. Marie. And the girl, after an instant of staring, broke into a little fit of nervous, overwrought laughter and covered her face with her hands.

He threw himself upon his knees before her, and her laughter died away. An Englishman or an American cannot do that. Richard Hartley, for example, would have looked like an idiot upon his knees, and he would have felt it. But it did not seem extravagant with Ste. Marie. It became him.

"Listen! listen!" he cried to her, but the girl checked him before he could go on. She dropped her hands from her face, and she bent a little forward over the man as he knelt there. She put out her hands and took his head for a swift instant between them, looking down into his eyes. At the touch a sudden wave of tenderness swept her—almost an engulfing wave—almost it overwhelmed her and bore her away from the land she knew. And so when she spoke, her voice was not quite steady. She said—

"Ah, dear Ste. Marie! I cannot pretend

to be cold towards you. You have laid a spell upon me, Ste. Marie. You enchant us all somehow, don't you? I suppose I'm not as different from the others as I thought I was

"And yet," she said, "he was right, you know. My grandfather was right. No, let me talk, now! I must talk for a little. must try to tell you how it is with me—try somehow to find a way. He was right. meant that you and I were utterly unsuited to each other, and so, in calm moments, I know we are. I know that well enough. When you're not with me, I feel very sure about it. I think of a thousand excellent reasons why you and I ought to be no more to each other than friends. Do you know, I think my grandfather is a little uncanny. I think he has prophetic powers. They say very old people often have. He and I talked about you when I came home from that dinner-party at the de Saulnes', a month ago —the dinner-party where you and I first met. I told him that I had met a man whom I liked very much—a man with a great charm—and, though I must have said the same sort of thing to him before about other men, he was quite oddly disturbed, and talked for a long time about it, about the sort of man I ought to marry, and the sort I ought not to marry. It was unusual for him. He seldom says anything of that kind. Yes, he is right. You see, I'm ambitious in a particular way. If I marry at all, I ought to marry a man who is working hard in politics or in something of that kind. I could help him. We could do a great deal together.

"I could go into politics!" cried Ste. Marie, but she shook her head, smiling down

upon him.

"No, not you, my dear. Politics least of all. You could be a soldier, if you chose. You could fight as your father and your grandfather and the others of your house have done. You could lead a forlorn hope in the field. You could suffer and starve and go on fighting. You could die splendidly, but—politics, no! That wants a tougher shell than you have.

"And a soldier's wife! Of what use to

him is she?"

Ste. Marie's face was very grave. He

looked up to her smiling.

"Do you set ambition before love, my queen?" he asked, and she did not answer him at once. She looked into his eyes, and she was as grave as he.

"Is love all?" she said at last. "Is love

all? Ought one to think of nothing but love when one is settling one's life for ever?"

"I wonder?"

"I look about me, Ste. Marie," she said, "and in the lives of my friends—the people who seem to me to be most worth while—the people who are making the world's history for good or ill, and it seems to me that in their lives love has the second place—or the third. I wonder if one has the right to set it first.

"There is, of course," she said, "the merely domestic type of woman—the woman who has no thought and no interest beyond her home. I am not that type of woman. Perhaps I wish I were. Certainly they are the happiest. But I was brought up among—well, among important people—men of my grandfather's kind. All my training has been towards that life. Have I the right, I wonder, to give it all up?"

The man stirred at her feet, and she put

out her hands to him quickly.

"Do I seem brutal?" sne cried. "Oh, I don't want to be! Do I seem very ungenerous and wrapped up in my own side of the thing? I don't mean to be that, but—I'm not sure. I expect it's that. I'm not sure, and I think I'm a little frightened." She gave him a brief, anxious smile that was not without its tenderness.

"I'm so sure," she said, "when I'm away from you. But when you're here—oh, I forget all I've thought of. You lay your

spell upon me."

Ste. Marie gave a little wordless cry of joy. He caught her two hands in his and held them against his lips. Again that great wave of tenderness swept her—almost engulfing. But when it had ebbed, she sank back once more in her chair, and she with-

drew her hands from his clasp.

"You make me forget too much," she said. "I think you make me forget everything that I ought to remember. Oh, Ste. Marie, have I any right to think of love and happiness while this terrible mystery is upon us? While we don't know whether poor Arthur is alive or dead? You've seen what it has brought my grandfather to. It is killing him. He has been much worse in the last fortnight. And my mother is hardly a ghost of herself in these days. Ah, it is brutal of me to think of my own affairs—to dream of happiness at such a time." She smiled across at him very sadly.

"You see what you have brought me

to!" she said.

Ste. Marie rose to his feet. If Miss Benham, absorbed in that warfare which raged within her, had momentarily forgotten the cloud of sorrow under which her household lay, so much the more had he, to whom the sorrow was less intimate, forgotten it. But he was ever swift to sympathy, Ste. Marie, as quick as a woman and as tender. He could not thrust his love upon the girl at such a time as this. He turned a little away from her and so remained for a moment. When he faced about again, the flush had gone from his cheeks and the fire from his eyes. Only tenderness was left there.

"There has been no news at all this week?" he asked, and the girl shook her

head.

"None! None! Shall we ever have news of him, I wonder? Must we go on always and never know? It seems to me almost incredible that anyone could disappear so completely. And yet, I dare say, many people have done it before and have been as carefully sought for. If only I could believe that he is alive! If only I could believe that!"

"I believe it," said Ste. Marie.

"Ah," she said, "you say that to cheer me. You have no reason to offer."

"Dead bodies very seldom disappear completely," said he. "If your brother died anywhere, there would be a record of the death. If he were accidentally killed, there would be a record of that too; and, of course, you are baving all such records constantly searched?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Yes, of course. At least, I suppose so. My uncle has been directing the search. Of course, he would take an obvious precaution like that."

take an obvious precaution like that."
"Naturally," said Ste. Marie. "Your uncle, I should say, is an unusually careful man." He paused a moment to smile.

"He makes his little mistakes, though. I told you about that man, O'Hara, and about how sure Captain Stewart was that the name was Powers. Do you know——" Ste. Marie had been walking up and down the room, but he halted to face her.

"Do you know, I have a very strong feeling that if one could find this man O'Hara, one would learn something about what became of your brother? I have no reason for thinking that, but I feel it."

"Oh," said the girl doubtfully, "I hardly think that could be so. What motive could he man have for harming my brother?"

"None," said Ste. Marie; "but he might have an excellent motive for hiding him

away—kidnapping him. Is that the word? Yes, I know, you're going to say that no demand has been made for money, and that is where my argument—if I can call it an argument—is weak. But the fellow may be biding his time. Anyhow, I should like to have five minutes alone with him.

"I'll tell you another thing. It's a trifle and it may be of no consequence, but I add it to my vague and—if you like—foolish feeling and make something out of it. I happened some days ago to meet at the Café de Paris a man who, I knew, used to know this O'Hara. He was not, I think, a friend of his at all, but an acquaintance. I asked him what had become of O'Hara, saying that I hadn't seen him for some weeks. Well, this man said O'Hara had gone away somewhere a couple of months ago. didn't seem at all surprised, for it appears the Irishman—if he is an Irishman—is decidedly a haphazard sort of person, here today, gone to-morrow. No, the man wasn't surprised, but he was rather angry, because he said O'Hara owed him some money. said I thought he must be mistaken about the fellow's absence, because I'd seen him in the street within the month—on the evening of our dinner-party, you remember; but this man was very sure that I had made a mistake. He said that if O'Hara had been in town, he was sure to have known it.

"Well, the point is here. Your brother disappears at a certain time. At the same time this Irish adventurer disappears too, and your brother was known to have frequented the Irishman's company. It may be only a coincidence, but I can't help feeling that there's something in it."

Miss Benham was sitting up straight in

her chair with a little alert frown.

"Have you spoken of this to my uncle?" she demanded.

"Well—no," said Ste. Marie. "Not the latter part of it; that is, not my having heard of O'Hara's disappearance. In the first place, I learnt of that only three days ago, and I have not seen Captain Stewart since—I rather expected to find him here to-day; and, in the second place, I was quite sure that he would only laugh. He has laughed at me two or three times for suggesting that this Irishman might know something. Captain Stewart is—not easy to convince, you know."

to convince, you know."

"I know," she said, looking away.
always very certain that he's right.
Well,
perhaps he is right. Who knows?"

She gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she cried, "shall we ever have my brother back? Shall we ever see him again? It is breaking my heart, Ste. Marie, and it is killing my grandfather and, I think, my mother too! Oh, can nothing be done?"

Ste. Marie was walking up and down the floor before her, his hands clasped behind his back. When she had finished speaking, the girl saw him halt beside one of the windows, and after a moment she saw his head go up sharply and she heard him give a sudden cry. She thought he had seen something from the window which had wrung that exclamation from him, and she asked—

"What is it?" But abruptly the man turned back into the room and came across to where she sat. It seemed to her that his face had a new look, a very strange exaltation which she had never before seen there.

He said--

"Listen! I do not know if anything can be done that has not been done already, but if there is anything, I shall do it, you may be sure."

"You, Ste. Marie?" she cried in a sharp voice. "You?"

"And why not I?" he demanded.

"Oh, my friend," said she, "you could do nothing. You wouldn't know where to turn, how to set to work. Remember that a score of men who are skilled in this kind of thing have been searching for two months. What could you do that they haven't done?"

"I do not know, my queen," said Ste. Marie; "but I shall do what I can. Who knows? Sometimes the fool who rushes in where angels have feared to tread succeeds

where they have failed.

"Oh, let me do this!" he cried out.

"Let me do it, for both our sakes, for yours and for mine. It is for your sake most. I swear that! It is to set you at peace again, bring back the happiness you have lost. But it is for my sake too, a little. It will be a test of me, a trial. If I can succeed here where so many have failed, if I can bring back your brother to you—or at least discover what has become of him—I shall be able to come to you with less shame for my—unworthiness."

He looked down upon her with eager, burning eyes, and after a little the girl rose to face him. She was very white and she

stared at him silently.

"When I came to you to-day," he went on, "I knew that I had nothing to offer you but my faithful love and my life, which has been a life without value. In exchange for that I asked too much. I knew it and you knew it too. I know well enough what sort of man you ought to marry, and what a brilliant career you could make for yourself in the proper place—what great influence you could wield. But I asked you to give that all up, and I hadn't anything to offer in its place—nothing but love.

"My queen, give me a chance now to offer you more! If I can bring back your brother or news of him, I can come to you without shame and ask you to marry me, because if I can succeed in that, you will know that I can succeed in other things. You will be able to trust me. You'll know that I can climb. It shall be a sort of symbol. Let me go!"

The girl broke into a sort of sobbing

laughter.

"Oh, divine madman!" she cried. "Are you all mad, you Ste. Maries, that you must be forever leading forlorn hopes? Oh, how you are, after all, a Ste. Marie! Now at last I know why one cannot but love you. You're the knight of old. You're chivalry come down to us. You're a ghost out of the past when men rode in armour with pure hearts seeking the Great Adventure.

"Oh, my friend," she said, "be wise! Give this up in time. It is a beautiful thought, and I love you for it, but it is madness—yes, yes, a sweet madness, but madness nevertheless! What possible chance would you have of success? And think! Think how failure would hurt you—and me! You must not do it, Ste. Marie."

"Failure will never hurt me, my queen," said he; "because there are no hurts in the grave, and I shall never give over searching until I succeed or until I am dead." His face was uplifted, and there was a sort of splendid fervour upon it. It was as if it shone. The girl stared at him dumbly. She began to realise that the knightly spirit of those gallant, long-dead gentlemen was indeed descended upon the last of their house, that he burned with the same pure fire which had long ago lighted them through quest and adventure, and she was a little afraid, with an almost superstitious fear.

She put out her hands upon the man's shoulders, and she moved a little closer to him helding him

him, holding him.
"Oh, madness! madness!" she said,

watching his face.
"Let me do it!" said Ste. Marie.

And after a silence that seemed to endure for a long time, she sighed, shaking her head, and said she—

"Oh, my friend, there is no strength in



"He turned and went out of the room."

me to stop you. I think we are both a little mad, and I know that you are very mad, but I cannot say 'No.' You seem to have come out of another century to take up this quest. How can I prevent you? But listen to one thing. If I accept this sacrifice, if I let you give your time and your strength to this almost hopeless attempt, it must be understood that it is to be within certain limits. I will not accept any indefinite thing. You may give your efforts to trying to find trace of my brother for a month, if you like, or for three months or six, or even a year, but not for more than that. If he is not found in a year's time, we shall know that-we shall know that he is dead, and that further search is useless. I cannot say how Oh, Ste. Marie, Ste. Marie, this is a proof of you indeed! And I have called you idle! I have said hard things of you. It is very bitter to me to think that I have said those things."

"They were true, my queen," said he, smiling. "They were quite true. It is for me to prove now that they shall be true no longer." He took the girl's hand in his rather ceremoniously, and bent his head and kissed it. As he did so he was aware that she stirred, all at once, uneasily, and when he had raised his head, he looked at her in question.

"I thought someone was coming into the room," she explained, looking beyond him. "I thought someone started to come in between the *portières* yonder. It must have been a servant."

"Then it is understood," said Ste. Marie. "To bring you back your happiness and to prove myself in some way worthy of your love, I am to devote myself with all my effort and all my strength to finding your brother or some trace of him, and until I succeed I will not see your face again, my queen."

"Oh, that!" she cried, "that too?"

"I will not see you," said he, "until I bring you news of him, or until my year is passed and I have failed utterly. I know what risk I run. If I fail, I lose you. That is understood too. But if I succeed——"

"Then?" she said, breathing quickly.

"Then?"

"Then," said he, "I shall come to you and I shall feel no shame in asking you to marry me, because then you will know that there is in me some little worthiness, and that in our lives together you need not be buried in obscurity—lost to the world."

"I cannot find any words to say," said she. "I am feeling just now very humble and very ashamed. It seems that I haven't known you at all. Oh, yes, I am ashamed." The girl's face, habitually so cool and composed, was flushed with a beautiful flush, and it had softened and it seemed to quiver between a smile and a tear. With a swift movement she leant close to him, holding by his shoulder, and for an instant her cheek was against his. She whispered to him—

"Oh, find him quickly, my dear! Find him quickly, and come back to me!"

Ste. Marie began to tremble, and she stood away from him. Once he looked up, but the flush was gone from Miss Benham's cheeks and she was pale again. She stood with her hands tight clasped over her breast.

So he bowed to her very low, and turned and went out of the room and out of the house.

So quickly did he move at this last that a man who had been for some moments standing just outside the *portières* of the doorway had barely time to step aside into the shadows of the dim hall. As it was, Ste. Marie in a more normal moment must have seen that the man was there, but his eyes were blind and he saw nothing. He groped for his hat and stick as if the place were a place of gloom, and, because the footman who should have been at the door was in regions unknown, he let himself out and so went away.

Then the man who stood apart in the shadows crossed the hall to a small room which was furnished as a library but not often used. He closed the door behind him and went to one of the windows which gave upon the street. And he stood there for a long time drawing absurd invisible pictures upon the glass with one finger, and staring thoughtfully out into the late June afternoon.



PLOUGHING WITH HORSES.

THE HUNGARIAN PEASANT FARMER.

By BARONESS ORCZY.

Photographs reproduced by permission of Professor A. J. Krolopp, representing the Royal Hungarian Ministry of Agriculture.

SHOULD have called him peasant proprietor, for, properly speaking, there is no such thing as a Hungarian farmer in the English acceptance of the term.

Estates in Hungary are of very large dimensions, and are farmed in their entirety by the seigneur or lord who owns them. No portions of them are ever let—on lease or otherwise—at fixed rentals.

To understand thoroughly, however, the position of the modern Magyar peasant proprietor, it is necessary to throw a brief glance into his past history.

Until the middle of the last century, the peasantry—i.e., the rural population of the country—was under the suzerainty of the seigneur who owned the land, descendants, all of them, of the ancient Magyar families. The word "serf," which naturally springs to the Anglo-Saxon mind in connection with this fact, is not, however, strictly applicable to the then condition of the Hungarian peasant.

The house he lived in certainly belonged to his lord, who also gave him and his entire family food and clothing, looked after them when they were sick, and saw to their being baptised, married, and buried, all in due course. In exchange for this, the labour of their hands belonged to the seigneur—men and women alike had to work for him, according as he required their services, and, strictly speaking, the peasant was in bondage to this extent, that he could not leave the homestead provided for him by his lord, nor his native village, for he and his family would have starved elsewhere. There was, under such circumstances, of course, no demand for hired labour, and the Hungarian peasant has always been totally unfit by nature and temperament for any kind of commercial pursuits.

At the same time, he was free enough to go, his daughter was at liberty to marry whom she pleased, there was nothing here of the brutality and degradation of that semi-slavery which in Eastern Europe was termed serfdom.

But this old order of things changed during the first half of the nineteenth century, when the State compulsorily bought up the villages from the seigneurs who owned them.

They were then villages only in name, rows of cottages extending in single file on each side of the country roads: the State now organised them into Communes, with a rural mayor at the head of affairs, to act as magistrate and registrar when required; it

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also took over the roads, and subsequently built the schools.

The cottages thus acquired by the State were given freehold to the peasantry who dwelt in them. The Hungarian peasant pays no rent, he owns the house in which he lives, but he pays taxes to the Government, who gives him the house.

And taxes mean money.

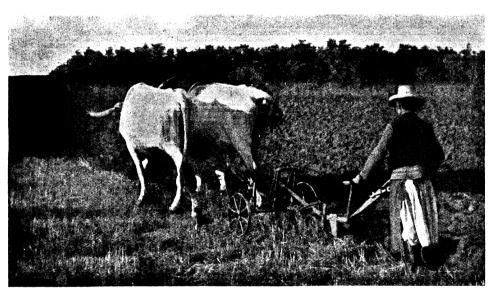
Up to this time the peasant had had no use for coin of the realm. He received everything from his lord, in exchange for the work of his hands.

Now he was free, his time was his own, he was absolutely independent, but twice a year the mayor collected taxes from him on behalf

Within a very few years of their emancipation there was already such a thing as a rich peasant and a poor one—*i.e.*, one who had savings at the local savings-bank, and one who had none.

Then there was gradually developed in the entire Magyar peasantry that wonderful, inalienable characteristic which is its chief feature to-day: and that is an ardent, obstinate desire to own a bit of land.

They were still hired labourers all of them. The seigneurs either farmed their own estates or let them in their entirety. Farming on a small scale would never pay in a country where corn grown on enormous tracts, and horses bred in large quantities



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN.

of the Government, who had done so much for him.

The lord, on the other hand, still needed hands to work on his estate, and the same peasant, whose work was paid for by shelter, food, and clothing, now became a hired labourer with a monthly wage paid in coin.

The evolution after that was only what could be expected; capabilities and temperament very soon began to assert themselves. The natural differences of character varied the conditions of all these people, who had started their new life on exactly the same economic basis.

The intelligent labourer commanded higher wages than the lout, the thrifty housewife put a few coppers by, where her neighbour barely eked out her husband's pittance.

for military purposes, are the chief sources of revenue.

In spite of his savings in the local agrarian bank, even the richest peasant had not sufficient substance to take over the lease of an estate of five or six thousand acres. Nor would he have cared to do so. The Magyar peasant wanted to own land, not to pay rent for it.

It is within the last ten years that a new phase in the evolution of the agrarian population of the country has taken place. The agrarian banks, realising the intense desire of the peasant for actual ownership of the land, together with his want of substance to buy the large estates which occasionally come into the market, devised the system, which at the present moment is called *parzellirung*.

It is simple enough. A seigneur desires to sell his estate, the Jew middleman—for initiative and enterprise in Eastern Europe always come from the Jews—finds out the does he keep an overseer or buy expensive machinery. He works his own land himself, and harnesses his wife and daughters to the plough if necessary.

A PEASANT WAGGON.

The family do the entire work of the farm, and when harvest is over, the local Jewish trader buys his surplus produce from the farmer: with the ready money thus received the latter pays the interest to the bank. Otherwise he has practically no need of money.

As the actual village is probably some distance from his new holding, he builds himself

a house on his small property, buying for a few coppers the mud bricks which are baked in the sun by the gypsies. He and his sons and daughters then build the

lowest price which the owner will take. The local agrarian bank—backed by one or more important banks from the capital—buys the four or ten or twenty thousand

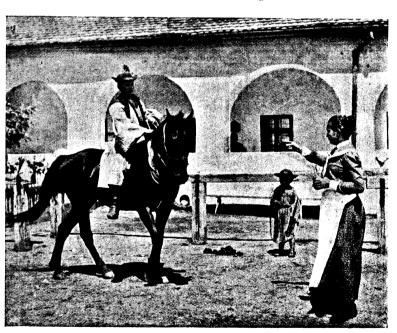
acres in the market, money down, cuts them up into small portions of from fifty to a hundred acres, and sells these small holdings to the peasants.

Not only that: the benevolent agrarian bank goes one better, for the wealth of the peasants consists at best but of a few savings, so the same bank which is now selling off the land lends to the purchaser the money with which to buy it, and thus becomes seller and mortgagee at one and the same time.

The peasant, eager to possess, will pay almost any price for the land

he wants, more especially as he only pays for it on paper. And, strangely enough, he makes his small holding pay.

He hires no labour, breeds no cattle, nor



OUTSIDE A WAYSIDE INN.

house, thatch it with last year's straw, whitewash it, ornament it all around with a decorative frieze of brilliant colours, and make the necessary furniture from the

acacia wood, which can be bought locally,

very cheaply.

All Hungarian cottages are built on the same pattern: oblong in shape, with a thatched roof, and a rough verandah supported on two or three beams, to shelter one side of the house from the grilling sun.

The interior is divided into three rooms. One in the centre, with an enormous hearth occupying the whole of the wall which faces you as you enter. This serves for cooking and washing purposes, and also for warming the rooms on either side. The other two rooms are bedrooms, one for best, the other for daily use.

If the peasant is rich and prosperous, these three rooms are perhaps a little larger, a little loftier than those of his poorer neighbour. But that is the only difference between rich

and poor.

Practically all the year round, the peasant proprietor and his family work their bit of land for all it is worth. The younger children are out all day driving their flocks of geese or their few pigs. All the efforts of the Government have been unavailing to force these people to send their children regularly to school.

"Who would look after the geese and pigs?" is the Hungarian peasant's unanswerable argument, "if the young ones are to go to school?"

The State would be compelled to build huge prisons, in which the entire rural population of Central Hungary would have to be locked up, if it seriously meant to enforce compulsory education.

Sunday alone is the great day of rest. The whole family begins by having a grand wash.



CARRYING HAY.

In the best bedroom are three or four, sometimes more beds, heaped up to the ceiling with downy plumeaus and pillows encased in snow-white, home-woven linen. This room is never used, save by bride and bridegroom on their first home-coming. Otherwise, it is the abode of the more precious poultry. The turkeys and Orpington hens lay and hatch their eggs in the best beds.

The family sleep in the second bedroom, on benches, which run round the walls, and, perhaps, there will be a couple of bedsteads for the older members of the household.

The Hungarian peasant does not take off his clothes for the night. The men curled up in their huge sheepskin mantles, the women wrapped in coarse, woollen blankets, take the necessary rest after the day's toil, but that is all. All round them sleep the geese and goslings which are not of sufficient importance to occupy the best bedroom.

There is a well outside and a pump. Vigorous scrubbing does the rest.

Then everybody goes to Mass, and this without any exception whatever, save the actual bedridden. At Arokszallas, which is a typical Magyar township, situated in the very heart of a number of peasant holdings, every one of the fourteen thousand parishioners, except the children under ten, goes to confession and Holy Communion at Easter time. The priest—usually himself recruited from the peasant class—has two coadjutors, and together they attend to the very simple spiritual wants of their flock.

Mass on Sundays in a Hungarian village church is a sight to see. The women on one side, the men on the other, ranged according to age. The old women at the back, in dark bodices and petticoats, and with a black silk kerchief tied round their heads, then the younger matrons in gayer colours, with bright

yellow or blue bordered kerchiefs. In front of these, again, the unmarried girls. They wear no kerchiefs on their heads, their hair is tightly plaited and made into a small knob at the back of the head, and dragged away from the forehead, leaving to the face a decidedly Chinese type of countenance.

Beyond again, close to the chancel rails, kneel the younger girls; the little ones have to find room in the chancel, and the tiny ones

right behind the altar.

All the women wear innumerable petticoats, one heaped over the other; the rich peasant proprietor's wife is distinguished by the greater multitude of petticoats which she ties round her waist. And when everyone kneels

consisting of a slow, dreamy movement called lassú, a sort of rhythmic motion of the body, soon followed by the mad whirl or csàrdàs proper. Brahms with his immortal "Hungarian dances" has made the music familiar to European and American ears.

For hours the young people will dance, while the gypsies scrape their fiddles, to the accompaniment of the clarionet and of the wonderful *czimbalom* which is an essentially 'national instrument; it is shaped somewhat like a huge zither, and played with

a small wadded hammer.

When the young people are resting from their wild dancing, the band plays some of those exquisite Hungarian melodies, full of



A PEASANT FARM.

down at a given solemn moment on the flagstones of the church, the many-hued petticoats bulge out like a number of fantastic bells.

The men, in the same order according to age, occupy the other side of the church, also

the vestry and the organ-loft.

A deep religious feeling is a special characteristic of the Magyar peasant, also his reverence for and belief in the great wisdom of his priest.

That same priest will tell you that his people are "good children"—a little quarrelsome, perhaps, quick to take offence and to resent it, but as honest as the day.

On Sunday afternoons the young people dance the *csàrdàs* in the big village barn, or, in the summer, in one of the cottage yards. It is the national dance, akin to none, and

poetry and gentle melancholy, which are dear to the heart of every Magyar peasant. The rich peasant-proprietor, together with his poorer colleague, will sit for hours gently humming the words of the ditty, as the gypsies continue to play indefatigably.

That great love for music and dancing is inherent in every Hungarian peasant, together with the love he has for the actual soil which he tills. Beyond that, he holds wheat, the great product of that rich soil, as a sort of fetish.

Tiszta bùza (pure corn) are words only to be spoken reverentially, when passing a field of waving corn, gently stirred by the breeze and ripening in the sun. Every other product of this wonderfully fruitful country the Hungarian peasant holds in sublime contempt.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.

By BARRY PAIN.



friend, James Foxton Mace, was admitted a solicitor. He was managerially employed by the firm to which in previous years he had been articled. Higgs, Petworth, and Higgs enjoy the

cleanest of reputations and the dirtiest of offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They are a very solid firm, and James had a sure and certain hope of being taken in as a partner.

"When poor old Higgs is called to his rest," was the way Petworth put it.

"When poor dear old Petworth is no longer with us," was what Higgs said.

James had only to wait. He filled in the cime by falling in love with Viola Lessing. The affair was rapid and tempestuous. He proposed and was accepted immediately. He was to be married in three months. During those three months he ceased to be fit for masculine society.

He seemed to think that no one had ever been engaged before, and that he, personally, with some assistance from Miss Lessing, had invented marriage. Many men get similar ideas at such times; a baseless conviction that they are quite extraordinary comes over them and, as I say, renders them unfit for masculine society.

It is a merciful dispensation that they do not seek masculine society, or any society but à deux. Still, I found it necessary to call James's attention to the marriage advertisements in the morning papers, and to remind him that these appeared with fair regularity.

James also developed nerves. In his office he may have been as shrewd and self-reliant as ever; he may have been as sound on the subject of "all that messuage and tenement," and wise in the conduct of cases; but outside the office he became a child. He worried himself about his wedding, and he worried his best man about it to

such an extent that the poor fellow told me that he had some thoughts of turning it into a funeral. James hesitated and vacillated over the least important details. He went bleating for advice to everybody about anything.

His friends were patient, knowing that in six months he would be normal again. But we were—if I may speak for the others—

somewhat sick of James.

Consequently, when I had settled down to the evening papers, tea, and possibly sleep, at the club one afternoon, I was annoyed to see James bearing down on me.

"Go away, James!" I said: "this is no place for the ecstatic and domestic. Go and

buv fenders!"

"Don't be an ass!" said James, smiling feebly. "The fact is that a most annoying and troublesome thing has happened, and I should like your opinion about it."

"The last time you consulted me," I said wearily. "it was about your clothes—which is in itself a sign of dementia and loss of will-power. But go on."

"Well, it's about old Higgs. Know him?"

"Your senior partner? No."

- "He's not a bad chap in some ways. We are always perfectly civil to one another, and I dine at his house once or twice a year. But he's distinctly toucny, and we've not always quite agreed. An old lawyer doesn't like to be shown that he's in the wrong by a young lawyer—and that's had to happen now and again. We are not intimate, you understand?"
- "Yes; so far the problem presents no difficulties."
- "You wait a bit. I had never expected old Higgs to send us a wedding present. The association is almost entirely a business one, and although Higgs isn't mean exactly, he doesn't much like spending money. But yesterday a parcel arrived by registered post. Inside there was Higgs's card, and a jewelcase."

"Get on to the important point. What

was in the jewel-case?"
"Nothing. You could see by the velvet and padding stuff that it was meant to hold a necklace. But there was no necklace there. What's one to make of it?"

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"Had the packet been tampered with?"

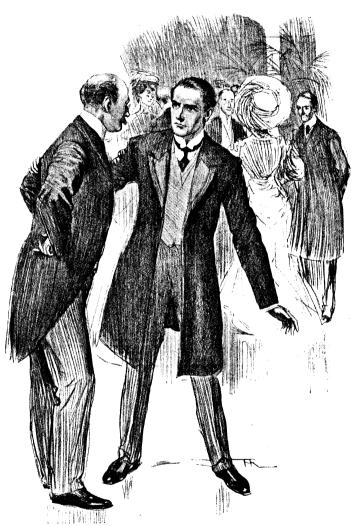
"Not a bit. Every seal was unbroken. What I want to know is what I'm to do."

"Write and tell him about it, of course."

"I couldn't possibly do that," said James.

"Why not?"

James took a seat on the couch by my



"'Higgs wants that glass table opened."

side and dropped his voice to a mysterious tone. "There was a chap once," he said, "who wanted to seem to give an expensive present, but not to pay much for it. In a curiosity shop he found a Chinese porcelain thing that had been broken all to shivers. Before it was broken it was worth thirty guineas. He bought the bits for sixpence

and had them sent to the bride's house, knowing that she would think the thing had been broken in transit. He was checkmated of course, because the people at the shop wrapped each bit in a separate piece of paper."

"Very old story. But what's it got to

do with it?"

"It's obvious. This is a Higgs told similar thing. the jeweller to send me the empty case by post, and his card with it. He supposed that I would think that the necklace had been stolen in the post, and that I should be too delicate to mention it. You see, if it had been sent by ordinary post—which was the way he supposed the jeweller would send empty case—the Post Office would not be responsible, and to mention that no necklace had arrived would practically be asking him to replace it. But the jeweller has checkmated him by sending it sealed and registered: it couldn't have been stolen."

"What a nasty, suspicious mind you have got, James!"

"Not a bit of it. If anybody had told me a week ago that old Higgs would be guilty of a trick like that, I should have laughed at him. But what else can I think? The case arrives empty, in a way which shows that its contents were not stolen in transit. Therefore it never had any contents. There's no other explanation possible."

"Rubbish! It was stolen in the post. These clever thieves might fake the seals somehow. Just sit down at that table and write to Higgs at once, and tell him the

case arrived empty."

"Why should the thieves send on the

empty case?"

"To keep the Post Office authorities from discovering that a registered parcel was missing, and give them time to get away, or they might have done it out of a diabolical kind of humour that they display sometimes."

"Ah!" said James. "I rather wish I'd thought of that. However, I feel so absoutely certain of my own view that last night I did—well, I did what I thought to be the tactful thing."

"Go on," I said. "Let's hear the worst."

"I decided that I'd found Higgs out, but that I mustn't let him know that I'd found him. You see, the old man is at present my employer, and will probably be my partner. His trick amounted only to obtaining a little guarantee under false pretences, and in business he's as straight as possible. So I wrote just the letter that I should have written if I had really believed that the necklace had been stolen in transit. I thanked him for the charming necklace, and said how much Viola liked it.

"I see. So when you say you want my advice, what you really mean is that you've already done the wrong thing, and want me to be fool enough to say that it was right. However, you're in for it now, my boy."

"How?"

"The necklace was stolen, of course, and you have told Higgs that it wasn't. He'll look for it when the presents are displayed at your reception. He'll expect your wife to wear it when you dine at his house. You'll make one lying excuse after another, and in the end you'll be found out."

"But if he never sent the necklace, it'll be all right. Now I come to think of it, he's a marvel at economy—never cuts a bit of string, but always unties the knots. And he never liked me. Yes, it's pretty certain

he sent the case empty."

"On the contrary, my friend. He sent the necklace and it was stolen. And a pretty idiot you've made of yourself, and the dickens of a mess you've got into!"

James got rather fretful. "Well, I must think what to do. It's no good consulting you. You never seem to be able to suggest anything."

At the wedding reception Higgs's empty case formed part of the contents of a locked show-table. The case was closed, but not fastened.

Higgs remarked it and was not pleased.

"Those pearls of mine weren't fit to be

seen, eh?" he said to James.

"I'm more annoyed about it than I can say," said James, who had prepared himself for all possibilities. "Someone knocked against the table, and that jerked the lid of the case down. I must find out who's got the key of the table and have it put right.

My wife adores pearls, you know. So good

of vou.

James told me of this incident, and said that he supposed Higgs was bluffing; but I do not think he believed it, and for a bridegroom he looked a little careworn.

A few minutes later James came back to me, and this time he looked panic-stricken.

"Higgs wants that glass table opened, in order that he may see if the shop has made the alteration on the necklace that he ordered. I told him I'd get the key. It's twenty minutes before he leaves, and he's bound to be at me again. I think he's suspicious—believes I've sold the blessed pearls."

"James," I said, "you have acted like an idiot. But, as it is your wedding-day, I will save you for the moment. In three minutes

Higgs will be out of the house."

"How?"

"You'd much better not know."

Even as I said, so did it happen. In less than three minutes Higgs was being driven furiously in the direction of his office. A waiter had told him that a telephone message had been received, and that he was wanted urgently. But nobody at the office knew anything about that telephone message, and Mr. Higgs was very angry and much mystified. He considered the waiter must have made some mistake. On the contrary, I know that that waiter said exactly what he was told to say.

It was three months before I saw James again. I had a charming note from his wife asking me to dine at their flat. They would be alone, she said. Thoughts of Higgs flashed across my mind at once. Now I should find out what had happened. I accepted the invitation.

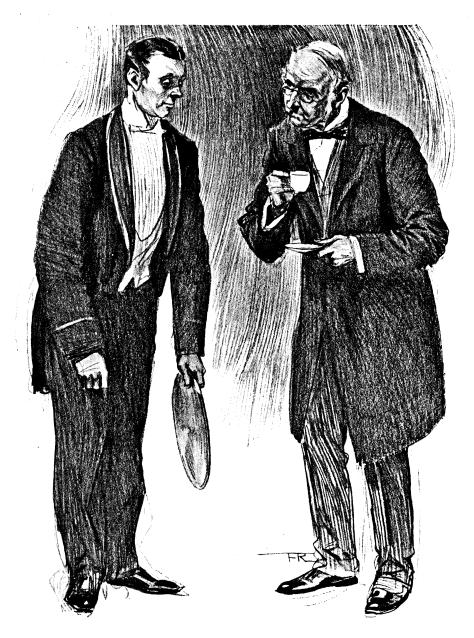
Now that I was rid of James's absurd overestimate of her, I could see that Viola was really quite a pretty woman. And I have an idea that all pretty women look their prettiest during the first few months after marriage. Possibly this is because the bloom is not yet off the trousseau, and they have got such a lot of nice new clothes.

Viola wore something cream-coloured and youthful, and she had a string of pearls about her neck. Now, I know something about pearls, and my admiration of them was worth having.

"Yes," said James cheerily, "that's the necklace old Higgs sent us. I told you

about it, didn't I?"

His distinctly shifty glance failed beneath my steady gaze.



"I know that that waiter said exactly what he was told to say."

"Now I come to think of it," I said, "you did say something about it. You spoke of it at the reception, didn't you?"

"Well, to be absolutely honest," said James, "when we got back from our honeymoon, I of course had to meet Higgs. He handed me the necklace and asked me sardonically to explain myself. So of course I told him the truth—that I supposed the

empty case had been sent as a practical joke, more especially as I was undeserving of such munificent kindness from him, and that I should be doing the best if I kept the joke up. He didn't quite like it, because, as it happens, he hates practical jokes. Funnily enough, he had one played off him on the day of the reception. A bogus telephone message or something of that kind.

However, it's all right now. We are dining there to-morrow."

"But how did he come to have the neck-

lace to give you?" I asked.

"The thing was absolutely simple and happened almost exactly as I supposed. Higgs bought the necklace at Crosby's, paid for it with notes across the counter, and directed that it should be sent off at once by While that assistant had gone to get the receipt, Higgs took out the necklace again and discovered that the clasp was, in his opinion, not sufficiently secure. He gave a second assistant the order to have that alteration made, and the second assistant took it away for the purpose. Consequently, while the first assistant was packing up the empty case and sending it off to me, the second assistant was handing the necklace itself to one of the workmen.

When the mistake was discovered some days afterwards, they sent the necklace with a letter of apology and explanation to Higgs."

"That was what you thought at the time,

was it?" I asked.

He looked away from me. "Well, pretty much what I thought," he said, and turned to his wife. He told her that I myself had had some absurd ideas that Higgs was making a fraudulent attempt to appear as the donor of a necklace without actually giving it.

Viola laughed and said that it would be

really too impossible.

"It was so impossible," I said, "that it never happened." Then I turned to James.

"James," I said, "what an absolute lawyer

you are!"

He laughed shamelessly.

THE WIND.

SHEPHERD boy, shepherd boy, where are you trudging? 'Tis Spring o' th' year, and the weather's a-grudging. What are you seeking so far from home? "Just the one little lamb that is bound to roam Though the fold be warm, and right safe from the breeze." Heigh-ho,

Oh, how the wind sings among the trees!

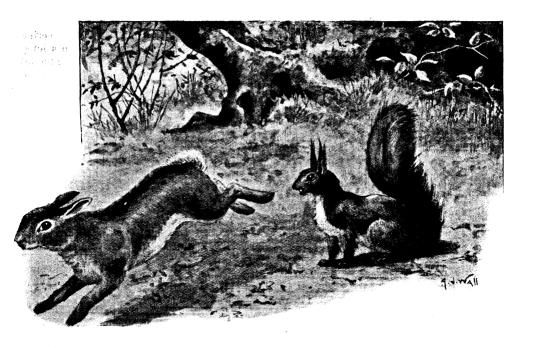
Shepherd boy, shepherd boy, what are you crying? Rain's in th' wind, and the year is a-flying. What are you crying through mirk and grey? "Just the one little sheep that is bound to stray Though it rain or shine, though it flood or freeze." Heigh-ho,

Oh, how the wind sobs among the trees!

Shepherd boy, shepherd boy, why do you wander?
Snow's on the hill, and the valley out yonder;
Tussocks are frozen, and twigs crick-crack.
Cried the shepherd lad, "I shall never come back:
There be glades and hills that are greener than these."
Heigh-ho,

Oh, how the wind calls among the trees!

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



THE IRON EDGE OF WINTER

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

HE glory of the leaves was gone; the glory of the snow was not yet come; and the world, smitten with bitter frost, was grey like steel. The ice was black and clear and vitreous on the forest pools. The clods on the ploughed field, the broken hillocks in the pasture, the ruts of the winding backwoods road, were hard as iron and rang under the travelling hoof. The silent, naked woods, moved only by the bleak wind drawing through them from the north, seemed as if life had forgotten them.

Suddenly there came a light thud, thud, thud, with a pattering of brittle leaves; and a leisurely rabbit hopped by, apparently on no special errand. At the first of the sounds, a small, ruddy head with bulging, big, bright eyes had appeared at the mouth of a hole under the roots of an ancient maple. The bright eyes noted the rabbit at once, and peered about anxiously to see if any enemy were following. There was no danger in sight.

Within two or three feet of the hole under

the maple the rabbit stopped, sat up as if begging, waved its great ears to and fro, and glanced around inquiringly with its protruding, foolish eves. As it sat up, it felt beneath its whitey fluff of a tail something hard which was not a stone, and promptly dropped down again on all fours to investigate. Poking its nose among the leaves and scratching with its fore-paws, it uncovered a pile of beech-nuts, at which it began to sniff. The next instant, with a shrill, chattering torrent of invective, a red squirrel whisked out from the hole under the maple, and made as if to fly in the face of the big, goodnatured trespasser. Startled and abashed by this noisy assault, the rabbit went bounding away over the dead leaves and disappeared among the desolate grey arches.

The silence was effectually dispelled. Shrieking and scolding hysterically, flicking his long tail in spasmodic jerks, and calling the dead solitudes to witness that the imbecile intruder had uncovered one of his treasure-heaps, the angry squirrel ran up and down the trunk for at least two minutes. Then, his feelings somewhat relieved by this violent outburst, he set himself to gathering

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the scattered nuts and bestowing them in new and safer hiding-places.

In this task he had little regard for convenience, and time appeared to be no object whatever. Some of the nuts he took over to a big elm fifty paces distant, and jammed them one by one, solidly and con-

scientiously, into the crevices of the bark. Others he carried in the opposite direction, to the edge of the open where the road ran by. These he hid under a stone, where the passing wayfarer might step over them, indeed, but would never think of looking for them. While he was thus occupied, an old countryman slouched by, his heavy boots making a noise on the frozen ruts, his nose red with the harsh, unmitigated cold. The squirrel, mounted on a fence stake, greeted him with a flood of whistling and shricking abuse; and he, not versed in the squirrel tongue, muttered to himself half enviously: "Queer how them squir'ls can keep so cheerful in this weather." The

tireless little animal followed him along the fence rails for perhaps a hundred yards, seeing him off the premises and advising him not to return, then went back in high feather to his task. When all the nuts were once more safely hidden but two or three, these latter he carried to the top of a stump close beside

the hole in the maple, and proceeded to make a meal. The stump commanded a view on all sides; and as he sat up with a nut between his little, handlike, clever forepaws, his shining eyes kept watch on every path by which an enemy might approach.

Having finished the nuts, and scratched his ears, and jumped twice around on the

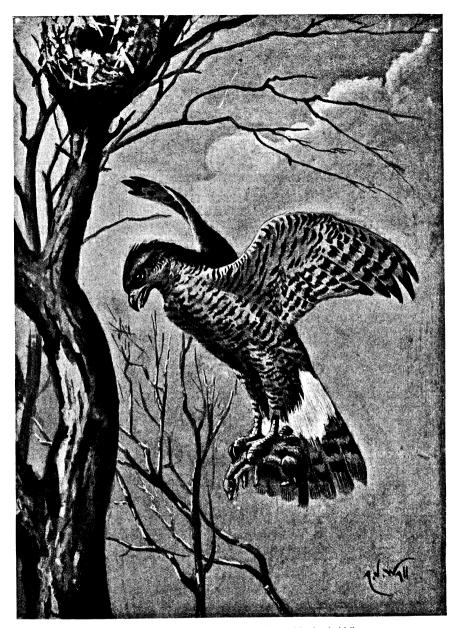
stump as if he were full of erratically acting springs, he uttered his satisfaction in a long, vibrant chir-r-r-r, and started to re-enter his hole in the maple-roots. Just at the door, however, he changed his mind. For no apparent reason he whisked about, scurried across the ground to the big elm, ran



""Queer how them squir'ls can keep so cheerful in this weather."

straight up the tall trunk, and disappeared within what looked like a mass of sticks perched among the topmost branches.

The mass of sticks was a deserted crow's nest, which the squirrel, not content with one dwelling, had made over to suit his own personal needs. He had greatly improved upon the architecture of the crows, giving



"The weasel, plucked irresistibly from his foothold."

the nest a tight roof of twigs and moss, and lining the snug interior with fine, dry grass and soft fibres of cedar-bark. In this secure and softly swaying refuge, far above the reach of prowling foxes, he curled himself up for a nap after his toil.

He slept well, but not long; for the red squirrel has always something on his mind to see to. In less than half an hour he whisked out again in great excitement, jumped

from branch to branch till he was many yards from his own tree, and then burst forth into vehement chatter. He must have dreamed that someone was rifling his hoards, for he ran eagerly from one hiding-place to another and examined them all suspiciously. As he had at least two-score to inspect, it took him some time: but not till he had looked at every one did he seem satisfied. Then he grew very angry, and scolded and

chirruped, as if he thought someone had made a fool of him. That he had made a fool of himself probably never entered his confident and self-sufficient little head.

While indulging this noisy volubility he was seated on the top of his dining-stump. Suddenly he caught sight of something that smote him into silence and for the space of a second turned him to stone. A few paces away was a weasel, gliding toward him like a streak of baleful light. For one second only he crouched. Then his faculties returned, and launching himself through the air he landed on the trunk of the maple and darted up among the branches.

No less swiftly the weasel followed, hungry, bloodthirsty, relentless on the trail. Terrified into folly by the suddenness and deadliness of this peril, the squirrel ran too far up the tree and was almost cornered. Where the branches were small there was no chance to swing to another tree. Perceiving this mistake, he gave a squeak of terror, then bounded madly right over his enemy's head, and was lucky enough to catch foothold far out on a lower branch. Recovering himself in an instant, he shot into the next tree, and thence to the next and the next. Then, breathless from panic rather than from exhaustion, he crouched trembling behind a branch and waited.

The weasel pursued more slowly, but inexorably as doom itself. He was not so clever at branch-jumping as his intended prey, but he was not to be shaken off. In less than a minute he was following the scent up the tree wherein the squirrel was hiding; and again the squirrel dashed off in his desperate flight. Twice more was this repeated, the squirrel each time more panicstricken and with less power in nerve or muscle. Then wisdom forsook his brain He fled straight to his elm and utterly. darted into his nest in the swaying top. The weasel, running lithely up the ragged trunk, knew that the chase was at an end. From this cul de sac the squirrel had no

But Fate is whimsical in dealing with the wild kindreds. She seems to delight in unlooked-for interventions. While the squirrel trembled in his dark nest, and the weasel, intent upon the first taste of warm blood in his throat, ran heedlessly up a bare stretch of the trunk, there came the chance which a foraging hawk had been waiting for. hawk, too, had been following this breathless chase, but ever baffled by intervening branches. Now he swooped and struck. His talons had the grip of steel. The weasel, plucked irresistibly from his foothold, was carried off writhing to make the great bird's feast. And the squirrel, realising at last that the expected doom had been somehow turned aside, came out and chattered feebly of his triumph.

THE SONG AND THE WORLD.

N the grey dawn of day
A bird sang to the wind.

And the great wind went wailing by,
It swept across the forest plain

An angry wanderer, with a hungry
cry,

A homeless wanderer, with a sob of pain.

It rose and fell like fierce sea-surges
With hush of storm-blasts ebbing back.
And the lashed trees moaned forth their
dirges,

And the torn leaves lay strewn along the track.

But singing, singing, singing, still I heard, Sweet, sweet, the clear-voiced bird. In the grey dawn of time,
A soul sang to the world.
And age by age the clamorous throng
Of men passed deathward from their birth.
And age by age that soul still sang her

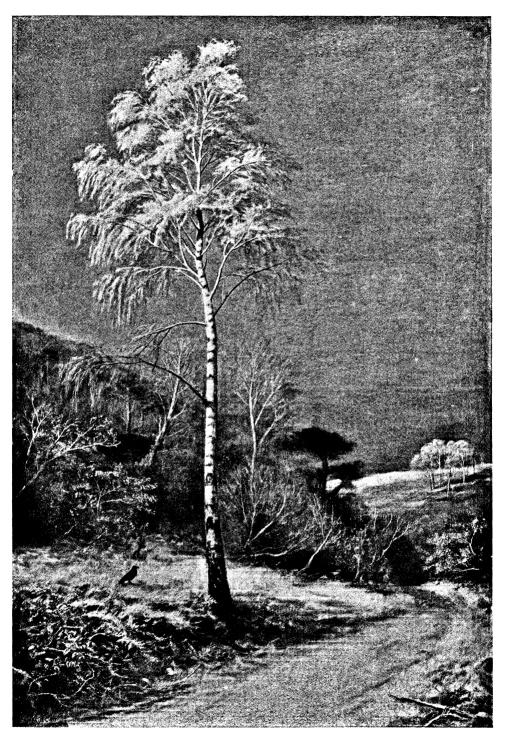
song
To those lost wanderers on a homeless
earth.

The fields men till with blood are sodden, In streets men starve and toil and die; Under their feet life's greenest leaves are trodden.

And life's crushed violets unregarded lie. But singing, singing, singing, through the years

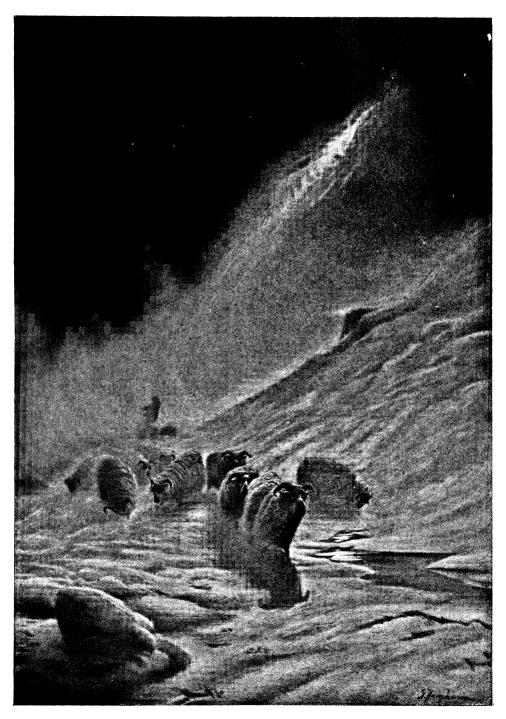
That soul sings down our tears.

UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR.



"A WINTER FAIRY." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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IN THE DARK.

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.



N the east, the brooding grey mystery of the Irish twilight had already gathered; in the west, behind the hunched shoulders of the mountains, the red sun was sinking slowly, cast-

ing its last deep shafts upon the stones and heather of the mountain-path and upon three human figures, walking in single file, with that peculiar carriage of the Irish peasant—half lazy saunter, half rhythmic swing of

the body.

They might have been pilgrims to some shrine, these three; so silent they were, so meditative, so apparently aloof the one from the other. First came a girl of nineteen, wearing a short homespun skirt and a faded cotton bodice that made no secret of the gracious outline of her body. She had thick, dark hair, this girl-hair that testified to her splendid vitality as surely as did the full red lips and the clear eyes shadowed by their dense black lashes. From head to foot she was a beautiful and perfect animal; and the fact that she was animal and no more would have escaped the notice of ninety-nine men out of any hundred who had chanced to see her on that evening treading the difficult mountain road with lithe, sure feet-her blue eyes made purple by the dying sun, her amber skin warmed to new colour.

Close behind her—close as the narrow roadway would permit—came the second figure in the little procession—a young man in a rough white flannel coat, who was conveying a load of turf down the mountain—a young man of bronzed face and muscular figure, whose great height compelled him to bend every time he pulled his donkey's bridle to induce greater speed or paused to adjust a knot in the rotting harness.

Third in order of descent was another girl, differing in almost every particular from the first; one whom the imaginary ninetynine men would have passed without a

glance, but whom the hundredth would have paused to look at—to look and to look again. Physical beauty she had none, save the beauty of stature; but a curious, mystic charm was hers—a charm pathetic, tragic, passionate, that brooded over her pale face and lurked in her grey eyes; and this strange, almost visionary possession was uppermost now as she followed in the wake of her sister Norah and of Shaun Sullivan and his ambling donkey. The strain of Celtic imagery wrapped her in its web, forcing her to open her senses to the pungent, mingling scents of thyme and heather-forcing her to follow the crimson light flung across her path from the mountain top to the Black Lough, lying below her in the dark cup of the valley.

But presently the dream was broken, the web rent. At the bend of the road, Norah turned to look back at her, ignoring the man between them with the toss of the head that

is beauty's prerogative.

"Could you give a guess at all, Maurnah, who I met this evenin', comin' up apast Burke's field?"

For a second Maurnah's eyes rested on Shaun's darkening face, then she answered—

"Shure, how would I know? Hannah Burke herself, maybe?"

"Hannah, indade! Twas no less than

young Michael."

"The chap come back from Ameriky?" It was Shaun who put the question, and the primitive jealousy behind it was unconcealed.

"Chap, indade!" Norah's cheeks burned and again she tossed her head. "Tis more than a chap Michael Burke is, I can tell you. He has a cut-away coat, an' a watch-chain, an' a gold ring on his finger. Shure, I had like to lose me life whin he spoke to me—an' I in me ould clothes!"

"And what did he say to you?"

The tone was fierce; it caused Norah's lips to part in an involuntary smile, and Maurnah's heart to contract in sudden, spasmodic pain.

"What did he say to me? What business

is that of yours?"

141

Norah, immensely scornful, plucked a grass from the ditch, placed it between her teeth, and proceeded on her way, humming as she went.

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As she disappeared round the bend of the road, Shaun suddenly chucked the rope bridle, hastening his donkey's pace to a trot, and as she reached the Black Lough, he came level with her.

"Norah!" he said inarticulately. "Norah!

Here to me!"

Norah took no heed. She went her way, choosing in waywardness to make a path through the boulders that edged the Lough.

Shaun, watching the light feet step from one rock to another, was seized with sudden

fear.

"Norah! Norah!" he called. "What are you doin' at all? Walkin' on the edge of that misfortunate Lough!" He left his donkey, ran forward, and caught her arm. His grip was like a vice, his face under his battered hat expressed uncurbed emotion—fear, anger, love.

Norah cried out, half in pain, half in dread of some force she could not under-

stand.

"Lave me go!" she said. "Lave me go, I say! I'll walk where I like—aye, an' do what I like, too, without lave nor licence from you!"

For answer, Shaun lifted her from he perilous position and set her down, trembling with rage, in the middle of the road.

"Don't you know well there's no fathomin' that black wather? Don't you know well that there's could springs down in the bottom of it, an' that man nor woman that dhrops into thim rises agin? Don't you know that?"

Maurnah, coming up in time to hear the tirade, glanced at the Lough—truly black now, for the sun had sunk—and shivering nervously, she turned towards Shaun's donkey, alone and forgotten under its load of

turf.

It stood there, patient, lean, pathetically over-burdened, a strangely symbolic object silhouetted against the shadowed hills. Maurnah came close to it, picked up the rope bridle where it was worn shiny from Shaun's rough hand, and, taking a furtive glance at the two disputing in the roadway, laid her cheek for an instant against the thin, sinewy neck of the little beast. Then, as if ashamed of the action, she turned and began to walk down the road, passing her sister and her sister's lover without a glance.

But her departure broke the flow of angry words. As she passed, Norah darted after her and, linking her arm in hers, walked on, as though Shaun did not exist; while Shaun, almost as abrupt in his movements, turned to where his patient donkey awaited him and, catching up the frayed rein with no gentle hand, made haste to follow them.

At the second bend in the road, the girls' destination came into sight—a dark-thatched cabin, that seemed half built into the mountain, so closely did it nestle to the earth's breast. It was the typical homestead of the poorer mountain peasant. Before the open door stood a dirty pig-trough, and round about it scraped and clamoured a dozen chickens; these, and a couple of goats tethered on a heathery patch, were all the sign of animal life visible; but the subtle, permeating smell of burning turf came sharply to the nostrils, and a thin blue scroll of smoke wavered up the mountain from the battered chimney, giving promise of unseen existence within the cottage.

Before this dwelling the three paused, and Shaun, with the odd mingling of diffidence and obstinacy that marks his class, broke the

strained silence.

He was a fine figure as he halted before the sisters; and Maurnah, standing rigidly observant of his tanned face, felt a little quiver of flattered vanity run through her sister's frame.

"Norah," he said, "don't be takin' it in bad part, what I said while ago up at the Black Lough. Shure, 'twas for your good I was manin' it."

Norah looked down pensively, her lashes shadowing her fine eyes.

"'Twas very rough you was wid me entirely, Shaun."

The bait was skilfully east; the fish was

hungry.

"Rough?" Shaun stepped forward, so close that Maurnah could smell the turf smoke and tobacco smoke from his white coat. "Rough, Norah? Shure, in your heart an' sowl you know I'd as soon—"
Then he halted, suddenly self-conscious.

Norah raised her eyes—her wonderful

eyes. "Shure, I do, Shaun."

The words, the tone—that infinitely soft, infinitely persuasive Irish lilt of voice—lured him, compelled him. His tanned face reddened; he took a step forward.

"Thin give the proof of your belavin'?

Come a bit of a walk wid me to-night."

Again Norah looked down; again Maurnah felt her frame thrill.

Shaun, in his suspense, bent down and tried to see behind the veiling lashes.

"Shure, I suppose you won't?"

Norah lifted the lashes and their eyes met straightly.

"I wonder will I?"

"Wisha do! Wisha do!"

Norah played her fish a little longer; then her soft, red lips smiled.

"Maybe I will, thin."

Shaun's eyes held hers. "You mane that? 'Twon't be like the last time, an'

"Shure thim were other times, Shaun!" She whispered the words with an intense allurement; then, swift as a bird, she freed herself from her sister's arm, and with a little low laugh ran into the house.

Shaun stood looking after her, and to Maurnah it seemed that he had the look of a

man spellbound. At last—not seeing her, bidding her no farewell—he turned and led his donkey down the road.

She stood where he had left her, until even the rumble of the donkey-butt had dwindled into oblivion; then she, in her own turn, passed into the house.

The open door led straight into what was the living-room and also the kitchen of the cottage. The only furniture that encumbered the mud floor was a deal table, a dresser, and a couple of chairs, all painted a dull red. At the back of the room was the door that led to the principal bedroom, and the ladder that led to the loft; but foremost object of interest in the room was the picturesque open hearth, with its glowing turf fire and dim chimney corner.

This dark chimney corner was occupied now, as Maurnah entered, by the old grandmother—deaf and almost sightless—who lived with the two girls, more upon the

traditional idea of sheltering the aged of one's family, than from any sense of the conventions. She was cowering in her accustomed place, mechanically turning the bellows wheel and causing the turf to glow with each fresh revolution, causing also a light to fall on the hanging kettle, on the three-legged bastible oven, and on the



the time before, an' the time before that agin? I won't be afther waitin' above at the turn two hours, or maybe three, and thin have to make me way home the best way I could—wid niver a sight nor sound of you? 'Twon't be that way, Noreen?'

Norah continued to look into his eyes—continued to smile.

lissom figure and red lips of Norah, who stood in front of the fire.

In a moment Maurnah noted these red lips of her sister's, and their slow, secret smile; then suddenly two spots of colour sprang into her cheeks, and she walked across to the table, set for the homely tea. A curious wild look troubled the depths of her eyes; her whole face was altered; her whole body vibrated to some loosed emotion.

She stood there, her finger-tips resting on the table edge; then her voice suddenly rang out, harsh and startling—

"Norah!" she cried. "Norah, I want

to be afther askin' you somethin'."

Norah wheeled round, her pleasant musings

shattered.

"An' what is it?" she asked, smiling. She was slow of comprehension, this beauty of the mountains; but she loved her strange sister as truly as her idle, selfish nature was capable of loving.

Maurnah held her ground, as though she

faced a foe.

"Norah," she demanded, "d'you intind to meet him to-night?"

Norah laughed. "An' shure, if I do or if I don't, what's that to you?"

"I want to know."

"For why?"

"Nothin'. I want to know."

"Thin what d'you think?"

Maurnah gagned, and the red

Maurnah gasped, and the red in her cheeks deepened. "I think," she said vehemently, "that if you decaive him agin, you'll be no better than a—than a—" She stopped confused, and Norah's soft laugh broke across the words.

"Than a what, girl?" With her light step she crossed the mud floor, and, pausing by the table, flung a careless, affectionate arm round her sister's waist.

Maurnah shook her off fiercely. "Niver mind that! 'Tis the thruth I want. Are you goin' to meet Shaun Sullivan at the turn to-night, or are you not?"

Norah looked at her in dawning curiosity. "Arrah, what's the matther wid you at all, to be goin' on like that? Shure, wan would think he was the on'y man between this an' Clonskeen!"

Maurnah's body stiffened; her strange eyes flamed like fires upon the hillside.

"Tell me the thruth! I want to know."

"I'm not, thin, if that'll plaize you! 'Tis long sorry I'd be to go trapsin' up to the turn on a night like this for Shaun Sullivan or the likes of him."

"You'll lave him alone, thin, to fret

his heart out up there in the black dark?"

"Faith, I will so!"

Maurnah stood very still. Her long fingers gripped the table; her eyes held her sister's, burning into them.

"Thin all I have to say, Norah," she cried, "is that I'm ashamed—black ashamed—to be wan flesh and blood wid you!"

Norah's glance did not falter, but the smile died from her lips, and very slowly, as if hypnotised, she crept up to her sister.

"Why, Maurneen," she said below her breath—"why, Maurneen, 'tis the way wan would think you liked him yourself!"

It was a curious moment—one of those crucial moments when truths leap forth as if rifled by force from the recesses of the mind. While it lasted there was no sound in the cabin but the simmering of water in the kettle and the monotonous turning of the bellows wheel. Then Maurnah caught her breath audibly, spasmodically.

"An' if I do like him," she cried defiantly

—" if I do like him, what harm?"

A little cry, amazed and smothered, fell from Norah. "Glory be!" she said. "An' how long do you like him, at all? How long?"

"Three year—an' more."

Norah's curling lips parted in naïve

surprise.

"Three year! Why, I was a slip of sixteen thin!" She said it innocently, but it was the word that opened the gates, that freed the legions of wrongs imprisoned in Maurnah's brain. With a curious, inarticulate sound, she turned on the younger girl—

*Aye, that's right! You were a slip of sixteen. D'you think I forget it? A slip of sixteen, that day he druv us back in the butt from Clonskeen, an' looked at you wid your grand shape an' your red mouth, an' knew you for a woman grown! Niver—niver, till I'm undher the sod will I misremember that drive, whin you an' him talked an' laughed, an' I sat like a dumb woman, watchin' the two of ye! There, you have it now! You have it! She stopped, and with her left hand wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"An' what d'you think 'tis like," she cried again, "to be seein' the pair of ye—you foolin' him, like you fools the rist, an' he goin' down undher your feet? Givin' you what I'd give me life to have for wan hour! Listen to me, now!" Her voice rose hysterically. "Listen to me now. I'm

talkin' now! I'd give me heart—I'd give me sowl—for the kisses you won't take, for the chance to feel a man's arms round me, an' to know that man was Shaun!"

It was a tirade, a torrent of words, akin to the torrents that raced at high flood down her own purple mountains. As she ceased to speak she scarcely seemed a creature of the earth, so wild and passionate was her face, so white and tense the hands clasped upon her breast.

Norah stood transfixed, her lovely eyes striving vainly to fathom this mystery sud-

denly laid bare.

"You like him like that?" she whispered, awed and uncomprehending. "You like

him like that?"

"I do—an' more! I'd give every stitch I have—the clothes off me back, the hair off me head, to be you this minit—seein' the dusk fallin', and knowin' that whin the dark came, you had nothin' to do but to throw you shawl over you, an' walk out of this house into his arms!"

Norah stared at her, still fascinated; then all at once the cunning that comes by nature to the coquette flashed over her face; her eyes danced; her lips curled again to smiles.

"Maurnah!" she cried in an excited whisper, "Maurnah, we're wan height, aren't we?"

Surprise fought with the agitation in Maurnah's face.

"What is it you mane?" she demanded.

"What is it you mane?"

Norah gripped her shoulder quickly, then as quickly loosed it. "Whist a minit, an' I'll show you!" With a little rush of excitement she crossed the kitchen to the inner room, stumbling over the hollows in the mud floor; while Maurnah, her hands still upon her heart, her breath still coming swiftly and unevenly, watched her intently.

Presently she reappeared, and the elder girl uttered a faint, superstitious cry, as her eyes strained through the deepening twilight.

"What's that you have, Norah?" she called. "It looks like a shroud."

"A shroud, indade! Me fine new shaw!!"

"Your shawl?" Maurnah's voice was intent and low.

"What else? Aren't we the wan height? Isn't the night black dark? Won't he be alone there?"

"Norah! Norah! Heaven forgive you!"

"What for, in the holy and blessed name? Arrah, don't be a fool, Maurnah! Won't Shaun be above there, breakin' his heart, as you say; an' isn't it betther he'd have your

mouth to kiss than none at all?" She stopped abruptly and turned towards the fire. There's that auld kittle boilin' over! I must give herself the word to stop the bellis." She threw the shawl into Maurnah's hands, ran across the room, and shouted some injunction into the grandmother's ear; then, with her lithe, quick grace, she lifted the heavy kettle from the fire.

Meanwhile, Maurnah stood with the shawl between her hands, her body trembling, her face convulsed by the storm of emotion running riot in her blood. It was a temptation of the devil's — this temptation of Norah's! Her eyes turned wildly to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, upon which the glow from the turf fire was falling like a halo. She gripped the shawl more tightly and tried to pray; but her heart was dry, and her glance swept back irresistibly to the open doorway of the cabin, through which the coming night was beckoning with long, velvet fingers.

Norah looked round from the fire, her eyes alight, her face young and ruddy in the

warmth.

"Well?" she said. "Well? Will you take your chance?"

Maurnah's heart beat wildly; she clutched

"No, I won't!" she cried. "No, I won't!"
Norah laughed, very softly and with a
world of suggestion.

"All right so! Plase yourself! Lave

him above there, could an' lone!"

Maurnah's head swam; she looked round the room with its dense shadows, its odd lights; then abruptly, daringly, she made a sudden gesture and flung the black shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Norah, I'll do it!" she cried. "I'll do

it-if I lose me sowl!"

II.

Love, the great power that plays with its victims as a spring tide plays with a strip of driftwood or a strand of seaweed, was whirling about Maurnah when she stole out of the cabin that night, her sister's heavy shawl about her head, held so close that no peering eye could catch even a suggestion of the white face, the startled eyes, the full, pale lips parted in an intoxication of excitement.

Up the mountain road she hurried, her feet finding the way by pure instinct, her heart beating with such violence that in the dead silence it seemed to her strained ears that it made a distinct, audible throbbing.

Until this moment of adventure and darkness, reality had never touched her. She had reached her twenty-third year in that extraordinary isolation that in so many cases hedges the Irish peasant girl, bred in solitary places, sheltered by her mother the In this curious environment, keenly possessed of the Celtic temperament, she had grown to womanhood in a world of her own weaving—a world that, with a morbid reticence, she had guarded as a secret realm too wonderful for sharing. At first, to her unformed child's mind, it had been a fairy world in which belief in the "little people" had been strangely interspersed with a sense of colour, of sound and smell, drawn forth by her free life among the mountains, where day and night appear and disappear in a splendour unknown to the lowlands, and where Nature coins her rarest scents and unfurls her most delicate hues. From the ages of ten to fifteen this magic world had sufficed; then slowly, insidiously, a new thought had begun to mingle with the dream—an unacknowledged, unrealised thought—a first, faint suggestion that there existed in life things even more poignant, more exquisite than the blue and purple shadows and the honey scents upon the hills. It was a thought apart from all others—one that had tinged her pale cheek to faint pink when it stole upon her unawares, sometimes in the guise of a shadow that would fall soft and delicate upon a cloudless day; sometimes in the form of a fascinating, illusive light that would flit ghost-like through the blackest winter storm or the most enshrouding autumn mist.

Through the succeeding years, starved of all outside influence, this secret thought had grown, nursed to a strange perfection in her ardent, lonely soul; then, as is the way of life, the rude hand of circumstance had been thrust into the solitary places, the cowering, untouched image had been drawn into the light of day.

The circumstance in itself had been trivial: merely the growing to womanhood of one who had been a child — the resolve of Norah, the sixteen-year-old sister, to cease to scour the mountains in bare feet, to let down the hem of her homespun skirt and twist up her splendid hair.

A trivial circumstance, but one all-important to Maurnah—the strange, elusive Maurnah who had been wont to sit for long, silent hours in the dark chimney-corner and to fly from the approach of a stranger like some untamed mountain spirit.

The note of change had been struck one Sunday outside the chapel gate at Clonskeen after the last Mass. All through the long Gaelic sermon the eyes of the young men had been turning in the direction of the new beauty; and immediately the service was ended and the noisy stampede had taken place, there had been a half-shy, halfboisterous rush for Norah.

Maurnah, lingering to say a last prayer, had caught the sounds of laughter in the chapel yard, and a shy dread of her own kind had caused her to bless herself quickly and to hurry out while the crowd was still thick enough to give her shelter.

At the chapel gate she had found Norah, round about her a fascinated group of men, drawn, as moths to a candle, by her young,

ripe beauty.

Maurnah had paused as she passed her sister, and had furtively plucked at her skirt. "Norah!" she had whispered. "Norah,

I'll go on home before you.

Norah had looked round, her red lips curled in their first vain, happy smile of sure conquest, and had answered with some careless jest.

The men had laughed even without hearing the words, and Maurnah, overcome by the desire to fly, had dropped her sister's skirt, and, turning away confusedly, had all but fallen into the arms of a tall man standing apart from the others, who was watching Norah with absorbed eyes.

It was a Sunday morning, and he was wearing the black hat and clumsy black clothes that the Irish peasant reserves for fête or funeral; but even in this garb he had seemed a striking figure, powerful of build, with a clean-cut face, tanned by the mountain winds, and the Irish grey eye so difficult to

All these things Maurnah had seen, all these things had pictured his image on her brain in that moment of confusion, and during her lonely walk home the pink colour had insistently tinged her cheeks, and the secret thought had seemed not so much a thought as a strange whispering song, born of the marshy, lowland pools, and carried upward on the mountain winds in faint, reedy notes.

That night, as she had cowered over the fire, while Norah re-lived her conquests in dreams, and the old grandmother slept in the loft overhead, the same song had stolen upon her again, mingling with the wind in the thatch; and in the spurting blue flames and the red heart of the turf she had figured out the powerful form and the grey eyes of Shaun Sullivan.

So it had been in the weeks that followed. Whether she was carrying water from the well or milking the goats upon the mountain, the song had haunted her ears, that strange, vagrant song, in which the melody could never be caught and held; until at last, and suddenly, all the joy and anguish of full knowledge, realisation had come to her, the realisation that was to make the fairy music human, make dreaming impossible for ever more.

One market day the sisters had walked into Clonskeen—Norah to buy a pink tie to wear at Mass on Sunday, Maurnah to purchase the weekly groceries, and in the main street they had met Shaun Sullivan, self-satisfied over some profitable sale.

Whether it had been the self-satisfaction, or whether Norah's eyes had offered new temptations, matters not. Some courage had risen in him, dormant until then, and he had suggested—nay, he had decided—that when the fair was ended he should drive them home through the shadowy glamour of the May evening.

To-night—even to-night—as Maurnah hurried up the road towards the Black Lough, fragmentary memories of that evening flitted through her brain. The wild thrill that had passed through her when Shaun had taken her hands to pull her into the donkey-butt; the fierce pang of jealousy that had cut her like a whip when he had lifted Norah bodily to the seat opposite his own, from whence he could watch her face through the dusk and wait for the flash of her smile.

Never since that evening had she felt the sense of spring, seen the early stars in a milky sky, or smelt the buds of the white hawthorn without a wild exaltation of the spirit; and to-night—to-night, with its deadly silence, its lapping darkness, prophetic of coming storm, the same exaltation was alive within it, but stronger a thousandfold than it had been in that distant hour.

She threw back the shawl for a moment and looked up at the sky. It was a sky of storm that coupled with her reckless mood; there was power and passion in its lowering, silent embrace of the mountains.

She laughed softly—a laugh in which a touch of hysteria trembled, and covering her face again, went onward and upward to where her hour awaited her.

It was a curious scenic effect that she came upon when her goal was reached.

Confronting her dimly was the Black Lough; and the stillness and oppression of the night brooded like a tangible veil over the oval space of water with its rough rampart of boulders.

The awe, the aloofness of the place thrilled her as they had never thrilled her before; so deadly was the silence, so unfamiliar the shrouded hills, that they conveyed a sense of being isolated upon another planet.

Then on the path above her, the sound of a stone unloosed drove all ideas but one from her brain, and turned her trembling body into a statue with white, parted lips, and hands that gripped her shawl.

In one moment she was the woman—speechless, motionless—waiting her lover. She did not move when he stepped out of the darkness; even the fluttering breaths she drew were short and soundless.

By the primitive law of Nature he spoke first, and in his voice were cadences she had never heard before.

"Noreen!" he said. "Noreen! I can hardly belave me sinses! Spake to me? Tell me 'tis yourself I have?"

Maurnah lowered her head. "Yes, 'Tis meself."

The fantasy of the strange planet was alive again. She was no longer alone upon it. All common things had utterly receded. Life, as she had known it, was a myth—the cabin on the mountainside an illusion—Norah of the red lips was no more existent than the old blind grandmother. She was paramount in this land of darkness; the Lough murmured inaudible love-words, as it lapped the boulders; the black sky and the black mountains were linking her in their embrace

"Shaun," she said again, "'tis meself it is. Don't you know me?"

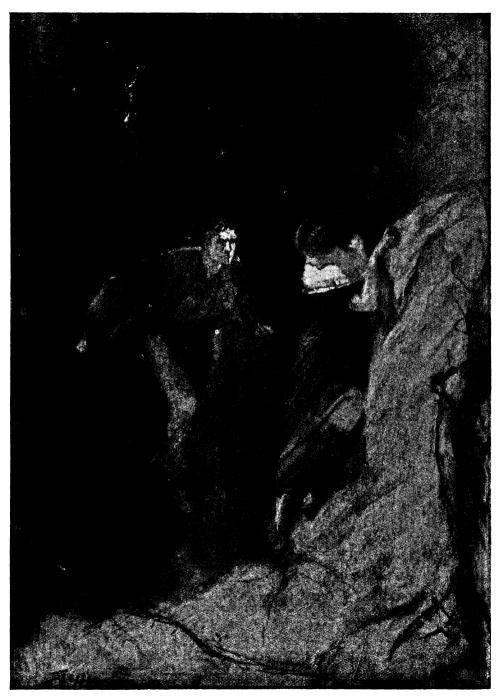
"Know you? Is it to be doubtin' that voice I would? The doubt is to think of you comin' out at all this black misfortunate-lookin' night! But don't you be standin' here, girl! There's a grand sate above be the Lough."

"A sate?"

"Well, as good as a sate"—he laughed in his happiness and pride; "an ould slob of a stone, big enough to dance a set on. Shure 'tis well I ought to know it, considerin' the nights an' the nights I've sat up there—an' me eyes sore from lookin' for you!"

Maurnah gripped her shawl tighter.

"Thin you were wantin' me, thim nights I didn't come up?"



"Then Shaun flung her from him-flung her back against the rocks as he might spurn a dog."

"Wantin' you?" It was Shaun's turn to speak low; Shaun's turn to show the passion that consumed him. "Wantin' you?"

He caught her arm, and in silence they made their way up the track, their feet groping a path through the uneven rocks, each poignantly conscious of the other's nearness. At last Shaun identified his goal, and swung her upwards with a movement of his arm.

She stood there lightly poised on the slab of stone; and as though some fragment of her sister's personality had descended upon her with the shawl, she moved daringly towards the Lough and strove to peer down into the fathomless depths, to catch the lovewords whispered at her feet.

In an instant Shaun was beside her. "Aisy, now! Aisy now! Don't you know if a person took a misfootin' here, like I tould you to-day, there'd be an ind to thim? Here, Noreen! Here, girl! Sit down here away from the wather!"

She yielded to his will and suffered herself to be drawn back to the seat he had ordained for her.

Neither spoke; each was aware of a tense emotion; each felt that somewhere about them—under the murmuring Lough or behind the looming hills, some force was at work—some force to which they were unconsciously ministering. Shaun's voice, when at last he spoke, was hoarse and rough in its intensity.

"Noreen! D'you know the way I cares for you? Tell me! D'you know? D'you know it at all?"

Maurnah's dry lips parted. "What way is it you cares?"

Shaun suddenly swaved towards her.

"What way, d'you say? This way. Your face comes between me an' the earth when I'm tillin' the bit o' land. Your face comes between me an' the Almighty when I'm kneelin' in the chapel. You're the wan woman for me. D'you undherstand that? The wan woman."

His breath was sweeping her lips through the narrow slit in the shawl. She knew now that it was a matter of moments until his own lips touched them, and she quivered to the knowledge.

He felt her quiver. "An' you, girl?" he cried. "Am I your man? Tell me! Tell me! Is it thrue? Am I your man?"

He put his fingers to the shrouding shawl; he strove with the blackness of the night to see the outline of her face. Almost unconsciously Maurnah laid detaining fingers over his. Her brain was swimming; the mountains were gone now; the Lough was

gone. Only this man existed—this man whom she loved.

"Tell me, girl? Tell me? Are you wantin' me like I'm wantin' you? Will you take me for your man?"

He bent still closer; she could feel his fierce tenacity in the clasp of the hand beneath hers. It seemed in the close, warm darkness as if the very elements waited for some climax. Then, curiously, with a slight note of menace, a little breath of wind quivered over the Lough.

"Noreen! Noreen! For the love o' Heaven—"

She made no answer, and with a swift change of attitude he freed his hand and flung an arm about her waist.

"You're not laughin' at me? You're not foolin' me?"

Maurnah never moved; the fierce tone in his voice thrilled her; her heart beat faster, even as her fingers drew the shawl closer about her face.

"If I thought—!" he cried.

But his savagery was silenced by a force still more savage and primitive. Above them, to the west, a long, flickering tongue of light darted out from the heart of the black clouds, followed by a crashing peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very mountains, and then die away in slow, angry reverberations.

To all strong natures there is an excitement in war of any description. To Shaun, the flash, the roar, the shattering sense of chaos, were spurs to emotion. He strained her to him in the darkness, until she felt the strong pulsing of his heart.

"Noreen!" he cried, "Noreen! Put up

your mouth an' kiss me !"

Maurnah, vibrating to the atmospheric condition—oppressed by the dull heat, strung to highest tension by the electricity in the air, suddenly yielded, suddenly flung prudence from her. Without a sound she lifted her face and let his lips find hers.

While their mouths touched, while her soft hair blinded his eyes, there came another flash, another roar nearer than the first, then again pitch darkness.

Then slowly they drew apart.

Maurnah made a gasping sound. "Now!" she cried. "Now! do I care?"

Shaun pulled her close again; his voice also was uncontrolled.

"I belave you do," he said, "I belave you do!"

Maurnah laughed hysterically—laughed to drown a sob.



"Then he called again loudly, wildly, incoherently."

His suspicions leaped up.

"Why d'you laugh? You're not decaivin' me? Remimber you done it before!"

Maurnah threw back her shrouded head in

sudden fulfilment of her lonely self.

"In Heaven's name, Shaun Sullivan, I'm tellin' you no lies! Whatever might be wrong wid the past—whatever decaivin' there was, this wan thing is the thruth—the Gospel thruth. I love you wid all me heart an' sowl an' self!"

"Thin you'll marry me? You'll be me woman? You'll marry me, come Shrove?"

Maurnah leaned back against the rocks and closed her eyes. The inner glory of life had been revealed; in the black and sultry mystery of the night the man had spoken, his arms had held her, his breath had brushed her lips.

With a faint cry she rose to her feet and held out her arms to him, forgetful of the

shawl, forgetful of herself.

"Shaun! Shaun! You love me? Tell me agin! Tell me agin! Kiss me agin!"

It was the cry of a soul unloosed.

Even Shaun, coarse clay though he was, heard it and understood—understood is some blind, dumb way, that he had touched the infinite. His limbs trembled under him; great drops of sweat stood out upon his forchead.

"Shaun!" she cried again; and without

a sound he caught her to him.

So they stayed—her shawl fallen back from her face, he striving to see her through the veil of darkness, when another whisper of wind, more menacing, louder than the first, skimmed over the Lough; while, above them, the clouds crashed together and a light, vivid and piercing beyond imagination, swept the mountains, the sky, their own white, strained faces.

As though a flaring torch had been thrust between them, they stared into each other's eyes; then Shaun flung her from him—flung her back against the rocks as he might spurn a dog.

Shaking, dazed, moving like a drunken

woman struck back to consciousness, Maurnah rose up. The shawl had fallen from her; her figure, had there been light to see, was possessed of a strange new dignity, her wide eyes shone as though they had looked upon secret wonders.

"You know me now, Shaun?" she said.

"Know you?" he cried. "Amn't I clinchin' me two hands this minute to keep

thim off o' you?

"You needn't be doing that," she said very quietly. "I'll pay me lawful debts. An' if ever in the time to come a thought of me rises up to vou—put no pass on it. Put no pass on it, I tell you. Say this to yourself: 'She paid dear, but she paid willin'.

Whether it was his imagination, or whether it was a trick his senses had played him, Shaun did not know, but he seemed to feel that in some curious way Maurnah had receded from him with her last words. Like a cold shower upon a fevered body, a strange

fear chilled his rage.

"Come here!" he called. " Come here!"

Nothing answered him but the light sound of feet scrambling from one boulder to another.

"Come here!"

He stood looking blindly about him in the close, dense darkness. Then once more the lightning illuminated the scene, his face, filled with superstitious dread, turned to the Black Lough, and he saw what his mind had already conjured.

"Maurnah!" he cried out. "Maurnah!" But the roll of the thunder scattered his

words

He rushed to the Lough's brink; he thrust forth his hands, groping desperately; then he called again loudly, wildly, incoherently; but all that came to him, all that answered him, as he lifted his horror-stricken face, was one heavy raindrop that fell on his cheek and rolled slowly down his face like a silent, pitiful tear.



RIDING SONG.

ET us ride together (Blowing mane and hair) Careless of the weather, Miles ahead of care. Ring of hoof and snaffle-Swing of waist and hip-Trotting down the twisted road, With the world let slip.

Let us laugh together, (Merry as of old) To the creak of leather And the morning's gold. Break into a canter, Shout to bank and tree, Rocking down the waking trail -Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities-Here's the life for me. 'Twere a thousand pities Not to gallop free. So we'll ride together Comrade, you and I. Careless of the weather, Letting care go by.



"A remarkable change had come over the occupants."

THE BABY IN THE 'BUS.

By E. M. BRYANT.

HE rain was coming down in torrents
—an icy blast was chilling one to
the very bone—mud and slush were
everywhere; altogether London was at its
very worst, and as I boarded a Brixton
omnibus on my way home I thought I had
never seen a more depressed-looking set of
individuals than its occupants.

One old gentleman in particular, on whose foot I had the misfortune to tread as I made my way to the last vacant seat but one, seemed quite glad of the opportunity I afforded him of giving vent to his feelings. He glared at me so fiercely, and said so many unpleasant things to me under his breath, that a stout lady sitting next to him half rose up as if to get out, when a glance at the weather caused her to sit down again hurriedly.

A moment later and the 'bus was full—at least, inside.

The latest comer was a tired, weary-looking woman, little more than a girl, with

a child in her arms. She sank down in her seat, wet, bedraggled, and miserable. The child, on the other hand, appeared quite content with the weather, herself, and her surroundings. She soon began to regard us all in the most friendly fashion, whereupon I, being a confirmed bachelor and extremely shy of all children, buried myself at once in my evening paper.

Happening to glance up about five minutes later, I saw that a remarkable change had come over the occupants of the 'bus.

The stout lady who had been so terrified by the disagreeable old gentleman's behaviour on my entrance, was now leaning forward with a beaming smile, playfully jingling a gold chain which she wore round her neck. The little spinster in the corner had a look of rapt adoration on her face. The three rough working men were grinning in a sheepish fashion, while the commercial traveller opposite was in the act of taking a large watch out of his capacious waistcoat

under the pretence of wishing to find out the exact time, but his reluctance to return the article in question to his pocket, and the daring manner in which he toyed with it —one moment holding it to his ear, and the next causing it to fly open with an alluring suddenness—would have made it plain even to the meanest intelligence that he had entered into competition with the stout lady and the gold chain.

In a word, with the exception of the disagreeable old gentleman and myself, the entire 'bus, including the conductor, was at the feet of that very ordinary little infant who sat on her mother's knee thoroughly

enjoying her triumph.

She was, I should say, about two years old, with a soft, round face, blue eyes, and golden hair, and, in spite of the mother's look of careworn poverty, the child was exquisitely clean.

I was about to moralise on the mischief which those blue eyes would probably be accomplishing before many years were over, when suddenly I saw that they were fixed on me. Their owner had evidently just made the discovery that I was not yet numbered among her adorers.

"This must be rectified." She did not say the words, of course, but she looked them

as plainly as possible.

I looked back at her defiantly.

Then, being a woman-child, she took a mean advantage.

It is not that I dislike children, but merely that, being unaccustomed to them, I feel uncomfortable in their presence; therefore I always make a practice of avoiding them as much as possible. But when a child deliberately shakes her curls and smiles broadly at you, the only courteous thing for you to do under the circumstances is to smile back, of course. This I managed to accomplish with a good grace, and if that impertinent infant didn't give a toss of her golden head, as much as to say—for all the world as if she'd been fifteen years older-"One more!"-and then turn to devote herself to the capture of the disagreeable old gentleman. I was about to return to my paper, annoyed at the way in which she had misconstrued my very ordinary politeness, when the little minx turned round to enslave me with another smile—a roguish one this time—and a look which plainly said "Watch!" So, reflecting that, after all, no one who knew me was present, I allowed myself to join with the rest of the 'bus in watching.

The disagreeable old gentleman had never glanced up from his book since my unlucky entrance, so clearly something had to be done to attract his attention. To a child of such resources this was an easy matter. The disagreeable old gentleman being exactly opposite



"The bus was empty, save for the mother and child, the old gentleman, and myself."

to her, she leaned forward, then she clenched her tiny fist and brought it down with a bang on the disagreeable old gentleman's knee.

The entire 'bus held its breath.

"What the . . . dickens? exploded the disagreeable old gentleman.

"Chickens!" echoed the baby voice, with an appreciative gurgle, as though to say to the rest of us: "Isn't he clever?"

To do him justice, the disagreeable old gentleman appeared quite shocked at himself when he looked up and realised the tender age of his assailant. Then he went back to his book with a grunt.

The little spinster and the stout lady bristled with indignation. In fact, the whole 'bus was more or less wrathful. Even the three working men, though they had been rather inclined to laugh just at first, soon realised the gravity of the situation. The mother alone remained apathetic, leaning back in her seat, half asleep.

The baby looked across at me again, and on my telegraphing to her "Beaten," she withered me with a glance and telegraphed back: "You just wait and see!" Then she leaned forward again, but with no clenched fist this time. She saw plainly that this was a case for finer tactics. (Oh, what a sad time those lovers of hers will have!)

One of the disagreeable old gentleman's hands lay on his knee. It was a withered, wrinkled hand, such a contrast to the tiny, soft, baby one that for a moment paused and hovered above it—not from any lack of courage—oh, no, but just to keep the rest of the 'bus in suspense. Then, very gently, the little pink fingers slid into the old withered ones and remained there. The disagreeable old gentleman looked up hastily, but no one will ever know what he meant to say, because he looked straight into that pleading baby face—little witch! she knew she must plead her way first—and then down at the tiny hand that lay so confidently in

his, and he said nothing. Then, knowing that half the battle was won, she smiled up at him, and a wonderful thing happened! All the lines and wrinkles in the disagreeable old gentleman's face—and there were a great many of them—seemed to be breaking up, and he began to smile back at her. It was rather a slow process at first, because he had evidently allowed himself to get very much out of practice, but it became quite a creditable smile before it was finished. the very middle of it that child actually glanced round at me triumphantly, as much as to say: " There! you see!" but she was back again before the smile was over, and I believe she got one or two more before the journey was done. Anyhow, the old gentleman-I mustn't call him disagreeable any more—read his book no longer, but leaned back and gazed at the child almost wistfully, and once he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly, though I hadn't noticed his having a cold before.

When the 'bus reached its terminus, it was empty, save for the mother and child, the old gentleman, and myself.

The rain was still pouring down, and, happening to notice that the poor woman had no umbrella, and finding that she was going in my direction, I felt I could hardly do less than offer her the shelter of mine. Just as we were starting off, the old gentleman brushed by us roughly with quite a return of his disagreeable manner; then he disappeared quickly down a side street.

A moment later, the woman gave a little cry, and, looking down to ascertain the cause, I saw that on the baby's tiny palm a golden sovereign lay. Really, not such a bad old gentleman, after all!

When we came to the parting of our ways, I felt that the least I could do was to insist on the mother's accepting my umbrella. I was not going to be completely outdone by a disagreeable old gentleman.

ASPIRATION.

I WANT a window when I die placed right above our pew,
I want to wear a crown of gold, a dress of red and blue,
I want the grass beneath my feet, a sunset near my head,
And have my boots and stockings off—at least when I am dead.

My mother says it's only saints who wear those sort of things, Who have a crown, a dress of blue, a great big pair of wings. But I'm not good—I guess I am the baddest girl in town. But still I look just like a saint in mother's dressing-gown.

THE EYE OF THE CAMERA.

By FRED M. WHITE.



HE tragic death of
Lord Mornington,
and the dramatic
arrest of his nephew,
Guy Windsor, in
connection with the
mysterious affair,
formed one of the
most exciting police
episodes of last
year. It will be

just as well, perhaps, in the first instance, to set out the facts briefly and succinctly.

As everybody remembers, the late Lord Mornington had been an eccentric nobleman, a great collector of works of art, and a man who was known to be enormously rich. for his ungovernable temper and arbitrary manners he probably would have occupied a high place in politics. He was by no means popular. He had practically no friends. He was a confirmed mysogynist. He made no secret of the fact that he trusted no one, believed in no one, and suspected everybody of an inclination to rob him. individual who succeeded in any way in keeping on fair terms with his Lordship was a nephew of his, Eric Kearton by name. Kearton was a young man of the greatest respectability. He had an even temperament and was one of the meek and mild type of people who invariably wear spectacles, and have a weakness for University extension lectures and such serious frivolities. Probably because here was a man he could bully and browbeat, Lord Mornington had given this relative of his the run of his cottage.

It was near this cottage on the Yorkshire coast that the crime took place. From time to time Lord Mornington would quit London or his magnificent family seat near Chester, for a lonely spot on the Yorkshire coast, not very far from Hull, where he did entirely for himself, even to the cooking of his own food. He frequently stayed here for months, refusing to see anybody, with the exception of Kearton or Guy Windsor, and never so much as drawing a cheque. As a

rule, when on these excursions, he drew three or four hundred pounds in cash, and used this till it was exhausted. The figure of the sturdy old man with his string bag and brown-paper parcels was a familiar one in Hull. It was quite a usual thing to see him striding out of the town with half-a-dozen herrings in one hand and a packet of groceries in the other. People had come to take Mornington quite as a matter of course, so that he was left to the solitude which he seemed to desire.

The old man's title devolved naturally upon his nephew Guy. But the estates were not entailed, and Lord Mornington could leave his property where he pleased. He had been understood to say that he meant to will it all to charities, but he was precisely the kind of man who dies eventually without making a will at all, thus enabling his legal heirs to come into their own at last.

In the meantime both nephews were poor There was nothing wrong about Guy Windsor, but he appeared disinclined to settle down to anything; he spent most of his time in idle pleasure, and frequently knew what it was to be hard up for a It was just at this time that sovereign. affairs reached a crisis, and he conceived the idea of calling upon his uncle for assistance. The upshot was inevitable. The old man refused the request in the coarsest and plainest terms, and Guy Windsor, who was anything but a prudent young man, lost his temper and made use of threats which, unfortunately, were overheard by other people. The same day he left the cottage, saying that he was going to Hull on particular business, and that he meant to cross over to Holland the next day. An hour or two later, Eric Kearton, who had finished some literary work for his uncle, left the neighbourhood also, with a view to going over the Border for a day or two's fishing in one of the Scottish troutstreams.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the body of Lord Mornington was found in a thick mass of furze on a lonely spot near the edge of the cliffs. The cliffs were high and rugged here, portions of them were cut off from the mainland in the shape of spurs and

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rugged promontories, and here the sea-birds nested in great quantities. The spurs were almost inaccessible, therefore there were many rare and curious birds here which were not seen elsewhere, and which had become nearly extinct in the British Isles. It was one of the bird-hunters who found the body of the murdered man.

That he had been murdered there was no doubt. He lay on his back within a few feet of the edge of the cliff just away from a screen of gorse bushes. There was a deep stab over the region of the heart, which had been fatal in its effect. So far as the police could judge, robbery was not the motive, for the old man's purse and watch and rings were intact; his papers had not been disturbed. The whole thing caused the greatest excitement in the neighbourhood, which excitement was doubled later on in the day as the intelligence came to hand that Guy Windsor had been arrested in Hull and charged with the commission of the crime. His threats were remembered now, and, what was more to the point, he had in his possession over three hundred pounds in gold, while only the day before he was known to be absolutely penniless. The young man had protested vigorously against the action of the police. He told an almost impossible story to account for the possession of so much money. He had been chosen—or so he said -by an old friend of his family to go to St. Petersburg at once, with a view to saving an Englishman there from serious disgrace. It was only a matter of hours, Windsor said. It was necessary that the money should be placed in the mysterious individual's hands, or a well-known family would be dishonoured. In ordinary circumstances this explanation would pass easily enough, but it was not good enough for the police. From their point of view it merely made matters worse.

It was in vain that Windsor raved and protested—in vain that he offered to find surety for his appearance. But the police were deaf to all his entreaties, and the next morning Guy Windsor was brought before the local magistrate charged with being concerned in the death of Lord Mornington. There was little or no evidence at the first hearing, but the police promised to bring forward further testimony, and Windsor was removed in custody till the next day.

As was only natural in the circumstances, the affair caused a tremendous sensation. The next day's papers teemed with details. The news was flashed from one end of the country to the other. In a few hours the

whole nation was discussing the death of Lord Mornington.

From the first it was felt that the police had put their hands upon the guilty man.

Guy Windsor did not look in the least like a criminal as he stood in the dock the next morning. He listened with more or less impatience to the police evidence. The case dragged itself wearily along. One witness after another came forward, but the packed audience seemed to be doomed to disappointment in their expectations. It was nearly two o'clock before the chairman of the Bench hinted that the case had better be further adjourned, whereupon the barrister who defended the prisoner protested.

"At any rate, your Worships, I must ask for bail," he said. "I am prepared to admit that appearances are against my client, but nothing has actually been proved against him yet. And there is nothing to connect

him with the crime."

"The possession of all that money," the chairman suggested. "The prisoner is a

poor man——"

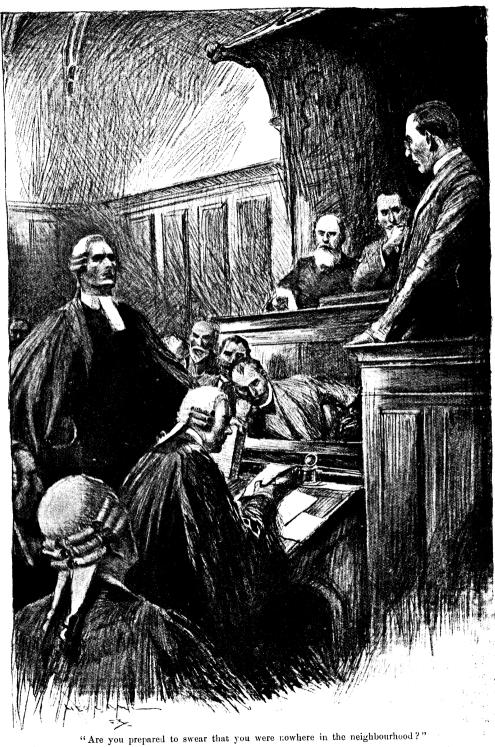
"We can account for that," the lawyer said.
"Professor Stewart, the eminent naturalist, will come down and give evidence on Tuesday, if necessary, and he will tell you exactly where the three hundred pounds found on my client came from. We shall prove that not a penny of it was ever in the possession of Lord Mornington. It is on these grounds that we demand bail."

There was a stir amongst the audience at this. Professor Stewart was a man of world-wide reputation. As an authority on birds and their habits he stood unrivalled. For the last three or four months he had more or less lived upon the cliffs, and Guy Windsor had been his constant companion. There was a certain amount of risk and hazard attached, which appealed to a young man of sporting instincts, and the great ornithologist had found him invaluable.

"And why is not Professor Stewart here?" the chairman asked. "He was in the neigh-

bourhood two days ago."

Counsel for the prisoner proceeded to explain. The Professor had had some trouble with his bird-camera. He had gone off hotfoot to set it right. Besides, there were a lot of plates which he had recently exposed that he wished to have developed. They were still elaborating this point when Windsor's solicitor rushed into court, evidently labouring under some great excitement. He raised a telegram above his head.



"I have just heard from Professor Stewart," he cried. "I have had this long telegram from him. I know this interruption is out of order, your Worships, and I hope you will pardon me. Professor Stewart wires that he has just read all about the case, and that if you will adjourn till Tuesday, he pledges his word to bring forward such evidence as will clear the accused beyond the shadow of a doubt. You may see the telegram for yourselves."

The flimsy paper was passed from hand to hand along the Bench, and each of the magistrates scanned it gravely. It was quite evident that the contents of the telegram had shaken them in their certainty of the prisoner's guilt. A man with the unrivalled reputation of Professor Stewart would scarcely have indited a message like that unless he had been absolutely sure of his ground. Not the least pregnant part of the telegram was the concluding line to the effect that the money found on the prisoner had been paid to him by the Professor himself, and that it was on the Professor's business that Windsor was going to St. Petersburg.

"After that," counsel said in tones of quiet triumph, "my application for bail must succeed. I will ask for an adjournment till Tuesday, so as to enable Professor Stewart to make all the necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, my client can get to St. Petersburg

and back by that time."

"We shall want substantial bail," the chairman said hesitatingly. "Two securities

of five thousand each."

The securities were tendered on the spot, and Guy Windsor left the court with his friends. To a certain extent the whole thing was irregular, but then the moral pressure was great, and just for a moment the police authorities were too staggered to protest. Naturally enough, this strange and startling evidence gave a new fillip to the interest which had been taken in the Mornington It was late the same night before tragedy. Professor Stewart returned to his own quarters, which consisted of rooms in a farmhouse on the side of the cliff. Amongst the distinguished man's first visitors was the inspector of police.

"I hope you won't mind my troubling you, sir," Inspector Wild said, "but I am greatly worried over this case. I wish to be fair. But the Bench had no business to grant that bail this morning. Of course, if you really think that your evidence will be

conclusive---"

"I don't think anything about it," the

Professor said, with a gleam behind his spectacles. "I am absolutely certain. On Tuesday morning I shall prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Guy Windsor is absolutely innocent, which ought to satisfy even your scruples. But I shall go further than that. I shall be able to point out the actual murderer and hand him over to your custody. The whole proofs form a strange instance of the power of modern science, aided by a distinct intervention on the part of Providence. Now, my dear inspector, do you know anything about birds?"

"Well, no," said the inspector, somewhat disconcerted, "though I had a fine collection

of eggs when I was a boy."

"Ah, in that case, you know most of the rare feathered visitors here, then. Did you ever hear, for instance, of a beautiful bird called the Swallow-tailed Kite?"

"He was a tradition when I was a boy," the inspector said. "But I don't think one of them has been seen for years. They are extinct."

"On the contrary, a pair of these birds are at present nesting on Steeple Crag. Steeple Crag, as you are aware, is one of the sharp spurs of cliff just off the mainland, where the body of Lord Mornington was found. I have seen them for myself, and between ourselves, if those birds hadn't been there, it is highly probable that young Guy Windsor would have been hanged for a crime he never committed. Now you can go home to supper and work the matter out for yourself. You won't get a single word out of me till Tuesday."

Left to himself, the Professor proceeded to the impromptu dark-room which he had made for himself in one of the cellars of the Apparently his work pleased farmhouse. him, for he returned presently with a bundle of photographs in his hand which he proceeded to lock carefully away in his safe. The whole of the next day he appeared to be closely occupied with his bird studies on the cliffs, but in reality he was searching for something which he appeared to have some difficulty in finding. He came upon it presently in a rugged cart-track leading to the heart of the moors, and then he chuckled to himself as he followed the trail till he struck a deserted road facing due north. He walked down to the village and despatched half-adozen telegrams. It was nearly midnight before a powerful-looking motor drove up in front of the farmhouse, and Stewart came out without delay. He was used to coming and going in this way, so that the farmer and his wife expressed no surprise,

Late on Monday evening, before Stewart returned, when he got into his rooms, he found Eric Kearton awaiting him. The latter appeared to be somewhat nervous and excitable. He removed his spectacles from time to time and wiped them, as if the beads of moisture thereon interfered with his sight.

"I came to see you, Professor," he said, "in response to your telegram. I am afraid that my evidence will not be of the slightest use; and if I gave it, I should probably do poor Guy more harm than good. You see, I left here very early on the day of the tragedy, and I have been fishing ever since."

"One never can tell," the Professor said cheerfully. "You see, I happen to know something, and I don't agree with you. Between ourselves, we shall manage to get Windsor off with flying colours. Now, you see if I don't prove to be a true prophet."

Once more Kearton wiped his spectacles nervously.

II.

Naturally enough the little court-house was crammed to suffocation when Guy Windsor surrendered to his bail on Tuesday morning. People had come from far and near. Most of the leading newspapers had sent special reporters. The expectation of something out of the common did not appear likely to be gratified at first, for the prosecution began by the calling of Eric Kearton. Anything less like tragedy or anything more like middle-class mediocrity it was impossible to imagine. The shy little man stood in the witness-box wiping his spectacles nervously. The reporters leant back in their seats and studied the quaint rafters of the old Sessions House. Here was more material for descriptive matter than they were likely to make out of the witness.

As a matter of fact, Eric Kearton had very little to say. He could testify to the fact that Lord Mornington and Guy Windsor were not on the best of terms. He had been present and had heard most of the quarrel between the deceased and the accused man. At the end of a quarter of an hour counsel for the Crown waved the witness aside with an air of more or less contempt, and intimated that he might stand down. With a look of intense relief on his face, Kearton prepared to leave the witness-box.

"One moment, please," the defending burrister said suavely. "I should like to ask you a few questions. For instance, are you a single or a married man?"

A sudden hush fell upon the assembled spectators. Some instinct seemed to tell them that they were on the verge of the sensational. The reporters took up their pencils again.

"I—I beg your pardon," Kearton stam-

mered.

"I asked you a plain question. Are you married or not?"

"I don't see," the witness said hesitatingly, "why——"

"Åre you married or not?" counsel thundered.

The witness was understood to say that he was. He glanced in a timid, apprehensive

way at his tormentor.

"Very good," the latter went on. "You are a married man. I put it to you that yours is a secret marriage, and that none of your friends know anything about it. I put it to you that you had good reason for concealing the fact from Lord Mornington."

"I deemed it wiser," Kearton murmured.

"Very good. I understand that your wife is a variety actress."

"That is so," the witness replied.

"Ah, well, now we understand. A secret marriage which had to be kept from your relative. You naturally had hopes of sharing some of his money? You know perfectly well that if you had disclosed the fact that you had made a *mésa'liance* of this kind, you would never have been under your uncle's roof again?"

"There is no harm in it," the witness

 $_{
m pleaded}$.

"Oh, certainly not," counsel said drily.

"Are you on friendly terms with your wife? Haven't you rather neglected her of late? And didn't she threaten to write to Lord Mornington? As a matter of fact, now, didn't a letter from her to Lord Mornington arrive the day before his death? Now, please be careful, because I know what I am talking about, and I want a plain answer."

"I—I believe so," Kearton confessed.

"Thank you. Now, we will go a little further. Early on the morning of Lord Mornington's death, or late the night before, you went north for the purpose of fishing. I understand that till late last night you did not return to this neighbourhood. Now, sir, on your oath, are you prepared to swear that you were nowhere in the neighbourhood on the day the crime was committed?"

"Certainly I was not!" the witness cried.
"Very well. Now, how did you go to Scotland, and how did you return? I mean in what way did you travel?"

"Why, in the ordinary way. By train, of course."

"Oh, indeed! You didn't go either way by motor, I suppose? You didn't hire a motor in the first instance to take you to Scotland?"

The witness shook his head, but did not

"In that case," the counsel went on, "you have never heard of Messrs. Greatorex, of Hull, the motor-garage people?"

Again the witness shook his head. He seemed bereft of the power of speech. He

wiped his spectacles again.

"I have no further questions to ask for the present," the counsel said. "I shall be able to prove to your Worships later on that the witness hired a motor-car to take him to Scotland and bring him back again, and that he was actually seen within ten miles of here within an hour or so of Lord Mornington's death. It will save a great deal of time and trouble if I place Professor Stewart in the box without further delay. I rely upon him entirely to prove my case for me. Call Professor Stewart, please."

There was no studying the carved roof of the Sessions House now, for everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. It was felt that here was a startling development which might change the whole current of public opinion. The Professor stepped into the box coolly and confidently. There was nothing in his manner to indicate what was going to

take place.

"T believe you are a friend of the accused?" counsel asked.

"I know him very well, indeed," the Professor replied.

"And you have formed some estimate of

his character, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, sir. He is a most intelligent young man. He takes a great interest in outdoor life and pursuits. I have found him very keen in regard to natural history; indeed, he has been of the greatest assistance to me in my study of bird life and in taking my photographs. I cannot speak too highly of him."

"You have found him trustworthy and reliable?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. Unfortunately Mr. Windsor has no inclination for indoor work. This is possibly his misfortune more than his fault. He has been brought up to do nothing, but I emphatically deny that he is the loafer that Lord Mornington took him to be. I have, besides, the highest opinion of his integrity."

"For instance, you would trust him with

money?"

"I have already done so, sir," the Professor said calmly. "It was on behalf of a relative of mine that Mr. Windsor took his trip to St. Petersburg last week. It was absolutely necessary that a certain young man should have the sum of three hundred pounds placed in his hands within something like twenty-four hours. You will excuse me going into details. As I could not undertake the journey myself, I asked Mr. Windsor to do so. The money found in his possession at the time of his arrest was paid over to him by me, and I can produce the cheque, which was cashed into sovereigns in Hull, if the Court would care to see it. For obvious reasons I must decline to give the name of the drawer."

Something like a mild sensation followed this statement. It was felt that one of the main props of the prosecution had been knocked away, and that the Crown case was considerably weakened. Everybody listened closely now.

"I don't think that will be necessary," counsel went on. "I understand, Professor, that you can tell us a good deal more about this matter. You have formed a theory——"

"I beg your pardon," the Professor interrupted. "I have no theories at all. What I shall lay before the Court is actual fact. I wish to produce, for the consideration of the Bench, a photograph which will establish beyond doubt the identity of the murderer."

"One moment," Windsor's lawyer said.
"Touching this photograph, is it one that

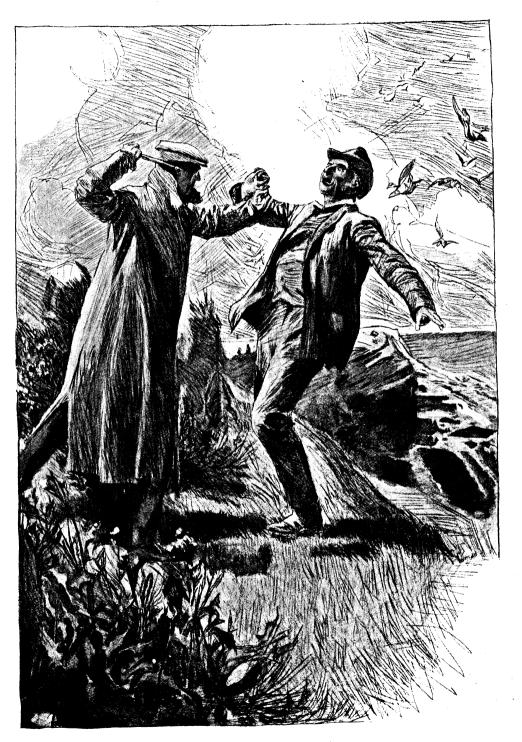
you took yourself?"

"Well, more or less," the Professor explained. "But perhaps I had better go into details. I have been fortunate enough since I have been here to obtain photographs of many rare birds that nest on the spurs and crags just off the mainland. These birds are perfectly safe where they are, for they can lay their eggs with impunity, a fact which doubtless brings so many of them here. A little time ago, and by the aid of my glasses, I saw that a pair of Swallow-tailed Kites were actually nesting upon Steeple Crag. I determined, by hook or by crook, to get a photograph of these birds."

"How did you manage it?" counsel

asked.

"I am just coming to that. Having located the exact nesting-spot, with the aid of an airgun, I threw a fine line right across some bushes on the edge of the nest; in fact, I threw half-a-dozen of these lines, the ends of



"The old man had staggered back."

which were attached by a string to the shutter of my special camera by means of which I take these photographs. The Kites were so wild that it was useless for me to try and snap them myself. Therefore I hid my camera in a bunch of gorse bushes, with all my mechanical arrangements perfectly made, so that directly one of the birds dropped upon one of the strings the shutter would be released and the successful exposure made."

"Where was the camera placed?" counsel

"In a patch of gorse bushes some twenty yards from the edge of the cliff."

"Leaving plenty of room for anybody to

pass by, of course?"

"Oh, certainly; you see, I had to run the risk of that. The string was only the matter of a few inches from the ground, and anybody who had gone that way might have stumbled over it."

"And thus released the shutter, which possibly might have ended in the passer-by

taking his own photograph."

"Precisely," the Professor said in quiet tones. "Any wanderer kicking his foot against the string could easily have taken his own photograph. If he had fallen heavily on the string, he probably would have pulled the camera down, and there would have been an end of my experiments for the time being."

"And did anything of the kind happen?"

counsel asked.

"Something of the kind did take place," the Professor said solemnly. "When I went to regain possession of my camera, I found it lying face downwards in the bushes, and the plate had evidently been exposed. At first I naturally concluded that someone blundering along had done this, and I made my plans to lay my trap again. But certain information had come to my ears in the meantime, and it occurred to me that possibly the one exposed plate would tell me something which would throw a light upon the tragic death of Lord Mornington. You see, it so happens that his Lordship's body was picked up just in front of the gorse bushes where I had planted my special camera. Don't let Mr. Kearton go!

The last words were uttered in a quick, impatient tone of voice. The disappearing figure of Kearton had paused in the doorway.

He muttered some excuse as he came back to his seat again. He was wiping his spectacles with trembling hands.

A queer sort of cry escaped Kearton's lips. The man in the dock stood there gripping the rails with convulsive force. As the Professor handed up to the Bench a glass negative and some printed photographs, there was a silence in the court-house which was

absolutely felt.

It was a forcible and dramatic picture that was thus presented for inspection. In the background were the rugged cliffs with the spur of Steeple Crag standing out rude and ragged, the nesting birds upon it were visible from every part of the room. In the foreground were patches of gorse, and beyond a square of flat, even turf dotted with sea-pinks. In the centre of this stood two men, one old and grey, the other young and slender, his pale features set and white, his eves half hidden behind spectacles. The old man had staggered back almost to his fall, his right arm was upraised to ward off a blow from the younger man, whose right hand was drawn back with a long knife held in his fingers. A spontaneous and startled cry broke from the spectators who lived in the locality. They had not the slightest difficulty in recognising the reeling figure of Lord Mornington, or in making out the features of his nephew, Eric Kearton. The photograph spoke for itself. It seemed to the onlookers that they were actually present at the tragedy which had excited the whole of England.

Windsor's lawyer looked appealingly at the Bench and shrugged his shoulders. It would have been an anti-climax now for him to say anything. As if by instinct two policemen walked across the court and stood on either side of Kearton. He swayed backwards and forwards with his hand to his throat, as if something were choking him. With a queer, strangled cry he fell to the ground and lay there still and unconscious

"A close call that," said Windsor's counsel half an hour later, as he sat at lunch with his client and the Professor. "Altogether it was a lucky thing for my young friend here."

"Lucky!" the Professor cried. "I should call it a direct intervention of Providence."



BRITISH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

By F. STANLEY READ.

Photographs by S. B. Eolas & Co.

EW of the many thousands who visit the Houses of Parliament suspect how intimately connected with their every-day life is the work carried on within the quiet-looking stone-faced building in the far corner of Old Palace Yard. This building was erected in the year 1754 as a residence for the Clerk of the House of Lords, but at a later date it was vacated by that functionary, and it is now the Government Office of Weights and Measures. Every weight or measure in use in the multifarious trades plied in the British Isles

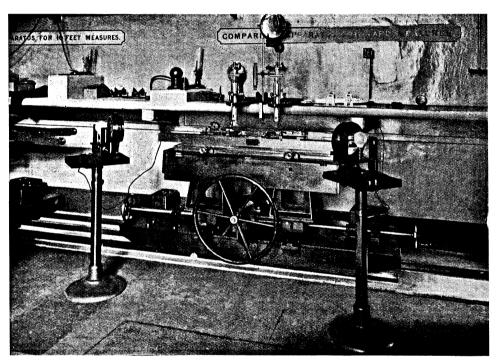
must bear the hall-mark of this office, which is officially known as the Standards Department of the Board of Trade.

From the earliest times the Standards, the primary instruments for determining the justness of all other weights and measures in the Kingdom, had been kept at the Exchequer, the duties relating to these Standards being imposed upon the Chamberlain of the Exchequer, and it was not until the year of grace 1866 that they were transferred to the Board of Trade. The ordinary business of the Department is the verification of

local Standards, and in pursuance of these duties it is necessary that the Department should be furnished with Standards which are not only the most accurate obtainable by the ingenuity of man, but also with machines and apparatus of the utmost perfection, for use in the numerous problems and operations which are presented from time to time. To begin with, we will take the Standard measure of length, upon which the accuracy of so many of our measurements depends. An Act of Parliament describes the Imperial Standard of Length—our yard—as a solid square bar thirty-eight

diameter. Round it runs a groove or channel into which may be inserted an ivory fork, for the purpose of lifting the weight. Both the yard and pound, as will be seen from the description, are arbitrary measures, and in order to prevent any deterioration or change, the Act insists that both must have their home in the historic building officially designated as 7, Old Palace Yard, Westminster, in order that proper precautions may there be taken.

In so short an article as this, it would be impossible to give more than the barest details of the wonderful machines used in



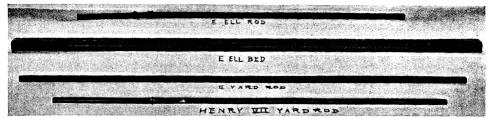
STANDARD END BAR COMPARATOR.

inches long and one inch square in transverse section, made of bronze and having close to each end a cylindrical hole sunk to a depth of half an inch. At the bottom of each hole a gold plug or pin about one tenth of an inch in diameter is inserted, and upon the surface of these pins fine lines are cut, the actual length of the Standard Yard being the distance between these two fine lines.

For determining the weight of the Imperial pound, a standard weight of exactly one pound has been constructed. It is of platinum and in the form of a cylinder nearly 1.35 inch in height and 1.15 inch in

this office, by means of which the accuracy of reproductions of the Imperial Standards is assured, and in this connection a description of the methods pursued under the direction of the Deputy-Warden, Major MacMahon, D.Sc., F.R.S., will be of interest.

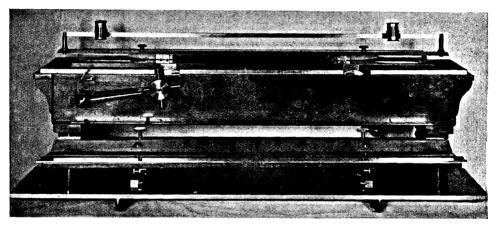
The Comparator Chamber is indeed a revelation to the intelligent visitor. In order to obviate all noise and disturbance, it is sunk many feet below the level of the street, its walls are thick and strong, and draughts are excluded by an ingenious arrangement of double doors and windows. In addition to all this a constant temperature is automatically maintained.



ELIZABETHAN ELL AND YARD MEASURE WITH ELL BED AND HENRY VIL'S STANDARD YARD.

The apparatus in this room is known as a Yard Comparator, and here the special conditions necessary for the finest measurements can be produced or reproduced at will. In design the Comparator is unique, and it is so constructed that microscopic measurements can be made, and measures can be compared without contact with the hand or variation

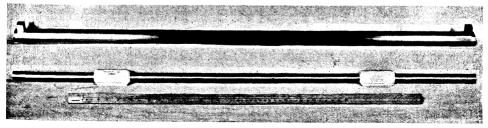
thousandth part of an inch in the Standards used would render valueless many of the calculations of our astronomers, surveyors, and engineers. The late Sir Joseph Whitworth claimed that differences in engineers' gauges of one millionth part of an inch could be detected, and that extreme accuracy was fast becoming a necessity. The accuracy required



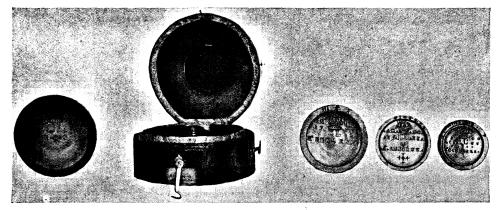
STANDARD SUBDIVIDED SCALE YARD AND METER, 1904.

due to the presence of the observer. The operation of comparison is one of great delicacy and demands extreme accuracy, a difference of one hundred-thousandth part of inch in the length of two measures being easily detected. At first sight the labour expended in obtaining such accuracy would appear to be unnecessary, but it should be remembered that the error of even one

by the Standards Department is therefore not a refinement of measurement, but an actual need. If one may judge from the appearance and construction of the Standards of Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth, it will be seen that, however well-intentioned these monarchs may have been (and their reforms were great), our ancestors were compelled to content themselves with mere approximations.

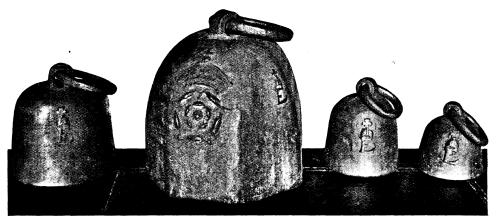


STANDARD METER BED, 1899. METER ROD, 1900, AND METER DRY MEASURE GAUGE, 1900 (BOXWOOD).



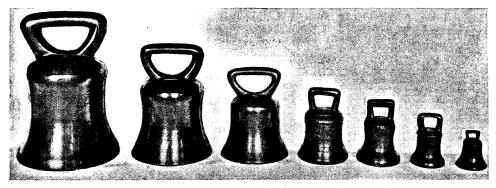
box marked 1588 e.g. with bell-metal weights, 8 to $\frac{1}{16}$ th oz.

Indeed, these ancient Standards would not now meet the requirements of a very ordinary mechanic. They must, however, The Standards immediately preceding the present ones were lost in the fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament in 1834,



STANDARD 112, 28, 14 AND 7 LB. ORIGINAL STANDARD WEIGHTS OF ELIZABETH.

always remain of great historical interest, as from them our present Standards were no doubt in a great measure derived. but a number of copies had been made and distributed in different parts of the country, and it was therefore comparatively easy to



ELIZABETHAN STANDARD WEIGHTS 112, 56, 28, 14, 7, 2 AND 1 LB.

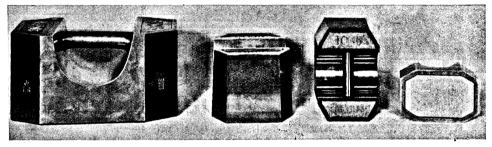


STANDARD 56 LB. TO $\frac{1}{2}$ DRACHM, 1869.

construct new Standards. These have, on examination, been found to be identical with those of Queen Elizabeth, which are still preserved.

Just as much care and labour are expended in the comparison and reproduction of copies against such copies that the weights in use in daily business are compared.

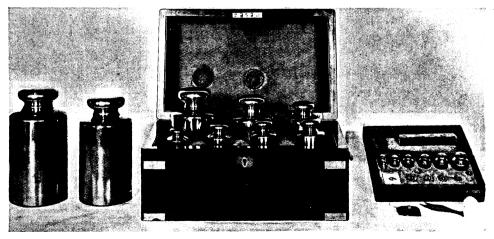
In the illustration, the one pound Inspector's Standard is shown side by side with a one hundred pound weight, and although so much greater in size, the latter



STANDARD AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHTS, 50, 20, 10 AND 5 LB.

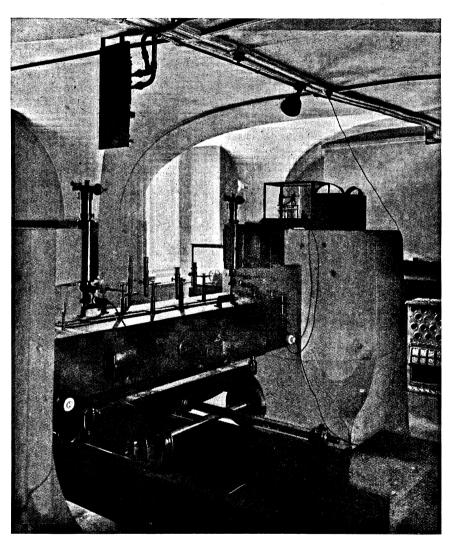
of the Imperial pound as in the case of copies of the yard. The law stipulates that any difference greater than half a grain between the platinum pound and the copies issued to the local Inspector of Weights and Measures cannot be tolerated, for it is

is as correct as the former. The third weight shown weighs 62:321 lb. and represents, under certain specified conditions of temperature, etc., the weight of exactly one cubic foot of pure water. It seems a curious operation to produce gas-meters by means of the



STANDARD REFERENCE TROY BULLION WEIGHTS, 1853.

yard and pound, and yet the scientist takes his Standard yard, constructs a vessel whose capacity is one cubic foot, converts the contents into pounds, and makes a cubic foot gas-measuring bottle. This bottle is connected with a gas-holder, and with each successive discharge of the bottle, divisions Balances are as old as weights, and both, of course, are far older even than the beautiful chamber in which the balances are shown. With its fine groined roof it forms the basement of an old Norman tower which was completed in the reign of Richard II., and is known as the Jewel Tower. The



BOARD OF TRADE STANDARD COMPARATOR ROOM.

of one cubic foot are marked on the holder, these divisions being subdivided into hundredths. In this manner gas-meters are both tested and constructed with the greatest ease and rapidity. In the illustration the cubic foot bottle is shown ready to mark off a gas-holder, and in the floor we see a portion of the Standard "surveyor's chain."

upper chamber is used as a museum, and the old door, made of split oak centuries ago, is still in perfect condition.

The fower communicates directly with the main office, and is, on account of the great thickness of the stone walls, a very favourable place for testing operations. It is almost completely free from vibrations and is not



STANDARD METRIC MEASURES, 1897. 20 KILOGRAMMES TO MILLIGRAMMES.

riable to sudden fluctuations of temperature. Any sudden change or any radiation of heat from the observer must be studiously avoided when the fine balances are in use, and the operator therefore sits many feet away from the machine when weighing, and manipulates

the balance from a distance. One of the balances in this room will show. in a single operation, any difference between two Standard pounds under comparison within one tenthousandth part of a grain. Ιt was in this room that

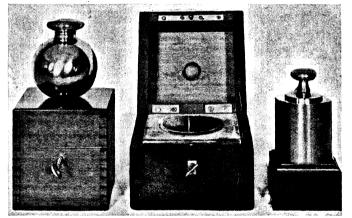
the Parliamentary copies of the pounds were adjusted, and these, with copies of the Imperial yard, were deposited respectively at the Royal Observatory, the Royal Mint, the Royal Society, and the Houses of Parliament. In the event, therefore, of the

original Standards at 7, Old Palace Yard being injured or sharing the fate of their predecessors, new Standards could be created from the copies, and no confusion would ensue.

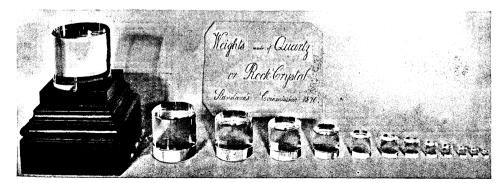
The reader will already have noticed that

no mention has been made of that all - important measure. the pint, but as it is a part of the gallon, which is the unit of capacity for liquids and dry goods, it is unnecessary to deal with it specially. As a matter of fact, the

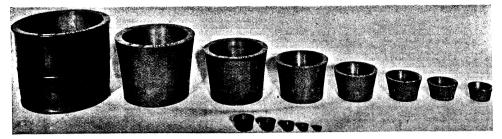
g a l l o n, although dignified with a special description in the Weights and Measures Act, owes its existence to the pound weight, and is described as a vessel containing ten pounds weight of pure water at a temperature of 62 degrees Fahrenheit, the barometer



STANDARD GILT BRASS KILOGRAMMES, 1901.



STANDARD WEIGHTS MADE OF ROCK CRYSTAL.



elizabethan troy standard cup-shape weights, 256 to 1 oz.

standing at a pressure of thirty inches. Therefore, in official parlance, "A pint of

pure water weighs a pound and a quarter," and it will be seen that the whole series of measures spring into being from the pound.

The elaborate mode of verifying measures of capacity by taking the weight of the distilled water which each one exactly contains, necessitating, as it does, careful observation of the temperature and the pressure of the atmosphere at the time of verification, could not be carried out under ordinary conditions, and therefore the less precise and more simple method of transferring the contents of the Standard

into the measure under comparison is practised, no allowance for temperature or atmospheric pressure being required. Care is, however, taken to equalise their action upon the Standards as far as possible, and

where the measure is defined by the brim. the operator is enabled by means of a glass disc, shown in the illustration at the side of the measures. to "strike" off the liquid to a single drop. Sometimes even the error of a drop must be avoided. The anothecary, for instance, cannot be too careful, and measures, which are of glass, have their capacity marked by fine lines, the true level of the liquid the meniscus, as it is called—being read by a cathetometer telescope, and the contents carefully weighed. One of our illustrations shows the



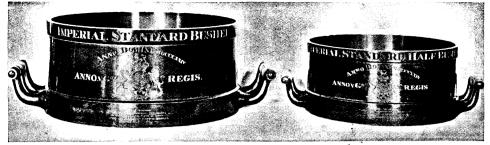
STANDARD 5-GALLON MEASURE, 1880.

arrangements referred to.

As has been previously observed, a correct thermometer is of prime importance in all



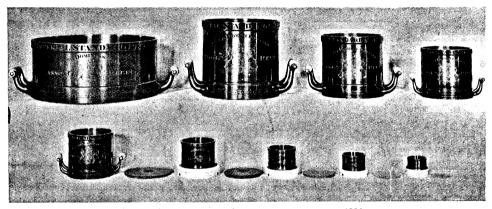
STANDARD ELIZABETH, 1601, BELL-METAL WINCHESTER BUSHEL, GALLON, QUART, AND PINT MEASURES-



STANDARD 1824 BUSHEL AND & BUSHEL.

these operations, and precautions must therefore be taken to verify all thermometers from time to time. The simple form of

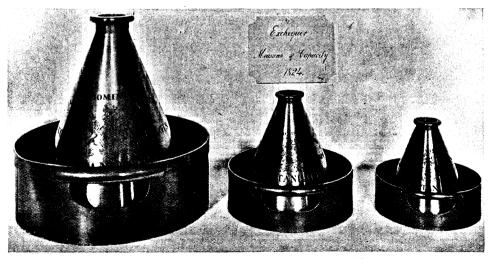
—that is, thermometers whose values have been already determined. These thermometers are arranged inside the Comparator,



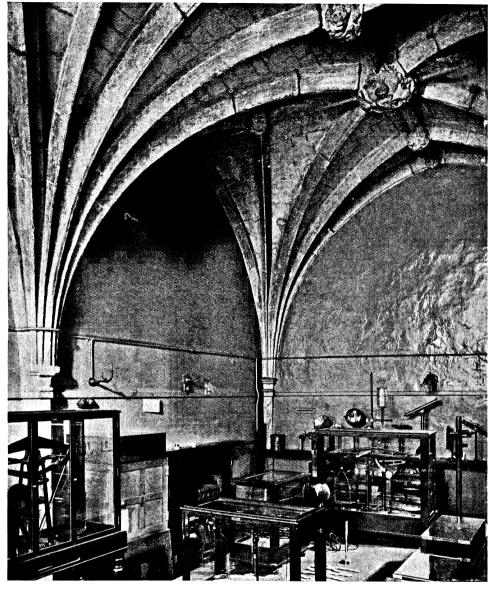
STANDARD PECK TO $\frac{1}{4}$ GILL WITH STRIKES, 1824.

thermometer Comparator shown in our illustration is used for comparing working thermometers with others used as Standards,

which is filled with water, and the temperature varied by suitable mechanism. The behaviour of the working thermometers is



STANDARD EXCHEQUER MEASURES OF CAPACITY, 1824,



INTERIOR OF JEWEL TOWER, CONTAINING THE BALANCES.

then noted by the experimenter who has the Comparator under observation. If necessary, a freezing mixture may be substituted for the water and the zeros directly verified. For the purpose of detecting deadly low flash oils, thermometers play a most important part, and the little petroleum test apparatus, designed by the late Sir Frederick Abel, is shown ready for use with the thermometers in position.

All comparisons of the British weights and measures are referred to a temperature of 62° Fahr., and therefore the actual temperature at the time of observation has to be taken and a correction made if the temperature is not exactly 62°.

With regard to the selection of 62° Fahr. as the normal temperature, the late Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy, said in his evidence before the Select Committee on the Weights and Measures Bill: "There is no particular value in 62° Fahr., any other temperature might do, but there is a particular reason for having something not extremely different from it, and it is this: the most delicate operation which we have to perform is the measurements for bases of surveys, and this is generally done in the open air in summer-time, when the temperature is

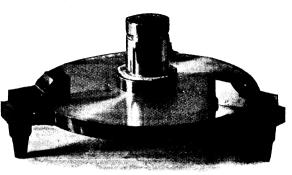
not far distant from 62° Fahr."

For public use there are a series of Standard length measures placed in Trafalgar Square, London. The yard and its subdivisions are affixed to the wall on the north side of the Square, and the surveyor's chain and hundred feet measures will be found marked on plates let into the granite steps at the foot of the wall. These Standards were made legal measures by an Order in Council dated June 27th, 1876. The public have therefore free access to measures verified and guaranteed by the Government. Similar measures have been laid down in Edinburgh,

Glasgow, Dublin, and many other large cities, and one may often see surveyors, engineers, and others testing their tapes and

rules against these Standards.

was the construction of a balance which would be sufficiently strong to carry a load of three hundred pounds in each pan, and yet be so sensitive as to detect a



STANDARD POUND WEIGHT.

difference of one grain between these weights.

Kater made many experiments in order to obtain a suitable material, and finally decided

STANDARD YARD MEASURE.

An account of the apparatus in use by the Standards Department would not be complete without mention of the wonderful balance which was designed over eighty years

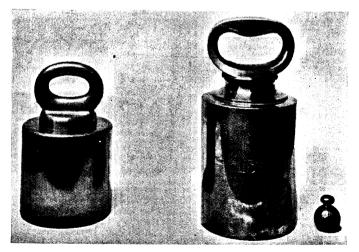
that wood gave the most satisfactory results. He therefore constructed the beam of mahogany fitted with steel knife edges and bearings, and to-day the balance, although

so long in use, retains its efficiency with such remarkable exactitude that the operator is enabled to note the addition of even the weight of a postage stamp in loads of two hundred

pounds.

All new weighing and measuring appliances, presenting novel features and construction, which are intended for use for trade, must be submitted for the approval of the Board of Trade, and if such instrument is found on examination not to be such as to facilitate the perpetration of fraud, a certificate to that effect is given. To secure uniformity in

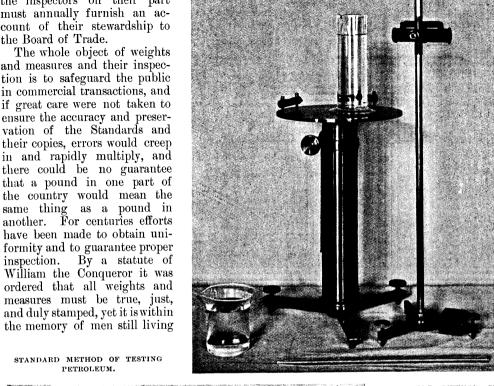
secure uniformity in practice throughout the country, and to enable the local inspectors efficiently to carry out their duties, regulations are made by the



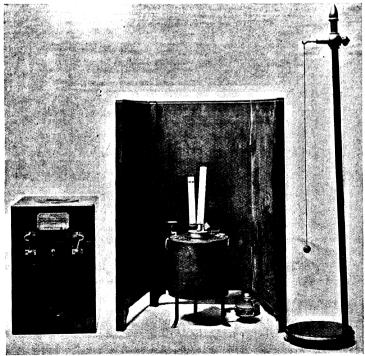
STANDARD CENTAL WEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF CUBIC FOOT.

ago by Captain Kater, F.R.S., to ascertain the weight of water contained in a bushel measure. The problem Kater had to solve Standard Office under the direction of the Board of Trade, and the inspectors on their part must annually furnish an account of their stewardship to

The whole object of weights and measures and their inspection is to safeguard the public in commercial transactions, and if great care were not taken to ensure the accuracy and preservation of the Standards and their copies, errors would creep in and rapidly multiply, and there could be no guarantee that a pound in one part of the country would mean the same thing as a pound in another. For centuries efforts have been made to obtain uniformity and to guarantee proper inspection. By a statute of William the Conqueror it was ordered that all weights and measures must be true, just, and duly stamped, yet it is within the memory of men still living

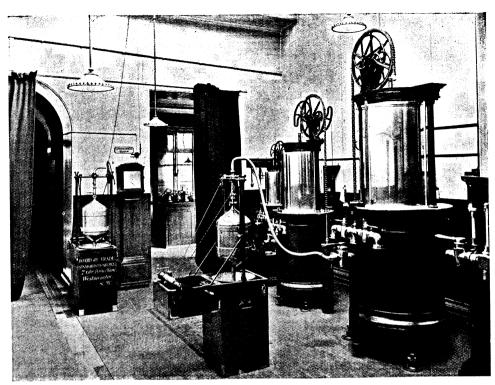


STANDARD METHOD OF TESTING APOTHECARIES' GLASSES.

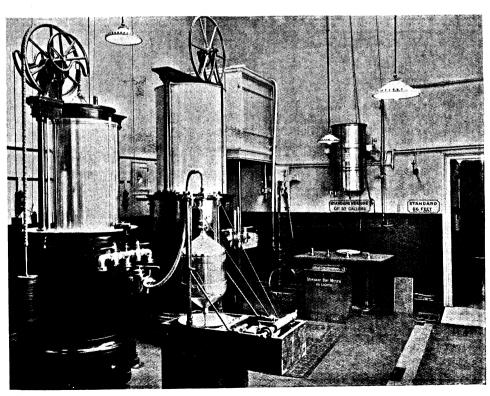


that inspection was quite a casual thing, and that fraudulent traders were notified when the inspection would take place; in many cases no inspection was made at In recent years properly qualified inspectors have been appointed by all the authorities to whom the administration of the Weights and Measures Acts is entrusted.

All persons nominated for the position of local inspector of weights and measures must pass an examination set by the Board of Trade as to their qualification before they



INTERIOR OF CAPACITY-TESTING ROOM.

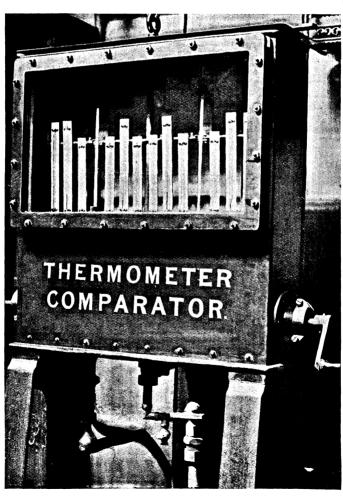


INTERIOR OF CAPACITY-TESTING ROOM.

can be appointed. That the examination is a real test may be understood from the fact that notwithstanding the care taken in preparation for the ordeal, only a small percentage of those examined succeed in obtaining the certificate of qualification.

These officers have been supplied with copies of Standards similar to those shown in the illustrations to this article. They are also provided with simple comparators for measures of length, and balances for testing weights, and are generally prepared to examine and verify all trade weights and measures brought to them for that purpose. Every shop and place of business in each district is periodically visited, and inspectors ultimately come to know all weighing appliances by heart. At unexpected times the inspector drops upon

the shopkeeper and the street-hawker, and one is pleased to admit that the shopkeeper or the hawker rarely resents a visit. Mistakes sometimes occur. On one occasion an inspector on his rounds saw the burrow of a fruit hawker unattended outside a place of refreshment. The hawker was evidently testing measures on his own account. The inspector went to the barrow and, promptly examining scales and weights, discovered the pound and half-pound weights to be deficient by several ounces. During the examination the hawker appeared, and was not at all disturbed at seeing the inspector until the deficiency was pointed out to him. Then, with a look of blank dismay, he produced from his pocket two good weights and sorrowfully remarked: "Why, I'm blowed if I ain't been and left the duds on the barrer!"



STANDARD THERMOMETER COMPARATOR.



"PUTTING." BY J. FINNEMORE.

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"IN A BUNKER," BY J. FINNEMORE.

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BRAZENHEAD IN MILAN.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD PROVED HIMSELF TO BE TWICE AS OLD AS HE LOOKED.



HAT many times repeated asseveration of Captain Salomon Brazenhead's, that he had formed one of the suite of Duke Lionel, when that prince went out to Lombardy to marry Visconti's daughter,

and that, in consequence, the poet Chaucer—"little Smugface," as he was pleased to call him—was his fellow-traveller and bosom friend, bore at the first blush the stamp of truth. It was always supported by vigorous reminiscence; the older he grew, the more positive he was of it. Like the Apostle, confronted by tales of the sort, we might partly believe it. It would make him out to have been one hundred and five years old at the time of his death, or necessitate his having been born into this world with thirty-seven years already to his score. Here is a problem for the historian which we may prudently leave him.

I think it was his manner of telling the tale which gave confidence to those who had watched his rapt gaze into the embers of the hearth, who had observed his easy length of leg and hands clasped behind his head, and the pleasant gloss which recollection might well have laid upon his sombre and seldomsmiling lips. "It all comes back to me," he would say, "by my head, and so it does! Little Smugface! Little scrivening Geoffrey, and his age-long tales of Troy town! Blithely he strung stave to stave—and we, a gay company of drones, clustered about the honey of his tongue; and my lord's grace pounding before us on his black courser! He would rehearse of Dido, the lily queen, of the piled faggots, of the flame. Ha! and she in the midst, as white as an egg! It welled out of him like treacle from a broken crock; and my lord's grace, with ears set back, lost not a syllabub of it. Long days, brave daysah, how they rise and beckon me!" It really sounds very plausible.

All this as it may be, what is beyond cavil is that I find him at Pavia in the year 1402, a fine figure of a man, scarred, crimson, shining in the face, his hair cropped in the Burgundian mode, moustachios to the ears, holding this kind of discourse to a lank and cavernous warrior, three times his own apparent age, who had proposed, I gather, before a tavern full of drinkers, to eat him raw. He stood astraddle, one arm crooked. one hand on his hip. He looked at his rival's boots; but his words must have winged directly to his heart. "Who eats me chokes, for I am like that succulent that conceals, d'ye see, his spines in youthful bloom. You think you have to do with a stripling: not you, pranking boy, not you. I am a seamed and notch-fingered soldier. who belched Greek fire while you were in your swaddling-clout. I was old in iniquity ere they weaned you. Or do you vie with me in perils, by cock, do you so? Five times left for dead; trampled six times out by the rearguard of the host I had lead to victory; crucified, stoned, extenuated, cut into strips: in prisons frequent, in deaths not divided what make you of it? And you to tell me that your green guts can pouch old Leathertripes, for so they dub me who dare? Foh, you are a bladder, I see!"

He bit his thumb, and did that with his fingers to his nose whose import is sinister. I believe no man can bear it and live on. The irons came swinging out, the room cleared; all the frequenters of the tavern sat on the tables, while the tapsters strewed sawdust on the floor. They had need. There was a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds, which was ample time for Captain Brazenhead to run his foe through the weazand, wipe his blade in his armpit, finish his drink, and say: "There lies long Italy." All this in one hundred and thirty seconds. Five minutes more remained to the fallen brave, and were not too much for what he had to do—namely, cough blood, say the Ave Maria, and bequeath a pair of horns to the tapster, Gregory.

Captain Brazenhead's reputation was established in Pavia, his age what he pleased.

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Admirers crowded about him, to pledge and be pledged in cups. He was asked his name, and said that it was Testadirame: his trade, and pointed to his extended foe. It was replied to him by a brother of St. Francis who squinted that then Greek and Greek had met and engaged, seeing that the dead man in life had been Lisciasangue—Lisciasangue the exorbitant, assassin to the Duke of Milan, one of a Mystery of Three.

At this critical moment in his career Captain Brazenhead paused in the act to drink, and looking down over the edge of his flagon, thoughtfully stirred the dead

with his toe.

"His sword is a good one," said he, "and I take it, as right is. What he may have in poke I bestow in alms upon the poor drinkers of Pavia. But as to his trade, or mystery, I must hear more of that." One glance at the religious commentator shrivelled him. "Speak!" he commanded him. "Speak, thou flea-pasture, or I split thee!"

Ah, but they spoke. They all spoke at They all clambered the tables again and leaned over each other to speak. Straining out their arms, see-sawing in air, they spoke with hands and eyes and voices. Captain Brazenhead, a sword to the good, listened and learned. To the ready reckoner he was, the accounts were soon cast up. there were in Milan twenty-nine churches, thirty convents of religion, and seven-andthirty jails, all full; if there were no penalty in the code but that of death; and if it were true that the Duke, feeling the cares of his lands, the needs of his subjects, and his own advancing years, had relaxed his personal activities, and now did his justice by deputy-then it was most certain that the Mystery of Three could not afford to lose the services of Lisciasangue: no, nor Duke Galeazzo neither. His Grace's condition was indeed deplorable, robbed of one-third of his assassins. "I see the aged monarch," mused Captain Brazenhead, overheard by a sympathetic throng, "maimed, as you might say, of his right hand. I see his prisons full to brim-point, his lieutenants at work night and day to keep abreast of the flood. But alas for the Duke of Milan! they have lost a friend, maybe; he has lost a member. Gentlemen!" he cried this aloud with a surprising gallantry. "Gentlemen, you must pity him, since you have hearts; but I must help him or be untrue to this good arm. Now, then, the next man that offers to drink with me shall not have nay."

Reasoning of this sort enkindled his

He could not restore the Duke his Lisciasangue; the dead was most dead; but so far as might be he would repair his fault. If, so doing, he opened a career for himself, shall he be blamed for the added glow which the thought lent to his blood? Not by any generous man. "There lies long Italy," he had said, and the words flashed up again and revealed him a nation at his feet. To Milan, to Milan-and "there lies long Italy in the cup of my hand," says he.

CHAPTER II.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD USED THE KING'S WRIT.

BLITHE was the morn and blithe the adventurer when, rising in his stirrups, Captain Brazenhead, like Chanticlere the Valiant, saluted the sun. Red in the mist, it lit the road to Milan; red in the mist that city showed, admirably strong, remarkable to any soldier's eye. He saw double walls, towers innumerable, many gates of port and antiport, the bulk of a square castle, belfries of churches, and outside the ditch, in a broad meadow, a tented camp, with silk pavilions for the captains, and men-at-arms in black and white liveries executing manœuvres at the double. "This Milan," said Captain Brazenhead, "lacks only water to flood the marshes to be as impregnable as Jericho of old-more so, indeed, since Jericho, I do remember, was taken by a man of God. He, it appears, by taking a walk round about it in the cool of the day, could level those proud walls, as with a breath you have down your house of cards. But those are tactics of despair. I would only use them when all else had failed me."

A young woman in a striped petticoat and kerchiefed head, who rode sideways upon an ass and nursed a baby, was upon the road before him, and gave a tender note to the warlike scene. The avenue of budding trees framed her in like a picture, dappled her with light and shade. "Venus rideth to assuage Mars his fury," said he, "and a pretty turn to the head she hath." He quickened his pace, overtook and accosted her.

"Damsel, by your leave," he said, "we undertake this adventure in company. cheerly then, and cry Tickle my chin." looked at him askance out of her dove's eyes,

but his gaiety was not to be denied.

But "Sir," said she, "I know not how that may fall out." He stooped towards her.



"'Or do you vie with me in perils?'"

"I know a couple will never fall out while the sun shineth on Milan," he admonished

"I too, sir," she replied, "for I am a married woman."

"It is very evident," said the Captain, with genial warmth. "In that fine little

She bit her lip. "It is a boy, sir. I had supposed you better instructed. But you and I must not be seen together at the gate."

Captain Brazenhead turned his gaze most earnestly upon her. "Listen now," he "There's Fate in this our meeting. One star leans to another in conjunction. We do what we do under the swaying of the spheres. So sure as your name is—

"Oh!" she cried, all in a flame, "who told you that my name was Liperata?"

The soldier smiled. "Why, you, my dear. But I am in Fortune's way. I have a net, and have enmeshed thee, fair partridge. Contend no more, fold thy beating wings. We go through the gate together; afterwards we must see our way. Thou art my passport, Liperata, and I defend thy reputation with my last breath." She had no answer ready, so they ambled on together. Her confusion became her. It was to remain with him a balmy memory-like a remembered fragrance in sultry weather.

What amiable intentions he may have had in her regard, however, did not avail him to pass the entry of Milan. The posted sentinels, seeing a fine man in leather, with two swords, bestriding a horse three of whose legs, at least, were ready for war, ran nimbly in and called out the guard. Monna Liperata, free of the gates, dug heels into her donkey's ribs and jogged into the city, glancing back but once as she turned the street corner. Captain Brazenhead, however, confronted a double row of halberdiers.

He was vexed. "How now?" he cried. "Am I hosts of Midian? Cæsar with his Am I Tamerlane at the door? legions? or what the devil?"

They told him that no man could pass the gates of the city without lawful warrant. That was inexorable. "What is, is," said Captain Brazenhead, "and what must be, shall be. Et in sæcula sæculorum, Amen. You wish for my warrant, masters? drew from his breast a strip of parchment, folded, sealed, and bound with a green cord. "Take," he said, "and read it who can."

Now, they could not; but they examined the seal, which was a broad one, with the arms of England and France upon it.

"Read you, rather," they said; so Captain Brazenhead recited the exordium, being no more able to read Latin (nor, indeed, any

written tongue) than his auditors.

"Henricus dei gratia Rex Anglia et Francia et dominus Hibernia dilecto et fideli suo T. de Compton Vicecomiti Middlesexiæ salutem." He read no more, because he knew no more, but crushing up the parchment in his fist, looked sublimely down upon the gaping soldiery, and his words extended to the curious merchants who stood at the doors of their little shops watching the game.

"You see very well how it is, men of Lombardy," he proclaimed. "The King of England and France and Lord of Ireland sends this affectionate greeting to his cousin Milan. What, ye sour-chops, ye will not understand? Hearken then yet again." As they wondered among themselves, he reopened the scroll and smacked it with his fist. "Henricus dei gratia, hey? How's that for my King Harry? And Vicecomiti, hey? Is't not your Visconti written fair? And will you, hirelings," he added, with a searching change of tone, "will you thrust up your dirty hands between the kissing lips of kings?"

They said that they would not, and saw in the smile that stole over the hero's face a strong resemblance to the gleaming of the morning sun upon the scarred brow of an Alp. "Then lead on, peeping Tom," were the bold words. "My business here is to

greet King from King."

A strong escort conducted him through the narrow ways of the city and presented him to the Captain of the Castle. His writ was taken over, turned about, and (since nothing could be made of it) carried away to more learned officers. Captain Brazenhead meanwhile sat, quite at his ease, in the gatehouse quarters, affably conversing with all and sundry. His cause may have been good; his nerve was better.

After a period of suspense, which may have lasted an hour, or may have lasted three, two clerics entered the gatehouse and saluted him with great respect.

Captain Brazenhead stood up. "How

now, my reverends?"

One of them said: "Your Excellency's credentials have been examined by our master, the Great Chamberlain, to whose mind certain little difficulties have presented themselves, which can only be dispersed by your Excellency's self."

"Like enough," said Captain Brazenhead,

and closed one of his eyes. "But I'll warrant you that I disperse 'em."

But the spokesman, an elderly brother of St. Dominic's order of religion, was now examining the writ. "It is clear," said he, "that the King your master directs this letter to a kinsman of our Duke, though in what degree of consanguinity the Lord T. de Compton Visconti may be to his Grace we are unable to determine."

Captain Brazenhead ejaculated "Cousin," but the Dominican did not seem to heed him

"We see further," he pursued, poring over the parchment, "that this Lord Visconti is to have the body of one Salomone, to answer to his lord the King why with force and arms he brake the close of one Jak a-Style, and took therefrom certain of the goods of the said Jak—to wit, five hens and one cock of the value of one shilling. So far we agree, my brother, I think?" He looked at his colleague, who nodded gravely; and then both of them looked at his Excellency.

"By my faith, gentlemen," said Captain Brazenhead, after a pause for breath, "you know more about all this than I do. But I will tell you the plain truth. was in my castle of Baynard's in Middlesex on a day, my hounds at my feet, arms laid aside; taking my ease, picking my teeth with a dagger—when the lieutenant of this same Visconti came pressing in. He must by all means see me, saith he; cannot be denied. He serves me with this—what do I say? he tenders me this scrip, saying, 'Testadirame, look to it.' A nod or a wink! What care Enough for you that I understand him. I take horse and arms incontinent, and off as it were from Visconti of Middlesex to the head of his house here in Milan; but in reality, doubt it not, from King to King. Of your cocks and hens, or cocks and bulls, of Jak a-Style's poultry-yard, I know nothing. But I take it that a king can put as many things into his letters as he pleases. of the day! Or, it may well be, sand in the eyes of your Worships, who (let me tell you) are not to know everything. No, no. I would have you know this much at least, my reverend brothers, that I have no sort of business with your Honours, and much with him you serve. My business with him is both heavy and light; it is bitter-sweet, but for his ear alone. Yours with me is to take me to his ear. Advise among yourselves now what you will do next. For my part, I sit here well enough, though I should

have said, mind you, that it was the dinnerhour. In my own country it is long past it, but of your customs here in Milan, in this great house of a generous prince, I cannot speak—at present."

"All this," said the Dominican, "shall be faithfully reported to the Duke our master." So said, he vanished with his pied brother.

CHAPTER III.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD HAILED THE DUKE OF MILAN.

IT must have been in the late afternoon Captain Brazenhead (who, in the meantime, had dined) received the desired summons from the mouth of a handsome Following this resplendent youth, page. whose scarlet thighs, whose trim green jerkin and cloud of yellow hair lost nothing by earnest scrutiny, he had to admit that he had not understood rulers of states to be so hard to come by. But the Tyrant of Milan, he believed, could be no ordinary monarch. He counted the corridors with doors at both ends of each; in every door a grille, through which he was very conscious of inspection before the bolts were drawn. He commented upon "Your Duke Galeass is as coy as a winkle in his shell "; to which the iridescent young man had no more reply than a lively look at the walls about him, and a finger to Handed on then to a gentleman-atarms, he was admitted to an anteroom. where he was divested of his two swords, the hanger at his belt, and of another which was found in his trunks. He was then blindfolded and led about and about until, the bandage removed, he found himself standing before the narrow door of a vaulted passage. confronted by two halberdiers in black and a priest with a crucifix.

Captain Brazenhead wished these gentlemen a good day, and made a fine attempt to whistle the air of "In the meadow so green," but the remark was received in silence and the gallantry quenched by the priest, who, holding up his crucifix, administered an oath to the visitor of so dreadful a character that my pen, very properly, refuses to set it down. In effect, it bound him down in fearful penalties, both temporal and eternal, if he ventured anything against the Duke's person -"As if," he said, looking blandly round, "as if I should hurt the little man! I, Brazenhead, to whom the fleas in the bed are playmates!" Adding, however, that hard words would never break his bones, he

cheerfully took it, and kissed the crucifix. Then the priest knocked three times at the It opened just wide enough to admit a man edgeways; Captain Brazenhead stood up in a dark and long apartment, lit at the further end by swinging lamps. There in that wavering light sat the Duke of Milan in his elbow-chair and furred gown, with his hands stretched out over a charcoal fire, and showed a quick-eyed, white, and beardless face, lively with fear, turned back to watch the visitor. It was to be seen that he was a hunchback, to be guessed that he wore chain-mail. He had three guards by the wall, two by the door. With one hand he now grasped his chair; with the other plucking at his throat, he recoiled and waited. It was very quiet in the room—so much so that you could hear the Duke's breath, fetched short and quickly.

Like a rush of south-west wind making havoc in a cloister, the superb figure of Captain Brazenhead—with his six feet two inches, his cloak thrown back, his buoyant moustachios and eagle nose—seemed to fill the presence-chamber. Inspired to utterance, strung taut as he was by the occasion, he broke upon the silence of that churchyard vault with the crash and shatter of a trumpet.

"Hail, Ironsides!" he proclaimed, and the halberdiers backed to the walls. He said no less and added no more—nor need he.

CHAPTER IV.

 $\begin{array}{cccc} \textbf{HOW} & \textbf{CAPTAIN} & \textbf{BRAZENHEAD} & \textbf{EXEMPLIFIED} \\ & \textbf{HIS} & \textbf{MAXIMS}. \end{array}$

Now, it was plain that the apostrophe pleased. The Duke relaxed his hold upon the chair, left his throat alone, and, shivering, returned his hands to the fire. Looking into that, he asked in a dry voice—

"Who are you that call me by my name?"

"Testadirame," was the answer, which he meditated, poring into the fire.

"Your business, Testadirame?"

He seemed already to be tired of all this, but he had an answer which quickened him.

"Death," said Captain Brazenhead, "is my business."

Many and many a maxim of rhetoric as this hero exemplified in his career through the courts and camps of Europe, it may be said with confidence that he never brought more apposite illustration to that one which teaches: "If you would be listened to at length, be heard first in brief. Strike," says this profound guide to persuasion, "strike hard and sharply." So struck Brazenhead here, and saw the Tyrant pale and flicker like a blown candle-flame at the dreadful word. His contorted face, his eyes as he turned them upon the speaker, were those of a trapped hare. He mouthed rather than voiced his cry: "Ha, treason!" and his guards shot forward between his person and the other's. But Captain Brazenhead folded his arms and, nodding his head with certain emphasis, was oracular again. One could not be more oracular.

"Who touches me dies the death I profess. Listen."

And Duke Galeazzo listened and his

guards gaped.

"I ask no more of Providence than a foot inside the door "-a favourite saying of Having got that beyond question, he never faltered in the flood of his discourse, which, like a river fed by a thousand rills. sucking substance as it runs from mountain and morass, rolled free and irresistible towards it goal. If the matter of his allocution was extraordinary—as it was—its manner made it reasonable and indeed inevitable. might as well have headed up the Danube as Captain Brazenhead when once he was under way. The tongues of men and of angels seemed in pawn to him who, without pause or stay, spoke headlong, with a fierce and white-hot fluidity indescribable by me, for the space of an hour and a quarter. subject ranged from metaphysics to manslaughter; he borrowed freely and impartially, now from the Seraphic Doctor, now from Hermes, the Thrice-Mage. These, the sages and captains of antiquity, Plato and Holophernes, Quintus Fabius and Michael Scot, Roger Bacon, the Witch of Endor, and other ladies and gentlemen, as it were, dissolved in oil, came swirling down the tide. the sciences only, but the Virtues, Justice, Fortitude, and Mercy, with exemplars of each, engaged his tongue. He did not forget the clemency of Scipio, the Spartan boy, Mutius Scævola, Susanna before the Elders. He became particular, dwelt intimately upon the infirmities of kings. knew how many lovers had Semiramis, what ravages the fire made in the breast of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, what proved a stumblingblock to Cæsar, how Charlemagne doted, the luxuries of all the Persian kings—he rehearsed them all, brought them all to a fermenting head, and, if I may say so, slicing off that head, laid it on the point of his tongue at the feet of Milan. His whirling oratory, his flights



"' Damsel, by your leave,' he said."

of frenzied research into the history of men and movements of which he knew little or nothing, his *elan*, his endurance, and his mendacity were but one concentrated tribute to the little changeling by the fire.

To say that this monarch was dazed is to

state a mere fact, to infer that he was

flattered is to argue a high probability. That he was relieved when Captain Brazenhead stopped at last with a vigorous clearing of the throat and a "That's the truth, by Cock, take it as you will!"—of that there is no shadow of doubt. He was so greatly relieved that he had at first no word to say; and when he did speak, it was not to inquire concerning the message of Visconti of Middlesex or King Henry's greetings, but to ask in a voice which was the pale reflection of his mood: "What wouldst thou of me, soldier?"

Captain Brazenhead, who had thought that he had made himself plain, was for "Why, sir," said he, once embarrassed. "there was a fellow in your service called Lisciasangue—and a paltry rogue——"

The Tyrant started, echoed him: "There was? Aye," he said grimly, "and there is."

"There is not, my lord duke," said the Captain, "and that's a fact; for he is done and done with. He lies his length, so much dead meat, in a tavern of Pavia. Now you may have him by the pound."

"You The Duke started and turned.

have him-" he began to say.

"Aye, my lord, aye!" he was told, "you may have him avoirdupois. I saw him so myself no later than yesternight. And here stand I, Testadirame, friend of Visconti of Middlesex, late of Burgundy, Scourge of the Alps, offering you myself in his room. 'Tis for that I am come, from Visconti of Middlesex to him of Milan—I, Testadirame, bosom's mate of Death."

Visconti paused, staring, as if fascinated,

at the bosom's mate of Death.

"Do you dare to pretend," he said, "that you can stand where Lisciasangue stood? Are you so bold?"

Captain Brazenhead replied: "But I am."

"But he slew his thousands, man," said Captain Brazenhead replied: "But I slew

him.' Now, the fact is that the Duke of Milan, caring nothing for Lisciasangue, cared

greatly for death. His own was of painful and constant interest, but that of any other

man was his passion. Therefore, when Captain Brazenhead, by that dazzling admission, spoke, for the first time that day, the truth, Visconti's eyes began to glitter, and there came a sound of "Ah!" from him, as of breath drawn in slowly. was watched with minute attention.

And there was to be discerned in his voice a note of decision. "Tell me," he said, "how you killed that man; prove to me that you did it, and I appoint you to his

place.

Captain Brazenhead smiled. things are easy to me," he replied. "The proof is in the antechamber, where I have left his sword along with mine which did the business. As for the manner of his death, that is a small affair. Had he been a greater man, I had been more curious in dealing. I am a carver and gilder when the hire is good or the stuff worthy. But this knave! He angered me, and I drew upon him; he blundered, and I played. I was fanciful, d'ye see? I took slices off him here and there till he gleamed before me in stripes of red and white. like a dressed radish before I had done with him, or a mannikin cut out of a carrot, or a slipped beetroot. Ave, ave, and there he lies—at your money by the pound."

The Duke, gloating over the fire, felt the first warmth of that day in his fevered bones. "Bring me," he desired, "the man's sword, that I may look on it and believe." They fetched it, and he ran his finger up the furrowed blade. "I gave two hundred sequins for it in Ferrara," he said musingly. "We call it Jezebel." He held it out. "Take, wield, Testadirame. Jezebel is

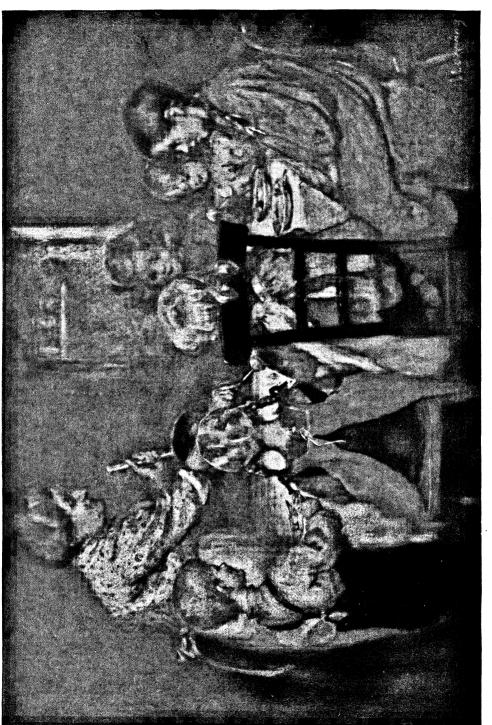
yours."

This is the manner of Captain Brazenhead's appointment to be Third Murderer to the Duke of Milan.

The second episode in the career of Captain Brazenhead in Milan will appear in the January Number.



"WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK." BY MRS, SEYMOUR LUCAS.

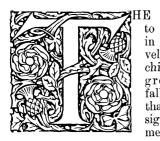


"PORRIDGE," BY IDA LOVERING.

From the original in the Brighton Art Gallery, reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Brighton.

THE CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT.

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.



greatest danger to any nation lies in the wrong development of children, and the greatest modern fallacy is the belief that precocity is a sign of advancement, instead of a menace to civilised

The people who preserve normal childhood for the longest period are those who in the end will produce vital and healthy adult life.

The reason is not far to seek. The lower the scale of animal creation, the shorter the period during which parent guardianship is required. The lowest types fend for themselves from birth, but as the scale ascends, the period of dependence increases. guinea-pig can find its own food almost as soon as born. The calf, the puppy, the foal, and the baby elephant need the care of their mothers, and the higher the development, the more is this care needed, and the longer the period of dependence.

This rule applies to human life in the same degree. The child of the savage is independent at eight or nine years of age. He can shoot and hunt and find his own living. The child of parents who are overburdened with labour early commences independent work. At twelve or fourteen years of age he is equipped to face his life, and goes out with his small store of knowledge to meet the narrow bounds of his daily experience.

But the wider, the higher the destiny, the longer should be the period of undeveloped life, and it is the increasing absence of this phase that is to be deplored in our modern world. The truth is that instead of being deplored, it is often a subject of congratulation that children have been enabled to skip the period of gradual development, and have been pushed into immature adolescence.

In order better to understand what are the phases through which a child must pass, it is well to consider what are the normal stages of his life, and we shall, I think, get a truer insight into the importance of each.

A child's first consciousness is dominated exclusively by his appetite. His sensations centre in his mouth, his nourishment governs his mental condition. He is peaceful and contented just in proportion as he is well and appropriately nourished.

By and by consciousness develops into a dawning understanding of possessions; his clothes, his bed, and at last his toys are realised, it is the age of a healthy individualism, and this period must be understood

and provided for.

The greatest mistake is to check this natural individualism, and to endeavour to introduce any socialistic theories into nursery life at this period. Until a child realises that a toy is really his, there is no reason whatever for explaining why he can share it with his little brother or friend. The phase must be carefully guarded as an important and necessary period in his development. For in coming to self-consciousness this idea of possession is an all-important factor in the future expansion of generosity and unselfishness.

The third phase is the consciousness of other people, and here again it comes to him absolutely from the individualistic standpoint, the people who minister to and belong to the child's life, his mother, his nurse, his father, his brothers and sisters. These are gradually regarded as part of his life, and, in so far, important and necessary.

By and by, as his horizon widens, his nursery becomes his kingdom. The house in which he lives may belong to others, he cares not what becomes of it; but take a nursery chair, and he will recognise it in any other room, and resent the robbery. Everything within his domain is a possession none must disturb, they belong to the empire over which he holds sway.

This world is peopled by a few, allimportant in his eyes. They are the pivot of his life—faultless, of course, and powerful, but not wise in the child's eye, because a new era has again opened, the era of the child's world, when he lives his own life, thinks his own thoughts, dreams his own dreams, and

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makes his own standards, and it is just this crucial period which can be only curtailed or interrupted with such dire consequences to the unfolding of normal healthy life.

A child's world is distinct from ours, but none the less real. That is a truth we need to understand more clearly. It is not that he has not grasped our standpoint, it is that he has an altogether different one, that he lives not in a limited bit of our world, but in

a world entirely his own.

When with infinite pains we try to explain our views of life, and, with the air of having all wisdom, endeavour to impart our knowledge, a look almost of pity comes over the wide eyes that look into ours, and, with a firmness born of conviction, the child will practically say: "That is not so," and he is The fact that we have not seen fairies does not for a moment mar his belief in their existence. He only pities our blind-He knows that the nook in the wood where he plays is a house, for he has lived in it and sojourned there. He has slept there through long, cool, moonlit nights. what avail to assure him that you have tucked him in his cot every night? knows that he has seen the elves dance in a ring on the grass, and who can say he has not? For perhaps the freer spirit was loosed, while ours was chained in night slumber.

Sometimes a child will tell us long and circumstantial stories, and we say in our narrow misunderstanding: "Oh, hush, dear! I'm afraid that is not true." To the child there is no untruth, he has seen it all; has met the bear in the wood, the bull in the field, was delivered from peril by knights in armour, or by his own prowess. How far truer and wiser to say: "That happened in the dream-land to which you went," and realise that, waking and sleeping, the world of wonders is his greatest possession!

It is not romance that makes untruth, it is the motive that prompts a child's statement, and to classify his dreams with the false excuse, or the foolish boast, is surely to misunderstand the first rules of nursery ethics.

A friend of mine had just arrived at a country house, when a small boy came into the room and sat down beside her. His collar was disarranged, and his mother told him his coat was put on wrongly. He tried to explain to her the reason, then, looking critically at the new-comer, and seeing response in her expression, he said, confidently—

"You see, I am so busy. I am President of the Royal Academy."

Instead of appearing surprised, she at once acquiesced. That must occupy much of his time, she admitted. His confidence won, he took her after lunch out into the garden, where, he explained to her, the animals lived, the Tomuntas and the Tentrance cubs. The Tomuntas lived in trees, and if you caught them and cooked them with blue spectacles on, they made excellent soup.

He then drew pictures of both animals, and detailed their habits; they were quite as real to him as the dahlias and dandelions, and if she had questioned their existence, he would only have pitied her invincible ignorance, much as Du Chaillu did when his stories about gorillas were not believed, on his return

from Central Africa.

Finding a sympathetic and understanding friend, he introduced her to the companions of his world. The King of Little Boy-land lived behind the wainscot in the diningroom. The child knelt down and rapped upon the wood, listened intently, and then with an exultant expression turned round and said: "He says he'd like to give you a present."

More conversation, and long and earnest consultation. The present, it subsequently appeared, was to be found on a chair in the drawing-room. Thither they repaired, when the small boy threw up his arms with exultant joy and said: "Oh, look, look, he has sent you a present of invisible jewels!"

Emerson has called Imagination "the Angel of the Mind." Who would dare, therefore, rob a child of the time when these angels pass in and out, touching the thoughts of childhood with their radiant wings? To tear a child from this rich and sheltered soil, and to transplant his mind into the glare of our matter-of-fact life, is to arrest and stunt his growth. And herein lies the real danger of a child's contact with adult life.

The first thing that struck me about American family life was the constant presence of children with their parents. This seemed an ideal state of things, and I contrasted it with the way in which many English children are kept in nursery and schoolroom, with a set hour for visiting the drawing-room, and a routine life which seldom varies.

I congratulated myself that this American habit was gaining in our country, and that children were, on the whole, far more in the company of their elders than of old; but my theories have, on maturer observation, received some rude awakenings. The society of adults is good for children, only in so far

as they realise that they dare not disturb the child's point of view, that their focus of vision is a different one, and that to adjust life for child eyes as it suits their own is to distort it hopelessly.

Some time ago a lady in this country, who belongs to a race famous for its large business capacities, was boasting to a friend of mine of the extreme intelligence of her little boy.

"He is remarkable," she said; "you would hardly credit what a mind he has. other day he came to me in real trouble. 'Oh, mummie, I have had such a dreadful dream!' he said. 'What is it, sonnie?' I asked. 'Oh, mummie,' he replied, 'only fancy, I dreamt that Blackton's shares went down!""

She was blind to the fact that nothing could be more pathetic than to associate the dreams of childhood with such sordid trifles.

As an instance of this terrible contagion, I remember the child of one of America's greatest millionaires, lunching on board his father's yacht at Cowes, when many guests The child had completely lost were invited. that sweet shyness which is characteristic of all creatures who live apart, and who share secrets with Nature, imparted only to those who live near her heart. He was full of small talk to his neighbours, and at last, looking across at an aged and well-known Admiral seated on the opposite side of the table, he said: "See that old fossil? I guess he'll soon be under."

He subsequently proceeded to detail how much money his father possessed. "I shan't be quite the millionaire he is, as there are four of us, but I'll have my pile," he said.

There is something profane in associating such ideas with childhood, and yet they are the direct result of forcing our sordid views upon minds utterly unfitted to reject them. The imitative faculty is always so keen, and therefore it is essential that it should be exercised only where the atmosphere is pure and rare, and where no contagion of worldliness can disease the mind before it is strong to withstand the infection. cocity is apt to have on the child the effect of early disillusionment, a disillusionment which does not come when the mind is ready to meet the events which await it, in the right order of things.

An American was lately talking to a little girl of seven, the daughter of one of his friends, and asking her about her holiday plans. The child replied in a weary voice—

"I suppose we shall drag over to Europe as usual ! "

It almost makes one shudder to think of the panorama of cities, of galleries, of hotels and table d'hôtes which was unfolded by this one remark. The child, unconsciously, was longing for its natural environment, the mystery and stillness of woods and gardens.

It is often to be regretted that the English child is shy, and sometimes almost morose, and the self-consciousness which is the bane of the English nation is supposed to be fostered by the isolation of children from grown-up people during the formative period of their lives.

I do not, however, believe that this is the real reason. Rather I think it arises from the fatal way in which praise is too often To children and young people it is the sun that is needed to ripen latent good, but a cold, grey atmosphere is generally thought to be appropriate to fruitful growth in our chilly island, and a child never knows how much it is loved until it is too late for such praise to be of value.

It is to this rather than to any other cause that I attribute that manner, aggressive in its self-assertion, which too often characterises my countrymen. On consideration we find it is those who have the deepest doubts as to their own good qualities, who are the most sorely tempted to put all their wares in the windows, and are consequently classed with the bumptious and conceited.

In latter years the benefit derived by the prolonged period of home life cannot be exaggerated. The evidence is seen in the way in which woman is regarded in America, due, I believe, almost entirely to the fact that American boys and girls are not separated, almost from babyhood, as is the case in England.

The American boy is not taught from his earliest years to regard his sisters as agreeable adjuncts to his holiday pleasures, and to accept their sacrifices with kind and indulgent complacency. The certainty of his male superiority is not fostered as it is here. later life he attends lectures given by women, and in his educational career he owes some part of his success in college to their wisdom and brains. All this has a very distinct influence in the formation of a character which from earliest childhood is taught to regard woman with respect and admiration. The differences that the whole system of education engenders are too great to be dealt with in this short article, but that they are of supreme importance it would be idle to deny. From babyhood the English boy believes himself superior to his little

sisters, and this idea does not diminish with

the years.

"Why are you so rude to your sisters?" I once asked a young imp of some twelve years.

"Oh, because girls want to be taught their place, and, besides, I'm very fond of them."

"But you do not show affection by being rude?" I objected.

"Oh, yes, you do," he said; "girls would never understand if boys made a fuss with

them."

The boy had learnt his life lessons from the ready-made standard of school, where public opinion is formed by the axioms laid down by the "big boys" of some fourteen years, and although in later life edges may wear smooth, the curve given to young ideas does not change.

Here, again, in dealing with another stage in the child's development, we in England deliberately destroy the symmetry of life by robbing the child of the vision of the world as God created it with man and woman.

But to return to the child's point of view. In earlier years, we shall do well to remember that there is in the normal child a real pity for grown-up people, as for those who miss the point of life. Not to be able to understand the delights of fairyland, to fail to grasp the proximity of giants, the near

presence of angels and unseen beings who take a part in everyday life, is a state not to be envied, but to be worthy of deep compassion; but if this wall of partition between childhood and adolescence is broken down, the child emerges into an artificial atmosphere to which it is entirely foreign, and in which it flourishes at the expense of its real and healthy growth.

It is a point which needs to be emphasised again and again in England, but it wants to be taught as a religion in America, where the best methods of education are so passionately sought, but where, as in all new countries, utilitarianism has been necessarily

dominant and aggressive.

We ourselves cannot fail to see its importance as life is unfolded to us, and our vision sees beyond material things, and realises more fully the mysteries of life and death, the glories of our faith, the immanence of God. Then we too come back again to our child-hood's starting point, and know that the unseen is as real as the seen, that the faith of childhood is the true attitude of every soul that is fitted to be the dwelling-place of God. It is for this reason that we who are nearing the end of life's journey realise most vividly the importance of that fallow time when the seed of life is fructifying in God's way in the soul of a little child.

WINTER AT KEW.

N the dull winter seek the flower's abode!
Would you not be in this long glass-house, when
Azalea chaunts her glorious blossomed ode,
Her chaste hymn cyclamen?

And through the streamy panes you see the sky Louring deep purple o'er the shivering lawns, And not a promise yet has opened eye In wind-swept sleeting dawns?

Back o'er the listening wind that perfumed glow, That sweet chromatic, mystically flings Veils thick with dust, and bids the memory know Quintessence of dead springs.

Insolent contrast and delightful dream!

Spring is afar, yet, can we ante-date,

And mock at Nature's round, and blithely seem

To cheat the old year's grim fate!

VICTOR PLARR.

PARADISE.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.



IM MISTERTON
gave the place its
name. My brother
Ajax said that Jim
must possess an
elementary sense of
humour. Only a
man with a derisive
sense of its unfitness would have so

called a squatter's claim situated high up in the Californian foothills, back of Nowhere, sterile, covered with sage-brush and chaparral. A Paradise, yes, for the coyote and

rattlesnake.

Not for some time did we discover that it was Paradise to Jim. A quiet, reserved fellow, who had come straight to the wilderness from a desk in some dingy London counting-house, he told us that something was wrong with his lungs, and that the simple life had been prescribed. He was very green, very sanguine, and engaged to be married—a secret confided to us later, when acquaintance had ripened into friendship. Every Sunday Jim would ride down to our ranch, sup with us, and smoke three pipes upon our verandah, describing at great length the process of transmuting the wilderness into a garden. He built a small boardand-batten house, planted a vineyard and orchard, bought a couple of cows and an incubator. Reserved about matters personal to himself, he never grew tired of describing his possessions, nor of speculating in regard to their possibilities. If ever a man counted his chickens before the eggs had been placed in the incubator, Jim Misterton was he.

Ajax and I listened in silence to these outpourings. Ajax contended — perhaps rightly—that Misterton's optimism was part of the "cure." He bade me remark the young fellow's sparkling eyes and ruddy

cheeks.

"He thinks that forsaken claim of his Paradise," said my brother. "Shall we tell him what sort of a Hades it really is?"

One day, some months after this, we rode up to Paradise. It presented the usual

heart-breaking appearance so familiar to men who have lived in a wild country and witnessed, year after year, the furious struggle between Man and Nature. Misterton had cleared and planted about forty acres, enclosed with a barb-wire fence. Riding along this, we saw that many of his fruit-trees had been barked and ruined by jack-rabbits. The month was September. A rainless summer had dried up a spring near his house, which, against our advice, he had attempted to develop by tunnelling. The new chicken-yards held no chickens.

Nevertheless, Jim welcomed us with a cheery smile. He had made mistakes, of course—who didn't? But he intended to come out on top, you bet your life! Western slang flowed freely from his lips. The blazing sun, which already had cracked the unpainted shingles on his roof, had bleached the crude blue of his jumper and overalls. His sombrero might have belonged to a veteran cowboy. Jim wore it with a rakish list to port, and round his neck fluttered a small, white silk handkerchief. He looked askance at our English breeches and saddles. Then he said pleasantly: "I've taken out my naturalisation papers."

After lunch, he told us about his Angela

and displayed her photograph.

"She's coming out," he added shyly, "as soon as I've got things fixed."

"Coming out?" we repeated in amaze-

ment.

"It's all settled," said Jim. "I'm to meet her in 'Frisco; we shall be married, and then I'm going to bring her here for the honeymoon. Won't it be larks?"

Ajax answered, without any enthusiasm: "Won't it?" and stared at the young,

pretty face smiling up at him.

"Angela is as keen about this place as I am," continued the fond and beaming Jim. "It's going to be Paradise for her too, God bless her!"

Ajax said thoughtfully: "Misterton, you're

a lucky devil!"

We gleaned a few more details. Angela was the daughter of a doctor at Surbiton, and apparently a damsel of accomplishments. She could punt, play tennis, dance, sing, and make her own blouses; in a word, a "ripper,"

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"top-hole," and no mistake! Ajax slightly raised his brows when we learned that the course of true love had run smooth; but the doctor's blessing was adequately accounted for—Angela had five sisters.

"But when your lungs went wrong-?"

Misterton laughed.

"Being a doctor, you see—and a devilish clever chap—he knew that I'd be as right as rain out here. 'If you want Angela,' he said, 'you must go full steam for fresh air and sunshine.'"

Riding home through the cactus and manzanita, Ajax said irritably: "Is there any Paradise on earth without a fool in it?"

II.

THE following spring, Angela came out. We attended the wedding, Ajax assisting as best man. Afterwards, somewhat reluctantly, we agreed that Angela's photograph had aroused expectations not quite satisfied. She was very pretty, but her manners were neither of the town nor of the country. Ajax said: "There must be hundreds like her in Upper Tooting; that's where she ought to live."

Because I was more than half assured of

this, I made a point of disputing it.

"She's plastic, anyway; a nice little

thing."

"Is a nice little thing the right sort of a wife for a squatter?"

"If she loves him-"

"Of course she loves him—now."
"Look at her pluck in coming out!"

"Pluck? She has five sisters in Upper Tooting."

"Surbiton."

"I'm sure it's Upper Tooting."

"And she can make her own blouses."

"Can she cook, can she milk a cow, can she keep a house clean?"

"Give her time!"

"Time? I'd like to give her father six months. What's the use of jawing? We've been aiding and abetting a crime. We might have prevented this slaughter of the innocents. What will that skin be like in one year from now?"

"If she were sallow, you would be less

excited."

We spent a few days in San Francisco; and then we returned to the ranch to give a luncheon in the bride's honour. The table was set under some splendid live-oaks in the home-pasture, which, in May, presents the appearance of a fine English park. A creek tinkled at our feet, and beyond, out of

the soft, lavender-coloured haze, rose the blue peaks of the Santa Lucia mountains.

"Reminds one a little of the Old Country," I remarked to Angela, who was all smiles and quite conscious of being the most interesting object in the landscape.

"Oh, please don't speak of England!"

Her pretty forehead puckered, and her mouth drooped piteously. Then she laughed, as she launched into a vivid description of her first attempt to bake bread. Whenever she spoke, I saw Jim's large, slightly prominent eyes fix themselves upon her face. His beaming satisfaction in everything she did or said would have been delightful had I been able to wean my thoughts from the place which he still believed to be—Paradise. At intervals I heard him murmur: "This is rippin'!"

After luncheon, Angela asked to see the ranch-house, and almost as soon as we were out of hearing, she said with disconcerting

abruptness-

"Does your ranch pay?" She added half-apologetically: "I do so want to know."
"It doesn't pay," I answered grimly.

"You are not going — behind?" she faltered, using the familiar phrase of the country in which she had spent as yet but three weeks.

"We are going behind," I answered, angry with her curiosity: not old enough or experienced enough to see beneath it fear and misery. Angela said nothing more till we passed into the house. Then, with lacklustre eyes, she surveyed our belongings, murmuring endless commonplace phrases. Presently she stopped opposite a photograph of a girl in Court dress.

"What a lovely frock!" she exclaimed, with real interest. "I do wish I'd been presented at Court. Who is she? Oh, a cousin. I wonder you can bear to look at her."

Without another word she burst into tears, heart-breaking sobs, the more vehement because obviously she was trying to suppress them. I stared at her, helpless with dismay, confronted for the first time with an emergency which seemed to paralyse rather than stimulate action. Had I sympathised, had I presented any aspect other than that of the confounded idiot, she might have become hysterical. Without doubt, my impassivity pulled her together. The sobs ceased, and she said with a certain calmness—

"I couldn't help it. You and your brother have this splendid ranch; you have experience, capital, everything looks so prosperous, and yet you are going — behind.

And if that is the case, what is to become of us?"

"I dare say things will brighten up a bit." "Brighten up?" She laughed derisively. "That's the worst of it. The brightness is These hard, blue skies without a appalling. cloud in them, this everlasting sunshine-

how I loathe it!"

Again I became tongue-tied.

your brother had nicknamed us 'The Babes in the Wood." "He told us about his Angela and displayed her photograph."

"Jim thinks it Paradise. When he showed me that ugly hut, and his sickly fruit trees, and that terrible little garden where every flower seemed to be protesting against its existence, I had to make-believe that it was Paradise to me. Each day he goes off to his work, and he always asks the same question: 'You won't be lonesome, little woman, will you?' and I answer 'No.' But I am lonesome, so lonesome that I should have gone mad if I hadn't found someone-you-to whom I could speak out."

"I'm frightfully sorry," I stammered.

"Thanks. I know you are. And your brother is sorry, and everybody else, too. The women, my neighbours in the brushhills, look at me with the same question in their eyes: 'What are you doing here?' And the storekeeper told me that they say.

> "How impertinent!" "Pertinent, I call it." From that moment I regarded

her with different eyes. If she had brains to measure obstacles, she might surmount them, for brains in a new country are the one possession which adversity increases.

"Mrs. Misterton," I said slowly, "you are in a tight place, and I

won't insult your intelligence by calling it by a prettier name; but you can pull yourself and Jim out of it, and I believe you will."

"Thanks," she said

soberly.

For some weeks after this we saw little of the Babes in the Wood. Then Jim rode down to the ranch with an exciting piece of news.

"I've got a pup

coming out."

A "pup" in California means a young English gentleman, generally the fool of the family, who pays a premium to some fellow-countryman in return for board and lodging and the privilege of learning not so

much how to do things as how not to do them —the latter being the more common objectlesson afforded him. Ajax and I had gleaned experience with pups, and we had long ago determined that no premium was adequate compensation for the task and responsibility of breaking them in. Jim went into details.

"It's Tomlinson-Thorpe. You fellows

have heard of him, of course?"

"Never," said Ajax.

"The International! You ought to see him go through a scrum with half-a-dozen fellows on his back."

"A footballer," said my brother thought-

fully.

"One of the best. Naturally he puts on a little side. He has money, and I told him he could double it in a year or two."

"You told him that?" Have you doubled

your capital, Jim?"

"Well—er—no. But I'm rather a Juggins. Thorpe is as 'cute as they make 'em."

"A man of mind and muscle," murmured

Ajax.

"And my greatest pal," added the enthusiastic James.

III.

BOTH Ajax and I took a profound dislike to Tomlinson-Thorpe the moment we set eyes upon him. He presented what is worst in the Briton abroad—a complacent aggressiveness tempered by condescension which nothing but a bullet can lay low. But undeniably he was specially designed to go through scrums or Kitchen Lancers, the admired of all beholders.

"A schoolgirl's darling," growled the

injudicious Ajax.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Jim. "I mean," he added, "that Thorpe appeals to—er—mature women. I know for a fact that the wife of a baronet is head over ears in love with him."

"I hope he didn't tell you so," said Ajax.

"I should think not. First and last he's

a gentleman."

During the next few weeks we had abundant opportunity of testing this assertion, for Thorpe was kind enough to consume much of our time and provisions. He bought himself a smart pony, and, very accurately turned out, would canter down to the ranch-house three or four times a week.

"There's nothing to learn up there," he

explained.

It is fair to add that he helped us on the range, and exhibited aptitude in the handling of cattle and horses. Even Ajax was forced to admit that Thorpe might double his capital if he gave his undivided attention

to stock-raising.

Meanwhile, his advent had made an enormous difference to the Mistertons. Jim fetched a hired girl from town, and Angela was relieved, during a scorching summer, of a housewife's most intolerable duties. Also, when Jim was hard at work clearing his brush-hills, wrestling with refractory roots

of chaparral and manzanita, his greatest pal was kind enough to undertake the entertainment of Angela. The pair rode about together, and Jim told us that it did his heart good to see how the little woman had brightened up. Thorpe, for his part, admitted with becoming modesty that he was most awfully sorry for his friend's wife.

"My heart bleeds for her," he told Ajax.
"The bounder with the bleeding heart,"

said Ajax to me that same evening.

"We don't know that he is a bounder,"

I objected.

"He bounds, and he is as unconscious of his bounds as a kangaroo. As for Jim, he is the apex of the world's pyramid of fools."

"Angela can take care of herself."

"Can she?"

At our fall round-up, Ajax's question was answered. Conspicuously Angela attached herself to Tomlinson-Thorpe, regardless of the gaping eyes and mouths of neighbours, Puritan to the backbone in everything except

the stealing of unbranded calves.

Most unfortunately, Thorpe — I think more kindly of him when I don't give him his double-barrelled name—was daily exhibiting those qualities which had carried him through scrums. In a bar-room brawl with two pot-valiant cowboys, he had come out supremely "on top." They had jeered at his riding-breeches, at his bob-tailed cob, at his English accent, and Thorpe had suffered them gladly. Then, quite suddenly, Angela's name fell upon a silence. suddenly Thorpe seized both men, one in each hand, and brought their heads together with a crash which the barkeeper described afterwards as "splendiferous." With an amazing display of physical violence, he flung them apart, each falling in a crumpled heap of profanity upon the floor.

"Don't fool with that feller," was the

verdict in the foothills.

The affair would have been of no consequence had not Jim been present when the row took place. Jim might have played the beau rôle had he carried a pistol. Admittedly he would have been licked in a fight with either cowboy singly. Thorpe, so I was told, entreated Jim to keep the story from his wife. Angela had it, with slight exaggeration, from the hero-worshipper's lips within an hour. "It brought her heart into her mouth, I tell you," the simple fellow told Ajax, and later Ajax murmured to me: "I wonder whether it struck Angela that Jim would have tackled both of 'em, if Thorpe had not interfered."

A dozen trifles hardly worth recording emphasised the difference between Jim and his greatest pal. Thorpe mastered the colt which had thrown Jim; Thorpe, when fresh meat was wanted, killed handsomely the fat buck missed by the over-eager James; Thorpe made a pretty profit over a hog deal at the psychological moment when poor Misterton allowed three Poland-China sows to escape through an improperly constructed force!

Thorpe was a man. Did Angela think of Jim as a mouse?

IV.

AFTER the fall round-up, Ajax and I spent a month fishing in British Columbia. When we got back to the ranch, one of the first to greet us happened to be Jim Misterton. He looked so pale and thin that I thought for a moment his old enemy had attacked him. However, he assured us that he was perfectly well, but unable to sleep properly. We asked him to stay to supper, rather as a matter of form, for he had always refused our invitations unless Angela were included. To our surprise he accepted.

"He'll uncork himself after the second

pipe," said the sage Ajax.

He did. And, oddly enough, our cousin's photograph in Court dress moved him as it had moved his wife.

"Boys," he said, "I'm the biggest fool that ever came to this burnt-up wilderness; and I'm a knave because I persuaded the

sweetest girl in England to join me."

Oil may calm troubled waters, but it feeds flames. We said something, nothing worth repeating; then Jim stood up, trembling with agitation, waving his briar pipe (which had gone out), cursing himself and the brazen skies, and the sterile soil, and the jack-rabbits, and barb-wire, and his spring, now a pool of stagnant mud. When he had finished—and how his tongue must have ached!—Ajax said quietly—

"Were you any good as a clerk?"

Jim nodded sullenly.

"I knew my business, of course. Heavens! what a soft job that was compared to what I've tackled out here!"

"It might be possible to find another such job in California. You never thought of that?"

Jim's face brightened.

"Never," he declared. "Fresh air and exercise was the prescription—and I'm fed up on both. If I could get a billet as clerk in San Lorenzo, if——" He clenched his

fists, unable to articulate another word, then, very slowly, he went on: "Boys, I'd give my life to get Angela away from that Hades I used to call Paradise."

"We'll help you," said Ajax.

"Mrs. Misterton would be much happier in San Lorenzo," I added.

Jim flushed scarlet.

"Angela married the wrong man," he said deliberately.

Ajax interrupted.

"Jim, fill your pipe!

He held out his pouch, which Jim waved aside.

"She married the wrong man," he repeated, "and that is what is keeping me awake nights. She'd have been happy with Thorpe. He could have given her all the little things women value."

"And how about the great things?"

"The little things are great things—to her. Good night, boys." We shook hands and he went to the door. On the threshold he turned a tired face towards us. "I hope I haven't given you fellows the idea that Angela isn't the best little woman on earth. She never complains. And Thorpe has been a pal in ten thousand. His heart simply bleeds for Angela. So long!"

Ajax mixed a stiff tumbler. Before he put it to his lips he looked at me. "If that bounder's heart would bleed and bleed and bleed to death, I should not cross the road

to fetch a doctor."

V

ABOUT a fortnight later the annual County Fair was held outside San Lorenzo. We drove to the Buena Vista Hotel, and, to our surprise, upon the broad verandah we discovered Angela, in the last of her pretty dresses, and Thorpe. Angela explained matters. Jim and she were Thorpe's guests for the week. They were going to the races, to the ball, to all the shows. She finished breathlessly—

"And there's a captive balloon!"

Thorpe added: "Jim is rather blue, you know."

As soon as we were alone, Ajax said savagely—

"Do you think Jim understands?

"Understands what?"

"Oh, don't pretend! We know our Thorpe by this time. He's a cutlet for a cutlet fellow. What do I say? A cutlet for a baron of beef gentleman. Hang him!"

"But Angela---"

"Angela is a reckless little idiot. She's

been starving for a lark, and she's swallowed it without counting the cost."

"But I trust her," said I; "and Jim is

Ajax shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

Next day, at the races, Jim attached himself to us, while aloft in the grand-stand Angela sat with Thorpe: the handsomest couple at the Fair. For the moment, at any rate, Angela was enjoying herself; Jim, on the other hand, looked miserable. Contrast had discoloured the good time. He couldn't snatch pleasure out of the present because he saw so plainly the future.

"I'm a wet blanket," he said dolefully. "Every time Angela laughs I want to cry, and yet I ought to be thankful that old

Thorpe can give her what I can't."

"He's doing the thing well," said Ajax

meaningly.

"He has been left a bit more money. Didn't he tell you? No? And he's going to buy that big tract to the north-west of us. Mum's the word, but—between ourselves—the agreement is signed."

"Oh!" said Ajax.

The big tract in question belonged to a bank, whose president, a very good fellow, was our particular friend. Early next morning I paid him a visit. Almost immediately he asked me questions about Thorpe, which I was able to answer satisfactorily from a business point of view.

"Mr. Thorpe struck me as a very shrewd

young man. He'll get there."

"He played football for England."

"Ah! Well, indirectly, I suppose, we can thank you for this deal."

"You can thank Jim Misterton and his wife."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing them. They had something to do with this, eh?"

"Everything."

The president frowned; his voice was not quite so pleasant as he said—

"Are they likely to claim a commission?"

"Certainly not." All the same, something is due. Without the Mistertons you would never have sold this ranch to Thorpe. One moment. It is in your power to do these people a service, and it will cost you nothing. Jim Misterton was a clerk in London, and a capable one, but his health broke down. He came out here to the brush-hills. He got back his health, but he's lost everything else. Give him a place in this bank. He's straight as a string, and he knows his work."

Before I left the bank it was understood that Jim was to call upon the president and submit his credentials. Humanly speaking, the billet was secured. Nothing remained but to find Jim. To my surprise, however, Ajax urged me to wait a few hours.

"I want to see Jim's honest grin again as much as you do, but we must tell him before Thorpe. When I upset an apple-cart, I like to see the apples rolling about, don't

you?"

"We'll tell 'em after dinner to-night."

That afternoon we forgathered in the Fair Grounds. The racing was uninteresting, and presently Angela suggested that we should go up in the captive balloon. had watched it ascending and descending with interest. Some of our friends bored us by describing at too great length the panoramic splendour of the view. Angela and Ajax wanted to soar, Thorpe and I preferred Mother Earth; to Jim was offered the casting vote. He spun a dollar to decide, and within a few minutes the five of us were seated in the wicker car. I remember that our aeronaut inspired confidence in Angela because he wore the Grand Army medal. A windlass and a donkey-engine controlled the big rope which held us captive. We went aloft in a series of disagreeable and upsetting jerks. This may be an unusual experience, but it was ours. I am a bad sailor, and so is Ajax. Neither of us smiled when Thorpe addressed the veteran as—"Steward!"

Suddenly there came a still sharper jerk, and the cable split. The balloon seemed to leap upwards, swerved like a frightened bird, and then, caught by the wind, sailed upward and seaward, swooping on with a paradoxically smooth yet uneven flight.

"Jeeroosalem!" ejaculated the man who had marched with Sherman to the sea. Then he added coolly enough: "Sit tight; you'll none of you be the worse for this little

trip."

His confidence diffused itself agreeably. Angela laughed, Thorpe's face relaxed, Jim peered over the edge of the car.

"Gad!" said he, "we seem to be going

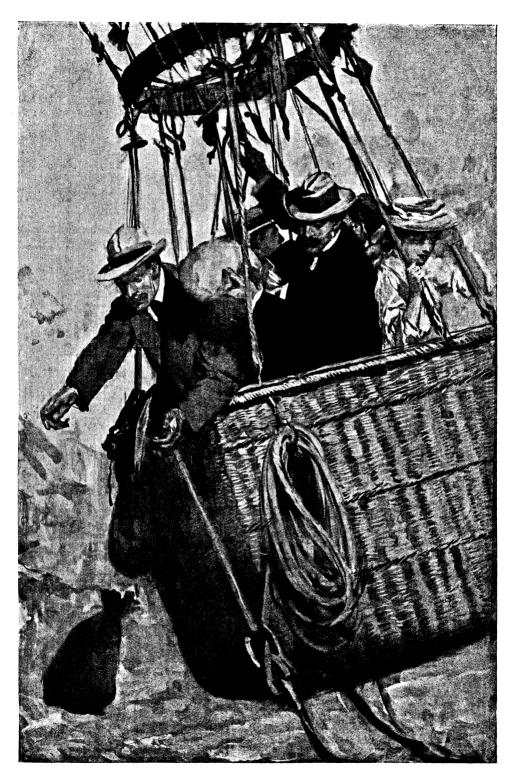
a tremendous pace."

The veteran took a squint alow and aloft as he fingered the rope that opened the valve. Next time he spoke the confidence had leaked from his voice leaving behind a nervous squeak.

"This yere valve won't work!"

"Oh!" said Angela.

She looked at Thorpe as if seeking from him some word, some sign, of comfort and



"Several sacks went overboard."

encouragement. At the same moment she made an instinctive movement towards him. Jim was staring at her, very pale. I saw him half open his lips and then close them. Frightened as I was, I can swear that Jim was thinking only of his wife and what he could read upon her face. Thorpe was quite impassive, but his fingers were twitching. Then I heard Jim's voice curiously distinct—

"What are you going to do?"

"The valve may work loose. Anyways, she leaks a bit. Guess we're all right."

Once more his confidence diffused itself subtly, and again a phrase shattered it.

"How far is San Lorenzy from the ocean?"

"Eleven miles," said Ajax.

"We're sailin' plumb into the fog."

In late October the sea fog generally begins to roll up about four o'clock. If the breeze is from the land, the fog is kept at bay for an hour or two. As a rule, the breeze fails, and then the fog asserts its dominion over all things on land and sea. Without knowing much of aerial navigation, I grasped the fact that we were being swept into the fog, and that if we intended to descend on land there was not a minute to be lost. Thorpe, I fancy, had arrived at the same conclusion. He said in a queer, high-pitched tone—

"Can't you stick a knife into the balloon?"
"It ain't easy, and it's mighty risky."

Jerking at the two ropes in his hands, he spoke collectedly, in an indifferent tone—the tone of a man who has confronted death often, who realises his impotence, who submits apathetically to impending fate, whether good or ill.

"It's very cold," said Angela. Jim began to unbutton his jacket. "Don't," she said sharply; "all the coats in the world wouldn't

warm me."

"Stick a knife into the confounded thing," said Thorpe.

"S'pose you do it," said the veteran

snappishly.

Thorpe stood up at once, staggered, and fell upon the floor of the car. He could master a broncho, but he had never attempted to boss a balloon. The old man smiled.

"A man," said he, "may be mighty smart on land and behave like a baby in a balloon.

You sit tight, mister."

The balloon was now careening like a racing-yacht in a squall. We had met opposing currents of air in the debatable area where wind and fog struggled for the mastery. The fog had the mighty trade wind behind it, forcing it landward. Already we were approaching the sand-dunes, the

very spot for an easy descent if we could descend.

"Gosh, I've done it!"

Above I could hear the soft, sibilant sound of the escaping gas, not unlike the hiss of a snake. I was also sensible that my heart, not to mention other important organs, was trying to get into my throat.

"Valve must ha' bust," said the old man.

"Stand by to throw out ballast."

The bottom of the car was covered with sacks of sand. Ordinarily one unties the sacks and the sand is allowed to trickle out in a harmless stream. I peered over the side. The balloon was now, so to speak, on an even keel, falling almost perpendicularly. I saw, far down, a flash of blue.

"Chuck 'em out, boys!"

Several sacks went overboard, and at once my solar plexus felt easier. Again I peered down and saw nothing. The fog had engulfed us, but I could hear the crash of the big combers as they broke upon the rocks to the north of Avila.

What followed took place within a few seconds. We were encompassed by thick, dank fog. The balloon was perfectly steady, descending less quickly, but with inexorable certainty, into the ocean. Around, an uncanny silence encompassed us; above, we could hear the hiss of the serpent; below, the menacing roar of the breakers. Then the old man said curtly—

"Hurry up, boys. If we can get her up again, we may just strike the dunes. What wind there is blows from the west."

We threw out the rest of the sacks. The balloon rose and slowly sank again. The old man took off his coat.

"I can't swim worth a cent," he muttered grimly, "but I'm a-going to try. If she tumbles quietly into the water, the wind may blow us ashore."

A few more seconds passed. I heard a queer noise and discovered that my teeth were chattering. Thorpe was taking off his boots.

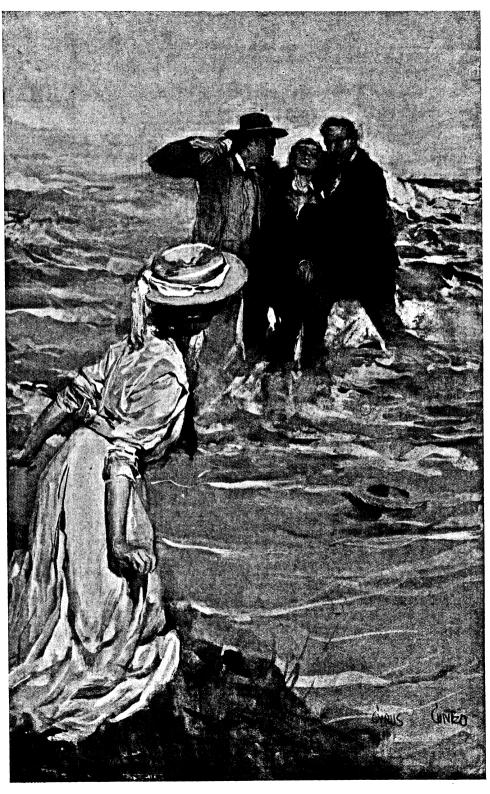
The next moment the balloon gave a tremendous bound. I know that I nearly fell upon my face, and Angela was thrown violently into the bottom of the car. For an appreciable interval not one of us realised that Jim had slipped overboard.

"The trade's got us," said the old man.

"We shall just make them dunes."

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Angela.

By the tone of her voice, by the smile parting her lips, I could see that she did not know what had happened. Terror had dulled



"Jim could not have fought his way through the breakers without our help."

all faculties save the one overmastering instinct of self-preservation. Thorpe was about to speak, but Ajax caught his eye and with a gesture silenced him. Once more the balloon began to fall——

* * * * *

We were thrown out upon the dunes. Some of us were badly bruised. When we staggered to our feet, Angela said quickly—

"Why, where's Jim?"

Thorpe told her; let us give him credit for that. When he had finished, he put out his hand, but she turned from him to Ajax.

"Come," she said.

She ran past us towards the beach, instinctively taking the right direction. As she ran she called shrilly: "Jim—Jim!"

Ajax followed. For an instant Thorpe and I were alone, face to face.

"Why did he do it?" he asked.

"Because he thought that Angela had married the wrong man; but she—didn't."

When I caught Ajax up, Angela was still ahead, running like a mad creature.

"Jim never took off his boots," said Ajax.

" Nor his coat."

"All the same, the love of life is strong."

"We don't know how far he was from the water; the fall may have killed him."

"I feel in my bones that he is not dead,

and that Angela will find him."

We pressed on, unwilling to be outstripped by a woman, but sensible that we were running ourselves to a standstill. The fog was thicker near the water's edge, and Angela's figure loomed through the mist like that of a wraith, but we still heard her piteous cry: "Jim—Jim!"

We were nearly spent when we overtook

her. She had stopped where the foam from the breakers lay thick upon the sand.

"Listen!" she said.

We heard nothing but our thumping hearts and the raucous note of some sea-bird.

"He answered me!" she asserted with conviction. "There!"

Certainly my ears caught a faint cry to the left. We ran on, forgetting our bruises. Again Angela called, and out of the mist beyond the breakers came an answering voice. We shouted back and plunged into the surf.

Angela knelt down upon the sand.

Afterwards we admitted that Angela had saved his life, although Jim could not have fought his way through the breakers without our help. Indeed, when we got him ashore, I made certain that he was dead. Had Angela's instinct or intuition failed, had she hesitated for a few minutes, Jim would have drowned within a few hundred yards of the spot where the balloon struck. Since, Jim has maintained that he was sinking when he heard her voice; her faint, attenuated tones infused strength into his limbs and hope into his heart.

We dined together, and I delivered the president's message in Thorpe's presence. He shook hands with Jim and said quietly—

"I am happier to-night than I ever expected to be again."

Bounder or not, he meant it.

Only the other day I received a letter from Angela. She wrote at length concerning her eldest child, my godson, and she mentioned incidentally that Jim was now cashier of the San Lorenzo Bank. The Mistertons live in a charming little house upon the outskirts of the town. Upon Angela's notepaper is inscribed the name of their home—Paradise.

THE LITTLE MAIDS OF DEVON.

OH! the little maids of Devon,
They've a rose in either cheek,
And their eyes like bits of heaven
Meet your own with glances meek,
But within them there are tiny imps
That play at hide-and-seek!

Oh! the little maids of Devon,

They have skins of milk and cream,

Just as pure and clear and even

As a pool in Dartmoor stream,

But who looks at them is holden

With the magic of a dream.

Oh! the little maids of Devon,
They have honey-coloured hair
Where the sun has worked like leaven,
Turning russet tones to fair,
And they hold you by the strands of it,
And drive you to despair.

Oh! the little maids of Devon,
They have voices like a dove,
And Jacob's years of seven
One would serve to have their love,
But their hearts are things of mystery
A man may never prove!

DOROTHY FRANÇES GURNEY.



TIME TO CONSIDER.

Jones (who has a big opinion of his own golf): I suppose you've seen worse players than I am? answer from caddy).

Jones (louder): I suppose you've seen worse players than I am?

CADDY (slowly): I 'eard you sir, but I was just a-thinking.



CHRISTMAS TRIALS.

The Browns, a silver-wedded pair, On Christmas gifts intent, Turned townwards, and with counsels rare He plied her as they went-"Keep cool; though shops are full of bustle," Said he, "let no man make you hustle."

Act II., Brown fighting at the stores-Elsewhere his wife is shopping; Attention he demands, implores, His brow with moisture dropping. But though he shoves and thrusts his neighbours, No longed-for parcels crown his labours.

He hails a 'bus, his wife to meet, And sees, with indignation, faster sprinter take his seat; And later, at the station, His rapid progress like a rocket Is barred by one who seeks her pocket.

"Madam!" he cries, in no aside, His voice with fury grating, "If you can't hurry-stand aside! Don't keep the whole lot waiting!" She turned to view him-like a knife Her glance went through him-'twas his wife!

Jessie Pope.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A BOY of a scientific turn of mind, who intended collecting moths next season, asked his father to give him a book on insects for a Christmas present. His father agreed, and gave him the money to buy it himself, as he said he had seen just the book he wanted in a shop window. On the afternoon of Christmas Day, however, his father found him studying the book with much perplexity, and found he had bought "Hints to Young Moth-ers."



A CERTAIN bishop lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the States of America was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain percentage every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you would have to pay twenty pounds a year.

"Well," said the bishop quietly, "it's worth it."



RECIPROCITY.

VICAR: I hope we shall see you at church this Christmas, Mr. Bung. We don't often have the pleasure of seeing you there.

MINE HOST: Well, sir, if it comes to that, I never

see you in my bar!



COLONEL (to applicant for a job): What I want is a man who can cook, drive a motor and look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed the poultry and milk a cow, and do a bit of painting and paper-

APPLICANT: What kind of soil 'ave you got 'ereabouts, sir? COLONEL: Soil! What's that got to do with it?

APPLICANT: I thought, perhaps, if the soil was clay, I could make bricks in me spare time.

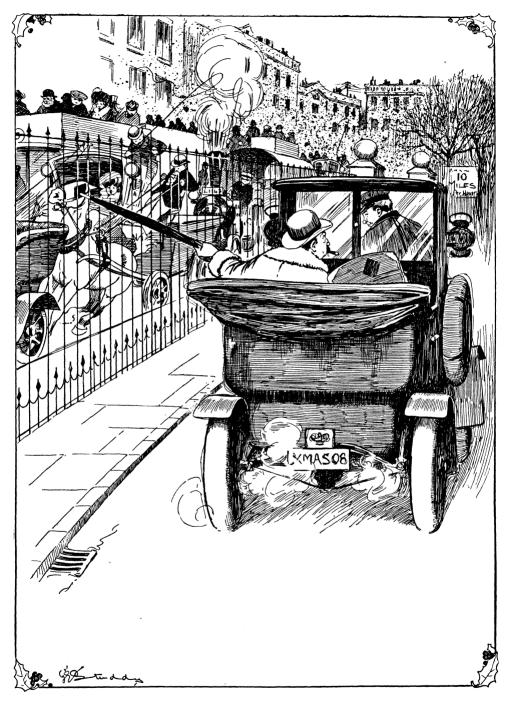
During the Christmas morning service at a country church, the organist was much harassed because the organ-blower kept working the lever noisily after he had finished playing. This spoilt the effect of his Christmas music, and he was specially annoyed as a famous preacher had come down from London to preach for the occasion. After a particularly loud "lever interlude," he hastily scribbled a note to the offender, and sent it round by a choir boy, who, misunderstanding his instructions, put it into the hands of the preacher just as he was about to enter the

pulpit. The note was as follows: "Perhaps you will kindly stop when I tell you to. The people have come here to hear my music, not your noise."

BRIDGET: Ah, your riverince! but that was a beautiful sermon you gave us this morning!

Priest: I'm glad, Bridget, you were impressed. Did you understand it?

Bridget: Faith, your riverince! would I have the impidence?



MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.

FARE: Shove it along, Taxi; I've got to catch a train, you know. DRIVER: Very sorry, sir, but we ain't allowed to do mor'n ten miles in the parks. FARE: Then why the dooce don't you go out there?



A KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME.

LUDVIG: Dat man vot blow der vistle, he is called der "coach-man."

Karl.: You make mistake, my frent. Dat is der game-keeper.

A SIMPLE rustic coming across an enthusiastic lady artist sketching a small landscape with a large sky, took a respectful interest in the picture.

"Ah," said the lady, "perhaps to you, too, Nature opens her sky-pictures, page by page. Have you seen the lambent flame of the dawn leaping across the livid east—the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in lakes of fire in the west—the ragged cloud at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"
"No, miss," replied the man, "not since I quit drinking."



MY LADY'S HAT.

My lady's hat is very wide, Abundantly with plumes supplied, And as to ribbons and the rest, There is no lack, I can attest, Before, behind, on either side...

Yet did a doubt my soul divide,
When its new charms to-day were tried . . .
viewed it with an air depressed,
My lady's hat.

Fashion, I know, had been her guide,
(A goddess not to be denied)
And yet a smaller hat were best
For lover's shoulder, lover's breast.
Therefore I with misgiving eyed
My lady's hat.

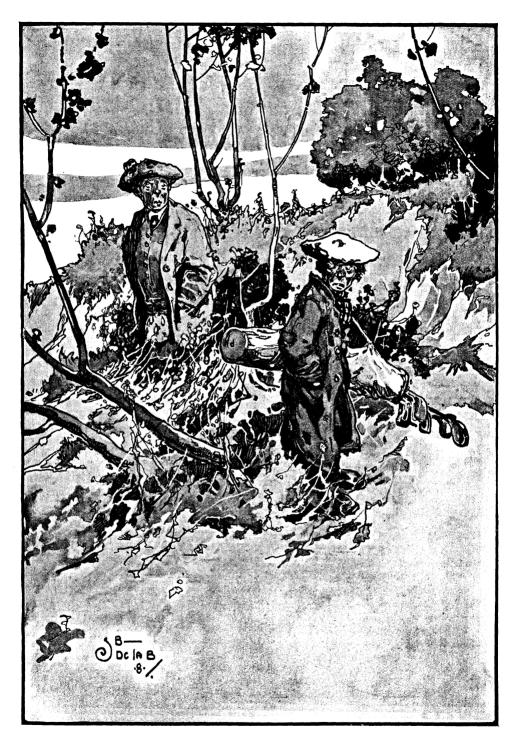
R. Mertun.



MORE INTEMPERANCE.

She: Don't you think the men who make such a fuss about coming here for a morning dip every Christmas rather stupid?

HE: Oh, it's just a form of dipsomania, you know.



SIMPLE DIRECTIONS.

McFoozle (about to play his fifteenth out of the rough): Can ye no gie me a hint, laddie? Sandy (who has caddied for him before): Aweel, if ye'll no dae what ye're gaean to dae, ye'll no dae sae bad'

CONTRIBUTOR'S INTRODUCTION OF A MANUSCRIPT.

I sent a Story to you-charming prose! Sparkling, concise-it was indeed all that, But as I sent it folded, I suppose It fell quite flat.

I mean to try a diff'rent plan this time, Lest my endeavour should again be lost: I send you Verses now, and hope my rhyme Won't be a frost.

A POPULAR portrait-painter, noted for his good work and plain speaking, was once asked by an overdressed lady of uncertain age to paint her picture.

"Now, my dear Mr. Vandyke Brown," she exclaimed, with a languishing glance, "I hope

you'll do me justice."

"Madam," replied the painter, "you don't want justice, you want mercy."





"AFTER FIFTY YEARS." BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

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"HIS OWN COMPOSITION." BY JOHN A. LOMAN.

More Pictures by Modern Artists.

By Austin Chester.

211

THERE is an old proverb which asserts that a good beginning will make a good ending. But in gathering up under one title the interesting pictorial matter which, from one cause or another, has been crowded out of the special articles in which we have dealt each month with particular painters, our this month's composite article can scarcely be said to have a beginning.

In writing of the work of artists of such diverse styles and varied talents as Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., Mr. Leonard Campbell Taylor, Mr. Bernard Gribble, Mr. John A. Lomax, and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, there is no necessity for precedence, and indeed no reason for the precise assortment save that supplied by previous limitations of our own space. We shall therefore treat the themes of which their pictures treat simply in their chronological order.

Yet, even after having come to this arbitrary beginning, we find ourselves in a

difficulty, for who can say how long Mr. MacWhirter's "The Lord of the Glen" has stood, in its decay, a conspicuous landmark on its native heath? The Scotch fir—perhaps the most picturesque of all forest trees, with its spreading, cedar-like top measuring sometimes as much as one hundred and twenty feet above its root—gains, we are told, maturity after about seventy years, but when

Moored in the rifted rock

how long it remains

Proof to the tempest's shock

is an unanswerable question. It is, however, more than possible that "The Lord of the Glen" yields precedence to Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Deserted Mill," which is evidently a Jacobean edifice, and this again possibly gives place to the painting by Mr. Frank Bramley, entitled "Burning Bracken," of a custom almost as old, it seems to us, as are those "everlasting hills" which form the background to the scene.

In human chronology, however, it is Mr. Lomax's astrologers and students who

1909. No. 169.



"THE END OF THE GAME." BY JOHN A. LOMAN.

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take the first place; and at some time between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries, that period in which alchemy was diligently studied by the philosophers of England, Germany, France, and Italy, we must fix the date of the subject of his picture, "The Elixir of Life." The imagination of such men as we see represented in this canvas must have been far-reaching, and satisfied as we are to-day of the practical futility of "Magic," it is difficult to believe that many earnest students should have sought in chemistry not only the art of making gold, but an elixir that would indefinitely prolong life.

We smile to read that as late as 1784 the impostor Cagliostro should have boasted, and his boast been believed, of having been present at the victory won by Montecuculi over the Turks in 1664; of having known intimately Philip de Valois, and of having been employed by Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria. Yet for such prolongation of life it was that alchemists in the Middle Ages seriously sought the recipe.

In Mr. Lomax's picture, "While Other Men Sleep," we have presumably some precursor of Isaac Newton, and we might suppose this student to be John Kepler himself, the founder of modern astronomy, but that in this figure there is no sign of the

crippled hands or impaired sight from which this astronomer of Charles the First's time suffered.

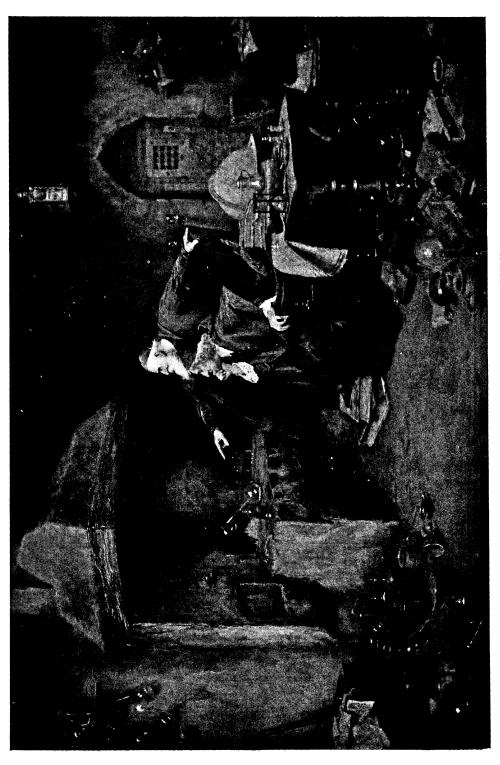
But the subjects which appeal chiefly to Mr. Lomax are those which synchronise the production of those wonderful papers, which, under the several names of Tatler, Onlooker, Adventurer, etc., fall under the generic title of "British Essayists," and are monuments of the vast literary ability of the writers of the eighteenth century.

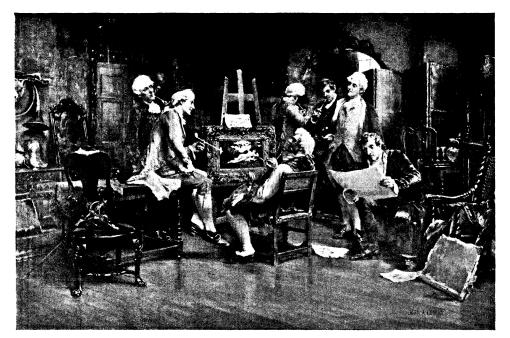
Mr. Lomax's "Finishing Touches" and his "Showing Treasures" each hold something of the spirit of that fashion which informed the eighteenth century. He is a master craftsman in conveying to us its tone, in suggestion of its atmosphere. He has realised it as an artificial age, when people talked in metaphor of ladies' charms, and the vulgar little hussy, her Ladyship, looked frolicsome through her fan at his Lordship; when in polite society men used "elegant expressions" and quaint adjectives, and there was much waste of margin to every remark; when wit, humour, raillery, and bright conversation were thought to be at a dinner table as necessary as forks, irrespective of the fact that as the essence of wit lies in inadvertence, the intentional or journeyman wit must on occasion prove but tedious company.

Yet we, who have advanced so far ahead



"A BRACE OF THEM," BY JOHN A, LOMAX.





"FINISHING TOUCHES." BY JOHN A. LOMAN.

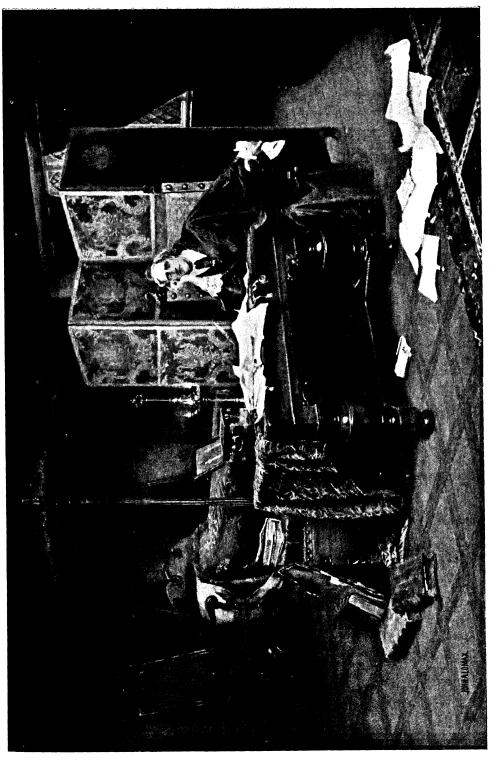
of that age along the roadway of Time, we, who have so much more facility for the improvement of our minds—now that books are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, and both Science and Nature daily

yield to man's curiosity more and more of their treasures—we must confess to having made no progress in the art of conversation. We talk more, probably, than did our forebears, but the elegance of literary motive that



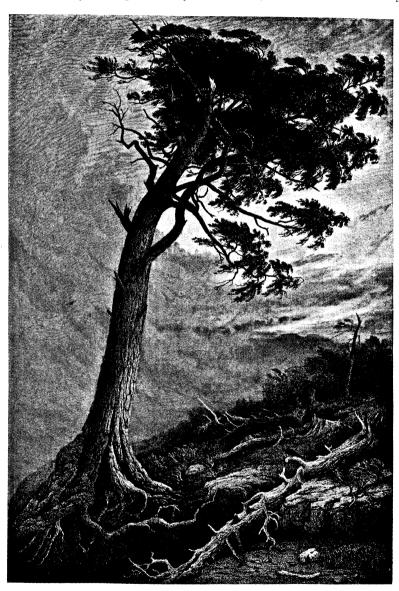
"SHOWING TREASURES." BY JOHN A. LOMAX.







distinguished the converse of the eighteenth century has disappeared from our midst. We have lost sight entirely of the rule laid down by Swift: "never to say a thing which any Of the times in which the Georges were kings, or those other days when Anne quarrelled with her dear friend, Sarah Churchill, Mr. Lomax is curiously well in-



"THE LORD OF THE GLEN." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

Moored in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow.

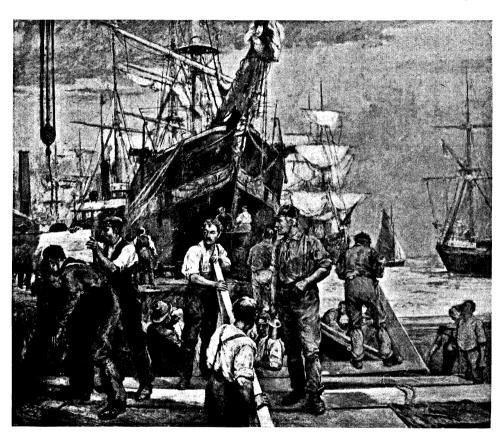
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of the company can wish we had left unsaid," and, alas! we no longer feed our minds "of the dainties that are bred in a book."

formed, both of manners and customs. He neither trips over a cravat nor stumbles over the point of a shoe, nor is he ever careless as to the adjustment of those ornate trivialities which, year by year, impose themselves upon clothes to distinguish their special era, and observation of which has to be microscopic to be true. He shows us the moral and social pedantry of the time when gallantry ousted humanity, and in his Lovelaces of paint we see the superficial refinement and much of the charm which Richardson depicted in fiction.

Writing in The Adventurer, under the

whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears incontestably not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other. The charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it. . . . Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by gaming. If it be asked, how the persons



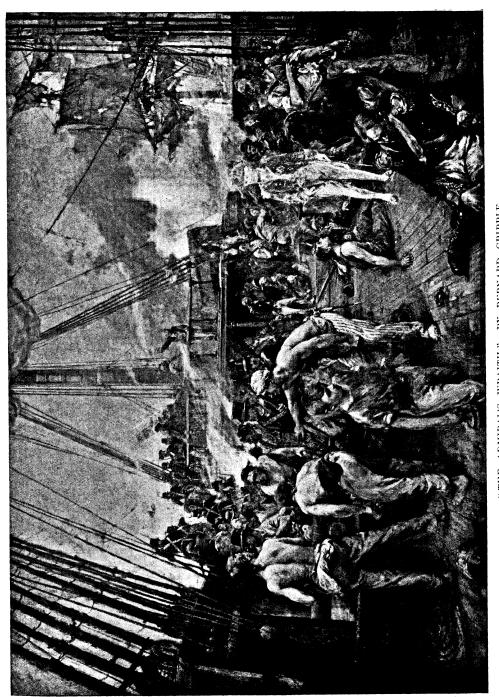
"OUR GOLDEN ARGOSIES."

BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.

date February 13th, 1753, Mr. Hawkesworth, upon whom the mantle of Steele had descended, puts forth a plea for the gambler, which curiously fits the subject of Mr. John Lomax's pictures, "Rooked" and "The End of the Game." "Can he," he writes, "be avaricious who trusts his whole property to chance who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others as profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man

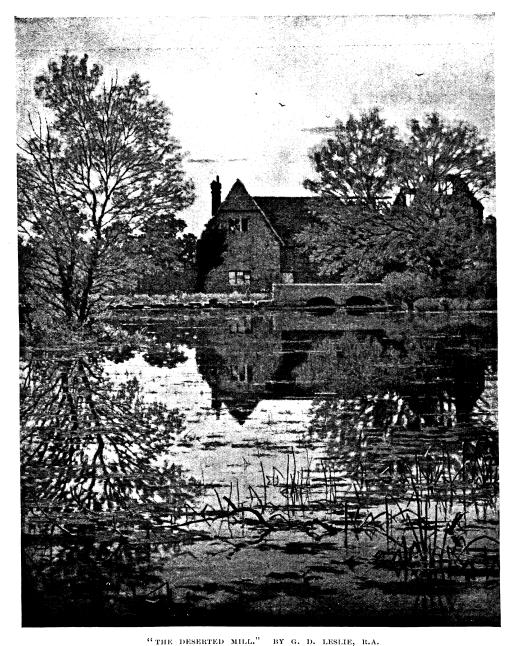
employed in this delightful circulation of property are to be furnished with the necessaries of life? I answer, that the necessaries of life, in the estimation of virtue and the gamester, are few; a sheepskin, a hovel, and a dice-box would furnish the gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment, and with these he would be as happy as he is now; for he has no power of acquiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has indeed no conception."

"The Admiral's Wraith," by Bernard



"THE ADMIRAL'S WRAITH," BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.

A picture inspired by the poem of Henry Newbolt.



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British Art.

Gribble, is a picture that was inspired by the stirring poem of Henry Newbolt, "Admiral Death"—

T.

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night? (Hear what the sea-wind saith)...
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,

He's the senior flag of all that float, And his name's Admiral Death.

Π.

Which of you looks for a service free? (Hear what the sea-wind saith) . . . The rules o' the service are but three When ye sail with Admiral Death. Steady your hand in time o' squalls, Stand to the last by him that falls, And answer clear to the voice that calls, Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!



"THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE." BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

Ш.

How will ye know him among the rest? (Hear what the sea-wind saith). By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast, Ye may find Admiral Death. By the forehead grim with an ancient sear, By the voice that rolls like thunder far, By the tenderest eyes of all that are, Ye may know Admiral Death.

11

Where are the lads that sailed before? (Hear what the sea-wind saith). Their bones are white by many a shore, They sleep with Admiral Death. Oh! but they loved him, young and old. For he left the laggard and took the bold,

And the fight was fought, and the story's told, And they sleep with Admiral Death.

In writing of our present varied sheaf of pictures, which illustrate what is known as the "period" of costume, which touch science, learning, commerce, gambling, sport, the supernatural, genre, childhood, landscape, rural life, sentiment, and portraiture, one would have supposed oneself freed from consideration of the "classic," since the term classic is fixed "to a well-defined literature and a well-defined group in art . . . it comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times,

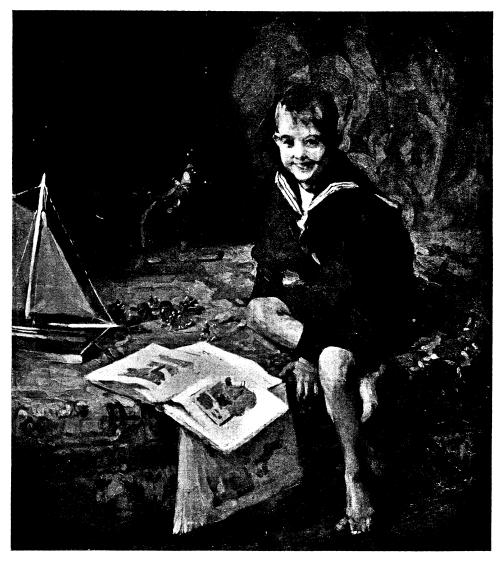


"THE PINK NIGHT-DRESS." BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us." In discussing the question what is meant by a classic, Sainte-Beuve defines its qualities to be those of measure, purity, and temperance, and he asserts that it lacks entirely that spirit of bizarre curiosity which is the essential element of romantic art. With the classic in lineal art none of the pictures we have under consideration deal, but with the classic in literature two are associate.

Mr. Bernard Gribble calls his picture of the unloading of a vessel at the docks, "Our Golden Argosies," and by so doing he takes us immediately back to the Golden Age. We conjure up in our mind's eye the original crew of the *Argo*, that band of heroes who sailed from Iolcus to Æa to fetch the Golden Fleece, guarded by a dragon in the latter place, in a grove sacred to Mars. Acastus, Admetus, Euphemus, Periclymenus, Tiphys, and their fellow Argonauts, we see them all, lifting, hauling, carrying their timber-burdens, dressed in the corduroy and shirt-sleeves of the twentieth century.

In black-and-white we naturally lose the actual golden glow which, appealing to the poetry that lies in the heart of all painters, suggested to Mr. Gribble the likening of one treasure to the other; and, indeed, it requires very little effort of imagination to place wood on the same level as gold, for is it not the groundwork of all our properties,



FERGUS GRAHAM. BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

the backbone of our homes and our ships, a treasure brought to us from various ends of the world?

Our second classical allusion is discovered in Mr. Frank Bramley's delightful portrait of a dog, the beautiful ugliness of the face of which has prompted the artist, on the lucus a non lucendo principle, to call his sitter "Venus."

The other pictures by this artist here reproduced are "Burning Bracken at Grasmere," to which we have here already referred, two portraits of children which have much of the "easy precision" and "playful

tenderness of treatment" which Ruskin speaks of as distinguishing the work of our great portrait-painter, Sir Joshua, and the pathetic "After Fifty Years," which assures us that in "this ghastly, thin-faced time of ours" both love and trust continue to exist.

Artistically, "After Fifty Years" is a brilliant and fascinating piece of work, showing a rare facility of hand, a well nigh perfect perception of the effect of daylight, combined with a quite unobtrusive concession to the laws of composition. The intrinsic sentiment of the picture, far from being aggressive or unduly developed, grows upon

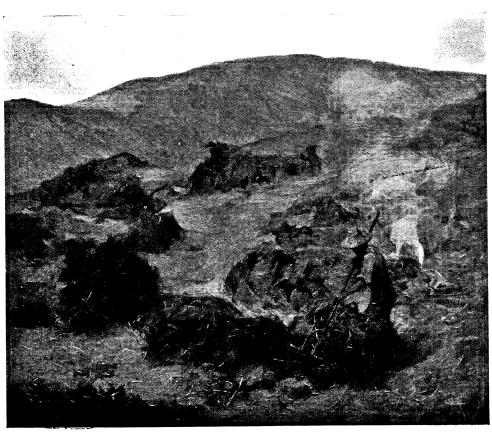


"VENUS." BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

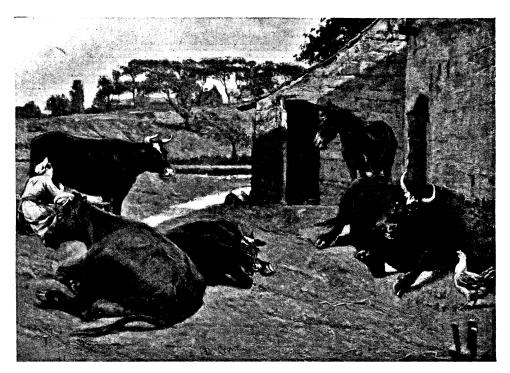
our consciences only after our acceptance of the work's technical merits, and this sentiment is removed from any suspicion of sentimentality by the aerial quality of the natural beauty in which the actors in it are set.

The beauty of the setting in which the painter places his models or with which he surrounds some sentiment he is illustrating, is by no means immaterial to his art; and, probably, no modern painter has felt this truth more than has Mr. G. D. Leslie, for not only has he chosen beautiful backgrounds, but he has brought to them an enlightened vision of his own, and they, in turn, have rewarded him by conferring upon him an added insight into their beauty. It is from this individuality of his vision that his art derives its particular and beautiful sayour.

It is an art of luminous days, of simplicity of sentiment, and orderliness of effect. The closely mown lawns, the weed-trimmed paths, the newly clipped box-hedges — all this regulated Nature invests the observances of cultivated life with peculiar beauty and



"BURNING BRACKEN, GRASMERE." BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.



"MILKING-TIME." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.



"BOULOGNE RAMPARTS." BY EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

dignity. There is an air of good breeding and unimpeachable conduct over every picture Mr. Leslie has painted, and it has been reserved for him to effect the apotheosis of the schoolgirl. As long as thirty years ago

Ruskin prophesied that the schoolgirl of Mr. Leslie's creation would float down Time's stream discernible as flowers in foam. He spoke of the artist as the possessor of "grace of fancy," of being full of enjoyment of "elegance of form. He held him to have the "power of composition the gift of gifts." He called him the painter of English maids par excellence. writing: "Call them Madonnas or saints or what not, it is the law of art-life — your own people, as they live, are the only ones vou can understand." Thus did Ruskin, a critic rich in intuitions almost diviner, reach right out to

the point.

and though
Mr. Leslie has put upon canvas persons
and scenes other than girls and gardens,
it is with these that we first and last and
most admiringly associate him.

Mr. Leslie has never, however, gone far afield in search of subject, but has always

taken the beauties of young life and of landscape, which have laid near to his hand, and, having a natural facility of pleasing, has made them intensely sympathetic.

His picture, "In Time of War," held its

"JUNE ROSES." BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR.

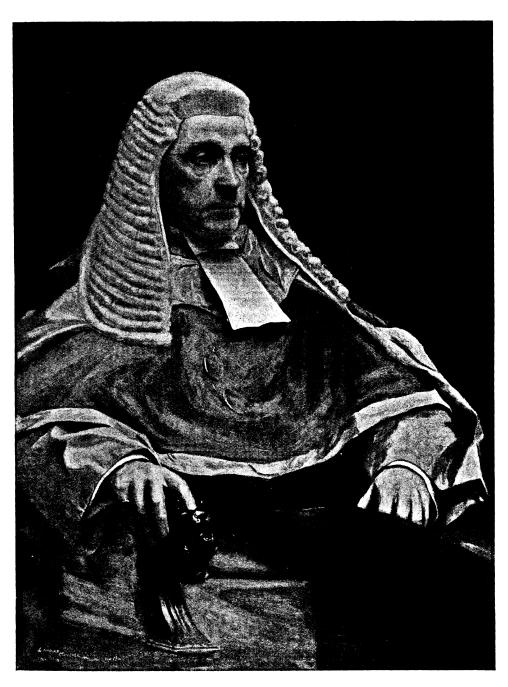
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of his canvases, has given place to a rural one.

Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, by his direct and truthful insight, has constituted himself one of the pictorial historians of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Every age has

own amongst the collection of brilliant work in the section of British shown at the Franco-British Exhibition: and this one alone would suffice to stamp him as a true artist. Lessambitious in sentiment. "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse," which we reproduce, has the same quality of luminous charm that he confers upon all his pic-

tures. Mr. Eyre Crowe, in "Boulogne Ramparts" and "Milking-Time," has broken new ground and opened up "fresh provinces of material." He is ordinarily a figure-painter, but in "Milking-Time" the literary interest, which has attached itself to so many



THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BIGHAM, KT. BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR.



"PATIENCE." BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR.
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its peculiar physiognomy, and, it seems to us, has also its peculiar atmosphere.

It is only, wrote Sir John Millais long ago, "by insistence on their individuality of conception and expression that painters can hope to advance to the first rank." Mr. Campbell Taylor obviously finds that he can best work out the individuality of his art in the early Victorian period; to this belong his pictures "Patience" and "June Roses"; and as we look at them the ghosts of old emotions, the echoes of old loves rise before our eyes and sound within our ears. Yet we should be wrong were we to attempt to limit this clever young artist

and bind his talent within one period; for we reproduce a clever portrait of the Honourable Mr. Justice Bigham, in his judicial robes, which is paradoxically both old and of to-day.

In actual likeness of Sir John Bigham this portrait is admirable, and shows Mr. Taylor to have the talent both to see and

represent individual character.

Mr. Frank Bramley's picture, "Her Soul Went Back to Its Child-Time," which appeared in our recent article on the artist's work, was reproduced by kind permission of the owner of the original, Mr. Newton Broadbent, of Vine Mount, Hey, Lees, near Oldham.

BRAZENHEAD IN MILAN.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—That many times repeated asseveration of Captain Salomon Brazenhead's, that he had formed one of the suite of Duke Lionel, when that prince went out to Lombardy to marry Visconti's daughter, and that, in consequence, the poet Chancer—"little Smugface," as he was pleased to call him—was his fellow-traveller and bosom friend, bore at the first blush the stamp of truth. It was always supported by vigorous reminiscence; the older he grew, the more positive he was of it. All this as it may be, what is beyond cavil is that we find him at Pavia in the year 1402, a fine figure of a man, scarred, crimson, shining in the face, his hair cropped in the Burgundian mode, moustachios to the ears, holding this kind of discourse to a lank and cavernous warrior, three times his own apparent age, who had proposed, we gather, before a tavern full of drinkers, to eat him raw. The irons came swinging out, there was a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds, and Captain Brazenhead had run his foe through and established his reputation in Pavia. Admirers crowded about him, to pledge and be pledged in cups, and he learned that the dead man in life had been Lisciasangue, assassin to the Duke of Milan, one of "a Mystery of Three Murderers." His Grace's condition was indeed deplorable, robbed of one-third of his assassins. "I see the aged monarch," mused Captain Brazenhead, overheard by a sympathetic throng, "maimed, as you might say, of his right hand. I see his prisons full to brim point, his lieutenants at work night and day to keep abreast of the flood." He could not restore the Duke his Lisciasangne, but so far as might be he would repair his fault and open a career for himself. "To Milan!" he said, "and there lies long Italy in the cup of my hand." By sheer impudence he obtained admission to the Duke's presence, confessed the killing of his assassin, and startled the craven Tyrant into appointing him to be Third Murderer in succession to Lisciasangue.

CHAPTER V.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD DEALT WITH A BURGUNDIAN IN A TUNNEL.



FOOT inside the door, indeed! And here was Captain Salomon Brazenhead with his whole fine body within already. Comfortable quarters and free table, a livery all of red, with a

mask for business purposes, flattering attentions from lackeys of all sorts, partnership with two such ruffians, Camus and Gelsomino, as never, even in his experience, had tainted the air before—what could a soldier of fortune want with more? It is the misfortune of such gentlemen, when their imaginations are ardent and habit sanguine, that they can be seduced more easily by a phrase than by all the sensible temptations of Saint Anthony the Abbot. If the kindling of noble rage by a neat allocution can ever be called a misfortune, so it was with Captain Brazenhead—that when his prospects seemed most fair he told himself that all was still to do. "There lies long Italy," that too happy phrase, was what moved his discontent. be Third Murderer to the Duke of Milan was to be something; but long Italy did not lie murdered, as yet.

His colleagues—Camus, who beneath a beetling Roman brow had the thin and bitter lips and hoarse voice of a fed Cæsar, and Gelsomino, easily mistaken for a Tartar with the toothache, with red rims to his eyes and a sour mouth shockingly awry—made plain to him his duties from the outset. He was to kill daintily, and report every night to the Duke, his master, the means and the manner of his killing. Imagination was to go to it; it was not enough to kill; he must be an artist, he must compose his murders, give them a lyrical pitch. The Prince, now that his fear had taken hold of him, was no longer able to witness the sport he loved; but his enthusiasm for it burned clear and bright, and the fire now in his blood gave a zest to his understanding such as his eyes had never lent it. He was, clearly, a virtuoso; he collected murders as other men bronzes. Captain Brazenhead, therefore, was to excel; it was little use to offer such a master anything but the best of its kind. "Kill," said Camus, "but be eloquent above all. Be a poet, brother." And Gelsomino added: "Aye! Braid your periods with blood; let your stresses be gashes, your casuras rents. Rhyme your passados, balance your refrains, now on this side, now on that. Stab in your Ha's! and Ugh's! and spare not your Godha'-mercies! for by such comments you enhance a poorer recital than you need conceive. For the rest you have a free hand, and a choice of implements in the armoury. I never, myself, saw a prettier set of tools, though by my grandsire's account the great Lord Eccelino had twice the number. But

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we have a blade with a double crook in it, a narrow steel, sinuous, like a watersnake. I recommend it. We call it The Horseleech's Daughter—a happy name, I think. Come now, colleague, will you open the ball? There is a fellow in the Tunnel bursting ripe. Will you take him for a beginning?"

Captain Brazenhead, sitting stiffly by the wall, nursed his leg in silence. His mood was short, his method precise. "Is he but one, then? Do you pit me to one man?" He frowned. "His offence!" was his next question, and he was told, deer-stealing in the Duke's park of Marignano. It shocked him out of his dignity. "What!" he cried. "Am I to embellish a man out of the world for a collop of venison? Let the hangman deal with him; let him dance in the air—or you will ask me next to whip dogs."

Gelsomino said: "As you will. "Tis pity

Gelsomino said: "As you will. "Tis pity you fly off so fast, for this is a great fellow of his hands. Not that he will look amiss on the gallows, by any means, for the bulk of him is bound to tell. But there he lies, for you or the tree; 'tis for you to say."

Captain Brazenhead's eyes had begun to glitter. "'Tis a big bulk, you tell me, and a man of his hands. Bones in him? Thews to him? I'll see the man—I may make something of him. What's his lodging? The Tunnel, d'ye call it? Let me see him, then."

"It will be torchlight work," said Camus;

"chancy, merry work."

"It shall be merrier than you guess for," said Captain Brazenhead, "for I'll have at him in the dark."

But he took a torch with him when he went masked to his work. By its shuddering light he saw his man at the far end of the dripping vault—his steady eyes, his mouth firmly set, his square jaw; a broad-shouldered,

high-coloured young man.

Next he surveyed the theatre of his operations, truly named the Tunnel, since it was nothing else. "Light bad, a tricky floor, little play for the arm. We must thread with the point, I see." He fixed the torch into a ring in the wall, took off his cloak, rolled up his sleeve, cleared his throat, and said: "Now, brother."

With lowered head, but indomitable eyes, the victim awaited his death-stroke. It came not; the tense moment was sharply broken by a cry from the Executioner. "By the Mass, the man's tied up!" He dropped his sword, and advancing, took a

file from his belt, and severed the manacles which held the prisoner fast to the walls. Having resumed his blade and first position, he adjured him cheerfully. "Now, then——"But the other's head remained bowed, and he kept to his knees.

"Little man," said Captain Brazenhead, "I am waiting. Lift up your head and play

the soldier."

The prisoner replied: "I conceive that I play that best by suffering what I cannot avoid." Nevertheless he raised his head. "You intend to murder me," he continued. "I have commended my soul to God, and bow my body to necessity, not to you."

"Bow not at all, by Cock!" said Captain Brazenhead; "but jump up, minion, and play with me. What! we are only young once, so who says die?" He held out two swords. "Here is a choice of irons, take which you will. This one is of Pistoja, and is the longer! but Ferrara tried this other seven times in the fire. The choice is yours."

"What is this?" the prisoner stammered.

And then he panted like a dog.

"Battle, my son," said Captain Brazenhead; "bloody, beauteous battle. No one is by; we have a fair field. You know the ground and are the younger man; but maybe I am in better fettle. I see that you have courage, and tell you fairly that I have some. To it, gamester, and the best throw wins."

The prisoner sobbed, then laughed aloud. "Oh, wonder!" he cried deliriously; "I

had thought you my executioner."

"So I am," said Captain Brazenhead; "make no mistake."

"And yet—you offer me——"

"Why," said the Captain, "am I not to have my pleasure as well as you? Do you take me for a poulterer or a cat's-meat man?"

The prisoner threw up his arms. "Oh," says he, "here is one cast in a great mould."

Captain Brazenhead accepted the compliment. "I am a pretty fighter, I do believe," he owned. "Will you have at me in the dark? A word, and I beat out the torch."

The prisoner had taken over a sword, and was making cuts in the air. He cried: "Ha!" and stamped. Up went his left hand as he lunged forward with gaiety. "A touch!" he cried. "Have at you, soldier!"

"What of the light?" he was asked severely, and answered: "Leave it, leave it. "Tis a pleasure to see your face."

"Gallantly said, butcher boy," returned



"'I carved my name on him, and he died."

Captain Brazenhead, and threw himself into position. "One, two; one, two: engage!"

And they closed.

To it they went, as merry as could be, thrusting, foining, slicing. The deer-stealer was very limber, and had a lightning eye. Captain Brazenhead touched him once on the upper arm, but himself received no hurt. When the younger man cried "Truce!" his executioner was not sorry to oblige him.

With all the intentions in the world to do justice to the last extremity upon the malefactor before him, Captain Brazenhead could not forbear to admire so stout a fighter. And, generosity being of the essence of him, he must needs praise where he admired. Each leaning on his sword, the hero spake. "Comrade, I see that thou art a have-at-you kind of a dog-fox. Thou hast learned thy trade in a good school of fence."

"The best," said the prisoner, deep-

breathing.

"Thou hast served Burgundy!" This was one of the Captain's flashes of inspiration, and it sped like an arrow to the mark.

Reverberation thrilled from the prisoner, as memories kindled in his eyes. "Ah, and so I have," he said, "and with brave fellows. The days were too long, or the nights too short, for the game we loved. I know not which was the matter."

"'Tis little matter either way," mused aloud his executioner, who in turn was deeply stirred. "Many found them the same." He looked darkling at the other—darkling and shrewdly. Knew'st thou the Fish? The Thumb-marked Fish in Besançon? And Long-eared Noll, the drawer there?"

The prisoner raised an eyebrow and smiled awry. "Eh, if I knew them! Hark to this

drinker!"

But the Captain leaned intensely forward, his voice down to a whisper. "Say—and Joconde?"

The prisoner kept his eyes fixed upon his foe. "She and I," said he carefully, "were old enemies. She beat me at last."

"Aye!" cried the Captain, on fire, "aye! and so she would. A many went down."

"Among them was I," the prisoner confessed; "but there was one, a tall man, who never failed."

"Ha!" said Brazenhead hoarsely. "What, a hollow man, a drinker?"

"He could drink against twelve."

"And was ready with his blade?"

"He was ready."

"Hairy? A deep and curious swearer? Could notch a shaft to purpose?"

"My arm," said the prisoner, "was the cross-bow; but that man had a long arm."

The Captain was trembling. "His name,

his name, Burgundian?"

The answer came slowly. "They called the man *Tête-d'airain*, with reason. I loved him, as you might love the Pope of Rome—that is, with reverence, from afar."

His hearer gulped down his emotion.

"Thy name, then, is——?"

"Bernart," he said, "is my name of the Church. But they called me *Tranche-coupe* for short."

Captain Brazenhead lightly plucked off his mask, and held his arms out wide. "To my bosom, child! to my breast! I am thy dear gossip Brazenhead!" There followed an affecting scene. . . .

"I carved my name upon him," was the substance of the Third Murderer's report to his master and lord. "I carved my name out upon him, and he died of the dot on the i. So perish all thine enemies, Milan!" But it is nevertheless the fact that Bernart Tranche-coupe lay snug on straw in a cellar, awaiting the orders of his executioner and friend.

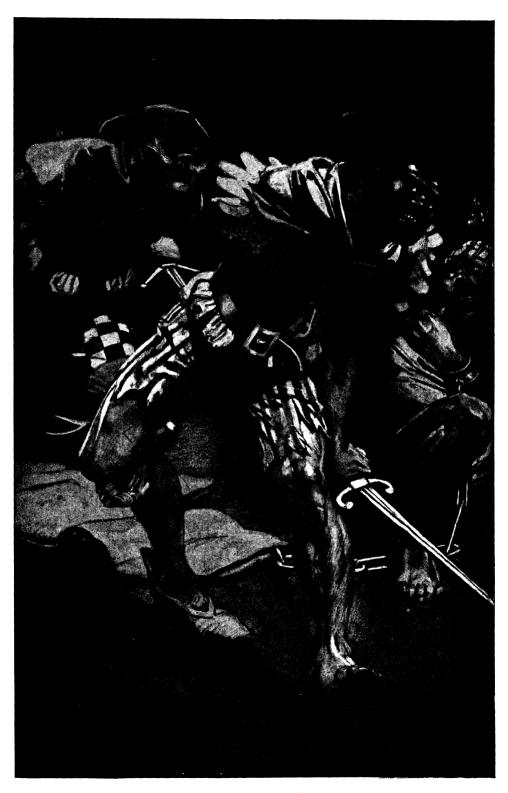
Captain Brazenhead has been blamed for this elemency, but not by me. He had intended to do his work when his blood was properly warmed by battle, and but for his memories would have done it. I think it was the name and hardy shadow of Joconde that saved the Burgundian.

CHAPTER VI.

DESPERATE DOINGS WITH A BISCAYAN.

When he was told off for the duty of strangling three ruffians who lay chained in the well of Santa Chiara, Captain Brazenhead hesitated, but only for a moment. It appears that, for once, he doubted of his prowess. "Tis true, I once hanged a running dog, when I was a lad," he allowed; "but since then the sword hath been my arm; and sometimes the long-bow, sometimes the long-bow. Yet tell me over their names and conditions, that I may consider them."

The three prisoners, they told him, were Lo Spagna, Squarcialupo, and a nameless young man, an Egyptian. Lo Spagna was a one-armed man of surpassing strength and



"Pursuing who might, they ran like greyhounds."

infamous conversation, consorting with Hussites and Waldensians, suspected of a plot to take off the Duke in the Sacrament. Squarcialupo was old in sin. He had been in the galley at Lerici, and having torn up a bench with his teeth, had used it as a club and freed himself. Retaken at Bergamo, he had been offered his freedom upon condition that he would eat one of his fellows on the chain, and had shortly refused. "A very contumacious villain," was Captain Brazenhead's comment; "but too good for the cord. Well, and who is your third?"

Nothing was known about the Egyptian, save that he had a ragged ear, and was branded on the shoulder with a galloping horse. "Why," says the Captain, "and how else would you brand an Egyptian? But continue." This Egyptian, they said, was in the Well, on the information of the Augustinian Order, for atheism. At this the Captain's eyes showed a dangerous light. "What! he denies God! If he does so, he strangles; but I'll never believe it of any but the Jews."

There seemed no room for doubt, however. The proof was that when he was put before an image of the Holy Virgin, he addressed it in an unknown tongue, which was exactly what a man would do when he intended to deny her divine attributes.

The Captain shook his head. "It looks black against him, and so it does. I take a whipcord in my poke for this renegado. He shall say the Ave backwards before he chokes."

One whipcord, then, three sacks, and three swords besides his own, formed his equipment for the execution of the Law's decree. "There may be nothing in it, after all," he considered; "and I'll not spoil sport until I am obliged." It will be seen that he again intended to temper justice with hard knocks.

To the Pozzo Santa Chiara he strode in his awful array, and was lowered into it by a bucket on a windlass. Now, the well was literally that, thirty feet deep and fifteen across. In the midst was a brick pier, to the which the three condemned ruffians were fettered, two by the leg and one by the neck. The rains might rot and the sun shrivel them, for all was open to the sky.

The dreadful apparition of a man, whiskered, gigantic, masked, clothed in blood-red, with four swords under his arm, three sacks over his shoulder, and the end of a whipcord hanging from his trunks, pro-

duced its unfailing effect. The chained wretches backed the length of their tether, and squatting on their hams, blinked and gibbered at their doom. The Egyptian, clasping his brown knees in his hands, buried his face between them and appeared to be praying to the devil.

Nothing in the executioner's first words

extenuated their despair.

"Friends of Misery," he said, "you bond-servants of concupiscence, an offended God and the Law's sacred nature alike demand your righteous extermination. They demand it of me, Testadirame, and it is not likely that I shall fail them. Prepare then to account for the uttermost farthing of your debts, and see me notch the tallies, by Cock." The Egyptian did not move nor cease his prayers; Squarcialupo sniffed through one nostril, while he held the other firmly against his knee. "Stand up, Lo Spagna," the Captain roared, "stand up, you left-handed devil, and meet Testadirame, drinker of blood."

The little, black-bearded, snub-nosed man bent nearly double amidships, shuffled to his feet, and saluted the dreadful swordsman. He, erect and discerning, assorted him at once.

"There is this to be said of thee, Lo Spagna, that if thou hast lost an arm, thou canst spare it better than most. That which thou hast is too long by cubits. What, Barbary, canst thou scratch a flea? Canst thou pitch a cocoanut? Ha, tree-topster, show thy tail, then."

At this shocking mirth Lo Spagna mouthed uneasily, and uneasily rubbed his knee. Captain Brazenhead shook his sword at him. "Say the Credo, thou toe-fingered mock man, say the Credo, or I lop thee into firewood lengths, for the doubter I believe thee." By a pardonable confusion he had supposed him the atheist of the party, and was agreeably surprised. "Credo in unum deum omnipotentem," the fellow quavered forth, and finished without a throw-back. By force of habit his yokemates quired Amen.

So far the wretch had cleared himself. "This is indifferent well," admitted his executioner, and bent frowning brows upon Lo Spagna, considering how he should most surely convict him of sin. "Now listen to me," said he, sure of his man. "Thou hast crossed the Bidassoa."

Accusation of an unheard of crime caused the little man to dance up and down, like a bear asking for supper. He protested vehemently. "Never, my lord, by all my hopes! I would not do it—I should shame to do it—oh, that I should live to be accused of such a deed! I am an old Christian, my lord, a very old Christian, and the only cross I know is that of salvation." He began to chant: "O Crux! O Crux, spes unica! O lignum vitæ, stirps Davidis! O sæcula sæculorum!" And looking keenly up: "You see that I have my clergy."

But the Captain spurned him. "I see that thou art a very vile Biscayan, clergyman or none. Yet for the sake of a little person, known to me in Bilboa, when I was there in '89, thou shalt fight with me for thy deplorable life. I had believed thee an atheist, upon my soul, and had a cord for thy wry neck. 'Tis better for thee to be a one-armed ape of Spain than so outrageous a fellow. Hold thee still now, while I loose thy fetter.'

The little man was loosed, and slowly,

pleasurably, straightened himself.

"By stretching," said the Captain, "thou mightest reach my nipple yet. Horrid food for thee there, Biscayan. Take now what blade thou wilt. This of Ferrara is the longest; have thou that. Stay a little. Tie me up my right arm with this cord, wherewith I shall shortly strangle the atheist, when I have found him. Tie me close, dog. Dost thou think that I would crow over a Biscayan the less?" Deftly Lo Spagna bound him up, and they began their bout. The other pair, squatting by the pillar, watched and wondered and hoped greatly.

* * * * *

The Biscayan, if such he was, proved himself a marvel of his age and nation. Such agility, lightning advance and retreat, thrust and parry had scarcely been seen since Bernard del Carpio engaged the dwarf Malimart. He would run in, drive and duck; then turn and fly like the wind. Twice Captain Such were his tactics. Brazenhead, thinking to have him, chased him round the limits of the well. Lo Spagna ran so fast that he caught his enemy up. Pursuer became pursued; the unchivalrous might have said it was the greater man who ran, the justiciar who fled from justice; but we know that it could not be so. Pursuing who might, they ran like greyhounds: then to it again, one, two, one, two, until for a third time the Biscayan, stooping, ran in and delivered his point. Turning immediately, he ran, his fate after him. Captain Brazenhead chased Lo Spagna, Lo Spagna sped faster and chased Captain

Brazenhead. Then suddenly, as they slipped round like beetles in a cask, the Egyptian edged out a foot and brought the Captain down. Was this treason? I fear it. Spagna buffeted into him and flew over his head, his length on the floor. Immediately Captain Brazenhead arose, set his foot on the other's chest, and nicked the point of his sword into his throat. "I dig-thou diest—is a good verb, and an active verb. Phew! Bilboan, thou art a monarch of the Say thy prayers now, say thy prayers, for I must kill a man this day—and why not thee? But that none shall say that I deal unfairly by a fine little rogue, have at thee left-handed. Now beware.'

The Biscayan writhed under the sword's point. "One word, one word, noble enemy,"

he faintly urged.

"Say on, dead man." It had been fine to have watched the Egyptian just then—the pondering, sphinx-like face he had.

"That little person of my people known to your Excellency—had she a red poll?" Thus far the Biscayan. The Captain's eyes

grew dreamy.

"It was something reddish. There was a tang. I know that I called her Judas when I was merry, and Foxy when she crossed me."

"And her eyes, noble sir? Her fair eyes?"

"They were not what you would call a pair," said the Captain. "But one was well enough, inclining to the yellow. With that she could make pretty work, I assure you."

"And so she could," the Bilboan said, "and I should know it, for she was my

aunt."

Starting, Captain Brazenhead somewhat recoiled, and in so doing plucked his sword out of Lo Spagna's neck with the kind of noise you make when you draw a cork. A spasm of pain contracted the prisoner's features; but in his eyes hope shone bright.

As for Captain Brazenhead, he knew that he must once more have mercy. "Cock's body, and is the world so paltry small?" The sword's point drooped nerveless to the ground. "I spare thee, Bilboan, for thy aunt's merry sake. Thou mayst bless her name in thy prayers."

"She was a fine woman," said the little man, sitting up and closing the wound in

his neck. "May she go with God!"

"She was a knowing one," replied Brazenhead. He turned to his business. "Into the sack with thee, Barbary, and lie quiet until I have done with those pampered rogues." Here the Egyptian wetted his lips,

"Sir," said the Bise ayan, "I will help you there, if I may, for my aunt's sake."

"By Cock, and you shall!" the hero cried.
"A main! a main! Three arms to four!

Stand up, you drolls."

He turned short upon the chained men, who were already on their feet, a murderous couple: the one, a square-headed, heavy man of past middle life, with hanging chops and not a hair upon him; the other, the Egyptian, hatchet-faced, lithe, and walnutbrown, with restless eyes which could never meet yours, and tight lips never soothed by smiling. The bigger was enormously strong. His muscles rippled as he moved, like in-

coming waves. The younger was all wire and brain; no ruth was in either, nor law, nor quarter. Captain Brazenhead sized them up and down when he had set them free.

"Now, my bravoes," he said, "we shall have sport. You know my way, and if ever I saw rufflers, ambushmen behind a hedge, or outlaws in a clump of scrub, then do I know your way also." He flung two swords with a generous gesture at their feet, then balanced his own. "Take your fancy, little men, and get to work. There's light enough for the game we play, and a rare game it shall be." The Bilboan lined up with him, and he set on with a shout.

A further episode in the career of Captain Brazenhead in Milan will appear in the next number.

THE MOMENT AFTER.

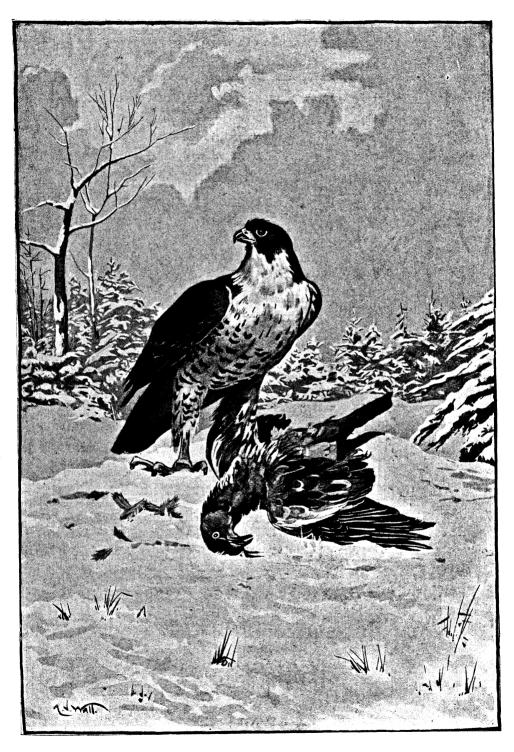
WHEN at thy touch the door of death shall ope, And softly, swiftly close again behind thee, What arms shall welcome thee, what hands of hope Shall loose the earthly cerements that bind thee, And set thee free, thy naked soul to lave In the pure glory of that living wave!

See, as a map thy mortal sojourn lies,
Spread out at last unto thy comprehending,
With all its sorrows and uncertainties
As roads to one sure goal for ever tending,—
Its tangles, woven threads of clear design,
Its broken failures, victories divine.

Thou that wast blind, by hidden roads of pain
Hast hither groped—the sudden light is o'er thee:
The crooked things made straight, the rough ways plain.
The mists and vapours vanished from before thee:
The wanderings past, which thou shalt ne'er retrace,
That led thee to this quiet dwelling-place.

Thy staff discard, and be thy feet unshod;
Hear thou no more earth's jangled groans and laughter:
Still in the valley of tears the pilgrim trod
A moment since. This is the moment after.
The shadow of the Everlasting Wings
Broods o'er the sparkle of the water-springs,

MAY BYRON,



'A WINTER'S TALE."

By A. J. WALL.

CAZABON'S WAY.

By KATE JORDAN.



I was hot in Matanzas. Down the long strip of blazing blue and vivid pink street there was not a shadow. The sky burned. In Pierre Cazabon's linenshop it was cool and black by contrast. The long

flap of grey canvas at the big door—the only opening—shut out the glare; the red brick floor gleamed from a fresh sprinkling; whatever of trade wind rollicked into the heat bulged the loosely tied canvas, and it

flapped like a slack sail.

Lucy sat in the deepest shadow behind the counter, marking a box of handkerchiefs, She was brown-haired and blue-eyed, a sedate sweetness in her face. Her hair was sleek and shining, her expression placid, with the drugged content which comes from the jog-trot of peaceful days and the possession of satisfactory, small things. She wore a starched, grey linen and turned-over, embroidered collar. A hymn reminiscent of her Connecticut home trickled unmindfully from her lips, while her reflections loped lazily from one point to another—

Oh, for the peace that floweth as a river, Making earth's desert places bloom and smile . . .

The new shop would be ready in another month. . . . How proud Pierre would be on the opening day! He had little dreamed when he tramped Cuban streets, a starving, barefooted boy of thirteen, a runaway from a French sailing-ship, that one day he would own one of the biggest shops in Matanzas, right on the Plaza, not far from the Alcalde's. He had succeeded it was very sweet . . . what a happy five years she had known as his wife. . . . If only the baby had lived!

Oh, for the power to grasp Heaven's bright forever
Amid the shadows of earth's little while . . .

The house was so lonely without Pierre Only four days since he left. How could she wait three weeks longer for him?

His deep, loving eyes, his boyish laugh that would come so unexpectedly she missed them. New York was so far away, a terrible place where people were being killed by explosions and run over . . . How she loved him! . . . Oh, if anything happened to him!

This thought had a fang that roused her. She put it from her and slid nimbly down. As she did so, the loose knot that held down the canvas at the door was untied at one corner and a man stepped in. Lucy at once became the saleswoman and stood erect, one hand on the counter. She placed the customer at a glance. Many like him drifted into the shop. He was an American cavalry soldier, his khaki worn and stained, a bandana tucked in around his sweating neck, his soft, fawn-hued hat bent back from his forehead in a flare. But she did not see his face clearly until he turned from re-tying the canvas and came towards the counter with a slightly swaying step.

Her first full look at him was of sudden questioning, then came frantic unbelief, and this changed in a second to a petrified recognition and conviction. She could not move. Her eyes were like stones in her yellowing face, her lips fell apart and left her mouth

gaping and silent.

"Fosforo?" the man asked in a thick voice, smiling in a silly way and blinking at her in the sudden darkness, as he held up an unlighted cigarro. "Fosforo, señorita?"

As yet he had not had opportunity to recognise her. She might have eluded him, might have turned her back swiftly before his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, might have sent Agadita back with the match to him. She might have done all these things, and so at least have escaped that moment, but she could not move. She was like lead, chained to the spot, in the grip of the Fate that had found her out, as she had so often in earlier, less assured years feared it would. Her silence penetrated through the hazy aftermath of his drunkenness. He bent a long look on her, then leaned nearer, gripping the counter on his side, and an amazed, jeering smile stole slowly over his face, an insult from the curl of his lips to his lifted brows.

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"Great Scott—you here—you!" eves narrowed. "Good Heavens!"

In the long, obsessed stare that followed. the silence was like a coil about them. It snapped sharply as Lucy fell back against the rolls of snowy linen, her cheeks as blanched.

"Hush!" she whispered, her head lunging forward in the effort to speak. She moved her hand stiffly towards the back of the shop in a gesture of caution. "Wait-wait-

"I've got all day," the man sang out with a sudden lusty cheerfulness, ghastly when compared with the look of death in her face.

As a mulatto girl came from the back room with a plate of limes, he pulled over a chair, settled it with a bang on the red brick floor, crossed his knees comfortably when he sat down, and grinned thoughtfully at his lifted boot.

Lucy made a desperate struggle for composure as she met Agadita's curious eyes.

"Agadita," she said in Spanish, "you can go to Margarita's now for my dress. It was to be ready to-day."

Despatched on a mile walk in the burning midday! It was the hour when everyone rested but this ever-busy Señora Cazabon, but this craziness had never happened before. Agadita felt insurrection, but looked humility, as she went with automatic obedience into the hot sun.

"Now, Bernard Marsh, what are you going to do?" Lucy said rapidly, as the canvas fell behind the shuffling feet. still grinned, and tilted his hat forward as he scratched his head in unhurried thought. "Are you going to give me up?"

"I'm going to have one of those there limes, first thing," he said, stretching his hand for the plate she pushed abruptly towards him. "Great for a hang over," he smiled. "Been on a bender for two days. Acting signal sergeant, I am—solid with the captain—can get a pass any old time."

Her suspense showed in her twitching fingers, as she watched him leisurely cut and suck the lime.

"What are you going to do?" she said again. "Hurry, before the girl gets back —she's the only one of the servants who knows some English, and she'd be sure to What are you going to do?"

"You know what I ought to do," he said, with a wink. "I ought to telegraph to the Warden at Weathersfield and say—'Rebecca Spencer, escaped convict, is in Matanzas.' I ought to go to my colonel and tell him the same thing-- Rebecca Spencer, who escaped from the Connecticut State Prison-let's see—seven—eight years ago?--Rebecca Spencer is——'"

"Oh, don't—for the love of Heaven!" she shrieked at him; "don't say that name again!" Startled, he wavered to his feet. She was staring at him like a madwoman, trembling in a convulsion that cramped her knees. "I'd forgotten—and you've brought it all back. Oh! oh! oh!" were stifled, and her head sank lower, stiffly, with each one, until she lay abjectly across the counter. She did not look at him, but after a moment held out her hands dumbly When she spoke, it was in a voice without body. "Bernard-for the sake of the old days—don't give me up. You knew my mother-my father-you knew me all my life—don't give me up, Bernard. happy here. I'm a good woman-my husband doesn't know—I do no one any harm. don't tell, Bernard! Didn't I suffer enough? I had four years of it-four years-and innocent—innocent—innocent."

"That's the thing to say, of course."

She looked up at him with a dumb appear not unlike a look his horse's eyes often had when he was very tired and urged to fresh

"But I was. I didn't mean it—it was like a dream. I told it in court at the time." She raised herself and spoke from almost closed, quivering lips: "There are two who know the truth—God—and Milly Woods. I've often thought of that—it's comforted Milly Woods knows now that though my hands pushed her back to her death, they were innocent hands." He regarded her impassively. "But what's the use of going all over that?" she continued wildly, her eyes keeping watch between the door and his face. "I'm asking you now not to give me up you won't have the heart—you'll go away and leave me in peace—here in my home—this sweet home," she sobbed, holding out her arms. "My husband loves me—it would break his heart—he's a good man—he'd never forgive the lies I've told him to cover up that time; and if they took me back to Weathersfield, I'd go insane to think I'd hurt him-my husband." She pressed her hands to her lips, and sobs broke against them like the charge of a shut-in sea.

A look of speculation had grown in Marsh's eyes as she talked.

"This is your home? This store?"

" Yes."

"Your husband owns it?"

"Yes—yes. He's succeeded so well—I've

helped him. He's going to open another—a bigger place on the Plaza," she said breath-lessly. "He's gone to New York to order some splendid fixtures. Oh, don't ruin us! Don't spoil it all!"

"What is he?" he asked with a facetious

sneer—"Dago, Español, or Cuban?"

"His father was French, his mother Scotch. Well—well——" she pleaded, trembling, "what are you going to do?"

" Don't give me up. Bernard. I'm happy here.'"

"Give me a match, will you?" he broke in, his tone slow and speculative. "That's what I came in here for."

She handed him a box from the ledge behind her. He rolled the brown *cigarro* between his lips and said after a long puff—

"How much to keep mum?"

"What do you mean?"

"How many pesetas or good American dollars do you plank down for me to keep my mouth shut?" He stared at her impudently. "Now do you get it?"

With a look of hysterical relief she lifted her head. "Why, I'll give you all I have."

"That's the way to talk. Now you're sensible!" he cried, bringing his fist down hard on the counter. "How much?"

"I've got three hundred dollars, American gold, all my own, that I've saved slowly, and——"

"Got it here?" he asked, his nostrils flattening in an ugly look of avarice.

"Yes, I'll get it for you."

She returned in a few moments with a small cloth bag and handed it over gladly, eager to get it into his possession —this, her all, saved by many small economies and strangled desires and so rivet his promise to go away and let her life go on as if he had not seen her. He counted it slowly and pocketed it deeply and securely.

"That'll do," he said, and went half way to the door before he paused,—"for the present."

"But I have no more," she faltered.

"For the present," he repeated, lifting the canvas.

"You don't mean, Bernard Marsh—" she cried in sudden weakness, running from behind the counter.

His answer was a laugh from the other side of the curtain, and she heard him singing "Bill Bailey" as he went hilariously down the sun-baked street.

Three days later, towards twilight, he came again. She was bidding a customer "Adios" in the friendly Cuban manner when she saw him cross the street. Her aching eyes had unconsciously watched for him every moment of these three days until after ten o'clock at night, when she knew the sounding of "Taps" at the camp made his presence, except

at rare intervals, a necessity. Through the rest of the night she had lain with dry, hot eyes in desperate fear of the morning.

Marsh came for more money. When Lucy said she had given him all she had, he

laughed comfortably.

"Why, all the stuff in this place means

money.'

"But it's not mine. It's my husband's," she said, her stern, pale face a white disc in the shadow.

"What's his is yours."

"Oh, don't," she mouned faintly. "Don't be a coward—don't feed on my terror, Bernard Marsh. I gave you all I owned, and I gave it gladly. You hadn't seen so much money in all your life, I guess. But you've come back in a few days to hound me, to make me steal. I won't do it!"

A threat leaped into his eyes. She had not seen any harder, colder look on a face even in her darkest years. "I guess you'll

do it-if you think a minute."

She looked at him, her fingers fluttering from her lips to her sinking heart, the thirst that comes from fear and tastes of brass in her mouth. "You mean that if I don't, you'll betray me—and after taking my money?" He said nothing as she turned from him and hid her face against the shelves. "If I give you more now, will this end it? Will it, I say? or are you going to keep on hounding me, killing me?"

"When I get what I think it's worth, I'll quit," he said, bending forward a little, speaking quietly and very distinctly. "Did you suppose your three hundred plunks would pay for your being kept out of jail—no, nor three thousand by rights. Gosh! you must think me a yam. Why, you ought to want to pour money over me. I keep quiet—and you're this French fellow's wife, having a soft thing of it here. I don't keep quiet—and you're Rebecca Spencer, with a cell that you took French leave from, all ready and waiting for you. How does that strike you?"

As he spoke the old name a wildness rushed over Lucy. She swept up a key that hung on a tape at her side, opened the drawer under the counter, pulled it out to its fullest, and gathered up notes and coins with both hands. She thrust the heap at him.

"Take it—go away—don't come back—oh, don't come back!" He pulled the money in stolidly and pushed it into his pockets.

"Not come back is all hanky-panky," he said with decision. "Don't be a fool—Mrs. Cazabon. Of course I'll come back, and you

see that I always go away with just this sort of fodder. I happen to need all I can get of it just now, more than any other time. My enlistment's up in eight months, and this wad will put me on Easy Street." Something in her face touched him to a second's pity. "You deal square by me, and I'll deal square by you. 'Something for nothing,' is a bad motto—don't you go on that."

When he was gone, she sat alone in the un' ghted shop, grim and vacant-eyed. Memories of her girlhood in the Connecticut village came back to her. She recalled Bernard Marsh's father. He was a miser. He had starved and cheated to save money. His meanness and avarice had been part of the gossip of the place. She remembered the look on Bernard's face the day she had given him the three hundred dollars: he had looked like old Seth Marsh then. He had become a vagabond from chance. He was a miser by heredity. There was no hope for her. He would bleed her of money while she had a penny. Where would it end? Just how soon would Pierre find it all out?

When Agadita came to call her to dinner, she was sitting with her elbows on her knees, her eyes staring sightlessly ahead under her shielding hands. She made no response, and only stirred wearily when the girl dared to lay her long, brown forefinger on her shoulder.

"The señora has eaten no dinner. She sits alone and seems to hear voices," Agadita said later to Gil, the cook: "Someone has put a curse upon her."

II.

A FEW loquacious Cuban citizens, a half-dozen *mulatiquos* with baskets of cocoanuts, guava sandwiches and sugar-cane, and as many American soldiers, were waiting at the sleepy Matanzas railway station for the evening train from Havana. Bernard Marsh was one of the soldiers.

It was a beautiful twilight. A crescent moon cut the faintly greenish sky, a lemon-coloured glitter gave an unreal radiance to the old town, making the pink houses seem built of coral, and the white ones of snow, and the blue as if washed by the wonderful azure bay. A high, sweet note from a vesper bell came down at intervals from Montserrat. Peace drenched the fast-going light.

Marsh saw nothing of this. His thoughts were of material things. His mind was as a pair of scales in which he was weighing money. He had finished with Lucy. She had sold her rings and the old silver that had been bought by Pierre from needy Cuban aristo-

crats; piece after piece of the costliest linen, many rolls of hand-made lace with fibres like cobweb strains, scores of dozens of handker-chiefs—anything, almost everything—had been sold here and there, to dealers and others at whatever they would bring, all to fill his ever-open, greedy hands. He had finished with Lucy. Now he was waiting for Cazabon. Would the husband let the wife go back to jail, or would he begin the paying? The uncertainty was the only spot on the sun of Marsh's speculation.

He was alone at one end of the platform, watching the passengers alight. He believed he would know Cazabon at once. He had seen a picture of him in a photograph shop near the San Juan bridge, and recalled a description of him he had recently overheard one officer give another at a café table, near

his own.

"Pale, and looks something like one's romantic idea of a priest. Not tall, but a broad-shouldered fellow, thinnish, with long He has thick, black hair, grey in streaks. He walks fast, always with his head Queer sort of eyes—awfully dreamy, but, then, so brilliant and keen sometimes, they go through you. There's something warm and surprising about his smile—it gets I spend hours in his shop talking to He's entirely self-educated, self-made, and so original, so interesting. You'd be surprised that such a pale, thoughtful fellow could have such purpose and persistence. He started life a cabin-boy, father a sailor, and, by Jove! he looks and carries himself more like one of the aristocrats who went to the guillotine with snuff-box and lace handkerchief than any Frenchman I've ever met."

This verbal photograph remained in Marsh's mind with sufficient distinctness for him to set his lips and straighten his shoulders as he saw a man in grey clothes and a soft, black hat step from the train. He carried some packages, and as he placed them in the arms of a mulatiquo who ran to him, he lifted his head in a restless way, and the look of expectancy in his wide-open, brilliant eyes

swept the station.

"Looking for his wife," Marsh thought, chuckling. "Guess he's pretty well mashed on her. If he doesn't kill her, I guess he'll

plank down the cash all right."

The boy plunged ahead with the bundles. Cazabon with a last look round followed, and at a little distance Marsh followed him until a quiet street was reached.

"Señor? Your name's Cazabon?" Marsh

asked, coming up to him.

He stopped shortly and looked with a directness that was challenging into Marsh's eyes. "That's my name," he answered, his pronunciation and accent more cultivated than the American's.

Marsh stood restfully, his legs apart, his hands on his hips. "I want to speak to you—a little business matter——"

"I'm in a hurry to get home. If you want to see me——" and he made a move-

ment to go.

"Right now, Mr. Cazabon," said Marsh, as a monitor might have spoken; "and not in your home, but just over there in the fonda, De Dos Hermanos'—that's where."

"I don't like your manner of speaking,"

said Cazabon, his eyes level and cold.

"See here—it's about your wife," said Marsh brutally.

A flush of haughty anger swept over Cazabon's face, his right hand shut instinctively, but before he could speak, Marsh continued in a slow, important tone: "Want to hear it, or shall I tell it to the first policeman?"

A distracted, pathetic amazement replaced the anger in his face. For a few seconds he stared, spellbound, then made a vague, hurried gesture of obedience. They crossed to the *fonda*, which was just opposite, its walls a screeching green, a shimmer of green garden in the last purple of day showing through the open door at the back, a big green paroquet with scarlet head swinging from the middle of the ceiling. The place was empty.

"We might as well talk business over a rickey," said Marsh, without looking at Cazabon, who sat down opposite him at one

of the small tables.

"I want nothing," said Cazabon, a hint of his suspense in the sharp, brooding tone. "Don't keep me waiting."

Marsh looked about cautiously to be sure old Pedro Vacques, the proprietor, was not within earshot at the moment. He stuck his head forward and began to speak rapidly. Anyone watching from the door would not have known that the pale, student-like man opposite the dusty soldier was having the face of his life changed for him. He listened in automatic repose. After a few short questions he closed his eyes to hide his heart from the other, and remained motionless, his shut hand upon the table.

At the shop Lucy was waiting for him. She sat stolidly in the dusk, drugged with despair, her eyes on the street. After the mulatiquo brought the bundles and she knew

Pierre was really in Matanzas, she started up and walked about, surges of weakness chilling her flesh and sickening her. She was painfully changed, quite unlike the woman who had sat contentedly marking the handker-chiefs and singing the hymn three weeks before. The bird-like plumpness of her body had wasted to angles and hollows. Her eyes glistened in the sunken sockets.

CYRUS

"He pushed her gently into a chair and knelt beside her."

The almost severe neatness for which she was noted was marred by a wrinkled collar fastened without exactness, and the bulging strands of hair against her temples which she kept continually pushing back. thoughts were like brass bells in her brain: Bernard Marsh had probably met Pierre, had told him, as he had threatened.

She almost wished this would be done, that she might be spared the first words of confession. If Pierre came without knowing, he would have to be told almost at once. He would soon miss the goods from the stock, and the silver, and she had no money to give him for almost a month's sales. seemed wonderful to her that she could be alive with such a meeting before her. And after it—what unspeakable future? At the last question an unearthly, victorious smile

crept around her grim lips. She would never go back to prison. By heredity and training she shrank from suicide —but she would never go back to prison.

Pierre came, and the anguish that rushed over her at sight of the loved face turned her faint. He was very pale, but not frightened, not forbidding. Then he did not know. He caught her hands and drew her to him, and she sank trembling into his arms. He kissed her as she lay against him. It might be the last time he would kiss her. The thought made her arms tighten about him with a surprising strength: her eyes, all fever and tears, gazed into his that were so lustrous and steadfast. and she said very slowly, in a stifled, vibrating way---

"I do love you, Pierre. I love you. Oh, I love you, I love

you!"

"Were you afraid of me, Lucy?" he whispered, while her lips "Don't be afraid any

more." The ground seemed to slide from beneath her feet. He held her to him shelteringly.

"You know?" she faltered.

"My poor Lucy!"

were against his.

"You know—and you don't blame me hate me?"

His gaze through the shadows was a thing to rest in. "You are my wife," he said. "I look after my own. We Cazabons are like that."

More than an hour later, after he had made her eat and drink a little, and they were on the gallery in the moonlight, Lucy spoke of her old life. She was sitting on a stool beside Pierre, her face against his arm. Her eyes looked away into the shadows of the patio. Behind them, across the sitting-room, the shop was dark, shuttered, and silent. Sounds from the street drifted to this inner open space over the low, pot-tiled roofs.

"Every word I tell you, Pierre, is the truth, as if God were to judge me to-night," she said in a soft, guarded voice. "I was brought up, as I've often told you, in a small village in Connecticut, and my father had the general store. I kept house for him. I never told you before that when I was nineteen he failed in his business and fell very ill. I had to go to work at something to get money for him. It was a desperate time. The only thing available was a place in a factory, eight miles away, where they made locks and keys. I was a pretty girl then, Pierre, and a very proud one. I was outwardly reserved, but I had an impatient, hot temper which I had to struggle against and which sometimes got the better of me. My first bitter lesson in self-control came that summer when I had to go to the factory, for I had been studying, hoping one day to be a school-teacher. It was the sorrow that came after, however, that really made me as I am now - taught me humility and patience. Well, in the factory there was a forewoman, a young widow, named Milly Woods. She was a coarse, good-looking girl, and I think she drank secretly. She was engaged to the assistant manager—or, at any rate, she was madly in love with him, and he had made her think he meant to marry her. This was before I came. After that he was brutal to her and he showered his attentions on me. I didn't want him, but I was afraid to lose the work if I snubbed him. For every favour from him I had an insult from Milly Woods. I could see how she hated She couldn't discharge me, but she made my day's work a hell. She made me ridiculous to my companions, taunted me about my poor, made-over clothes---- Oh, I can't tell you of all the little nasty ways she made me suffer. To retaliate, I encouraged her lover. More than this, I wrote a letter, several letters, to a girl friend, and these letters afterwards sent me to prison. In them I said how I hated Milly Woods that I wished her dead. I said that I'd kill

her if I wasn't afraid. All this I wrote with the undisciplined passion of a girl, easing my mind by the hot words. But when they were read aloud in court, they sounded awful. as if I'd only waited for a good chance. Well. she came to my bench one day and before the others said frightful things to me. She was beside herself with despair, for the man had that morning brutally jilted her. I tried to appear indifferent, and lifted the glass of water I had been about to drink. struck it against my mouth so roughly it cut me. I fell back and the glass broke. I had no clear idea of what I was doing—I saw a red haze—I seized her, and without realising that we were only a few steps from the greatest wheels of the machinery that were going like mad, I pushed her back and struck her as she had struck me. It was her shriek and the shrieks of the rest that brought me to a knowledge of what I'd done. Too late! She had been caught in the suction of the It was a frightful death—oh, it was a frightful death! I pleaded not guilty. was convicted of homicide and sent to prison for ten years. After four years I escaped. I was helped to this by one of the prison employés who was about to leave and who knew my father. My cousin was a governess then, and the family she was with was in Cuba. I came to her here. It seemed so remote and safe then, before the war brought the Americans. Now it's different. What are we to do, Pierre? What are we to do?" she whispered, trembling against him.

His fingers touched her chill, damp cheek. "You are afraid. You will always be afraid now."

"Oh, I am so afraid!"

As her voice broke in a tremor, there was a cautious but decided knocking on the shop door.

"Don't open it," said Lucy thickly, the

words overlapping each other.

"I'd forgotten," said Pierre, putting an arm around her. "It's Marsh. He was to come for more money."

"But you said you gave him two hundred

in the fonda."

"He said it wasn't enough; but it was all I had with me."

He drew her into the sitting-room, blew out all the candles but one, and lifted this to carry into the dark shop.

"Wait here," he said. "Keep out of sight. I'll speak loudly if there's any danger

-anything you should know."

When he opened the shop door, Marsh stepped into the leaping candle-light, and

Lucy watched the meeting from her hiding-She saw her husband count out money, and Marsh pocket it. As Cazabon held open the door, Marsh turned and said something very decided, making a gesture with his arm towards the west. She heard faintly the word "Yumuri." She saw her husband nod assuringly, and Marsh went away. When Cazabon came back, she crept out and asked desperately-

"What's this last thing? What about

the Yumuri?"

"I'm to meet him on the hill overlooking the Yumuri at sunset a week from to-day. As acting signal-sergeant, he'll be up that way to inspect the heliograph station," said Cazabon, his eyes patient.

"Well, why—why?"

"I'm to give him a thousand dollars there."

III.

The days following were like sections of a dream. Cazabon began to make quiet, leisurely preparations for leaving Cuba. He gave it out guardedly to his friends that his visit to New York had unsettled him, made him ambitious. He wanted to go to the States. He declared that if he had a good offer, he would sell both the shop in Contreras Street and the new one on the Plaza, get all his money in hand, and open a business in New York. He said he would leave Cuba in a month if he could arrange it. When Lucy heard him say this for the first time, she felt like one groping in a mist.

"The States, Pierre?" she asked when they were alone, after waiting vainly for him to

explain. "I couldn't go back to the States."
"You never shall," he said, and drew her closer. "I'm afraid to talk, afraid of the very air listening. Ah, don't fear, my Lucy. I am making plans. You shall be happy and safe again.

Monday arrived, the day he was to meet With a feeling of doom, Lucy watched him prepare for this. They said little to each other, but at parting she clung to him in sinking pain.

"Come back to me!" she whispered. "Don't let anything happen. Oh, come

back to me!"

He comforted her, but added: "If I am not home by nine o'clock, open this letter which I leave here in the safe. You'll find money in it and directions for your safety. It is only a precaution. Don't distress yourself by reading it unnecessarily."

"Oh, come back to me!" she kept

whispering stupidly.

"You are as my own heart," he said; "and God is just. Try not to be afraid."

The sluggish moments made sickening hours as she waited for him. She died in spirit many times as she paced the shop and went up and down the dark, narrow street, her senses on the alert, like a driven animal's listening for the hunters. It was half-past eight when she saw Pierre turn the corner. He came towards the shop swiftly, almost running, but keeping in the deepest shadow, close to the houses. She retreated until she had re-entered her home and stood waiting in the centre of the big, cathedral-like bedroom, a half-understood fear bathing her like a shadow. She heard him enter the shop softly, lock the door with scarcely a sound, and when he came in he carried his coat rolled up.

"What happened?" she whispered when

he came to her, his hands held out.

He pushed her gently into a chair and knelt beside her. "My wife! My darling!" he said, and drew down her head and kissed it.

"Tell me, Pierre, is everything all right? You met him. What happened? thing's the matter. Your coat—

He did not reply for a moment. The big room, with the dome-like, raftered ceiling, was so still, his faint, fast breath kept time

with the beating of her heart.
"I met him," Pierre said. "I was there first. All the time I was waiting for him I was thinking of the three things I had brought with me—the money, a paper of quittance saying how much he had received as the price of his silence, and my revolver." Lucy tried to speak, but her lips remained open without a sound, a new waiting look growing in her apprehensive eyes. Without looking up at her, Pierre continued softly, rapidly: "I meant him to sign the paper. That was our only hope. He might be afraid to betray us if it could be proven he had taken money. It was not much of a life-saver, but it was something. waited for him there in the ruined garden of the burned casa, not a soul within miles of us, I wanted to kill him. When he came towards me at last, his sweating face flaming with greed, I wanted to kill him—that was the French in me, my hard-living sailor father. But I have Scotch justice too, from my mother, and he must have his chance to make a fair bargain. Well, I told him what I was there for. I showed him the paper, the money. He agreed at once to sign. I could see he was crazy to get his hands on the thousand dollars.

held the paper against the wall of the casa, and he scrawled his name there with my I handed him the money. fountain-pen. As he took it with one hand, he snatched the paper with the other. It was all done in a twinkling. The world whirled around me. I heard him laugh. He not only laughed, but he told me just where I was to fetch him the next money, and how much. He turned to go. I called to him. When he faced me, I had him covered with the pistol." Pierre slipped to his knees, and as he now looked up at her Lucy saw that the scene was passing again before his gaze. could have shot you in the back a moment since," I said to him, as he stood sneering before me, after pulling out his own pistol; " but I didn't. If you're not all a coward, if you have one drop of man blood in you, stand up and face me now. Take your He laughed again. The idea of my classing myself with him as a marksman amused him. "Better drop this business," he said. "Be sensible and pay up quietly. It's better than being dead." "Whatever happens," I said, "you've had your last centavo-your last-as I call the eternal God to witness. So you might as well do this work in the most self-respecting way. Only one of us goes down that hill." He saw I meant it about the money. That was all that mattered to him. Then while he laughed again he cursed in his disappointment, and what he said of you-oh, what he said! I could have killed him twenty times for that alone. But I felt he was right to laugh . . . I expected to die. We stood up in the garden among the weeds and broken statues, and-who can explain anything in this world? Perhaps he hated me so much he was blinded by the blood in his brain; perhaps the red sun dazzled him; or most likely he was drunk, as men like him so often are, in a sluggish way, deeply, without betraying it clearly. I don't know. His shot tore my sleeve. Mine killed him."

Lucy's arms closed around him like one The whole world became but drowning.

one thought-

"He is dead—there is danger now for you." "No, chérie, no. Who will suspect me?" "If he told anyone about me, Pierre-

think-think-suppose he told of me?" she

whispered.
"I'm sure he didn't. Our secret meant money to him. He'd never share it while there was a chance of making it pay. Don't shiver so, dear-listen. There was no one in the fonda the night I went with him

I took the money and the paper from him as he lay at my feet. No one saw us to-night. We are safe, we are safe."

Her lips quivered, her eyes overflowed with sudden tears; her fingers caressed his worn "Oh, Pierre, I've brought you to this. What have you done—for me—for me?"

"I shall wipe it from my thoughts," said Pierre, and she scarcely knew the chill, impassive, final tone as her husband's. "He was a mad dog-mad for money. He would have driven us mad-cooked us over a slow fire of torment—beggared us—and it would have been no use. At the end of all he would have told. He was a mad dog, but I gave him his chance, and I am alive, and he is dead. God is just."

The instincts of her lost girlhood came back to Lucy in a rush. She slipped to her knees beside Pierre, and her head fell forward

"Pray—Pierre—pray," she breathed.

Her prayer was first of all for himpardon—protection. Then, because of Pierre's

love for her, she prayed for herself.

"Lucy," Pierre whispered as they knelt there, "let me tell you of what I dream for Without hurry and at the best price, I'll sell out here. I'll say I'm going to the States by way of Nuevitas, so I can visit my old partner, Morales, there. When we reach Nuevitas, what is to prevent our changing our plans and going to Spain? Nothing. We will go on a sailing-ship from Nuevitas, and it will appear that we take such a voyage for your health. When we reach Spain, we will let all trace of us be lost, and go secretly to France!" he whispered, and the longing, thrilling tone made a tiny sheet of hope spring up in her heart. "Oh, I know such a place there—so hidden—a quiet spot in the vineyard country. There are little farms there, so out of the way, Lucy-little grey houses, with such flowers straggling all over them . . . with such high walls about them . . . such high, safe walls, my darling! . . . You can never be afraid there."

"Forgive us—oh, pity us—leave us each other!" she prayed passionately. "Almighty God, grant us this! Save us—oh, save us!"

Pierre's dream came true. Three weeks later they said good-bye to the many friends sorry to lose them, and took the train to Nuevitas. Two officers who, from their talk, they discovered were going as far as Cardenas, sat just across the aisle from them. They were eating pineapples and laughing. One of them held up a knife.



"'I could have shot you in the back a moment since,' I said to him, as he stood sneering before me."

"This belonged to Marsh," he said, and Lucy grew rigid at the name. She waited for the next words, and she could feel Pierre, beside her, waiting too. "I took it away from him one day when he was drunk. I always felt he'd come to an end like that. Spaniards, the lowest of them, won't stand insults. Marsh had the most abusive vocabulary, and took a delight in rubbing it into every Spanish mother's son of them—telling them how they'd been licked."

"Oh, yes, it must have been the work

of some sneaking Spaniard," said the other.

"Positively, for Marsh had more enemies among them than any other man in the regiment. They don't take any chances, and that hill over the Yumuri is always lonely. No open fight for them. They just pick you out quietly from up a tree, and—ping!—fill you quietly and politely with lead." There was a pause. "That's the fourth soldier in three months found just that way—and not a hint to clear up the mystery."

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

By WILLIAM T. STEAD.



HAT would be an interesting inquiry to set on foot which would endeavour to ascertain the age at which well-known public orators first were heard to speak in public. Most good speakers began early. It is

the best way to acquire self-possession, the first essential to effective public speech.

In the year 1885, I was suddenly called upon for the first time in my life to address great audiences. My prosecution was pending, and my lawyers decided that no one could so well convince the public of the nature of my motives as myself. I was, much to my dismay, summoned to address a series of public meetings in the largest towns in the United Kingdom.

I went to my revered old friend, Cardinal Manning, and asked him whether, out of the rich stores of his immense experience, he had any word of wisdom to give me that would stand me in good stead during my platform campaign. The Cardinal replied without a moment's hesitation: "Yes, I have. It is this: Be full of your subject and forget yourself."

It is a saying full of good sense, which may be commended to all those who are called upon to address their fellow-men. Yet, like all good sayings, it needs qualifications. "Be full of your subject," but not too full. Some speakers are so full of their theme that they are like an inverted bottle that is so full the contents can hardly come out.

"Forget yourself," but do not forget to be yourself. For all effective utterance by pen or by speech is self-expression, and selfsuppression is as much to be deprecated as self-assertion.

The most effective orator I have ever heard was an Italian ex-friar, an old Garibaldian, Signor Gavazzi by name, who lectured in England when I was in my teens. Allowance must be made for the impressionable character of youth, but I never heard or saw any man with such a mastery over his audience as Signor Gavazzi.

He was addressing some five thousand men and women of the hard-headed North Country type. He was speaking in English, which was to him an acquired and foreign language. But not Mr. Gladstone in the zenith of his splendid powers, not Mr. Bright, nor any other orator of platform or of pulpit ever left on my mind so deep an impression as to the magic, wonder-working capacity of oratory.

Gavazzi played on his hearers as if they were an old fiddle in the grasp of Paganini. He made them literally laugh and cry at will. He would one moment hush them in spellbound silence, and the next, by a word or gesture, he would explode the charged mine of their enthusiasm into deafening cheers. As I listened to him I first understood why Demosthenes insisted so strenuously on action—action in delivery as the first, second, and third secret of successful oratory.

For Gavazzi did not merely speak with his lips. He was eloquent to his finger-tips and to the soles of his sandalled feet. Possessed of a striking physiognomy, with a massive head of hair, eyes of fire and a singularly mobile mouth, he had every physical advantage to support his penetrating and musical voice. He was as a flame of fire in his more passionate moments, while his quiet humour played like summer lightning over his audience.

Gavazzi was an Italian with all the dramatic genius of his countrymen. The most eloquent English orators have nearly all been Irishmen, although some have been Scotchmen, of whom the names of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery at once recur. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain were almost the only purely English orators of our time. Cobden and Lord Salisbury, both of whom were effective and convincing speakers, would have disclaimed all pretensions to oratory.

Lord Morley is an effective essayist on his feet. "I know the secret of how to be a great orator," said a saucy girl when she returned from her first political meeting

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where Mr. Morley had been speaking. "It is quite easy. You say two or three sentences very slowly and then wait for the

applause."

Pope put slowness of speech as the first secret of oratorical success, but Mr. Haldane, the most eloquent Scotchman in Parliament, speaks with the rapidity of a motor-car, while panting stenographers toil after him in vain.

The Irish are much the most eloquent of the English-speaking nations. Even in America, Mr. W. J. Bryan is of Irish descent. In the eighteenth century the great parliamentary orators were Irishmen. Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Flood were all Irish. In the nineteenth, Plunkett, Shiel, O'Connell, Magee, A. M. Sullivan, and Sexton, all stand in the front rank. In the present Parliament, Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and T. M. Healy are the most effective speakers.

For facility of expression, grace of delivery, and fervour of utterance, I never heard any one equal, much less excel, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. But the Irish speaker whose speeches carried the most weight was not an orator at all. Charles Stewart Parnell was a cold, sternly restrained speaker, yet his simplest word

was law.

The secret of the Irish pre-eminence in oratory is often attributed to their temperament. They are more emotional and quick-witted and more responsive than the slower-blooded Saxon. There is something in this, no doubt, but in this, as in other departments of human endeavour, genius largely consists of an infinite power of taking pains.

The Irish alone of the nations of the United Kingdom have kept up the practice of after-dinner speaking. We still have formal public dinners in England where there is speaking and to spare. But in private it is the exception to find any speeches delivered at dinners where no reporters are invited.

This is quite otherwise in Ireland. I well remember my surprise to discover, on my first visit to the country, with what rigour the custom of after-dinner speaking was kept

up in private.

After the Plan of Campaign had been proclaimed at Woodford in Galway, in 1886, I was a guest at two dinners. One was of a quasi-public nature, and there I was not surprised at the toast-list. The other was a small dinner at the parish priest's. I think there were five or six of us all told, but everyone of us had to propose a toast, and everyone had to respond. Nor were these speeches mere shuffling apologies for articu-

late utterance. They were set speeches, as eloquent and as carefully finished as if they had been prepared for a public function.

This constant practice, night after night, keeps the Irish orator in trim. He is accustomed to speak and to think on his legs. Hence when he crosses the Channel he is to the Saxon what the highly trained regular soldier is to the raw recruit.

One of the most eloquent orators whom I ever heard was Joseph Cowen, the friend of Kossuth and of Garibaldi, the Tribune of the North. He spoke with so strong a North Country dialect that when he first rose in the House of Commons, Disraeli is said to have inquired with some curiosity: "In what language was that man speaking?"

But "his native wood note wild" soon gained recognition as the voice of one of the

most eloquent orators of his time.

Joseph Cowen was a speaker full of passion and of power. But no man ever prepared his speeches so carefully. He not only wrote them out, revised them and committed them to memory, but even went to the length of rehearing them to a reporter before he delivered them.

He once defined his theory of success in public speaking. First he placed knowledge, second style, and third delivery. Of these the first alone is indispensable. You can do without style and you can neglect delivery, but you must know what you are talking about. "If a man knows the facts and has the art of telling them well, he is in the possession of the key to oratorical success."

Cowen loved to illuminate his orations by purple patches which severe critics would have condemned. He knew, no one better,

how to let himself go.

In one of the most powerful of his perorations he compared himself to Arnold von Winckelried, who made a path to victory by gathering his foemen's spears into his breast. Coming from any other man, the simile would have seemed bombastic and egotistic. Such was the rush and the glamour of Cowen's rugged eloquence that it almost seemed as if he were transfigured for the moment with the likeness of the Swiss patriot-martyr.

Mr. Bright by common consent was the greatest orator of the last half-century. Unlike Joseph Cowen, he cultivated a style of severe simplicity. It was but seldom, and only in his hotter youth, that he ventured upon the daring metaphors which kindled the imagination of his hearers. There was only one such flight, for instance, as that in which Mr. Bright stilled the House of

Commons by declaring "the Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land. You may almost hear the beating of his wings."

I only once had the privilege of being with Mr. Bright when he delivered one of

his great speeches.

It was in 1878, when the friends of peace were making their last desperate rally against the Russophobists who, under Lord Beaconsfield's leadership, were heading straight for war. As we sat at tea before going down to the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, I noticed that the Great Tribune was nervous and ill at ease. To my attempt to reassure him, he replied gloomily: "You do not remember, as I do, how men spat in my face when I went down to speak in Manchester against the Crimean war."

Fortunately there was no repetition of that brutality. The meeting was a magnificent demonstration against war, and Mr. Bright seldom spoke with more of the fervour and

the inspiration of an ancient seer.

Mr. Disraeli is better remembered because of his initial failure to command the ear of the House of Commons, than by any of his oratorical successes. His epigrams are smart, but hardly oratorical. When he crossed swords with Mr. Gladstone in the last great tourney over the Bulgarian atrocities, and the Berlin Treaty, the vehemence of his invective was esteemed mighty clever by his party, but it reads somewhat absurdly It is not necessary that the effect to-day. of oratory shall be lasting, in order to be regarded as oratory. A great orator, like a great actor, owes his greatness to a quality which perishes in the using.

Among the great mob orators or demagogues of our time, using the term in its best sense, the first place belongs to Mr. Gladstone, who was much more than a demagogue, but as demagogue he was easily first. Mr. Chamberlain is our greatest living demagogue, and he comes nearer the accepted type of demagogue than Mr. Gladstone, who was always too much of a revivalist preacher anxious to save the souls of his hearers. Lord Randolph Churchill and his son Winston are both typical demagogues who rose to a high position in the State. Mr. Bradlaugh was a demagogue of another sort. democratic in his fibre, he was a man who lived on the platform, and for years made his living in the lecture-room.

The most eloquent of European orators to-day is probably Count Apponyi, the Hungarian Minister of Education, whose splendid speech at the Inter-parliamentary Union

banquet in Westminster Hall will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The handsome presence of the speaker, his tall, graceful figure, his earnest delivery and pleasing smile, all enabled him to achieve supreme success in oratory, which has been defined as "the art of clothing thoughts in agreeable forms so as to produce persuasion, excite feelings, and communicate pleasure." He was followed by Mr. W. J. Bryan, whose earnest and eloquent plea for peace, based upon a higher conception of the value of a single life, enabled the representatives of a score of parliaments to understand somewhat of the magnetism which has so often enthralled American audiences.

Twenty years ago, Señor Castelar would have carried off for Spain the palm of supreme oratorical genius. In France, M. Gambetta for ten years reigned supreme by virtue of his eloquence. Kossuth fifty years ago made the Crimean war inevitable by the kindling fury of his eloquent denunciation of Russia.

Few things impressed me more during a visit to Russia than to discover that the Russians were much more eloquent on the

public platform than the English.

The Russian peasant is trained to public speech in the Mir or Commune. Some of the Russian peasants whom I heard discourse left far behind all other mortals for volubility and loquacity. The Duma has produced many eloquent orators, among whom M. Rodicheff of Twer is probably the most fiery and rhetorical. The average level of speaking in Russia seemed to me distinctly higher than the standard that prevails in my own country.

The faculty of effective public speech is not always combined with great oratorical capacity. The most forcible speaker of our time was probably Prince Bismarck. But he was as little of an orator as Oliver Cromwell, whose speeches also made an abiding mark in the history of mankind. Prince von Bülow, on the other hand, is probably the most eloquent and effective public speaker in Europe.

Abraham Lincoln was a ready speaker, but few would have claimed him as an orator, were it not for his Gettysburg oration, which is probably the one classic piece of spoken English that will survive to represent the oratorical genius of the nineteenth century.

As a master of the spoken word for the persuading of men, Mr. Gladstone stood first among his contemporaries. There was in him a potent magnetic power by which he mesmerised those upon whom he turned his eagle eye. His marvellous voice was like

an organ on which he played at will, and thousands throbbed responsive to its faintest note. No sentence was too long or too involved not to seem lucid and clear as it fell from his lips. His stately form, his dignified gesture, and, above all, the consuming earnestness with which he spoke, made him the undisputed master of the multitude.

He was a great debater, although somewhat too much given to dialectics and hairsplitting, but as a demagogue or platform orator he was unequalled. Never can I forget the first time I ever heard him. It was on Blackheath Common in the early autumn of 1876. He had summoned his constituents to listen to his impeachment of the Sultan for the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria. It was a wet day, but the people came in their thousands, and were rewarded by one of the most overwhelming indictments of tyranny that ever fell from human lips.

But I must draw to a close this discursive gossip about the art of speaking and the

great speakers whom I have heard, with one or two practical words of advice based upon considerable experience as a speaker, and still more as a listener:—

- 1. Never speak without having something so say.
 - 2. Always sit down when you have said it.
- 3. Remember, speech is dumb show when it is not audible.
- 4. Think definitely, pronounce clearly, stand naturally, and do not speak too fast.
- 5. Welcome articulate interruption, no matter how hostile.
- 6. Two things should never be lost—your temper and the thread of your discourse.
- 7. Remember that the eyes are as eloquent as the tongue.
- 8. Never hesitate to let yourself go, at the right time.
- 9. Never read your speech, but always have the heads of your discourse handy.
- 10. And never forget the Cardinal's saying: "Be full of your subject and forget yourself."

SNOW-CLOUDS.

O BITTER winds that bring the snow
From frozen steppe, from berg and floe,
A dreary song you mutter,
While dead leaves flit and flutter
Alone by the rain-wells green-rippled in the wood.

Across the hills, adown the dales
The grey shades slide, the daylight fails;
But cloud-ships swiftly driven
Thro' ice-blue seas of heaven,
With rose-tilted topsails, steer onward o'er the wood.

White ships fast fleeting thro' the night!
Bright keels aslant to the shifting light!
What tidings do you carry,
Awhile the cold winds tarry,
To moan by the dead leaves red-drifted in the wood?

Till floating dim thro' twilit skies,

While dusk waves round you fall and rise,
Each great rose-golden Argo
Unloads her fleecy cargo

At dark, when the wind's song drops silent in the wood!

THE HOMEWARD CALL.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



HE year in England
was in its glorious
youth, and the face
of Nature, there, a
study in tender
greens, but in
Monte Carlo
mellowness rather
than promise lay
over the scene.
From the distant

Kursaal came faint sounds of a string band, and little Marjorie, who sat huddled together, looking very small, frail and delicate—curiously so, in contrast to the sturdy little boy, a year her junior, who topped her by half-a-head in height - clasping her small hands close together round her knees, commenced to rock herself gently, after the fashion of a China Mandarin figure, to and fro, to its strains. Backwards and forwards she rocked, lifting at each backward movement her daintily shod feet off the ground. Her face, set, as it was, in the shadow of her rich, brown hair, showed wan and frail in the afternoon light. It was a face that few would call beautiful, but one which those who did so call it thought beyond the beauty of any that they had ever seen. Looking at it critically, they saw that through it there shone those subtle forces of Nature by means of which mere earthly beauty is constituted spiritual. It had much sweetness in its expression, and her eyes, large and wistful and with the impress of exile and a great solitude, looked as though they could see through and beyond that upon which they actually gazed.

So ethereal was she in appearance that, watching her, it was almost possible to fancy one could see her spirit detach itself from her body and float abroad, bent on winning for itself a new kingdom of feeling and sensation. She lived indeed not a mere outward life like that lived by ordinary children, but one full of inward experiences, imagined sorrows, consolations and pleasures.

Such was little Marjorie, who sat, in company with her new playfellow, Gerald,

under the verandah of Monte Carlo's chief hotel, from the windows of which, according to the guide-books, there was to be seen an unexampled view of the village of Condamine and the Maritime Alps.

So did the literal Olympians, who loved to place definite names on indefinite things, call that distance of blue magic, which little Marjorie knew to be the "Lived-Happy-Ever-

After-Country," into which her friends, the princes and princesses, disappeared when the chronicles of their lives here were ended.

The unconscious discipline which lies on the thoughts of children brought up under strict régime being in her case relaxed, she would often rest her chin within the palms of her hands and, with her elbows on her knees, sit, for long spells at a time, listening to the tinkle of far distant bells which, other Olympians would tell her, were tied upon the necks of wandering ewes—a story she never believed. For her knowledge was of the truer order, she having indeed but recently sailed into the world upon trailing clouds of glory; therefore, how could this be otherwise? She recognised them as the wedding peal of Bulbul, that queen of laughing lips and beautiful glad eyes. Sometimes, by looking hard into the blue space, her usual sense of vision would disappear, the earth with its prosaic inhabitants would vanish, and she would see plainly into the gardens of eternal spring, into that land where the knowledge of children unites what the ignorance of men has divided and where is re-illumined that which has been made dull.

Vague and wayward little Marjorie's ambiguous visions often were; visions that would come, then shift and mix and define themselves and again fade, their prevailing tone, one of meditating sadness, being as beautiful as is some rich old embroidery. Occasionally, however, to her wonder-seeing eyes, there would appear forms and colours and quaint conceits of an incisive, peculiar, and definite reality, flowery webs of imagery, places of unlimited space where were innumerable suns, in the beams of which would float this earth as but a mote. Then would she, watching alone with enigmatic eyes, see dells of pearls, rocks of rubies, seas of sapphire. and fields of emeralds studded with opal

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blooms, and planted with many strange trees, bearing curious and unknown flowers and And then, when this was the case, would she ecstatically, almost passionately, throw herself into this dream life. would she chase silver sails that fly untiringly. or join the centaurs, those "bright small creatures of the woodland with arch baby faces and mignon form," in their wild careers, and even, on occasion, draw for them their bows; there would she greet Augustus of the meagre appetite, grown once more robust, and laughing with him for a little while, would slide with him athwart a sunbeam; or, with much inward tremor, she would watch the dragon, vibrating with wrath, swing its scaly tail to the great goading of St. George; or, anon, join hands with the children of Herder, Grimm, and Goethe, whose pedigree spreads back in past ages over the people of Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Denmark, and England or, rather, Scotland—and narrows behind those branches to an origin of unknown and mysterious antiquity, and sport with them. Or, again, would she whistle to the birds as they

... came out of a bush On water for to dine,

birds which had gold dust sprinkled freely on their wings, popinjays which "up and spake" of the most surprising things; and on occasion would she ride horses, which champed diamond bits, and were

> Silver shod before, And golden shod behind. . . .

The world of so-called natural things, which had, for Marjorie, scarce any tangible existence, and was indeed no more than an elementary shadow of that creation of her own with which she concerned herself almost exclusively, had to-day, however, assumed more real proportions, and it was her magic country and its magic inhabitants which had faded into something no more than shadow, as she sat by the side of Gerald and talked of mundane things. She sighed, however, with a recognition and therefore acceptance of the inscrutable general upside-downness of grownup life; sighed, too, because she was tired, being a little maid who would have benefited by the simple homeliness of English country life rather than by the hot-house atmosphere of fashionable Southern resorts. Here was a system of upbringing which sacrificed much of both mental and physical health; and Marjorie sighed because the heavens, swept clear of all cloud-veiling, seemed, in their vivid blue, to scintillate, blink, throb, pulse, and pant with heat.

"If this were my hotel, I should have lemonade about." Gerald, in a shrill treble, let fall this apparently accidental remark, which fell as flat as is the home-brewed simple to which he no doubt alluded.

He glanced round at the palatial pile of buildings. Despicable as his words seemed to reveal its methods of conduct, he was anxious, presumably, to give it a perfectly fair chance, for he examined it, window by window, point by point, calmly, critically, dispassionately. He discovered, apparently, no good in it, although it was very sumptuous and beautiful, just as an hotel ought to be. Weighed in the balance with his own home, it was, however, to him a hopeless imposition, a sorry sight. "I'm going home, day after a-morrow," he announced, adding: "When do you go?"

"Me! Oh, I have no home 'cept heaven and the hotels." Marjorie's hopelessness of tone revealed her a very Ishmael; and so it sounded to the man who, sauntering out through the French windows of the smoking-room, took up his position behind his wife's chair, within earshot of the children, and leant his folded arms upon its high, canesloping back.

He knew, after he had been there a little while, that that which he had come out to say must already, before his advent, have been in the air, and he further realised, and this he did fortunately at once, that, the base of the argument being determined, it really was immaterial whose tongue should build the superstructure.

Little Marjorie's handling of her mother's unconscious selfishness was truly admirable. Idea for idea, his own thoughts were taken and twisted, each to effective use. It was impossible to think that the child herself—he argued as he was sure his wife would argue—was primed with ulterior motives. She wanted, did little Marjorie, as it appeared, exactly the same thing that her big father wanted; only she wanted it, if possible, with more vital longing; and she suffered, as he too suffered, from that mysterious illness called nostalgia, an illness which thrills and tugs at every string with which our hearts are strung. A fresh Devonshire wind arose in the

A fresh Devonshire wind arose in the memory of Marjorie's father and whipped up half-forgotten scents and sounds, homely, evening, meadow, moist earth-smells. The songs of birds, scents and sounds which, all day long, had slipped round corners to be off and away ahead of actual capture, were

now within ken of his nostrils and his ears; and the air seemed actually to pulsate with the echoes of the word "home." As he repeated it under his breath it was as though it were the beat of the pulse of conscience.

He had, in the pocket of his coat, a letter upon which he had thought to have to rely for argument, and had imagined himself pointing out the humorous, shrewd, caustic remarks, writ between the lines of this business communication from his agent, a man too well aware of his own subordinate position to say openly: "Come back and see things for yourself, instead of draining its revenue from the place," but who, nevertheless, said, again and again by innuendo: "If you don't come back soon, it is not unlikely that, when you do appear, it will be to find but the shadow of a once fine property." The letter was useless now, since little Marjorie had reached the heart of things all by herself, no one, not even her father, having helped her to it.

The man shifted his position and sat upon the arm of the chair and let his eyes rest upon his wife's face. She was tall and slender, with dark eyes, a delicate profile, and a mouth that hinted at a degree of selfishness in her character without proclaiming it. She had about her that air of fashion that not even a Worth can confer unless he is abetted by Nature; and, lastly, she had a voice which made whatever she said sound as music to her husband's ears. He admired and loved her with as much ardour, after eight long years of matrimony, as at first. She was his standard of beauty still, and it is certain that, had she asked for the moon. he would at once have set about the task of securing at least a lantern for her.

So perfectly had Philip Carnaby carried out his vows of making her happy, that she had on more than one occasion been moved to express to him her recognition of his success; the idea that, by indulgence of her whims, he was perhaps sacrificing the wellbeing of another who had upon him equal claim never, apparently, having struck her.

Hitherto herself, her pleasures, her enjoyments, so apart from, and yet, as each occurred, each forming part of the lives of husband and child, these things had, hitherto, sufficed her. But now, in addition, it appeared, there were other calls to the sound of which her ears should have been open sooner. Her knowledge of obligations was far from profound, but in their shallows, as plumbed by the words dropped into them by the child,

she heard reverberations of the word "duty." As the conversation between the children progressed, Philip Carnaby found himself full of sympathy for his wife; for he saw that she was thinking at this moment, if never before, of the happiness of someone other than herself.

Little Marjorie's words, "I have no home 'cept heaven and the hotels," fitted in so admirably with the idea with which Philip had come out from the hotel to develop, that in themselves they appeared to elucidate his own sentiments. Perhaps his wife grasped the connection of ideas which held the thoughts of both her husband and her child, for she shifted uneasily in her chair and, with the movement, a vision of new Parisian frocks scattered into nothingness before her mental sight.

"No home!" Gerald protested, his eyes and voice indicative of great surprise.

"None." Marjorie uncurled herself and swung a black silk-stockinged leg non-chalantly.

Gerald laughed a laugh which gurgled and spouted from his lips, ebbing away, flagging and springing up anew, much as does the flow of an ill-regulated fountain.

"You funny little girl," he said, at last, in a patronising tone; for the sense of the superiority of circumstance was gratifying to his self-importance. Then he added briskly and definitely, in a tone that recorded a fact rather than opened a door to its discussion: "You must have a home somewhere; all children has homes,"

Marjorie shook her head. Gerald looked at her with a great tolerance, though he swayed to and fro with rather impish merriment.

"Then where will you go when you leave this?" he asked.

She eyed him as if she were counting up the months that must elapse before he would reach the point, to which she had long ago attained, when he might be supposed to have acquired intelligence.

"I shall go to another hotel," she announced.

"A nice one—where they have lemonade about?"

Again she shook her head. She had the distrust of the often disappointed for change. She knew so many hotels, but she had had, on no occasion, any reason to make her hopeful that a new one would cause her to alter the opinion which she had already formed of them collectively.

"And won't you have a nursery?"

" No."



"And no cupboard for toys?"
"No."
"Not so big?" Wide expanded arms measured space.

Marjorie negatived the idea with a look. "Nor so much?" The arms contracted till the space between the hands was of Lilliputian proportions.

"No."

"Don't you ever run about and cry 'Whoop!' to anybody?"

Marjorie's answer to this inquiry shaped

itself into the counter one—"And what is the good of crying 'Whoop'?" which Gerald, in his turn, ignored.

"And don't you never root up things in

the garden?" he inquired.

To this Marjorie might have been forced to reply in the negative, but that she had an inspiration which rallied her from abasement.

"Daddy has a home, a ripping home; he has had it always, even when he was a little boy. He had a nursery with a big guard in front of the fire, which used to put criss-cross on the ceiling when he went to sleep, and——"

Gerald interrupted; he deferred, yet he

discriminated:

"He didn't go to sleep in the day-nursery,

you silly little girl."

Marjorie chuckled softly to herself. No senseless grown-up sound was in her laugh, but, slipping the husk of vulgarity, her tone showed the very centre core of child-like merriment itself.

"He had two nurseries and two guards, and it was the night-nursery he went to

sleep in."

"And did he have a toy-cupboard?"

"I think he had two toy-cupboards," said Marjorie, not to be outdone.

"And a rocking-horse?"

"A real pony: a rippin' pony that ate sugar out of his hand, and a peacock on the lawn that used to sweep up the leaves with his tail 'stead of a gardener."

Gerald snorted with contempt.

"Then why, if your daddy has these things, haven't you any toys here?"

Marjorie's boastful accents faded.

"Becos," she said, "all my things have to be packed up into boxes very often, so I can only have small, weeny, things like a doll or a canary."

"But you haven't no canary," Gerald

insisted.

"Not now," and the children sat in silence for a little, each seeming to follow with mental sight the procession of small animate and inanimate things that had, in the limited space of their several existences, rushed ahead to extinction. Quite a number of dormice headed in Marjorie's memory this march past. Three bullfinches, each obsequious, rose-coloured in waistcoat and undertoned in voice, had been followed by a crowd of dolls and canaries, the last of which had, under a lilac tree, found a resting-place only

yesterday, an interment in which Gerald had taken both an active and keen interest.

Marjorie's lips quivered. "I planted a canary seed this morning," she announced; "but as we are going on soon, I am 'fraid it won't have grown into even a little canary before we start."

"Never mind," said Gerald consolingly,

" you've got your white mice."

"Yes," said Marjorie; "and as I have a prayer for them, in my 'meek and mild,' and say 'Pity mice implicitly,' I hope, perhaps, that they may not die so very quick."

"But won't you never go home to your daddy's home?" asked Gerald, abandoning consolation and with heartless cruelty underscoring the "never" by placing upon it, paradoxically, enormous emphasis—"not never; not even for Christmas?"

The eyes of Marjorie swam in tears; it appeared to her at the moment that it would be impossible for her to sink lower in Gerald's estimation. She had in revelation reached a point where each confession seemed to compel another, much as each wave in the sea is pushed forward by yet another behind.

There was in her voice some intenser sentiment than the theme itself allowed as

she said---

"Mother says that one of the good things of being here is that we get rid of Christmas."

The long afternoon had crept towards its end; the shadows of the cypress trees, which, when Philip Carnaby had first noticed them, held only the lower lawns within their grasp, were now laying cool arcades of sombre tone

upon the terrace itself.

Perhaps it occurred to him, and to his wife too at the same moment, for how very much in the interest and pleasure of their lives little Marjorie really stood; if so, the thought moved both strangely, for they smiled at one another with absolute comprehension of what the smile of each meant. Hers said: "It's a wonderful experience to see oneself as others see one." And his answered: "That's what I wanted you to feel." Providence was favouring him; he stood quite still, taking his obvious chance. He asked, in his usual debonair tone: "Well, May, where's our next move?"

A mist, purely local, which had risen before the woman's eyes, cleared away, as

she replied—

"Home, Phil, I think. If the house can be got ready, we might as well make a move there at once."

IN THE UNKNOWN DARK.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



IS long, awkward legs trembling with excitement, his long ears pointing stiffly forward, his distended nostrils sniffing and snorting, he stared anxiously this way and that from the swirling.

treacherous current to the silent man poling the scow.

The river, at this point nearly half a mile wide, daunted him now that he saw it at such close quarters, though all summer he had been viewing it with equanimity from the shore. A few hundred yards above the comparatively quiet course of the ferry he saw a long line of white, leaping waves, stretching from bank to bank with menacing roar, and seeming as it were about to rush down upon the slow ferry and overwhelm it.

When he looked towards the other side of the scow, the prospect was equally threatening. The roar from below was worse than the roar from above, and the whole river, just here so radiant with the sunset glow, grew black with gloom and white with fury as it plunged through a rocky chasm strewn with ledges. The only thing that comforted him at all, and kept his fears within bounds, was the patient, sturdy figure of the man poling the scow steadily towards shore.

This nervous passenger on the primitive backwoods ferry was a colt about eight months old, whose mother had died the previous day. His owner, a busy lumberman, was now sending him across the river to a neighbour's farm to be taken care of, because he was of good "Morgan" strain.

The ferryman had taken the precaution to hitch the end of his halter-rope to a thwart amidships, lest he should get wild and jump overboard; but the colt, though his dark brown coat was still woolly with the roughness of babyhood, had too much breadth between the eyes to be guilty of any such foolishness. He felt frightened and strange

and very lonely; but he knew it was his business just to trust the man and keep still.

When the animal trusts the man, he generally comes out all right; but once in a long while Fate interferes capriciously, and the utterly unexpected happens. Hundreds of times, and with never a mishap, the ferryman had poled his clumsy scow across the dangerous passage between the rapids—the only possible crossing-place for miles in either direction. But this evening, when the scow was just about mid-channel, for some inexplicable reason the tough and well-tried pole of white spruce snapped. It broke short off in the middle of a mighty thrust. And overboard, head first, went the ferryman.

As the man fell, his foot caught in the hook of a heavy chain used for securing hay-carts and such vehicles on the scow; and as the clumsy craft swung free in the current the man was dragged beneath it. He would have been drowned in a few seconds, in such water; but at last, in the twisting, the captive foot fell clear. The man came to the surface on the upper side of the scow, made one despairing but successful clutch, got hold of the edge, and with his last strength drew himself aboard, all but suffocated, and with a broken ankle.

Tricked by years of security, he had left his spare pole on the shore. There was absolutely nothing to do but let the scow drift, and pray that by some succession of miracles she might survive nine miles of rapids and gain the placid reaches below.

As the man, white and sullen, crouched on the bottom of the scow and held his ankle, the colt eyed him wonderingly. Then he eyed the river very anxiously, and presently braced his legs wide apart as the scow gave a strange, disconcerting lurch. The roar was growing swiftly louder, and those fierce, white waves appeared to be rushing right up the middle of the river to-meet the scow.

Daunted at the sight, he crowded as close as he could to the ferryman, and nosed him as if to call his attention to the peril.

In a very few minutes the scow was in the rapids. But the current had carried her well inshore, where there chanced to be, for

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several miles, a comparatively free channel, few rocks, and no disastrous ledges. She swung and wallowed sickeningly, bumped so violently that once the colt's knees gave way beneath him, and twice he was all but hurled overboard; and she took in great, sloshing crests of waves till she was half full of water. But she was not built to sink, and her ribs were sound; and for miles she pounded her terrible way in safety through the bewildering tumult.

At last a long, jutting promontory of rock started the current on a new slant, and she was swept staggering across to the other shore. Here, for nearly two miles, she slipped with astonishing good luck down a narrow, sluicelike lane of almost smooth water.

As if to compensate for this fortune, however, she was suddenly caught by a violent cross-current, snatched out of the clearway, and swept heavily over a ledge. At the foot of this ledge she was fairly smothered for some seconds. The man clung obstinately to the gunwales, and the colt, by sheer good luck, fell in the scow instead of over the side.

By the time he had struggled to his feet again, the scow had righted herself and darted into a wild chaos of rocks and sluices close by the shore. Here she caught on a boulder, tipped up till she was nearly on her gunwale, and pitched the little animal clear overboard.

As the clumsy craft swung loose the very next instant, the colt was dragged along in her wake, and would have ended his adventures then and there but for the readiness of the man. Forgetting for an instant his own terrible plight, he drew his knife and slashed the rope. Thus released, the colt got his head above water and made a valiant struggle towards the shore, which was now not five yards away.

All that he could do in the grip of that mad flood was, needless to say, very little, but it chanced to be enough, for it brought him within the grasp of a strong eddy. A moment later he was dashed violently into shoal water. As he caught to a footing he saw the scow wallowing away down the torrent. Then he found himself, he knew not how, on dry land.

The falls roared behind him. They might, it seemed, rush up at any instant and clutch him again. Blind and sick with panic, he dashed into the woods and went galloping and stumbling straight inland, with no thought but to escape that awful voice. Not till the roar had quite died out did the

strength of his terror desert him. Then he sank trembling in the deep grass of a little brookside meadow.

Being of sturdy stock, the brown colt soon recovered his wind. Then, feeling nervous in the loneliness of the woods and the deepening shadows, he snatched a few mouthfuls of grass and started to try and find his way home. Obeying some deepseated instinct, he set his face in the right direction and pushed forward through the thick growths.

His progress, however, was slow. Among the trees the twilight was now gathering, and the dark places filled his young heart with vague but dreadful apprehensions, so that at every few steps he would stop and stare backward over his shoulder. Presently he came out upon another open glade, and, cheered by the light, he followed this glade as long as it seemed to lead in the right direction.

Once a wide-winged, noiseless shadow sailed over his head, and he shied with a loud snort of terror. He had never before seen an owl. And once he jumped back wildly as a foraging mink rustled through the herbage just before him. But for all the alarms that kept his baby heart quivering, he pressed resolutely forward, longing for the comfort of his mother's flank, and the familiar stall in the barn above the ferry.

As he reached the end of the glade his apprehensive ears caught a curious sound, a sort of dry rustling, which came from the fringe of the undergrowth. He halted, staring anxiously at the place the strange sound came from.

Immediately before him was the prostrate and rotting trunk of an elm tree, its roots hidden in the brushwood, its upper end projecting into the grass and weeds of the glade. As the colt stood wondering, a thick-set, short-legged, greyish coloured animal, covered with long, bristling quil's, emerged from the leafage and came crawling down the trunk towards him. It looked no larger than the black-and-white dog which the colt was accustomed to seeing around the farm-yard, but its fierce little eyes and its formidable quills made him extremely nervous.

The porcupine came directly at him with an ill-natured, squeaking grunt. The colt backed away a foot or two, snorting, then held his ground. He had never yielded ground to the black-and-white dog. Why should he be afraid of this clumsy little creature? But when, at last, the porcupine drew so near that he could have touched it



"The man, white and sullen, creuched on the bottom of the scow."

with his outstretched nose, instead of making any such great mistake as that, he flung his head high in air, wheeled about, and lashed out furiously with his hinder hoofs.

One hoof caught the porcupine fairly on the snout and sent it whirling end over end into the thicket, where it lay stretched out lifeless, as a feast for the first hungry prowler that might chance by. Not greatly elated by his victory, the magnitude of which he in no way realised, the colt plunged again into the woods and continued his journey.

By this time the sun had dropped completely behind the wooded hills, and here in the deep forest the dark seemed to come on all at once. The colt's fears now crowded upon him so thickly that he could hardly make any progress at all. He was kept busy staring this way and that, and particularly care his chealders.

larly over his shoulders.

A mass of shadow, denser than the rest—a stump, a moss-grown boulder—would seem to his frightened eyes a moving shape, just about to spring upon him. He would jump to one side, his baby heart pounding between his ribs, only to see another and huger shadow on the other side, and jump back again. The sudden scurrying of a woodmouse over the dry spruce needles made his knees tremble beneath him.

At last, coming to two tall, straight-trunked saplings, growing close together just before the perpendicular face of a great rock, he was vaguely reminded of the cow-stanchions near his mother's stall in the barn. To his quivering heart this was in some way a refuge, as compared with the terrible spaciousness of the forest. He could not make himself go any further, but crowded up as close as possible against the friendly trees and waited.

He had no idea, of course, what he was waiting for, unless he had some dim expectation that his dead mother, or his owner, or the man on the ferry-boat, would come and lead him home. His instinct taught him that the dark of the wilderness held unknown perils for him, though his guarded babyhood had afforded him no chance to learn by experience. Young as he was, he took up the position which gave his peculiar weapons opportunity for exercise.

Instead of backing up against the trees and the rock, and facing such foes as the dread dark might send upon him, he stood with his back towards the danger, and his formidable heels in readiness, while over first one shoulder, then the other, his eyes and ears kept guard. The situation was one that might well have cowed him completely; but

the blood in his baby veins was that of mettled ancestors, and terrified though he was, and trembling, his fear did not conquer his spirit.

Soon after he had taken his stand in this strange and desolate stabling, a great booming voice startled him, calling hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo—oo, not very far off. He strained ears and eyes in vain to discover the source of the dreadful call. A moment later he seemed to feel, rather than see or hear, something float over him in the dark. Then, a little way back in the underbrush there came a scuffle and a squeal, more scuffle, and silence.

He could not even guess what was happening, but, whatever it was, it was terrible to him. For some moments there came, from the same spot, little, soft, ugly, thickish sounds. These stopped abruptly. Immediately afterwards there was a hurried beating of wings, and again something floated over him. The big owl had been disturbed at its

banquet.

A few seconds more, and the watcher's ears caught a patter of light footsteps approaching. Next he saw a faint gleam of eyes, which seemed to scrutinise him steadily, fearlessly, indifferently, for perhaps the greater part of Then they vanished, with more a minute. patter of light footsteps, and as they disappeared, a wandering puff of night air brought to the colt's nostrils a musky scent which he knew. It was the smell of a red fox, such as he had seen once prowling around his owner's barnyard. This smell, from its associations, was comforting rather than otherwise, and he would have been glad if the fox had stayed near.

For some time now there was stillness all about the big rock, the owl's kill and the passing of the fox having put all the small

wild creatures on their guard.

Little by little the colt was beginning to get used to the situation. He was even beginning to relax the tense vigilance of his watching, when suddenly his heart gave a leap and seemed to stand still. Just about ten paces behind him he saw a pair of pale, green-gleaming eyes, round, and set wider apart than those of the fox, slowly floating towards him. At the same time his nostrils caught a scent which was absolutely unknown to him, and peculiarly terrifying.

As these two dreadful eyes drew near, the colt's muscles grew tense. Then he distinguished a shadowy, crouching form behind the eyes; and he gathered his haunches

under him for a desperate defence.

But the big lynx was wary. This long-



"He swerved to one side and stole around at a safe distance."

legged creature who stood thus with his back to him, and eyed him with watchful, sidelong glances, was something he did not understand. Before he came within range of the colt's heels, he swerved to one side and stole around at a safe distance, investigating. He was astonished, and at first discomfited, to find that, whichever way he circled, the unknown animal under the rock persisted in keeping his back to him.

For perhaps half an hour, with occasional intervals of motionless crouching, he kept up this slow circling, unable to allay his suspicions. Then, apparently making up his mind that the unknown was not a dangerous adversary, or perhaps in some subtle way

detecting his youth, he crept closer. He crept so close, indeed, that he felt emboldened to spring; and he was just about to do so.

Just at this moment, luckily just the right moment, the colt let loose the catapult of his strong haunches. His hoofs struck the lynx fairly in the face, and hurled him backwards against a neighbouring tree.

Half stunned, and his wind knocked out, the big cat picked himself up with a sharp spitting and snarling, and slunk behind the tree. Then he turned tail and ran away, thoroughly beaten. The strange animal had a fashion in fighting which he did not know how to cope with; and he had no spirit left for further lessons.

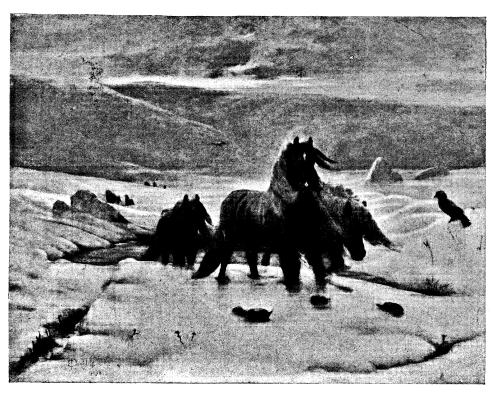
After this the night wore on without great event, though with frequent alarms which kept the colt's nerves ceaselessly on the rack. Now it was the faint, almost imperceptible sound of a hunting weasel; now it was the erratic scurrying of the woodmice; now it was the loud but muffled thumping of a hare, astonished at this long-limbed intruder upon the wilderness domains.

The colt was accustomed to sleeping well through the night, and this protracted vigil upon his feet—for he was afraid to lie down—exhausted him. When the first spectral grey of dawn began to work its magic through the forest, his legs were trembling so that he could hardly stand.

When the first pink rays crept in beneath the rock, he sank down and lay for half an hour, not sleeping, but resting. Then he got up and resumed his homeward journey, very hungry, but too desperate with chill

and homesickness to stop and eat.

He had travelled perhaps a mile when he caught the sound of heavy, careless footsteps, and stopped. Staring anxiously through the trees, he saw a woodsman striding along the trail, with an axe over his shoulder. At sight of one of these beings that stood to him for protection and kindly guidance and shelter, his terror and loneliness all slipped away. He gave a shrill, loud whinny of delight, galloped forward with much crashing of underbrush, and snuggled a coaxing muzzle under the arm of the astonished woodsman.



"VIKINGS." BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.



I. CATCHING THE TROUT FROM BLAGDON LAKE, NEAR BRISTOL, WHICH HAVE GONE UP RIVER TO SPAWN.

THE CULT OF THE TROUT.

By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

ONG before Britain was civilised, the Chinese, whose food consists largely of the fish from their rivers, had watched over the spawning of these fish and protected the eggs, and had thus increased very greatly their fish supply. The next notable record we have of fish culture dates from the time at which the Roman Empire had begun to decline, and the luxurious nobles required large stores of the daintiest of fish for their sumptuous feasts. These were supplied from fish-ponds near Naples, in which sea-fish were trapped, and their eggs preserved and cultivated. To a certain extent this process was imitated in other parts of Italy.

Some centuries later the monks introduced the practice into many of the countries where they settled, and it is to them that the English owe their first lessons in fish culture, though the Germans and the French had made some progress before we began. It was the monks who introduced into England the grayling, and probably some other sorts of fish not indigenous in our island; but the art of hatching out salmon and trout eggs did not make much progress here till Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, tried a series of experiments in a hatchery on the banks of the Nith with salmon eggs, and the young fish were successfully reared to the smolt stage and turned into the river to go down to sea, from whence they returned as mature fish.

Up to within the last few years the sole end of fish culture was the production of food, but nowadays its main object is to keep up the supply of trout and salmon for sporting purposes.

So enormous is the demand at present for salmon-fishing that the rent for a mile of fairly good salmon-water is reckoned by

hundreds of pounds for the season.

In order to keep a salmon river well stocked it is necessary to do very much more than merely hatch out a few million eggs; and as the subjects of prevention of pollution, of poaching, and of the construction of suitable weirs, all of which are essential to salmon rivers, are somewhat beyond the scope of our present article, we will confine ourselves to trout culture.

Of all the results of trout culture, perhaps those in New Zealand are the most remarkable, as the fish grew to fifteen or twenty pounds weight within a very few years of their first introduction to that country. The essentials of

trout culture are, briefly, these: Pure running water, profertiperly lised eggs from healthy fish, careful protection from enemies, suitable feeding, and, after a time, judicious sorting, to avoid cannibalism. These are the necessary conditions for the amateur, and are not verv difficult to obtain under favourable circum stances. The amateur buys his eggs ready fertilised, but the professional, who has to make his living, gener-

ally gets his eggs from the older fish in his ponds, and afterwards sheds the milt from the male fish over them to ensure fertilisation. After this is done, the parent fish are returned to the ponds, and the eggs, of which there are hundreds of thousands, are arranged on long trays in hatching-boxes, and a stream of pure and cold water is passed through the boxes continuously.

As the hatching season, in the case of

Salmo fario (the common trout), is from November till March, it is necessary sometimes to warm the hatching-houses a little to prevent ice forming, which is injurious. Constant watch has to be kept to prevent ravages from rats and other vermin, and altogether the life of a fish-culturist is, at this season, a hard one.

In the summer his difficulties are of a

different nature, for the young fish, now beginning to feed, must be guarded from heat, and must have regular supplies of grated or chopped liver, and will require special treatment also when for sale. before they can be sent awav.

To return to the point at which the eggs have arrived. They are duly fertilised and placed in trays (or on glass grills) in the hatching-boxes to await development. This takes from five to seven weeks generally,



II. SPAWNING TROUT AT BLAGDON LAKE FISHERIES.

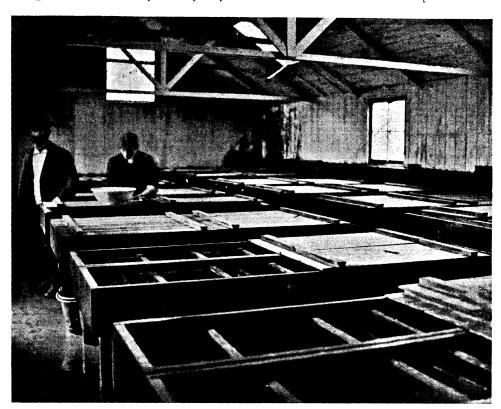
Over 40,000 prime eggs were secured in a few hours recently. The trout were of splendid size, many of them being five and six pound specimens. Both Rainbow and Brown are plentiful in the Lake.

and the first marked change is the appearance in the egg of a thread-like form, with two black specks (the eyes) and a red one (the heart). This form soon grows lively, and kicks about in the shell, and will then, if taken gently in the hand, hatch out at once (one was hatched in Queen Alexandra's hand at one of the fish-culture exhibitions). But there is no advantage in hurrying the hatching—quite the reverse. Left to them-

selves, the young will all struggle out within a day or two of quickening, and then they are helpless, and generally torpid little creatures, something like tadpoles, but having a transparent bag, called the "yolk-sac," attached to their bellies, on which they feed for several weeks. In this stage they are called "alevins," and are unable to keep upright for some weeks, lying generally, herded together, on their sides, and only making occasional darts upward by way of

professionals have confessed to me that they have some little difficulty at this stage, but when once the fish feed regularly, the rest is comparatively plain sailing.

A few hints as to the apparatus required by the amateur fish-culturist must be given. An earthenware tank, about a foot long, by six inches wide and five deep, and with a hole near the top for outlet, does very well. A similar thing can be made in wood, but must be charred inside to prevent disease



III. THE BLAGDON FISH-HATCHERY, WHERE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TROUT ARE SUCCESSFULLY BRED EACH YEAR.

Mr. Donald Carr, the Chief Ranger, is the trout-breeder who has succeeded in breeding trout from New Zealand eggs and packing English eggs from which trout have been bred in New Zealand.

exercise. After a month, or less, the sac will be nearly absorbed, and the young trout will begin to poise itself naturally in the water and to seek for food.

It is at this stage that amateurs often lose their fish, as it is difficult to get them to begin to feed, unless their natural food—the tiny shell-fish and insects found on river weeds—can be procured. Hard-boiled egg, grated very fine, sometimes answers, and liver and other forms of meat can sometimes be given if you can grate them finely enough. Even

among the fish. In this a frame should be placed, containing a number of glass rods, set within an eighth of an inch of one another, between which the eggs may rest. This should be fixed near the surface of the water, which should, if possible, be kept running night and day. The tank should be cleaned out every day or two, as soon as fish begin to hatch; and after the "yolk-sac" is absorbed some water-weed ("star-wort," if possible) may be introduced. This tank will hatch several hundred eggs,

but not more than two or three dozen young fish should be kept in it for feeding, and

that only for a few weeks.

As the trout grow up they require more room very rapidly; and if you wish to keep even a dozen fish permanently, you must have a tank fifty times the size, or a little pond with a gentle stream. If this can be obtained, trout may be kept for years, by constant care and judicious feeding, and will prove most interesting as aquatic pets. Anyone who has property with a stream through it can, with great advantage, carry on fishculture on a much more extensive scale.

This is being done all over England and Scotland, and in many cases, to myknowledge, with excellent results.

Of the fish culture establishments which I have visited, that founded some years ago by Mr. Armistead near New Abbey, in Dumfriesshire, is one of the largest and most important, embracing as it does the cultivation of all sorts of fish and also of water-plants and the shell-fish used food. It consists of an extensive building devoted to fish-hatching, and a large number of small ponds, in which the fish produced are stored, to the number of very many thousands, some of them trout (of various sorts) of five

or six pounds apiece. The kinds chiefly favoured are the Salmo fario or common trout, the Irideus or Rainbow trout, the Fontinalis (a sort of char), and the "Zebra," which is a hybrid and a very handsome fish. This establishment now belongs to a limited company. Mr. Armistead has published two books on the subject, "An Angler's Paradise" and "A Handy Guide to Fish Culture," both of which are well worth reading.

Another fish-farm which I have visited is far south of this, and was conducted privately. The methods followed were similar to those in use at New Abbev, but on a much smaller scale, and Mr. Nash, the secretary of the fishing club, carried it on chiefly for the sake of the anglers on the Canterbury Stour.

The third hatchery to which I can allude is Captain Ormrod's, situated among the Lancashire hills in Wyresdale. I was there some time ago, and was specially interested by the splendid results produced (by the aid of ample means) in a comparatively short time, and on ground which is generally considered unfavourable for trout.

Many of the ponds here are on clay soil, and yet they contain some of the very finest specimens of Salmo fario and Irideus that I have ever met with. It is an extraordinary

sensation to look at a little duck - pond, rather muddy, and to discern dusky shapes moving in it mysteriously, looking about the size of small salmon or large grilse; and then, when some food is thrown in, to see the forms dart brilliantly to the surface, and disclose the shining sides of gigantic silvery trout.

After inspecting the hatchery and various trays, and other appliances used in hatching-time, I was driven back to Scorton, to the manager's house.

Close by this is a long and shallow pond by the roadside, in which some refuse rainbow trout had been placed. Here I was invited to cast a

fly, and all that afternoon I was busy landing rainbows (many of which were, of course, returned), and I can testify to their game qualities, for they never seem to give up till

actually in the landing-net.

All this is of importance, of course, when the object of a hatchery is to provide sport for trout-fishers. It must be remembered that these have increased enormously of late, and are willing to pay fairly well for good sport, many clubs requiring from their members fees of from £5 5s. to £50 a season for fly-fishing alone.

From this point of view, Mr. Louis Mason's hatchery at Harrietsham, in Kent, is specially



HATCHING DONE IN SMALL BOXES COVERED WITH COLOURED SCREENS. THOUSANDS OF FRY ARE TO BE SEEN IN THIS BOX.

interesting, as its owner has been particularly successful with rainbows and keeps some in one of the larger ponds for angling purposes. Here I got with fly one of nearly five pounds, and a friend with me was equally successful.

Among other establishments may be mentioned the Howietoun Fishery, at Stirling,

another hatchery at Caistor, at which all sorts of coarse fish can be procured.

In Wales, Mr. Feilding conducts a large hatchery for the Earl of Denbigh. At Beaulieu, in Hants, on the site of "Sawley Pond" (a large piece of water celebrated formerly for its coarse fish), Mr. Eric Scott has recently started a trout farm which, aided



V. FEEDING THE FISH ON THE SAWLEY TROUT FARM.

The different sections of the stream are parted of with raised boards, which give a swirl to the water which is necessary to the health of the trout.

which is perhaps the largest and one of the oldest also. The one founded many years ago by the late Mr. Andrews, at Haslemere, still supplies trout in large numbers. The Buckland fishery, in Devon, is amalgamated with this, and it has also recently acquired

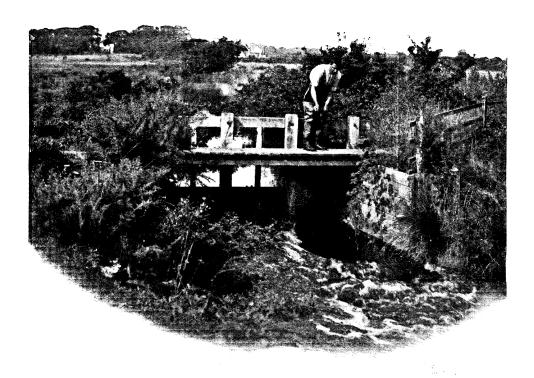
by its close proximity to the sea, is most successful.

Perhaps the most remarkable success has been scored at Blagdon, near Bristol. The Corporation of that town some years ago decided to permit fish farming to be tried on their reservoirs at Blagdon, and the results have been most satisfactory, the size of trout taken being much in excess of that on any other lake or river in England. The average was over three pounds last year. The numbers taken by each rod are not usually large, yet many anglers are willing to pay £1 a day to fish. This includes use of boats.

Among smaller establishments, that conducted by Mr. Smith, at Craigielands, in Scotland, has done good work. The Test and the Itchin have their hatcheries, and

The first illustration may be called preparation, and merely shows the way in which the large parent fish are gently netted out when ready to spawn. This is not so easy as it looks, and carelessness may be costly, as these large fish are of great value and easily injured.

The second shows the actual process of spawning in an artificial manner at the Blagdon Lake fisheries. The eggs are gently taken from the female fish, and placed in a pan, and the milt is then poured over it. As



VI. LETTING OUT THE WATER OF THE TROUT RIVER WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE SAWLEY TROUT FARM, ADJOINING THE SEA A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

also the Kennet. On the little river Iver. not far from Hitchin in Herts, many good trout are grown. The Exe Valley has a hatchery near Dulverton, and, indeed, fish culture establishments, large and small, have now spread all over our islands.

Our illustrations have been selected from a large number representing various parts of several fish culture establishments in different parts of the country, with the idea of giving the reader a progressive view of the processes gone through from the trout's first appearance as an egg to its perfect, full-grown state,

many as 40,000 eggs are sometimes treated in a few hours, and the fish resulting often reach five or six pounds.

No. III. is a photograph of a hatchinghouse in which hundreds of thousands of trout are hatched each year. Some of these have been successfully sent to New Zealand, and some eggs brought thence have been hatched here.

No. IV. shows a fish culturist at work. He is just moving a "box" containing some thousands of "fry"—trout in the second stage of their lives, having absorbed the yolk-sac, which they carry while "alevins,"



VII. LAYING OUT FRESH PONDS FOR THE RECEPTION OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF TROUT.

No. V. is an outdoor scene again, showing one of the methods of feeding the trout when they have attained the next stage, that of yearlings. It also illustrates admirably the way in which one section of a stream should be separated from another when it is desired to obtain a flow of water, in the form of a waterfall, from one to the other. This is important to the health of the trout, especially to the ordinary variety—Salmo fario. Rainbow trout will bear absence of stream much better.

No. VI. gives a good idea of the picturesque appearance of some artificial streams, and shows also the working of the flood-gates which are sometimes necessary.

No. VII. represents the construction of a

series of ponds. Probably the man in the foreground (or forewater) does not realise his extraordinary appearance — "floating double."

No. VIII. must not be taken as representing a necessary adjunct of a trout-pond. The scene represents the collection of mussels and other food from the seashore at the mouth of the stream with which these ponds are connected. This food has a stimulating effect on the growth of the trout, and should be used when obtainable.

No. IX. illustrates the method of accustoming fish to a change of water after their arrival at a new home. This precaution is advisable.

No. X. is only a picture of a few carriers,

ready for the transportation of trout by road or rail. They are humble auxiliaries, but necessary.

No. XI. may fitly end the series, as giving a clear idea of the chief purpose of fish culture, which, at present, is to replace the stock of trout which used to abound in our streams, and also to introduce fish into waters formerly barren.

During the last few years I have had much practical experience of the uses of fish culture. I have seen repeatedly fish of five or six pounds in artificial waters, and on some of these waters angling can be had found the rainbows (from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) most lively on the fly. They were 3-inch fish last year, so the surroundings suit them well.

In south Scotland not long ago I had capital sport in two reservoirs, owing entirely to fish culture. On one of them at Cummertrees, near Annan, the charge was five shillings a day and the trout large and plentiful. It can now, I hear, only be fished by residents or visitors staying at Cummertrees or Powfoot, close by. The other was a private lake in the same neighbourhood, and here I had thirteen pounds in a few hours.

Kettering waterworks once yielded me



VIII. SEA FOOD FOR YOUNG TROUT.

The Sawley Trout Farm is bounded on one side by the open sea, and sea-mussels and other food necessary for the production of fine specimens are easily collected and taken to feed the fish.

by payment. On Blagdon Lake it is ten shillings a day, the fish being very large, but at most reservoirs the charge is about five shillings. In some, such as that at Northampton, the fishing is reserved for the The Cardiff Corporation permit burgesses. trout-fishing in their lakes on reasonable The Torquay reservoir contains large trout and is not much fished, being far up the hills. These instances are only a few Everywhere I go it is the among many. Chagford, a remote spot in Devon where trout used to run small, has now its rainbow ponds, and but the other day, on a return visit to the ponds near Chagford, I

some fair sport, one of my trout being nearly two pounds. The reservoir is four miles off at Cransley.

Only the other day I had further evidence of the spread of fish culture in the shape of a beautiful rainbow which I got from a stream close to my home, in which only brown trout are generally caught. Many of my friends have had even better sport than I. One of them, I find, has just finished his trip to the Elan Valley lakes in mid-Wales with a score of 113 pounds of trout, many over one pound each. I have also fished these reservoirs with almost equal results.

The success of these lakes, which were



IX. TRANSFERRING FISH TO NEW WATER.

After their arrival at the place where they are to be released, the water in the cans is replenished gradually with river-water, to accustom the fish to the change.

formed at a cost of five or six millions by the Birmingham waterworks, is not, however, strictly speaking the result of fish culture, as the trout were already in the streams which have filled the lakes, and their wonderful growth from an average of two ounces to that of three quarters of a pound is owing to the immense increase of food caused by flooding so large an area of grass and fern. The same thing occurs whenever trout from small streams have access even to large ponds, and these lakes are nine miles

The few large trout found in the small streams are cannibals, thriving on their small brothers. This is not gain in the end, but loss; whereas the increase in size from "pastures new" is clear gain.

It must be admitted that the big

trout are slightly inferior in flavour to the tiny ones of the stream, but they form very palatable food and would fetch a good price in the market (trout being nearly as expensive as salmon) if ever the demand for large fish for stocking new waters should fail. At present it is difficult, I hear, to keep up the supply, and as a dead trout of about a pound



X. CANS IN WHICH TROUT ARE CONVEYED.

is generally worth from one shilling to two shillings and sixpence, a living one is of even more value. If, therefore, trout can be grown to that weight at a total cost of one shilling, fish culture will continue to pay, especially as there is a great sale for smaller fish, of a quarter of a pound or less, at about half that price.



XI. TURNING FISH INTO WELL OF PUNT READY TO BE TAKEN TO VARIOUS PLACES TO BE RELEASED.

JOY.

SHE came to me long, long ago,
And bided many a day;
And thro' the golden summer's glow
She sang to me at play.

The hills were green, the fields were bright Wherever passed her feet;
And at her voice the darkest night Was filled with music sweet.

But little heed to her I gave,
Nor ever thought that I
Could lose the rainbow from the wave,
The blue from out the sky.

But, lo! one morning she had fled, And I was left alone, And all the flowers were lying dead, And all the birds were flown.

Hope, work and faith since then have come,
To bring me peace and aid,
And love, that seems of all the sum—
But not that smiling maid.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

THE QUEST.

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Ste. Marie, an aristocratic young Frenchman, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a picturesque and popular figure in the best Parisian society; but his volatile temperament, which he owes to a mixture of French and Irish ancestry, leads his more serious friends to doubt whether he will ever turn his brilliant gifts to any real account, or carve for himself a career of any importance. On his way to a dinner-party in Paris, he learns from his English friend, Richard Hartley, that he is that evening for the first time to meet Miss Helen Benham, a member of an American family long resident in Paris, and Hartley reminds him that the whole family has been living in some seclusion of late owing to grief and suspense caused by the sudden disappearance of Miss Benham's younger brother, a headstrong boy, but one with no faults sufficient to account for his mysterious absence. On attaining his majority in a few months' time, young Arthur Benham will come into a considerable amount of money from his dead father's estate, and a still larger fortune will be his if he survives his grandfather, once a distinguished diplomatist and now the venerable autocrat of his own family, so that the boy has everything to lose by quarrelling with the old man. Therefore it is argued that he cannot be wilfully absenting himself, a course of folly which the grandfather protests that he would never forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this information on the way to the dinner-party, the two young men are spectators of a slight motor accident, the occupants of the car being a girl of extraordinary beauty and an Irish-looking man, whose face Ste. Marie vaguely recalls without recollecting his name, while the girl's eyes "seems to call him" with some inexplicable mute appeal. Once at the dinner-party, however, he realises the beauty and nobility of Helen Benham, and the two are mutually attracted into a great friendship. Yet when St. Marie, some weeks later, p

CHAPTER VI.

A BRAVE GENTLEMAN RECEIVES A HURT, BUT VOLUNTEERS IN A GOOD CAUSE.



HEN Ste. Marie had
gone, Miss Benham
sat alone in the
drawing-room for
almost an hour.
She had been
stirred that afternoon more deeply
than she thought
she had ever been
stirred before, and

she needed time to regain that cool poise, that mental equilibrium which was normal to her and necessary for coherent thought.

She was still in a sort of fever of bewilderment and exaltation, still all aglow with the man's own high fervour; but the second self, which so often sat apart from her and looked on with critical, mocking eyes, whispered that to-morrow, the fervour past, the fever cooled, she must see the thing in its truer light—a glorious lunacy born of a moment of enthusiasm. It was finely romantic

of him, this mocking second self whispered to her: picturesque beyond criticism; but, setting aside the practical folly of it, could even the mood last?

The girl rose to her feet with an angry exclamation. She found herself intolerable at such times as this.

"If there's a heaven," she cried out, "and by chance I ever go there, I suppose I shall walk sneering through the streets, and saying to myself: 'Oh, yes, it's pretty enough, but how absurd and unpractical!'"

She passed before one of the small narrow mirrors which were let into the walls of the room in gilt Louis Seize frames, with candles beside them, and she turned and stared at her very beautiful reflection with a resentful wonder.

"Shall I always drag along so far behind him?" she said. "Shall I never rise to him, save in the moods of an hour?"

She began to be afraid; not for him, but of herself. He had taught her what it might be to love. For the first time love's premonitory thrill had wrung her, and the echo of that thrill stirred in her yet; but what might not happen in his long absence? She was afraid of that critical and analysing power of mind which she had so long trained to attack all that came to her. What might

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it not work with the new thing that had come?

She went out of the room and up to her grandfather's chamber and knocked there. The admirable Peters, who opened to her, said that his master had not been very well and was just then asleep, but as they spoke together in low tones, the old gentleman cried testily from within-

"Well? Well? Who's there?"

Miss Benham went into the dim, shaded room, and when old David saw who it was, he sank back upon his pillows with a pacified

growl.

The girl went up beside the bed and stood there a moment, after she had bent over and kissed her grandfather's cheek, stroking with her hand the absurdly gorgeous mandarin's iacket.

"Young Ste. Marie was here this afternoon," said he. "I told him he was a

fool."

"Yes," said Miss Benham, "I know.

said you did.

"I suppose," she said, "that in a sort of very informal fashion I am engaged to him. Well, no, perhaps not quite that, but he seems to consider himself engaged to me, and when he has finished something very important that he has undertaken to do, he is coming to ask me definitely to marry him. No, I suppose we aren't engaged yet; at least, I'm not. But it's almost the same, because I suppose I shall accept him, whether he fails or succeeds in what he is doing."

"If he fails in it, whatever it may be," said old David, "he won't give you a chance to accept him. He won't come back. know him well enough for that. He's a romantic fool, but he's a thorough-going fool. He plays the game." The old man looked up to his granddaughter, scowling a

"You two are absurdly unsuited to each other," said he, "and I told Ste. Marie so. I suppose you think you're in love with him?"

"Yes," said the girl, "I suppose I do."
"Idleness and all? You were rather

severe on idleness at one time."

"He isn't idle any more," said she. has undertaken—of his own accord—to find Arthur. He has some theory about it. And he is not going to see me again until he has succeeded—or until a year is past. If he fails, I fancy he won't come back."

Old David gave a sudden hoarse exclamation, and his withered hands shook and stirred before him. Afterwards he fell to

half-inarticulate muttering.

"The young romantic fool!—Don Quixote -like all the rest of them—those Stc. Maries. The fool and the angels. The angels and the fool." The girl distinguished words from time to time. For the most part he mumbled under his breath. But when he had been silent a long time, he said suddenly—

"It would be ridiculously like him to

succeed."

The girl gave a little sigh.

"I wish I dared hope for it," said she.

"I wish I dared hope for it."

She had left a book that she wanted in the drawing-room, and when presently her grandfather fell asleep in his fitful manner, she went down after it. In crossing the hall she came upon Captain Stewart, who was dressed for the street and had his hat and stick in his hands. He did not live in his father's house, for he had a little flat in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, but he was in and out a good deal. He paused when he saw his niece, and smiled upon her a benignant smile, which she rather disliked, because she disliked benignant people. The two really saw very little of each other, though Captain Stewart often sat for hours together with his sister up in a little boudoir which she had furnished in the execrable taste which to her meant comfort, while that timid and colourless lady embroidered strange tea-cloths with stranger flora, and prattled about the heathen, in whom she had an academic interest.

He said-

"Ah, my dear! It's you?" Indisputably it was, and there seemed to be no use of denying it, so Miss Benham said nothing, but waited for the man to go on if he had

"I dropped in," he continued, "to see my father, but they told me he was asleep, and so I didn't disturb him. I talked a little

while with your mother instead."

"I have just come from him," said Miss Benham. "He dozed off again as I left. Still, if you had anything in particular to tell him, he'd be glad to be wakened, I fancy. There's no news?"

"No," said Captain Stewart sadly, "no, nothing. I do not give up hope, but I am,

I confess, a little discouraged."

"We are all that, I should think," said Miss Benham briefly. She gave him a little nod and turned away into the drawing-Her uncle's peculiar dry manner irritated her at times beyond bearing, and she felt that this was one of the times. She had never had any reason for doubting that he was a good and kindly soul, but she disliked him because he bored her. Her mother bored her too-the poor woman bored everybody—but the sense of filial obligation was strong enough in the girl to prevent her from acknowledging this even to herself. In regard to her uncle she had no sense of obligation whatever, except to be as civil to him as possible, and so she kept out of his

She heard the heavy front door close, and gave a little sigh of relief.

Meanwhile Ste. Marie, a man moving in a dream, uplifted, cloud-enwrapped, made his way homeward. He walked all the long distance—that is, looking backward upon it later, he thought he must have walked, but the half-hour was a blank to him, an indeterminate, chaotic whirl of things and emotions.

In the little flat in the Rue d'Assas he came upon Richard Hartley, who, having found the door unlocked and the master of the place absent, had sat comfortably down with a pipe and a stack of Courriers Français to wait. Ste. Marie burst into the doorway of the room where his friend sat at ease. Hat, gloves and stick fell away from him in a sort of shower. He extended his arms high in air. His face was, as it were, luminous. The Englishman regarded him morosely. He said—

"You look as if somebody had died and left you money. What are you looking like that for?"

"Hè!" cried Ste. Marie in a great voice. "Hè, the world is mine! Embrace me, my infant! Sacred name of a pig, why do you Embrace me!" He began to sit there? stride about the room, his head between his Speech lofty and ridiculous burst from him in a sort of splutter of fireworks, but the Englishman sat still in his chair, and a grey-bleak look came upon him, for he began to understand. He was more or less used to these outbursts, and he bore them as patiently as he could; but though seven times out of the ten they were no more than spasms of pure joy of living, and meant: "It's a fine spring day," or "I've just seen two beautiful princesses of milliners in the street," an inner voice told him that this time it meant another thing. suddenly he realised that he had been waiting for this, bracing himself against its onslaught. He had not been altogether blind through the past month.

The Englishman drew a long breath.

"I take it," said he, "that means this, you're—that she has accepted you, eh?" He held out his hand. He was a brave and honest man. Even in pain he was incapable of jealousy. He said—

"I ought to want to murder you, but I don't. I congratulate you. You're an undeserving beggar, but so were the rest of us. It was an open field, and you've won quite honestly. My best wishes!"

Then at last Ste. Marie understood, and in a flash the glory went out of his face. He began--

"Ah, mon cher ami!---" The other man saw that tears had sprung to his eyes, and was horribly embarrassed to the very

bottom of his good British soul.

"Yes, yes!" he said gruffly. " Quite so, quite so! No consequence!" dragged his hands away from Ste. Marie's grasp, stuck them in his pockets, and turned to the window beside which he had been

sitting.

Ste. Marie, across the room, looked at his friend's square back, and knew that in his silent way the man was suffering. A great sadness, the recoil from his trembling heights of bliss, came upon him and enveloped him. Was it true that one man's joy must inevitably be another's pain? He tried to imagine himself in Hartley's place, Hartley in his; and he gave a little shiver. He knew that if that bouleversement were actually to take place, he would be as glad for his friend's sake as poor Hartley was now for his; but he knew also that the smile of congratulation would be a grimace of almost intolerable pain, and so he knew what Hartley's black hour must be like.

"You must forgive me," he said. had forgotten. I don't know why. Well, yes, happiness is a very selfish state of mind, I suppose. One thinks of nothing but one's self—and one other. I—during this past month I've been in the clouds. You must forgive me."

The Englishman turned back into the Ste. Marie saw that his face was as completely devoid of expression as it usually was, that his hands when he chose and lighted a cigarette were quite steady, and he marvelled. That would have been impossible for him under such circumstances.

"She has accepted you, I take it?" said

Hartley again.

"Not quite that," said he. "Sit down and I'll tell you about it." So he told him about his hour with Miss Benham, and about what had been agreed upon between them, and about what he had undertaken to do.

"Apart from wishing to do everything in this world that I can do to make her happy," he said, "—and she will never be at peace again until she knows the truth about her brother—apart from that, I'm purely selfish in the thing. I've got to win her respect as well as—the rest. I want her to respect me, and she has never quite done that. I'm an idler. So are you, but you have a perfectly good excuse. I have not. I've been an idler because it suited me, because nothing

the day, of those elder Ste. Maries who had taken sword and lance and gone out into a strange world, a place of unknown terrors, after for the Great Adventure. And this was one of their blood.

"I'm afraid you don't realise," he went on, "the difficulties you've got to face. Better men than you have failed over this thing, you know."

"A worse might nevertheless succeed,"

said Ste. Marie, and the other said—

"Yes. Oh, yes. And there's always luck to be considered, of course. You might



turned up, and because I have enough to eat without working for my living. I know how she has felt about all that. Well, she shall feel it no longer."

"You're taking on a big order," said the

other man.

"The bigger the better," said Ste. Marie.

"And I shall succeed in it or never see her again. I've sworn that." The odd look of exaltation that Miss Benham had seen in his face, the look of knightly fervour, came there again, and Hartley saw it and knew that the man was stirred by no transient whim. Oddly enough he thought, as had the girl earlier in

stumble on some trace." He threw away his cigarette and lighted another, and he smoked it down almost to the end before he spoke. At last he said—

"I want to tell you something. The reason why I want to tell it comes a little later. A few weeks before you returned to Paris, I asked Miss Benham to marry me."

Ste. Marie looked up with a quick sym-

"Ah!" said he. "I have sometimes thought—wondered. I have wondered if it went as far as that. Of course, I could

see that you had known her well, though you

seldom go there nowadays.'

"Yes," said Hartley; "it went as far as that, but no farther. She—well, she didn't care for me—not in that way. So I stiffened my back and shut my mouth, and got used to the fact that what I'd hoped for was

impossible.

"And now comes the reason for telling you what I've told. I want you to let me help you in what you're going to do—if you think you can, that is. Remember, I—cared for her too. I'd like to do something for her. It would never have occurred to me to do this until you thought of it, but I should like very much to lend a hand, do some of the work. D'you think you could let me in?"

Ste. Marie stared at him in open astonishment, and, for an instant, something like

dismay.

"Yes, yes! I know what you're thinking," said the Englishman. "You'd hoped to do it all yourself. It's your game, I know. Well, it's your game even if you let me come in. I'm just a helper. Someone to run errands, someone perhaps to take counsel with now and then. Look at it on the practical side! Two heads are certainly better than one. Certainly I could be of use to you. And, besides—well, I want to do something for her. I—cared too, you see. D'you think you could take me in?"

It was the man's love that made his appeal irresistible. No one could appeal to Ste. Marie on that score in vain. It was true that he had hoped to work alone, to win or lose alone, to stand, in this matter, quite on his own feet, but he could not deny the man who had loved her and lost her. Ste. Marie thrust

out his hand.

"You love her too!" he said. "That is enough. We work together. I have a possibly foolish idea that if we can find a certain man, we will learn something about Arthur Benham. I'll tell you about it."

But before he could begin, the door-bell

jangled.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN STEWART MAKES A KINDLY OFFER.

STE. MARIE scowled.

"A caller would come singularly malapropos, just now," said he. "I've half a mind not to go to the door. I want to talk this thing over with you."

"Whoever it is," objected Hartley, "has been told by the concierge that you're at

home. It may not be a caller, anyhow. It may be a parcel or something. You'd better go." So Ste. Marie went out into the little passage, blaspheming fluently the while.

The Englishman heard him open the outer door of the flat. He heard him exclaim in

great surprise—

"Ah, Captain Stewart! A great pleasure. Come in! Come in!" And he permitted himself a little blaspheming on his own account, for the visitor, as Ste. Marie had said, came most malapropos, and, besides, he disliked Miss Benham's uncle.

He heard the American say-

"I have been hoping for some weeks to give myself the pleasure of calling here, and to-day such an excellent pretext presented itself that I came straight away. I come with congratulations. My niece has told me all about it. Lucky young man! Ah!——"He reached the door of the inner room and saw Richard Hartley standing by the window, and he began to apologise profusely, saying that he had had no idea that Ste. Marie was not alone. But Ste. Marie said—

"It doesn't in the least matter. I have no secrets from Hartley. Indeed, I have just been talking with him about this very thing." But for all that he looked curiously at the elder man, and it struck him as very odd that Miss Benham should have gone straight to her uncle and told him all this. It did not seem in the least like her, especially as he knew the two were on no terms of intimacy. He decided that she must have gone up to her grandfather's room to discuss it with that old gentleman-a reasonable enough hypothesis—and that Captain Stewart must have come in during the discussion. Quite evidently he had wasted no time in setting out upon his errand of congratulation.

"Then," said Captain Stewart, "if I am to be good-naturedly forgiven for my stupidity, let me go on and say, in my capacity as a member of the family, that the news pleased me very much. I was glad to hear it." He shook Ste. Marie's hand, looking very benignant indeed, and Ste. Marie was quite overcome with pleasure and gratitude: it seemed to him such a very kindly act in the elder man. He produced things to smoke and drink, and Captain Stewart accepted a cigarette and mixed himself a rather stiff glass of absinth—it was between five and six o'clock.

"And now," said he, when he was at ease in the most comfortable of the low cane chairs, and the glass of opalescent liquor was properly curdled and set at hand, "now, having congratulated you and—ah, welcomed you, if I may put it so, as a probable future member of the family, I turn to the other feature of the affair." He had an odd trick of lowering his head and gazing benevolently upon an auditor as if over the top of spectacles. It was one of his elderly ways. He beamed now upon Ste. Marie in this manner, and, after a moment, turned and beamed upon Richard Hartley, who gazed stolidly back at him without expression.

"You have determined, I hear," said he, "to join us in our search for poor Arthur. Good! Good! I welcome you there also." Ste. Marie stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Well," said he, "in a sense, yes. That is, I've determined to devote myself to the search, and Hartley is good enough to offer to go in with me; but I think, if you don't mind—— Of course, I know it's very presumptuous, and doubtless idiotic of us—but, if you don't mind, I think we'll work independently. You see—well, I can't quite put it into words, but it's our idea to succeed or fail quite by our own efforts. I dare say we shall fail, but it won't be for lack of trying."

Captain Stewart looked disappointed.

"Oh, I think," said he—" pardon me for saying it !--but I think you're rather foolish to do that." He waved an apologetic hand. "Of course, I comprehend your excellent motive. Yes, as you say, you want to succeed quite on your own. But look at the practical You'll have to go over all the weary weeks of useless labour we have gone over. We could save you that. We have examined and followed up and at last given over a hundred clues that on the surface looked quite possible of success. You'll be doing that all over again. In short, my dear friend, you will merely be following along a couple of months behind us. It seems to I shan't like to see you wasting your time and efforts. Don't refuse a helping hand! Don't be overproud! I may be able to set you upon the right path. Not that I have anything definite to work upon. I haven't, alas! But each day new clues turn up. One day we shall find the real one, and that may be one that I have turned over to you to follow out. One never knows."

Ste. Marie looked across at Richard Hartley, but that gentleman was blowing smoke rings and to all outward appearance giving them his entire attention. He looked back to Captain Stewart, and Stewart's eyes regarded him smiling a little wistfully, he

thought.

Ste. Marie scowled out of the window at the trees of the Luxembourg Gardens.

"I hardly know," said he. "Of course, I sound a braying ass in hesitating even a moment, but—in a way, you understand. I'm so anxious to do this or to fail in it quite on my own! You're—so tremendously kind about it that I don't know what to say. I must seem very ungrateful, I know. But I'm not."

"No," said the elder man, "you don't seem ungrateful at all. I understand exactly how you feel about it, and I applaud your feeling—but not your judgment. I am afraid that for the sake of a sentiment you're taking unnecessary risks of failure."

For the first time Richard Hartley spoke.

"I've an idea, you know," said he, "that it's going to be a matter chiefly of luck. One day somebody will stumble on the right trail, and that might as well be Ste. Marie or I as your trained detectives. If you don't mind my saying so, sir—I don't want to seem rude—your trained detectives do not seem to accomplish much in two months, do they?"

Captain Stewart looked thoughtfully at

the younger man.

"No," he said at last. "I am sorry to say they don't seem to have accomplished much—except to prove that there are a great many places poor Arthur has not been to, and a great many people who have not seen him. After all, that is something—the elimination of ground that need not be worked over again." He set down the glass

from which he had been drinking.

"I cannot agree with your theory," he "I cannot agree that such work as this is best left to an accidental solution. Accidents are too rare. We have tried to go at it in as scientific a way as could be managed—by covering large areas of territory, by keeping the police everywhere on the alert, by watching the boy's old friends and searching his favourite haunts. Personally I am inclined to think that he managed to slip away to America very early in the course of events—before we began to search for him. And, of course, I am having a careful watch kept there as well as here. But no trace has appeared as yet—nothing at all trustworthy. Meanwhile I continue to hope and to work, but I grow a little discouraged. In any case, though, we shall hear of him in three months more if he is alive."

"Why three months?" asked Ste. Marie.
"What do you mean by that?"

"In three months," said Captain Stewart,

"Arthur will be of age, and he can demand the money left him by his father. If he is alive, he will turn up for that. I have thought, from the first, that he is merely hiding somewhere until this time should be He — you must know that he went away very angry, after a quarrel with his grandfather. My father is not a patient man. He may have been very harsh with the boy."

"Ah, yes," said Hartley, "but no boy, however young or angry, would be foolish enough to risk an absolute break with the man who is going to leave him a large Young Benham must know that his grandfather would never forgive him for staying away all this time if he stayed away of his own accord. He must know that he'd be taking tremendous risks of being cut off altogether."

"And, besides," added Ste. Marie, "it is quite possible that your father, sir, may die at any time—any hour. And he's very angry with his grandson. He may have cut him off already."

Captain Stewart's eyes sharpened suddenly, but he dropped them to the glass in his

"Have you any reason for thinking that?" he asked.

"No," said St. Marie. "I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have said it. a matter which concerns your family alone. I forgot myself. The possibility occurred to me suddenly, for the first time." But the elder man looked up at him with a smile.

"Pray don't apologise!" said he. "Surely we three can speak frankly together. And, frankly, I know nothing of my father's will. But I don't think he would cut poor Arthur off, though he is, of course, very angry about the boy's leaving in the manner he did. No! I am sure he wouldn't cut him off. He was fond of the lad, very fond—as we all were."

Captain Stewart glanced at his watch and

rose with a little sigh.

"I must be off," said he. "I have to dine out this evening, and I must get home to change. There is a cab-stand near you?" He looked out of the window. "Ah, yes! Just at the corner of the Gardens." turned about to Ste. Marie and held out his hand with a smile. He said—

"You refuse to join forces with us, then? Well, I'm sorry. But for all that, I wish you luck. Go your own way, and I hope you'll succeed. I honestly hope that, even though your success may show me up for an

incompetent bungler." He gave a little kindly laugh, and Ste. Marie tried to protest.

"Still," said the elder man, "don't throw me over altogether. If I can help you in any way, little or big, let me know. If I can give you any hints, any advice, anything at all, I want to do it. And if you happen upon what seems to be a promising clue, come and talk it over with me. Oh, don't be afraid! I'll leave it to you to work out. I shan't spoil your game."

"Ah, now, that's very good of you," said Ste. Marie. "Only you make me seem more than ever an ungrateful fool. Thanks, I will come to you with my troubles, if I may. I have a foolish idea that I want to follow out a little first, but doubtless I shall be running to you soon for information."

The elder man's eyes sharpened again with

keen interest.

"An idea!" he said quickly. "You have an idea? What-may I ask what sort of an idea?

"Oh, it's nothing," declared Ste. Marie. "You have already laughed at it. I just want to find that man O'Hara, that's all. I've a feeling that I should learn something from him."

"Ah!" said Captain Stewart slowly. "Yes, the man O'Hara. There's nothing in that, I'm afraid. I've made inquiries about O'Hara. It seems he left Paris six months ago, saying he was off for America. An old friend of his told me that. So you must have been mistaken when you thought you saw him in the Champs Elysées, and he couldn't very well have had anything to do with poor Arthur. I'm afraid that idea is hardly worth following up."

"Perhaps not," said Ste. Marie. "I seem to start badly, don't I? Ah, well, I'll have

to come to you all the sooner, then."

"You'll be welcome," promised Captain Stewart. "Good-bye to you! Good day, Come and see me, both of you. Hartley. You know where I live."

He took his leave then, and Hartley, standing beside the window, watched him turn down the street, and at the corner get into one of the *flacres* there and drive away.

Ste. Marie laughed aloud.

"There's the second time," said he, "that I've had him about O'Hara. If he is as careless as that about everything, I don't wonder he hasn't found Arthur Benham. O'Hara disappeared from Paris (publicly, that is) at about the time young Benham disappeared. As a matter of fact, he remains or, at least, for a time remained—in the city

without letting his friends know, because I made no mistake about seeing him in the Champs Élysées. All that looks to me suspicious enough to be worth investigation.

"Of course," he admitted doubtfully—"of course. I'm no detective, but that's how it

looks to me."

"I don't believe Stewart is any detective, either," said Richard Hartley. altogether too cocksure. That sort of man would rather die than admit he is wrong about anything. He's a good old chap, though, isn't he? I liked him to-day better than ever before."

"He has a good heart," said Ste. Marie. "Very few men under the circumstances would come here and be as decent as he was. Most men would have thought I was a presumptuous ass and would have behaved

accordingly."

Ste. Marie took a turn about the room, and his face began to light up with its new excite-

ment and exaltation.

"And to-morrow," he cried, "to-morrow we begin! To-morrow we set out into the world, and the Adventure is on foot. send it success!" He laughed across at the other man, but it was a laugh of eagerness, not of mirth.

"I feel," said he "like Jason. I feel as if we were to set sail to-morrow for Colchis and

the Golden Fleece."

"Ye—es," said the other man a little drily. "Yes, perhaps. I don't want to seem critical, but isn't your figure somewhat ill-chosen?"

"'Ill-chosen'?" cried Ste. Marie. "What

d'you mean? Why ill-chosen?"

"I was thinking of Medea," said Richard Hartley.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MISADVENTURE AND A DREAM.

So on the next day these two rode forth upon their quest, and no quest was ever undertaken with a stouter courage or with a grimmer determination to succeed. it fancifully, they burnt their tower behind them, for to one of them, at least—to him who led—there was no going back.

But, after all, they set forth under a cloud, and Ste. Marie took a heavy heart with him. On the evening before, an odd and painful incident had befallen, a singularly unfortu-

nate incident.

It chanced that neither of the two men had a dinner engagement that evening, and so, after their old habit, they dined together

at the little Spanish restaurant in the Rue When they came out into the narrow street and thence to the thronged Boulevard des Italiens, it was nearly eleven o'clock, and Ste. Marie said-

"There's a street fête in Montmartre. We

might drive home that way."

"An excellent idea," said the other man. "The fact that Montmartre lies in an opposite direction from home makes the plan all the better. And after that we might drive home That's much farther in through the Bois. the wrong direction. Lead on!"

So they sprang into a waiting fiacre, and were dragged up the steep, stone-paved hill to the heights where La Bohême still reigns and the trail of the tourist is over all. They found Montmartre very much en fête. the Place Blanche were two of the enormous and brilliantly lighted merry - go - rounds which only Paris knows—one furnished with stolid cattle, theatrical-looking horses, and Russian sleighs, the other with the everpopular galloping pigs. When these dreadful machines were in rotation, mechanical organs concealed somewhere in their bowels emitted hideous brays and shrieks, which mingled with the shrieks of the ladies mounted upon the galloping pigs, and together insulted a peaceful sky.

The square was filled with that extremely heterogeneous throng which the Parisian street fête gathers together, but it was, for the most part, a well-dressed throng, largely recruited from the boulevards, and it was quite determined to have a very good time in the cheerful, harmless, Latin fashion. The two men got down from their flacre and elbowed a way through the good-natured crowd to a place near the more popular of the merry-go-rounds. The machine was in rotation. Its garish lights shone and glittered, its hidden mechanical organ blared a German waltz tune, the huge pink-varnished pigs galloped gravely up and down as the platform upon which they were mounted whirled

round and round.

Hartley, turning, saw that Ste. Marie's eyes were fixed upon the galloping pigs, and the eyes shone with a wistful excitement. To tell the truth, it was impossible for him to look on at any form of active amusement without thirsting to join it. A joyous and care-free lady in a blue hat, who was mounted astride upon one of the pigs, hurled a paper serpentine at him, and shrieked with delight when it knocked his hat off.

"That's the second time she has hit me with one of those things," he said, groping



about his feet for the hat. "Here, stop that boy with the basket!" A vendor of the little rolls of paper ribbon was shouting his wares through the crowd. Ste. Marie filled his pockets with the things, and when the lady with the blue hat goes a round on the lady with the blue hat came round on the

next turn, lassoed her neatly about the neck

and held the end of the ribbon till it broke.

"When the thing stops," said Ste. Marie,
"I'm going to take a ride, just one ride. I haven't ridden a pig for many years."

Hartley jeered at him, calling him an infant,

but Ste. Marie bought more serpentines, and when the platform came to a stop, clambered up to it and mounted the only unoccupied pig he could find. His friend still scoffed at him and called him names, but Ste. Marie tucked his long legs round the pig's neck and smiled back, and presently the machine

began again to revolve.

At the end of the first revolution Hartley gave a shout of delight, for he saw that the lady with the blue hat had left her mount and was making her way along the platform towards where Ste. Marie sat hurling surpentines in the face of the world. By the next time round she had come to where he was, mounted behind him, and was holding herself with one very shapely arm round his neck, while with the other she rifled his pockets for ammunition. Ste. Marie grinned, and the public, loud in its acclaims, began to pelt the two with serpentines until they were hung with many-coloured ribbons like a Christmas-tree. Even Richard Hartley was so far moved out of the self-consciousness with which his race is cursed as to buy a handful of the common missiles, and the lady in the blue hat returned his attention with skill and despatch.

But as the machine began to slacken its pace, and the hideous wail and blare of the organ died mercifully down, concealed Hartley saw that his friend's manner had all at once altered, that he sat leaning forward away from the enthusiastic lady with the blue hat, and that the paper serpentines had a little giddy, but presently, before the merry-go-round had quite stopped, he saw the man leap down and hurry towards him through the crowd. Ste. Marie's face was grave and pale. He caught Hartley's arm in his hand and turned him round, crying in a low voice-

"Come out of this as quickly as you can! No, in the other direction. I want to get

away at once."

"What's the matter?" Hartley demanded. "Lady in blue hat too friendly? Well, if you're going to play this kind of

game, you might as well play it."

"Helen Benham was down there in the crowd," said Ste. Marie. "On the opposite side from you. She was with a party of people who got out of two motor-cars, to look on. They were in evening things, so they had come from dinner somewhere, I suppose. She saw me."

"The devil!" said Hartley under his

Then he gave a shout of laughter, breath. demanding-

"Well, what of it? You weren't committing any crime, were you? There's no harm in riding a silly pig in a silly merrygo-round. Everybody does it in these fete But even as he spoke he knew how extremely unfortunate the meeting was, and the laughter went out of his voice.

"I'm afraid," said Ste. Marie, "she won't see the humour of it. Good Heavens! what a thing to happen! You know well enough

what she'll think of me.

"At five o'clock this afternoon," he said bitterly, "I left her with a great many fine, high-sounding words about the quest I was to give my days and nights to—for her sake. I went away from her like a-knight going into battle-consecrated. I tell you, there were tears in her eyes when I went. And now, now, at midnight, she sees me riding a galloping pig in a street fête with a girl, before a thousand people. What will she think of me? What but one thing can she possibly think? Oh, I know well enough! I saw her face before she turned away.

"And," he cried, "I can't even go to her and explain—if there's anything to explain, and I suppose there is not. I can't even go

to her. I've sworn not to see her."
"Oh, I'll do that," said the other man. "I'll explain it to her, if any explanation's necessary. I think you'll find that she will laugh at it." But Ste. Marie shook his head.

"No, she won't," said he. And Hartley

not laugh.

They found a *fiacre* at the side of the square and drove home at once. They were almost entirely silent all the long way, for Ste. Marie was buried in gloom, and the Englishman, after trying once or twice to cheer him up, realised that he was best left to himself just then, and so held his tongue. But in the Rue d'Assas, as Ste. Marie was getting down, he made a last attempt to lighten the man's depression. He said—

"Don't you be a silly ass about this! You're making much too much of it, you know. I'll go to her to-morrow or next day and explain, and she'll laugh—if she hasn't

already done so.

"You know," he said, almost believing it himself, "you are paying her a dashed poor compliment in thinking she's so dull as to misunderstand a little thing of this kind, Yes, by Jove, you are!"

Ste. Marie looked up at him, and his face, in the light of the cab-lamp, showed

a first faint of hope.

"Do you think so?" he demanded. "Do you really think that? Maybe I am. But—oh, Heavens! who would understand such an idiocy? Sacred imbecile that I am! why was I ever born? I ask you." He turned abruptly and began to ring at the door, casting a brief "Good night!" over his shoulder. And, after a moment, Hartley gave it up and drove away.

Above, in the long, shallow front room of his flat, with the three windows overlooking the Gardens, Ste. Marie made lights, and unearthed a box of cigarettes. He lighted one, and went across to one of the long windows, which was open, and stood there with his back to the room, his face to the peaceful, fragrant night. A sudden recollection came to him of that other night a month before, when he had stood on the Pont des Invalides with his eyes upon the stars, his feet upon the ladder thereunto. His heart gave a sudden, exultant leap within him when he thought how far and high he had climbed; but after the leap it shivered and stood still when this evening's misadventure came before him.

Would she ever understand? He had no fear that Hartley would not do his best with Hartley was as honest and as faithful as ever a friend was in this world. would do his best. But even thenwas the girl's inflexible nature that made the matter so dangerous. He knew that she was inflexible, and he took a curious pride He admired it. So must have been those calm-eyed, ancient ladies for whom other Ste. Maries went out to do battle. was well-nigh impossible to imagine them lowering their eyes to silly revelry. They could not stoop to such as that. beneath their high dignity. And it was beneath hers also. As for himself, he was a thing of patches. Here a patch of exalted chivalry—a noble patch—there a patch of bourgeois, childlike love of fun; here a patch of melancholic asceticism, there one of something quite the reverse. A hopeless patchwork he was. Must she not shrink from him when she knew? He could not quite imagine her understanding the wholly trivial and meaningless impulse that had prompted him to ride a galloping pig and cast paper serpentines at the assembled world.

Apart from her view of the affair he felt no shame in it. The moment of childish gaiety had been but a passing mood. It had in no way slackened his tense enthusiasm, dulled the keenness of his spirit, lowered his high flight. He knew that well enough. But he wondered if she would understand, and he could not believe it possible. The mood of exaltation in which they had parted that afternoon came to him, and then the sight of her shocked face as he had seen it in the laughing crowd in the Place Blanche.

"What must she think of me?" he cried aloud. "What must she think of me?"

So for an hour or more he stood in the open window staring into the fragrant night, or tramped up and down the long room, his hands behind his back, kicking out of his way the chairs and things which impeded him—torturing himself with fears and regrets and fancies, until at last in a calmer moment he realised that he was working himself up into an absurd state of nerves over something which was done and could not now be The man had an odd streak of fatalism in his nature—that will have come of his Southern blood—and it came to him now in his need. For the work upon which he was to enter with the morrow he had need of clear wits, not scattered ones; a calm judgment, not disordered nerves. he took himself in hand, and it would have been amazing to anyone unfamiliar with the abrupt changes of the Latin temperament to see how suddenly Ste. Marie became quiet and cool and master of himself.

"It is done," he said with a little shrug, and if his face was for a moment bitter, it quickly enough became impassive. "It is done, and it cannot be undone—unless Hartley can undo it."

So he went to bed, and so well had he recovered from his fit of excitement, he fell asleep almost at once. But, for all that, the jangled nerves had their revenge. He who commonly slept like the dead, without the slightest disturbance, dreamed a strange It seemed to him that he stood spent and weary in a twilit place, a waste place at the foot of a high hill. At the top of the hill she sat upon a sort of throne, golden in a beam of light from heaven serene, very beautiful, the end and crown of his weary labours. His feet were set to the ascent of the height whereon she waited, but he was withheld. From the shadows at the hill's foot a voice called to him in distress, anguish of spirit—a voice he knew, but he could not say whose voice. It besought him out of utter need, and he could not turn away from it.

Then from those shadows eyes looked

upon him, very great and dark eyes, and they besought him too; he did not know what they asked, but they called to him like the low voice, and he could not turn away.

He looked to the far height, and with all his power he strove to set his feet towards it—the goal of long labour and desire; but the eyes and the piteous voice held him motionless, for they needed him.

From this anguish he awoke trembling. And after a long time, when he was composed, he fell asleep once more, and once more he dreamed the dream.

So morning found him pallid and unrefreshed. But by daylight he knew whose eyes had be sought him, and he wondered and was a little afraid.

CHAPTER IX.

A JOURNEY AND AN INTERCESSION.

It may as well be admitted at the outset that neither Ste. Marie nor Richard Hartley proved themselves to be geniuses, hitherto undeveloped, in the detective science. They entered upon their self-appointed task with a fine fervour, but, as Miss Benham had suggested, with no other qualifications in

particular.

This is not to say that they found nothing in the way of clues. They found an embarrassment of them, and for some days went about in a fever of excitement over these; but the fever cooled when clue after clue turned out to be misleading. Of course, Ste. Marie's first efforts were directed towards tracing the movements of the Irishman, O'Hara, but the efforts were altogether unavailing. The man seemed to have disappeared as noiselessly and completely as had young Arthur Benham himself. was unable even to settle with any definiteness the time of the man's departure from Paris. Some of O'Hara's old acquaintances maintained that they had seen the last of him two months before, but a shifty-eyed person in rather cheaply smart clothes came up to Ste. Marie one evening in Maxim's and said he had heard that Ste. Marie was making inquiries about M. O'Hara. Marie said he was, and that it was an affair of money, whereupon the cheaply smart individual declared that M. O'Hara had left Paris six months before to go to the United States of America, and that he had had a picture post-card from him some weeks since, from New York. The informant accepted an expensive cigar and a Dubonnet by way

of reward, but presently departed into the night, and Ste. Marie was left in some discouragement, his theory badly damaged.

He spoke of this encounter to Richard Hartley, who came on later to join him, and Hartley, after an interval of silence and smoke, said——

"That was a lie. The man lied."

"Why?" demanded Ste. Marie, but the

Englishman shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said. "But I believe it was a lie. The man came to you, sought you out to tell his story, didn't he? And all the others have given a different date? Well, there you are! For some reason this man, or someone behind him—O'Hara himself, probably—wants you to believe that O'Hara is in America. I dare say he's in Paris all the while."

"I hope you're right," said the other. "And I mean to make sure, too. It certainly was odd, this strange being hunting me out to tell me that. I wonder, by the way, how he knew I'd been making inquiries about O'Hara. I've questioned only two or three people, and then in the most casual way.

Yes, it's odd."

It was about a week after this—a fruitless week, full of the alternate brightness of hope and the gloom of disappointment—that he met Captain Stewart, to whom he had been more than once on the point of appealing. He happened upon him quite by chance one morning in the Rue Royale. Captain Stewart was coming out of a shop. He looked in an ill humour, and older and more yellow than usual. But his face altered suddenly when he saw the younger man, and he stopped and shook Ste. Marie's hand with every evidence of pleasure.

"Well met! well met!" he exclaimed.
"If you are not in a hurry, come and sit down somewhere and tell me about yourself."

They picked their way across the street to the terrace of the Taverne Royale, which was almost deserted at that hour, and sat down at one of the little tables well back from the pavement, in a corner.

"Is it fair?" queried Captain Stewart, is it fair as a rival investigator to ask you what success you have had?" Ste. Marie laughed rather ruefully and confessed that

he had as yet no success at all.

"I've just come," said he, "from pricking one bubble that promised well, and Hartley is up in Montmartre destroying another, I fancy. Oh, well, we didn't expect it to be child's play."

Captain Stewart raised his little glass of

dry vermuth in an old-fashioned salute and

drank from it.

"You," said he, "you were—ah, full of some idea of connecting this man, this Irishman, O'Hara, with poor Arthur's disappearance. You've found that not so promising as you went on, I take it."

"Well, I've been unable to trace O'Hara," said Ste. Marie. "He seems to have disappeared as completely as your nephew. I suppose you have no clues to spare? I confess I'm out of them, at the moment."

"Oh, I have plenty," said the elder man.
"A hundred. More than I can possibly look after." He gave a little chuckling

laugh.

"I've been waiting for you to come to me," he said. "It was a little ungenerous, perhaps, but we all love to say: 'I told you so.' Yes, I have a great quantity of clues, and, of course, they all seem to be of the greatest and most exciting importance. That's a way clues have." He took an envelope from an inner pocket of his coat and sorted several folded papers which were in it.

"I have here," said he, "memoranda of two chances—shall I call them?—which seem to me very good, though, as I have already said, every clue seems good. That is the maddening, the heart-breaking part of such an investigation. I have made these brief notes from letters received—one yesterday, one the day before—from an agent of mine who has been searching the bains de mer of the north coast. This agent writes that someone very much resembling poor Arthur has been seen at Dinard and also at Deauville, and he urges me to come there or to send a man there at once to look into the matter. You will ask, of course, why this agent himself does not pursue the clue he Unfortunately he has been has found. called to London upon some pressing family matter of his own; he is an Englishman."

"Why haven't you gone yourself?" asked Ste. Marie. But the elder man shrugged his shoulders and smiled a tired, deprecatory

smile.

"Oh, my friend," said he, "if I should attempt personally to investigate one-half of these things, I should be compelled to divide myself into twenty parts. No, I must stay here. There must be, alas! the spider at the centre of the web. I cannot go, but if you think it worth while, I will gladly turn over the memoranda of these last clues to you. They may be the true clues, they may not. At any rate, someone must look into

them. Why not you and your partner—or shall I say assistant?"

"Why, thank you!" cried Ste. Marie. "A thousand thanks! Of course I shall be—we shall be glad to try this chance. On the face of it, it sounds very reasonable. Your nephew, from what I remember of him, is much more apt to be in some place that is amusing—some place of gaiety—than hiding away where it is merely dull, if he has his choice in the matter, that is—if he is free. And yet——"he turned and frowned thoughtfully at the elder man.

"What I want to know," said he, "is how the boy is supporting himself all this time. You say he had no money, or very little, when he went away. How is he managing to live, if your theory is correct—that he is staying away of his own accord? It costs a lot of money to live as he likes to

live."

Captain Stewart nodded.

"Oh, that," said he, "that is a question I have often proposed to myself. Frankly, it's beyond me. I can only surmise that poor Arthur, who had scattered a small fortune about in foolish loans, managed, before he actually disappeared (mind you, we didn't begin to look for him until a week had gone by), managed to collect some of this money, and so went away with something in pocket. That, of course, is only a guess."

"It is possible," said Ste. Marie doubtfully, but—I don't know. It is not very easy to raise money from the sort of people I imagine your nephew to have lent it to. They

borrow, but they don't repay."

He glanced up with a half-laughing, half-

defiant air.

"I can't," said he, "rid myself of a belief that the boy is here in Paris, and he is not free to come or go. It's only a feeling, but it is very strong in me. Of course, I shall follow out these clues you've been so kind as to give me. I shall go to Dinard and Deauville, and Hartley, I imagine, will go with me; but I haven't great confidence in them."

Captain Stewart regarded him reflectively

for a time, and in the end he smiled.

"If you will pardon my saying it," he said, "your attitude is just a little womanlike. You put away reason for something vaguely intuitive. I always distrust intuition myself." Ste. Marie frowned a little and looked uncomfortable. He was bound to admit that the elder man's criticism was more or less just.

"Moreover," pursued Captain Stewart, "you altogether ignore the point of motive —as I may have suggested to you before. There could be no possible motive, so far as I am aware, for kidnapping or detaining or in any way harming my nephew, except the desire for money; but, as you know, he had no large sum of money with him, and no demand has been made upon us since his disappearance. I'm afraid you can't get round that."

"No," said Ste. Marie, "I'm afraid I can't. Indeed, leaving that aside (and it can't be left aside), I still have almost nothing with which to prop up my theory. I told

you it was only a feeling."

He took up the memoranda which Captain Stewart had laid upon the marble-topped table between them and read the notes

through.

"Please," said he, "don't think I am ungrateful for this chance. I am not. shall do my best with it, and I hope it may turn out to be important." He gave a little wry smile.

"I have all sorts of reasons," he said, "for wishing to succeed as soon as possible. may be sure that there won't be any delays on my part. And now I must be going on. I am to meet Hartley for lunch on the other side of the river, and if we can manage it, I should like to start north this afternoon or

evening."

"Good!" said Captain Stewart, smiling. "Good! that is what I call true promptness. You lose no time at all. Go to Dinard and Deauville, by all means, and look into this thing thoroughly. Don't be discouraged if you meet with ill-success at first. Hartley with you and do your best." He paid for the two glasses of apératif, and Ste. Marie could not help observing that he left on the table a very small tip. The waiter cursed him audibly as the two walked away.

"If you have returned by a week from to-morrow," he said, as they shook hands, "I should like to have you keep that evening —Thursday—for me. I am having a very informal little party in my rooms. There will be two or three of the opera people there, and they will sing for us. Come if you are here. I'll drop a line to Mr. Hartley also." He shook Ste. Marie's hand and went away down the street towards the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré, where he lived.

Ste. Marie met Hartley as he expected to do, at lunch, and they talked over the possibilities of the Dinard and Deauville expedition. In the end they decided that

Ste. Marie should go alone, but that he was to telegraph, later on, if the clue looked promising. Hartley had two or three investigations on foot in Paris, and staved on to complete these. Also he wished, as soon as possible, to see Helen Benham and explain Ste. Marie's ride on the galloping pigs. Ten days had elapsed since that evening, but Miss Benham had gone into the country the next day, to make a visit at the De Saulnes' château on the Oise.

So Ste. Marie packed a portmanteau and departed by a mid-afternoon train to Dinard. and, towards five, Richard Hartley walked down to the Rue de l'Université. thought it just possible that Miss Benham might by now have returned to town, but if not, he meant to have half an hour's chat with old David Stewart, whom he had not seen for some weeks.

At the door he learnt that Mademoiselle was that very day returned and was at home. So he went into the drawing-room. reserving his visit to old David until later. He found the room divided into two camps. At one side Mrs. Benham conversed in melancholic monotones with two elderly French ladies. Miss Benham sat in the seat of authority at the tea-table, flanked by a young American lady and by Baron de Vries.

Miss Benham greeted Hartley with evident pleasure, and remembered just how he liked his tea—three pieces of sugar and no milk. The four fell at once into conversation together, and the young American lady asked Hartley why Ste. Marie was not with

"I thought you two always went about together," she said—" were never seen apart, and all that—a sort of modern Damon and Phidias." Hartley caught Baron de Vries'

eye and looked away again hastily.

"My—ah, Phidias," said he, resisting an irritable desire to correct the lady, "got mislaid to-day. It shan't happen again, I promise you. He's a very busy person just now, though. He hasn't time for social dissipation. I'm the butterfly of the pair." The lady gave a sudden laugh.

"He was busy enough the last time I saw him," she said, crinkling her eyelids.

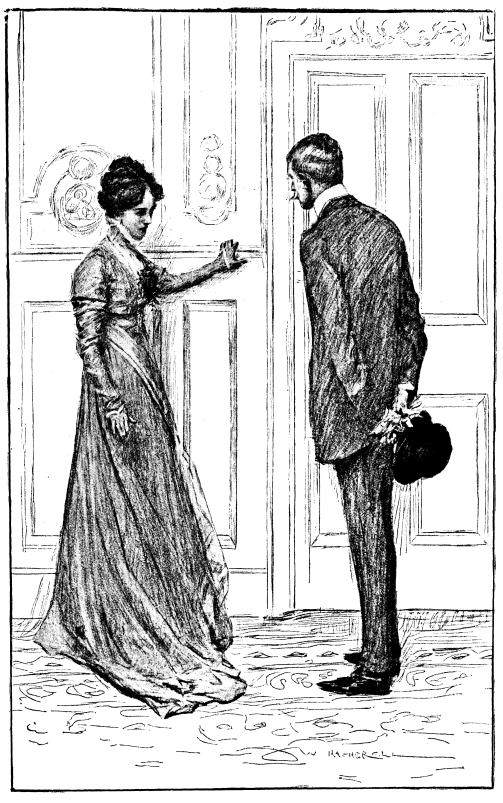
turned to Miss Benham.

"Do you remember that evening we were going home from the *Madrid*, and motored round by Montmartre to see the fête?"

"Yes," said Miss Benham, unsmiling, "I

remember.

"Your friend Ste. Marie," said the



""Do you mean that you are working with him-to find Arthur?"

American lady to Hartley, "was distinctly the lion of the *fête*—at the moment we arrived, anyhow. He was riding a galloping pig and throwing those paper streamer things—what do you call them?—with both hands, and a genial lady in a blue hat was riding the same pig and helping him out. It was just like the *Vie de Bohême* and the other books. I found it charming."

Baron de Vries emitted an amused chuckle. "That was very like Ste. Marie," he said. "Ste. Marie is a very exceptional young man. He can be an angel one moment, a child playing with toys the next, and—well, a rather commonplace social favourite the third. It all comes of being romantic—imaginative. Ste. Marie — I know nothing about this evening of which you speak—but Ste. Marie is quite capable of stopping on his way to a funeral to ride a galloping pig—or on his way to his own wedding.

"And the pleasant part of it is," said Baron de Vries, "that the lad would turn up at either of these two ceremonies not a bit the worse, outside or in, for his ride."

"Ah, now, that's an oddly close shot!" said Hartley. He paused a moment, looking towards Miss Benham, and said—

"I beg pardon! Were you going to

speak?"

"No," said Miss Benham, moving the things about on the tea-table before her and looking down at them. "No, not at all!"

"You came oddly close to the truth," the man went on, turning back to Baron de Vries. He was speaking for Helen Benham's ears, and he knew she would understand that, but he did not wish to seem to be watching her.

"I was with Ste. Marie on that evening," he said. "No! I wasn't riding a pig, but I was standing down in the crowd throwing serpentines at the people who were. And I happen to know that he—that Ste. Marie was on that day, that evening, more deeply concerned about something, more absolutely wrapped up in it, devoted to it, than I have ever known him to be about anything since I first knew him. The galloping pig was an incident that made, except for the moment, no impression whatever upon him." Hartley nodded his head.

"Yes," said he, "Ste. Marie can be an angel one moment and a child playing with toys the next. When he sees toys, he always plays with them, and he plays hard; but when he drops them, they go completely out of his mind."

The American lady laughed.

"Gracious me!" she cried. "You two are emphatic enough about him, aren't you?"

"We know him," said Baron de Vries. Hartley rose to replace his empty cup on the tea-table. Miss Benham did not meet his eyes, and as he moved away again she spoke to her friend about something they were going to do on the next day, so Hartley went across to where Baron de Vries sat at a little distance, and took a place beside him on the chaise longue. The Belgian greeted him with raised eyebrows and the little, half-sad, half-humorous smile which was characteristic of him in his gentler moments.

"You were defending our friend with a purpose," he said in a low voice. "Good! I am afraid he needs it—here." The younger man hesitated a moment. Then he

said-

"I came on purpose to do that. Ste. Marie knows that she saw him on that confounded pig. He was half wild with distress over it, because—well, the meeting was singularly unfortunate, just then. I

can't explain-"

"You needn't explain," said the Belgian gravely. "I know. Helen told me some days since, though she did not mention this encounter. Yes, defend him with all your power, if you will. Stay after we others have gone and—have it out with her. The Phidias lady (I must remember that mot, by the way) is preparing to take her leave now, and I will follow her at once.

"Eh!" said he, shaking his head. And the lines in the kindly old face seemed to deepen, but in a sort of grave tenderness. "Eh, so love has come to the dear lad at last! But I wonder if these two are fitted for each other. I am fond of them both. I think you know that, but—she's not very flexible, this child. And she hasn't much humour. I love her, but I know those things are true. I wonder if one ought to marry Ste. Marie without flexibility and without humour."

"If they love each other," said Richard Hartley, "I expect the other things don't count. Do they?"

Baron de Vries rose to his feet, for he saw

that the Phidias lady was going.

"Perhaps not," said he; "I hope not. In any case, do your best for him with Helen. Make her comprehend if you can. I am afraid she is unhappy over the affair." He made his adieux and went away with the American lady. And after a moment the three ladies across the room departed also, Mrs. Benham explaining that she was taking

her two friends up to her own sitting-room to show them something vaguely related to the heathen. So Hartley was left alone with Helen Benham.

It was not his way to beat about the bush, and he gave battle at once. He said, stand-

ing to say it more easily-

"You know why I came here to-day. It was the first chance I've had since that unfortunate evening. I came on Ste. Marie's account."

Miss Benham said a weak-

"Oh!" And because she was nervous and overwrought, and because the thing meant so much to her, she said cheaply—

"He owes me no apologies. He has a perfect right to act as he pleases, you know." The Englishman frowned across at her.

"I didn't come to make apologies," said he. "I came to explain. Well, I have explained—Baron de Vries and I together. That's just how it happened, and that's just how Ste. Marie takes things. The point is, that you've got to understand it. I've got to make you."

The girl smiled up at him dolefully.

"You look," she said, "as if you were going to beat me if necessary. You look

very warlike."

"I feel warlike," the man said, nodding.
"I'm fighting for a friend to whom you are doing, in your mind, an injustice. I know him better than you do, and I tell you you're doing him a grave injustice. You're failing altogether to understand him."

"I wonder," the girl said, looking very thoughtfully down at the table before her.

"I know," said he.

Quite suddenly she gave a little overwrought cry, and she put up her hands over her face.

"Oh, Richard!" she said, "that day when he was here! He left me———— Oh, I cannot tell you at what a height he left me! It was something new and beautiful. He swept me to the clouds with him. And I might—perhaps I might have lived on there. Who knows? But then that hideous evening! Ah, it was too sickening, the fall back to common earth again!"

"I know," said the man gently, "I know. And he knew, too. Directly he'd seen you he knew how you would feel about it. I'm not pretending that it was of no consequence. It was unfortunate, of course. But—the point is, it did not mean in him any slackening, any stopping, any letting go. It was a moment's incident. We went to the wretched place by accident after dinner. Ste. Marie

saw those childish lunatics at play, and for about two minutes he played with them. The lady in the blue hat made it appear a little more extreme, and that's all."

Miss Benham rose to her feet and moved

restlessly back and forth.

"Oh, Richard!" she said, "the golden spell is broken—the enchantment he laid upon me that day. I'm not like him, you know. Oh, I wish I were! I wish I were! I can't change from hour to hour. I can't rise to the clouds again after my fall to earth. It has all—become something different.

"Don't misunderstand me," she cried; "I don't mean that I've ceased to care for him. No, far from that! But I was in such an exalted heaven, and now I'm not there any more. Perhaps he can lift me to it again. Oh, yes, I'm sure he can when I see him once more; but I wanted to go on living there so happily while he was away!

Do you understand at all?"

"I think I do," the man said, but he looked at her very curiously and a little sadly; for it was the first time he had ever seen her swept from her superb poise by any emotion, and he hardly recognised her. It was very bitter to him to realise that he could never have stirred her to this, never under any conceivable circumstances.

The girl came to him where he stood and

touched his arm with her hand.

"He is waiting to hear how I feel about it all, isn't he?" she said. "He is waiting to know that I understand. Will you tell him a little lie for me, Richard? No! You needn't tell a lie; I will tell it. Tell him that I said I understood perfectly. Tell him that I was shocked for a moment, but that afterwards I understood and thought no more about it. Will you tell him I said that? It won't be a lie from you, because I did say it. Oh, I will not grieve him nor hamper him now while he is working in my cause! I'll tell him a lie rather than have him grieve."

"Need it be a lie?" said Richard Hartley.
"Can't you truly believe what you've said?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I'll try," said she, "but—my golden spell is broken, and I can't mend it alone. I'm sorry."

He turned with a little sigh to leave her, but Miss Benham followed him towards the door of the drawing-room.

"You're a good friend, Richard," she said, when she had come near. "You're a

good friend to him."

"He deserves good friends," said the man

stoutly. "And, besides," said he, "we're brothers in arms nowadays. We've enlisted together to fight for the same cause."

The girl fell back with a little cry. you mean," she said, after a moment, "do you mean that you are working with himto find Arthur?"

Hartley nodded.

"But," said she, stammering, Richard——"

The man checked her. "Oh, I know what I'm doing," said he. "My eyes are open. I know that I'm not—well, in the running. I work for no reward except a desire to help you and Ste. Marie. all. It pleases me to be useful."

He went away with that, not waiting for an answer; and the girl stood where he had

left her, staring after him.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN STEWART ENTERTAINS.

Ste. Marie returned, after three days, from Dinard in a depressed and somewhat puzzled frame of mind. He had found no trace whatever of Arthur Benham either at Dinard or at Deauville, and, what was more, he was unable to discover that anyone even remotely resembling that youth had been seen at either place. The matter of identification, it seemed to him, should be a rather simple one. In the first place, the boy's appearance was not at all French, nor, for that matter, English: it was very American. Also he spoke French —so Ste. Marie had been told—very badly, having for the language that scornful contempt peculiar to Anglo-Saxons of a certain type. His speech, it seemed, was, like his appearance, ultra-American, full of strange idioms and oddly pronounced. In short, such a youth would be rather sure to be remembered by any hotel management and staff with which he might have come in contact.

At first Ste. Marie pursued his investigations quietly and, as it were, casually, but, after his initial failure, he went to the managements of the various hotels and lodging-houses and to the cufés and bathing establishments, and told them with all frankness a part of the truth—that he was searching for a young man whose disappearance had caused great distress to his family. was not long in discovering that no such young man could have been either in Dinard or Deauville.

The thing which puzzled him was that,

apart from finding no trace of the missing boy, he also found no trace of Captain Stewart's agent—the man who had been first on the ground. No one seemed able to recollect that such a person had been making inquiries, and Ste. Marie began to suspect that his friend was being imposed upon. He determined to warn Stewart that his agents were earning their fees too easily.

So he returned to Paris more than a little dejected and sore over this waste of time and He arrived by a noon train, and drove across the city in a fiacre to the Rue d'Assas. But as he was in the midst of unpacking his portmanteau, for he kept no servant (a woman came in once a day to "do" the rooms), the door-bell rang. was Baron de Vries, and Ste. Marie admitted him with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"You passed me in the street just now," explained the Belgian, "and as I was a few minutes early for a lunch engagement, I

followed you up."

He pointed with his stick at the open bag. "Ah, you have been on a journey!

Detective work?"

Ste. Marie pushed his guest into a chair, gave him cigarettes, and told him about the fruitless expedition to Dinard. He spoke also of his belief that Captain Stewart's agent had never really found a clue at all, and at that Baron de Vries nodded his grey head and said, "Ah!" in a tone of some significance. Afterwards he smoked a little while in silence, but presently he said, as if with some hesitation—

"May I be permitted to offer a word of

advice?"

"But surely!" cried Ste. Marie, kicking away the half-empty portmanteau. "Why not?"

"Do whatever you are going to do in this matter according to your own judgment," said the elder man. "Or according to Mr. Hartley's and your combined judgments. Make your investigations without reference to our friend Captain Stewart." He halted there as if that were all he had meant to say, but when he saw Ste. Marie's raised eyebrows, he frowned and went on slowly, as if picking his words with some care.

"I should be sorry," he said, "to have Captain Stewart at the head of any investigation of this nature in which I was deeply interested—just now, at any rate. I am afraid—It is difficult to say. I do not wish to say too much—I am afraid he is not quite

the man for the position,"

Ste. Marie nodded his head with great

emphasis.

"Ah!" he cried, "that's just what I have felt, you know, all along. And it's what Hartley felt too, I'm sure. No, Stewart is not the sort for a detective. He's too cocksure. He won't admit that he might possibly be wrong now and then. He's too—"

"He is too much occupied with other matters," said Baron de Vries. Ste. Marie

sat down on the edge of a chair.

"Other matters!" he demanded. "That sounds mysterious. What other matters?"

"Oh, there is nothing very mysterious about it," said the elder man. He frowned down at his cigarette and brushed some fallen

ash neatly from his knees.

"Captain Stewart," said he, "is badly worried, and has been for the past year or so—badly worried over money matters and other things. He has lost enormous sums at play, as I happen to know; and he has lost still more enormous sums at Auteuil and at Longehamps. Do you happen to remember Olga Nilssen?"

"I do," said Ste. Marie. "I remember her very well indeed. I felt sorry for her, you know. People didn't quite know the

truth of that affair."

"No," said Baron de Vries. "She is furious with Captain Stewart. She goes about, I am told, threatening to kill him, and it would be rather like her to do it one day. Well, I have dragged in all this scandal by way of showing you that Stewart has his hands full of his own affairs just now, and so cannot give the attention he ought to give to hunting out his nephew. As you suggest, his agents may be deceiving him. I don't know, I suppose they could do it easily enough. If I were you, I would set to work quite independently of him."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie in an absent tone. "Oh, yes, I shall do that, you may be sure."

He gave a sudden smile.

"He's a queer type, this Captain Stewart." said Ste. Marie. "He begins to interest me very much. He looks rather an ascetic, rather donnish, don't you think? I remember that he talked to me one day quite pathetically about his age. He's an odd character. I've been asked to a sort of party at Stewart's rooms this week. I don't know whether I shall go or not. Probably not."

"Well," said the Belgian, "good-bye! Think over what I've told you. Good-bye!" He went away down the stair, and Ste. Marie returned to his unpacking.

Nothing more of consequence occurred in the next few days. Hartley had unearthed a somewhat shabby adventurer who swore to having seen the Irishman, O'Hara, in Paris within a month, but it was by no means certain that this being did not merely affirm what he believed to be desired of him, and in any case the information was of no especial value, since it was O'Hara's present whereabouts that was the point at issue. So it came to Thursday evening. Ste. Marie received a note from Captain Stewart during the day, reminding him that he was to come to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré that evening, and asking him to come early, at ten or thereabouts, so that the two could have a comfortable chat before anyone else turned up. Ste. Marie had about decided not to go at all, but the courtesy of this special invitation from Miss Benham's uncle made it rather impossible for him to stay He tried to persuade Hartley to follow him later on in the evening, but that gentleman flatly refused, and went away to dine with some English friends at Armenon-

So Ste. Marie, in a vile temper, dined quite alone at Lavenue's, beside the Gare Montparnasse, and towards ten o'clock drove across the river to the Rue du Faubourg. Captain Stewart's flat was up five storeys, at the top of the building in which it was located, and so well above the noises of the street. Ste. Marie went up in the automatic lift, and at the door above his host met him in person, saying that the one servant he kept was busy making preparations in the kitchen beyond. They entered a large room, long but comparatively shallow, in shape not unlike the sitting-room in the Rue d'Assas, but very much bigger, and Ste. Marie uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, for he had never before seen an interior anything like this. The room was decorated and furnished entirely in Chinese and Japanese articles of great age and remarkable beauty. Ste. Marie knew little of the hieratic art of these two countries, but he fancied that the place must be an endless delight to the expert.

It was indeed an extraordinary room. Ste. Marie looked about its mellow glow with a half-comprehending wonder, and he looked at the man beside him curiously, for here was another side to this many-sided

character. Captain Stewart smiled.

"You like my museum?" he asked.
"Few people care much for it, except, of course, those who go in for the Oriental

Most of my friends think it bizarre too grotesque and unusual. I have tried to satisfy them by including those comfortable low divan couches (they refuse altogether to sit in the priests' chairs), but still they are unhappy." He called his servant, who came to take Ste. Marie's hat and coat, and returned with smoking things.

"It seems entirely wonderful to me," said the younger man. "I'm not an expert at all—I don't know who the gentlemen in those sixteen panels are, for example; but it is very beautiful. I have never seen anything like it at all." He gave a little laugh.

"Will it sound very impertinent in me, I wonder, if I express surprise—not surprise at finding this magnificent room, but at discovering that this sort of thing is a taste and, very evidently, a serious study of yours? It fairly breathes antiquity and death.

"Yes," said Captain Stewart thoughtfully. "Yes, that is quite true." The two had seated themselves upon one of the broad, low benches which had been built into the

place to satisfy the Philistine.

"I find it hard to explain," he said. "But this—antiquity and death—beautiful things made by hands dead centuries ago in an alien country! I love it. It is a sort of passion with me—something quite beyond the collector's mania, quite beyond that. Sometimes, do you know, I stay at home in the evening, and I sit here quite alone with the lights half on and, for hours together, I smoke and watch these things—the quiet, sure, patient smile of that Buddha, for example. Think how long he has been smiling like that, and waiting! Waiting for what? There is something mysterious beyond all words in that smile of his, that fixed, crudely carved, wooden smile. No, I'll be hanged if it's crude! It is beyond our modern art. The dead men carved better than we do. We couldn't manage that with such simple We can only reproduce what is before us. We can't carve questions mysteries—everlasting riddles."

Through the pale blue wreathing smoke of his cigarette Captain Stewart gazed down the room to where Eternal Buddha stood and smiled eternally. And from there the man's eyes moved with slow enjoyment along the opposite wall over those who sat or stood there, over the panels of the ancient Rakan, over carved lotus and gilt contorted dragon for ever in pursuit of the holy pearl. drew a short breath which seemed to be peak extreme contentment, the keenest height of pleasure, and he stirred a little where he sat and settled himself among the cushions. Ste. Marie watched him, and the expression of the man's face began to be oddly revolting. He was uncomfortable and wished to say something to break the silence, but, as often occurs at such a time, he could think of nothing to say. So there was a brief silence between them. But presently Captain Stewart roused himself with an obvious effort.

"Here! this won't do," said he, in a tone of whimsical apology. "This won't do, you I'm floating off on my hobby (and there's a mixed metaphor that would do credit to your own Milesian blood!) I'm boring you to extinction, and I don't want to do that, for I'm anxious that you should come here again.

"What was it I had in mind to ask you about? Ah, yes! The journey to Dinard and Deauville. I am afraid it turned out to be fruitless, or you would have let me know."

"Entirely fruitless," said Ste. Marie. went on to tell the elder man of his investigation, and of his certainty that no one resembling Arthur Benham had been

either of the two places.

"It's no affair of mine, to be sure," he said; "but I rather suspect that your agent was deceiving you - pretending to have accomplished something by way of making you think he was busy." Ste. Marie was so sure the other would immediately disclaim this that he waited for the word, and gave a little smothered laugh when Captain Stewart said promptly-

"Oh, no! No! That is impossible. have every confidence in that man. He is one of my best. No, you are mistaken there. I am more disappointed than you could possibly be over the failure of your efforts, but I am quite sure my man thought he had

something worth working upon.

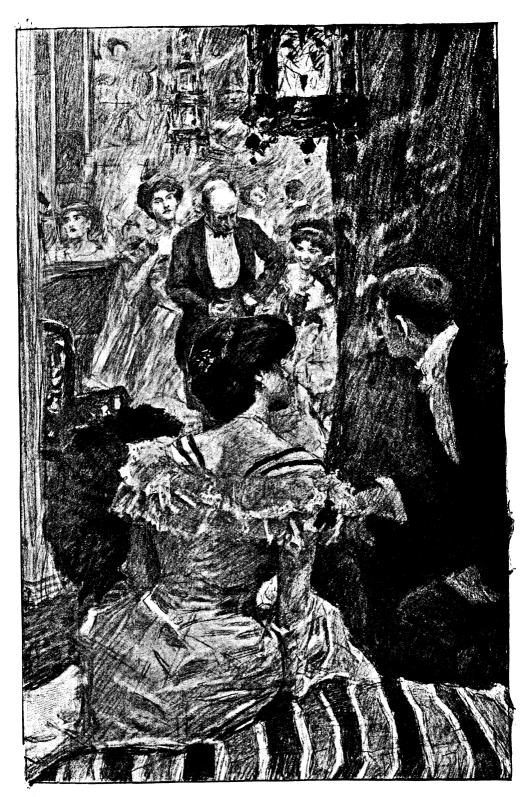
"By the way, I have received another rather curious communication—from Ostend this time. I will show you the letter, and you may try your luck there if you would care He felt in his pockets and then rose. "I've left the thing in another coat," said he; "if you will allow me, I'll fetch it," But before he had turned away, the door-bell

rang, and he paused.
"Ah, well," he said, "another time. Here are some of my guests. They have come

earlier than I had expected."

The new arrivals were three very perfectly dressed ladies, one of them an operatic light who chanced not to be singing that evening, and whom Ste. Marie had met before.

Within the next hour ten or a dozen other



"He saw Captain Stewart moving among them."

guests arrived, and they all seemed to know each other very well, and proceeded to make themselves quite at home.* Ste. Marie regarded them with a reflective and not over-enthusiastic eye, and he wondered a good deal why he had been asked here to meet them. He was far from a prig or a snob as any man could very well be, and he often went to very Bohemian parties which were given by his painter or musician friends: but these people seemed to him quite different. The men, with the exception of two eminent opera singers, who quite obviously had been asked because of their voices, were the sort of men who abound at such places as Ostend and Monte Carlo, and Baden Baden in the race week. That is not to say that they were ordinary racing touts or the cheaper kind of adventurers; there was a count among them, and a marquis, but adventurers of a sort they undoubtedly were. There was not one of them, so far as Ste. Marie was aware, who was received anywhere in good society, and he resented very much being compelled to meet them.

Ste. Marie was very much puzzled over

all this. It seemed to him so unnecessary that a man who really had some footing in the newer society of Paris should choose to surround himself with people of this type; but as he looked on and wondered he became aware that all of the people in the room were in their varying fashions and degrees very attractive to look upon, all full to overflowing of life and spirits and the determination to have a good time. He saw Captain Stewart moving among them, playing very gracefully his rôle of host, and the man seemed to have dropped twenty years from his shoulders. A miracle of rejuvenation seemed to have come upon him; his eyes were bright and eager, the colour was high in his cheeks, and the dry, pedantic tone had gone from his voice. Ste. Marie watched him, and at last he thought he understood. It was half rathetic, he thought, but it certainly was interesting to see.

Duval, the great basso of the Opéra, accompanied at the piano by one of the ladies, was just finishing Mefistofèle's drinking song out of "Faust" when the door-bell

rang.

(To be continued.)

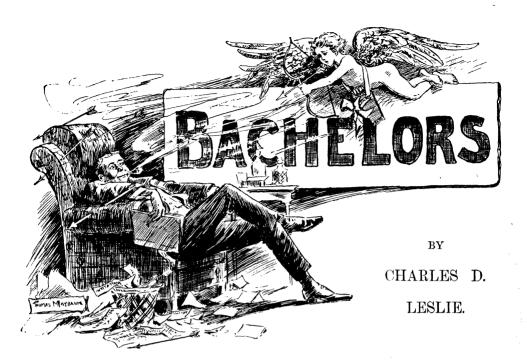
SIR GUYON

HE sees the lightning flood the sky,
He hears the thunder crash on high.
He feels the wind against his face,
But slackens not his pace.

The rain is bitter, weird and cold, But thro' its veil he sees the gold Of the great stars drip silently Into the sombre sea.

And thro' the storm's titanic song—
Wild as the threnody of wrong—
He hears round distant moonlit caves
The splashing of calm waves.

WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS.



LL men are born bachelors, few remain bachelors until they die. It is the years between twenty and thirty which are generally fatal to that state and translate the majority of us into married men. Marriage is not as inevitable as death, neither is it as peaceful. Sometimes the danger of succumbing is slight, and men pass through the critical period without trouble, sometimes much skill and finesse and a certain measure of luck are needed. Something depends on the shape of the bachelor's nose, and something on the condition of his bank-book. At thirty the bachelor approaches his prime; most of his comrades have fallen by the way; he has probably supported victims to Hymen at the altar, knows the cost of christeningmugs and rocking-horses, and (at secondhand) what wives say to their husbands when they are annoyed with them. The next ten years see the danger of his joining the ranks of married men lessening; in the next it dwindles almost to nothingness; at fifty the odds are about twenty to one on the bachelor, and no takers. Look at Mr. Balfour; he has long been regarded as a hopeless case. How many matrons in the past have decided he would do for Mabel, or Gertrude, or Annabel, as the case might be, and risen early in the morning to encompass his downfall! And the nets were set and the pitfalls dug and the traps laid — in vain. The politician triumphed; he has proved his skill and resource in evading capture, and the freedom of the forests of Mayfair and the groves of Berkeley Square are his. His career is a guide and beacon to younger men who wish to follow in his footsteps; faint-hearted bachelors, thinking of his success, will see what dogged determination may do.

But let us consider the bachelor of thirty. Nearly every married man has a sneaking respect for him, and he knows it. He also knows in his own heart that not unfrequently he doesn't deserve it. He has pulled through owing to luck, or because "she" married somebody else, and he can't find the exact girl he would like to engage to mend his broken heart. There are also cases of men who have to deny themselves certain luxuries, including matrimony, simply because they Wives must, of course, can't afford them. be classed generally under the head of luxuries, but individual married men, unbosoming themselves to masculine friends, describe them frequently as afflictions. This sort of thing sustains the bachelor.

The true bachelor, as distinguished from the mere man who by accident is unmarried, must have plenty of money, or moderate wealth *plus* an engaging personality, with at least one accomplishment such as waltzing or singing tenor songs, or he must be exceptionally good-looking, with a Lewis Waller manner of making love. In any of these cases he will find it hard to escape matrimony,

and there is real credit due to him if he succeeds. And at thirty he is becoming a hard bird to net. He is now old enough to know his value, to realise he is having the time of his life. His social value is equal to half-a-dozen married men of equal standing, he is the observed of all, his presence lends distinction to a luncheon or tea-party. But there is still danger; he is yet susceptible,



" 'She' married somebody else."

capable of sacrificing his liberty in the future for a kiss in the conservatory. Flight alone can save him at such a time—instant, un-

hesitating flight.

Great is the fall of the bachelor once the magic word "engaged" is whispered concerning him. He sinks to social nothingness; he might as well be married for all the value he has in other women's eyes; he loses his individuality, his very name, he becomes "Mabel's" fiancé, and commences to undergo a species of punishment to which marriage comes as a merciful release.

Social observers may have noticed that an engaged man is always anxious to get married, an engaged girl never. There is a very good reason for this—the latter is having the time of her life, the former has had it. The engaged man will stand treatment that no

husband would endure. The henpecked husband is a creation of the comic writer, he doesn't really exist. But the gift of an engagement-ring puts into a girl's hand a licence to bully, of which she is not slow to take advantage. By a merciful dispensation of Nature's law, the sufferings of the engaged man are dulled and his tortures are more apparent to the onlooker than to himself. Further, even if he gets his liberty again, he doesn't really enjoy it: he looks back regretfully to the time when he wore chains. The true bachelor never gets engaged.

But how to escape? The means are often worse than the fate itself. I knew a man

who hit on an infallible way of keeping his freedom. He cut off his nose. At least, to be accurate, he thought of doing it, but his heart failed him at the last moment. He pays two nursemaids' wages now. Another went to the dogs—Airedale terriers, to



"At least one accomplishment such as singing teaor songs."

be accurate; he kept fifteen and devoted himself entirely to them. Then he took to showing, and met a young lady crazy over Pomeranians — she had twenty-one. Six months after, thirty-seven dogs suffered violently from indigestion, the unaccustomed luxury of wedding cake being added to their menu. Another man took to Socialism. Unfortunately he came across a lady novelist

who wanted a Socialist as the hero of her forthcoming novel. She married him; since then he has been a Spiritualist and a Christian

Scientist: but when she wanted him to be a burglar. as the hero of her next novel was to be an improved Raffles, he decided to be an explorer and has not been heard of since. The only way to escape is to run at the first sight of danger; the last man ran too late.

Yet there is one foe from whom there is no escape, one the bachelor dreads more than the wilest matrons with half-a-dozen daughters to marry. Matron,

widow, maid, he can run away from all. but Time will not be denied. Time not only depreciates him. but makes him discontented with his lot. His freedom irks him. Even Mr. Balfour, triumphant victor of a hundred fights. does he never regret his uniform success?

Who can resist Fate?



"His tortures are more apparent to the onlooker than to himself."



YOUNG MR. MERRILL'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By J. S. FLETCHER.



NTIL young Mr.
Anthony Merrill
met Miss Annetta
Lister at Mr. Poskitt's Christmas
party, he had never
wasted a moment's
thought on girls in
all the peaceful
smoothness of his
four-and-twenty

years of existence. He had two sisters of his own, and his opinion of girls was a low one. It seemed to him that, apart from performing certain household duties in a perfunctory manner, giggling and tittering about nothing at every available opportunity, dressing themselves up and peacocking about the village street, or in the market town, in obvious endeavours to catch the eyes of every man they met, there was nothing that girls could be said to do. With Anthony himself it was different—he was a sturdy young son of the soil, very solid upon his legs, very rosy of cheek, blue of eye, and yellow of hair, a real chip of the old Norse block that drifted somehow across the North Sea so many centuries ago, and just as full as his forebears determination and perseverance and dogged tenacity. He had been bred to the notion that his father's farm was eventually to be his, and all his youthful life had shaped itself to that end. Up to the time of the party he had thought of nothing but horses and cattle, sheep and pigs; he bewailed the constant drop in prices just as zealously as any farmer of fifty, and all the countryside said that there was no 'casion for old Mr. Merrill to trouble himself about going to auction or market, for young Tony knew as much about buying or selling as ever his father did.

It was, therefore, an absolutely heart-whole Anthony who accompanied his father and mother and his two sisters to Mr. Poskitt's Christmas festivities. He had no anticipation that anything out of the common would take place; he knew quite well that there would be a good dinner, for Mr. Poskitt

was known all over the neighbourhood as the constant keeper of a good table and the prince of hosts, and he let his mind dwell lazily on the prospect of roast goose and apple sauce, plum pudding and mince pies lazily, because he knew that his healthy appetite was sure to be satisfied. He also knew that there would be what rustic folk call "company" present—that is to say, other people than himself and his own family, and that he would have to assume his "company" manners. Anthony was quite prepared for this—"company" manners with him meant that he must never put his knife in his mouth; never speak with his mouth full; that he must say: "If you please" and "No, thank you," at the right moments; and that when he sat in the drawing-room, he must sit straight up in his chair and keep his hands in his lap, and abstain from putting them in his pockets, or from twiddling his thumbs. He was prepared for everything—he had been to Christmas parties before. He was even prepared to meet girls—girls of any age from seventeen to twenty-seven—to meet them with a quiet and patient sufferance of their giggles and their sillinesses. But there was one thing that Anthony was not prepared to meet, and that was Miss Annetta Lister. And vet, as it chanced, Miss Annetta Lister had been brought there on purpose to meet Mr. Anthony Mr. Poskitt, a hospitable and jovial old gentleman, who believed that at Christmas every lass should have a lad, and every lad a lass, had discovered that after inviting Anthony to his party he had no young lady to pair off with him, and he had forthwith commissioned his nephew Stephen's wife, who was coming from Leeds to attend the festivity, to bring a friend with her—"a nice, lively young woman with no standoffishness about her, and up to a bit of fun." The nice, lively young woman proved on arrival to be Miss Annetta Lister, and Mr. Poskitt kissed her under the mistletoe and playfully chucked her under the chin as soon as she crossed his threshold.

Anthony was introduced to Miss Lister in the drawing-room, exactly five minutes before dinner, and was instructed to conduct the young lady to the hospitable board. He felt

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surreptitious glances at Annetta. She was of

a tall and lissom figure, singularly graceful

in carriage and movement; she had a pro-

fusion of pretty light-brown hair, with more

decidedly uncomfortable as he sat on the edge of a chair in close proximity to Miss Lister, and he was glad that she talked so volubly, though he did not understand one half of what she said. He was the colour of beetroot when—Miss Lister having taken



"Mrs. Tewkesbury's moire antique, Mrs. Poskitt's plum-coloured satin, or Miss Merrill's black silk."

him by the arm—he had piloted his charge to the big parlour where the Christmas dinner was spread out, and he remembered afterwards that he had said it was very hot four times in crossing the hall. Miss Lister agreed with him so sweetly, and discoursed upon the weather with such manifest grace and ease, that he gradually came to himself and fell to work upon his roast goose with all his accustomed appetite.

In the interval of a meal which spread itself well over an hour, Anthony stole

themselves in somewhat ready fashion, and Miss Lister found herself with young Mr. Merrill. As he was at that moment entirely absorbed in watching the efforts of a belated fly to crawl feebly across the ceiling, she inspected him with critical, half-closed eyes, and smiled a little at the end of the inspection. "They seem to have left us all to ourselves, Mr. Anthony," she said presently. "All gone

there were several couples, sorted

tions, I suppose."
"Yes," replied Anthony. "Yes." Then
he summed up courage, or possibly resigned

to follow the bent of their separate inclina-

himself to the necessity of having to talk. "It's always the same here, or at any similar place, after dinner on a Christmas Day," he said. "The old 'uns get into the little parlour and drink and smoke all the afternoon; the old ladies go into the drawing-room and chatter a bit and sleep a bit; the girls go off with their young men—that's how it's done. They'll all turn up again at teatime."

"Oh!" said Miss Lister, looking round the dining-room in which all the young people had been left, and from which these other couples had already escaped to their own devices. "Oh! that's how it's done, is it?"

"That's how it's done," repeated Anthony.

" Always the same."

"Rather dull," said Miss Lister. "Don't

you think so?"

"Oh," replied Anthony, "I always think these sort of things are dull. They don't appeal to me at all. Perhaps you'll find it livelier after tea—there'll be games and music, and the mummers will perform in the kitchen, and, maybe, the handbell ringers will come. It's generally pretty lively at night."

"And what does appeal to you?" inquired

Miss Lister.

"A jolly good day with the hounds," replied Anthony with great enthusiasm, "or a bit of good shooting or fishing—anything out of doors."

"Ah!" said Miss Lister, throwing much significance into her tone. "You're a sportsman—that's very plain to see. I felt at once you were when I noticed the fox's head at the top of your scarf-pin—I think you can always tell a sportsman by his scarves and his pins. I should say our host, Mr. Poskitt, was a sportsman."

"Oh, he's fond enough of a day with the hounds, is Mr. Poskitt," said Anthony. "He always was fond of horses and dogs, and that sort of thing. He's got the prettiest bit of horseflesh, in the shape of a bay mare, in his stable across the garden there, that I've seen for many a year—she's a beauty."

Miss Lister glanced out of the window at the gable-end of the stable, which showed above the clumps of laurel and holly in Mr. Poskitt's garden. The shrubs and hedgerows were grey-white with frost—through the dark belt of fir trees which fringed the meadow beyond the garden, a blood-red sun was slowly sinking towards the edge of the horizon. The room in which Miss Lister and Anthony sat was hot—the winter landscape looked cool and inviting. Miss Lister, from

her side of the big fire, looked at Anthony,

sprawling in an easy-chair on his.

"How I should like to see it!—her, I mean," she said. "Couldn't we—would Mr. Poskitt mind if we went to look at her?"

"Not he!" said Anthony. "Here, come on, I'll take you over to the stable. I'll wager aught you like there isn't a man in Yorkshire can show you the points of a horse as well as I can. Horseflesh is my particular hobby."

"Let me get my cloak," said Miss Lister, as they went into the hall together. "It must be so very cold in the garden. Or, perhaps"—she glanced at a large collection of men's great-coats hanging in the hall—"perhaps I might put one of these overcoats

over my shoulders?"

"Put mine on," said Anthony, with a gallantry that would have astonished his sisters. "Here—there's no cold'll get through that," and he helped her into a very smart, very sporting-looking garment of strong Melton cloth, almost white in tint, and ornamented with very large mother-of-pearl buttons. "It's cold-proof, is that coat."

"But what will you do?" inquired Miss

Lister.

"Pooh! I'm not afraid of cold," said Anthony, as he opened the hall-door and led the way to the stable. "When you come to rise at five o'clock of a morning, as I make a point of doing, you don't think much about Now, then," he continued, as they entered the stable and saw Mr. Poskitt's mare throw a somewhat vicious eye over her shapely shoulders at them, "what do you think of that? Isn't she a beauty?—gad, I wish she was mine! She's a great deal too young and skittish for old Poskitt—she'll throw him some day. Now, then, Miss Lister, if you'll sit down on that meal-bin, I'll just show you all her points. Whoa-hoa, my beauty, whoa-hoa! No need to be frightened, Miss Lister, while I'm here, though I don't mind saying that this mare has a devil of a temper. I've seen her kick a splashboard to matchwood—she won't go between shafts. Now, you see——" If Miss Annetta Lister had desired to

If Miss Annetta Lister had desired to make a conquest of Mr. Anthony Merrill, she could not have devised a better plan of campaign than that which Anthony himself thus forced upon her. When the two emerged from the stable after nearly three-quarters of an hour's horse-talk, Anthony was firmly convinced that of all the common-

sense, intelligent, practical young women in the world, this tall and attractive young woman, wrapped in his new great-coat, was the paragon. She had understood every word that he had said to her; she had never asked one single foolish question; she had kept her eyes on the lecturer all the time, and had followed his elaborate explanations. He had never enjoyed talking horse so much in all his life, and he lifted Miss Annetta Lister on to a high pedestal with no uncertain hand.

"Well, you have some sense in your head!" he said, as they left the mare to herself. "Dash it all, I never came across a girl with such a power of understanding things straight off. Now, if I'd been explaining all that to one of our girls, dashed if she'd ha' known at the end of it which was the pastern and which was the shoulder! But I'll wager anything you'd point out the exact thing in a trice."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lister with cheerful confidence. "But then, you see, Mr. Anthony, you made everything so clear. You ought to be one of those—what do they call them? County Council lecturers—you have such a

decided gift for explaining things."

There was a very pleasant little greenhouse in close proximity to Mr. Poskitt's stable, and Mr. Anthony and Miss Lister entered it to inspect the plants, and as it was very cosy and comfortable and contained a couple of easy-chairs, they lingered there for some time and made other explanations. It appeared in the course of these that Miss Lister's vocation in life was that of a show-woman in one of the very first dressmaking establishments in Leeds, that she "lived in" and was a native of London, that her salary was a very handsome one, and her ideas of an eminently businesslike nature. She told Anthony a great deal about her own particular line of business, and was very chatty and communicative; it was, therefore, quite in the order of things that Anthony should tell her all about his father's farm, and the stock that was on it, and should confide to her his own pet notion that when he got everything into his own hands he would make great alterations in many ways, and do well in spite of fallen prices and general depression.

"I think the young lady from Leeds has quite brought our Anthony out of his shell," said Mrs. Merrill to Mrs. Poskitt, later in the evening. "As a usual thing, he never takes no notice of the gels, but see you there—he's talkin' to her in that corner as free as can be!"

The freedom with which Mr. Anthony Merrill conversed with Miss Lister increased as the evening went on, and before suppertime came he had decided that there was something in girls, after all, though he inclined to an opinion that all that there was of that something was crystallised in Miss Lister. Anthony, in short, was falling head over heels in love, and with the greater celerity because he had never been in love before. He stuck to Miss Lister during the rest of the evening—he was furiously jealous when young Mr. Spriggins, who was engaged to his sister Matilda, called Annetta out during the fascinating game of "Postman's Knock," and he trembled all over when, in the course of a country dance which Mr. Poskitt insisted on having, he found his arm round Miss Lister's slim waist. Before the evening was over he had made progress in a fashion which dazzled his subsequent vision of things -Miss Lister had given him permission to call upon her next time he went to fair or market at Leeds, and she had promised that when spring came round again she would pay a visit to Sellincote Farm, and not only see all the things that Anthony could show her, but take a lesson in riding.

"You'll look as well in the saddle as any woman that rides to hounds in the county!" said Anthony, eyeing her over as critically and coolly as if she had been a prize hackney or a smart cob. "I'll swear you've a perfect seat, and you'll set a habit off as few girls

could."

Miss Lister was not unimpressed by these genuine tributes to her grace. She went homewards next morning wondering whether a country life would suit her. As a child of the city, she knew little of Arcadia, but she was one of those young women who keep their eyes open, and she had observed during the course of her Christmas visit to Mr. Poskitt's hospitable home that, however much these farming folk might grumble about bad times, falling prices, and all the rest of it, they were all surrounded by what struggling shopfolk in the towns would call prosperity and even luxury; they could afford to dress well; they lived—in Mr. Poskitt's case, at any rate—on the fat of the land, and they must be well-to-do if they could keep servants and pianos, and be able to go a-hunting. As a young woman of two-and-twenty, Miss Lister had visions of settling down in life. She wondered, as the train carried her over a snow-bound land from the village to the great smoky town, whether she would not prefer a rural existence to a life amongst bricks and mortar. She had thought young Anthony an oaf at first, only to discover later on that he was intelligent enough and clever enough about the things which interested him, and that his tongue could wag with something like eloquence if it were unloosed on any topic that lay near his heart. As the train came to a standstill amidst the smoke and grime of Leeds, Miss Lister found herself thinking of young Anthony as of a breath of country air, and she wondered when she would see him again.

Had she known all that was going on in Anthony's heart, Annetta might have made up her mind that it would not be very long before that young gentleman sought her out.

For three weeks after the Christmas party, Anthony knew sleeplessness for the first time in his life. also lost something of his usually large appetite, and as he went about the land, he found a girl's face floating between him and the brown earth in a most discomposing fashion. His sisters, as past masters in the game, rallied him on his preoccupation, and said things about Miss Lister in his presence which Anthony listened to in silence. It had been a somewhat sore infliction on them to behold the grace of Miss Lister's movements, the indefinable air with which she wore her gown, the general atmosphere of something superior about her which they knew they could never hope to attain to or even imitate. And so, after the fashion of women, they ran her

down, and in Anthony's presence, and at last they went too far, and roused their brother

to retaliatory remarks.

"I should never have thought," said Miss Matilda Merrill, as she and her sister Jennie sat trifling with their fancy-work before the parlour fire one January afternoon while Anthony lounged in his father's easy-chair and stared moodily at the ruddy glow of the cinders, "I should really never have thought, Tony, that you would have been mashed by

a shop-girl, for she is nothing but a shop-girl, however grand her airs may be. Mrs. Tomlinson, of the Oak Farm, got her winter mantle at Hart and Hind's last November, and saw her in the show-room. She tries the



"'It's for the cats to lap,' replied Anthony."

gowns on—I mean they're put on her, so that lady customers can see how they look."

"That's how it was she played the fine lady so well," said Miss Jennie. "Of course, she'd been trained to it, just as they train performing elephants. A shop young woman! Yes, I'm surprised at you, Tony, especially when one considers that you might have your pick of half the nice girls in the neighbourhood. Of course, the son of Mr. Merrill, of

Sellincote Farm, couldn't marry a girl out of a shop."

Anthony set his teeth.

"It's a pity his daughters don't look higher, then!" he snorted. "They don't seem to have very grand tastes, my conscience!"

Anthony's sisters sat up in their chairs in

very correct attitudes.

"Anthony Merrill!" exclaimed Miss Matilda.

"Why, what's Spriggins but a farmer?" sneered Anthony. "I should ha' thought you'd ha' wanted a duke, by your talk."

"Mr. Spriggins is a gentleman-farmer," said Miss Matilda, with emphasis on the word which made all the difference between

gentility and vulgarity.

"What, on two hundred acres, and in bad times?—stuff and nonsense!" retorted Anthony. "He's naught but a little farmer. And what's that whipper-snapper Pool, that Jennie's sweet on?—a vet.'s assistant!"

"A veterinary surgeon's a professional gentleman," said poor Jennie, almost in tears. "He wouldn't look at a shop-girl that struts about in borrowed plumes."

Anthony was about to make some angry retort, but he suddenly laughed, rose to his feet, and strolled out of the room. He came back presently, carefully carrying a saucer of cream, which he deposited on the hearthrug in front of his sisters.

"Mercy upon us!" exclaimed Miss Matilda. "What on earth is that for?"

"It's for the cats to lap," replied Anthony, and went out of the parlour whistling.

Next morning Mr. Merrill told Anthony that he should want him to go over to Leeds on business during the afternoon. At the mere mention of the word Leeds, Anthony felt his heart begin the antics of a steamengine, but his pride kept him from showing any sign of emotion, and he stared at his sisters with stern eyes looking out of a mask-like face. He asked his father for instructions, discussed the details of the business with him, and promised to leave by the afternoon train from Sicaster, the market town five miles away.

"Why, he'll have to stop in Leeds all night!" exclaimed his mother. "What will the lad do with himself? Don't you go to any of them wicked theatres, now, Anthony!"

"All right, mother," replied Anthony; "I

can take care of myself."

"I'd call on Miss Lister if I were you, Tony," said Matilda. "I'm sure she'd be pleased to see you."

"Nothing of the sort, Matilda!" said Mrs.

Merrill, in her most reprimanding manner. "Anthony's much too sensible to run after

young girls."

Anthony heard and made no reply. He not only meant to see Miss Lister, but to take her out for a walk—perhaps to the theatre. It was not often that he got the chance of spending the evening in Leeds; on this occasion he meant to spend it after his own fashion.

He made his toilet for the journey with more than usual care. Like most men who love horses, Anthony was a little "dressy" he liked to array his well-set-up young figure in large checks, and Newmarket gaiters, and fancy waistcoats, and smart white neckerchiefs with horseshoe pins in them, and he was as strict in the surveillance of his tailor as a man of fashion is. Upon this occasion he arrayed himself in a new suit of shepherd's plaid—a smartly cut morning-coat and ridingbreeches suit—which was made the more striking and brilliant by the addition of a scarlet waistcoat set off with gilt buttons. His Newmarket gaiters were of fawn-coloured cloth; his cravat, of stiffly starched white linen, was ornamented by the fox's-head pin which Miss Lister had seemed to admire. In these gay bedizenments, topped by the very light Melton overcoat with the motherof-pearl saucer-sized buttons, Anthony looked a very buckish figure indeed, and his mother was proud of her son as he set off on his journey.

The business which had brought Anthony to Leeds kept him kicking his heels in the office of an agricultural implement maker's establishment until long past seven o'clock, and it was already a quarter past eight when he found himself at liberty to seek the presence of Miss Lister. He was afraid that it was then too late to go to the theatre, but as the evening was fine, if a little frosty, he decided to ask the young lady to go for a walk with him. That he must spend the rest of the evening in her company was, to him, a foregone conclusion; it had not entered into his mind that anything could interfere with his projects. Anthony, who knew Leeds very well, sought out the establishment of Hart and Hind, whereat his goddess earned her living and "lived in." The private entrance was in a side street, and as Anthony approached the door he was aware that the first-floor windows were brilliantly lighted, that a piano was being performed upon with considerable vigour, and that shadows, male and female, were

continually projected upon the blinds, to

disappear and reappear in rhythmic order. The place had all the appearance of being given up to a small and early dance.

Anthony attached no significance to these things. He rang the bell of the private door and inquired of a trim waiting-maid who answered it if he might see Miss Lister.

"Miss Lister, sir? Yes, sir, certainly. Will you step inside, sir?" answered the maid very politely. "Will you take your coat off, sir?"

"No, thank ye," said Anthony.

keep it on."

The maid looked surprised, but she turned towards a broad flight of stairs down which at that moment floated the strains of a lively polka.

"What name shall I say, sir?" she asked "My name is Merrill," said Anthony.

"M-e-double r-i double ll-Merrill."

"Yes, sir. Will you come this way, please, sir?" said the maid.

Anthony followed her up the stairs. She appeared to be following the call of the music, and at last she stopped at a door behind which the piano was being operated upon more loudly than ever. She threw the door wide open.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Lister, here's

Mr. Merrill to see you!"

Anthony found himself on the threshold of a large room which was brilliantly lighted and somewhat dazzling to his eyes. He was aware that there were several couples gyrating in the middle of the floor; that their eyes were all turned upon himself; that the person at the piano ceased playing, and that the materials for a hushed silence were all ready. He saw, too, that all the young men were arrayed in sober black, and that the ladies were a semi-evening toilet—and then he caught sight of Annetta and forgot

Annetta came forward to meet him with a cordiality that was as real as the amusement which she felt at seeing an incongruous figure at an evening party. She held out her hand, and at the same time she cleverly indicated to the pianist that she might resume her self-interrupted performance.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Anthony!" said Miss Lister. "Well, I'm glad to see youjust to think that you should call on the night of my party! But you must take your coat off—here, I'll go down with you

to the hall myself."

She piloted Anthony out of the room and closed the door upon them. Anthony sighed with relief.

"I-I didn't know you were having a party," he said, "or else I wouldn't have called. But I'm obliged to stay the night in Leeds, and so I thought I'd call and ask you to go to the theatre with me."

"I should have been delighted," said Miss Lister, "but, of course, you see how it We have a great many privileges here, and one is that the heads of the departments are allowed to give a party to their friends once a year, and to have the use of these This is my party-if I'd had the least notion, Mr. Anthony, that you would have cared to come, you would have received an invitation. But now that you're here. you'll stop—take your coat off, do!"
"But—" said Anthony, unbuttoning the

coat, "they're all dressed up inside there."

"Never mind," said Miss Lister.

my party—come now, to please me."

Anthony would have ridden a wild horse to please her, and he suffered himself to be led back to the room which they had just The polka was over, and the company were spread here and there about the room. Miss Lister, keeping Anthony at her side, sailed round, introducing her companion as a dear friend of hers from the country who had dropped in accidentally. The young ladies, who were quick to recognise Anthony's good looks, fine proportions, rude health, fell down and worshipped him on the spot; the gentlemen, whose pale faces were made still paler by their black clothes, hated him fervently. As for Anthony, he blushed and laughed, and showed his white teeth, and shook hands with everybody as if he were working the handle of a pump, and was altogether so bright and fresh that the ladies grew more and more in love with him and thought he was the nicest boy they had seen for a long time.

"Mr. Anthony," whispered Miss Lister, "can you waltz? because if you can, you

shall waltz with me."

Now, it so chanced that dancing was Anthony's sole indoor accomplishment. It was a sort of family tradition amongst the Merrills that they should all dance well, and old Merrill himself, though he weighed eighteen stone, could foot it as lightly as a So Anthony said that he would be only too pleased to dance with Miss Lister, and the hostess thereupon bade the gentlemen take their partners.

A consequential person with very black whiskers approached Miss Lister as she and Anthony stood near the piano. He executed a low bow and glanced at Anthony's unevening - like garments with supercilious eyes.

"Our dance, I believe, Miss Lister," he said. Miss Lister looked a little annoyed—she

felt that the man might have shown more tact.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Roller," she said, "but you must excuse me—I'm giving this dance to Mr. Merrill. See—there's Miss Jones over there—she's disengaged. Won't you

ask her?"
Mr. Roller closed his very white teeth over

"He's rather a small foot, and by Jove, bumpkin or not, he can waltz! There's none of us can waltz like that, Roller, old man."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Roller. "I'm sick of women—fickle things! Wish we could go somewhere and do a bitter or a drop of Scotch. No hope of that, worse luck!"

There was no hope of anything of that sort until an hour later, when Miss Lister invited her guests into an adjoining room to partake of a cold collation. By that time

Anthony had waltzed with several young ladies, and had become well warmed by the exercise. He was now the colour of a full blown blush rose; his blue eyes were bright, and he laughed when anybody spoke to him. It was plain that the ladies were far too much interested in him, and the gentlemen grew correspondingly jealous.

"Wait a bit," said
Mr. Roller. "I'll
take a rise out of
young Hayseeds yet
—you take a little

notice."

Anthony, as the greatest stranger, was placed by Miss Lister at the head of the table — Miss Lister paid great attention to him. Mr. Roller, black hatred in his heart, sat near, biding his time. There came a lull in the conversation. Mr. Roller caught Anthony's eye.

rs from the country." Mr. Roller caught
Anthony's eye.

"Grow a good many thistles down your
way, I should think, sir?" he said in a
voice that besought the company's particular
attention.

Anthony stared at Mr. Roller out of innocent eyes.

"Thistles?" he said wonderingly.

"I always understood that asses lived on thistles," said Mr. Roller, winking at Mr. Webber and the other young men.

Anthony caught the wink. An expression



"Introducing her companion as a dear friend of hers from the country."

his very black moustache and retired, not to dance with Miss Jones, but to get into a corner with his friend Mr. Webber, there to sulk and say nasty things.

"That's the way with women, Webber," he said bitterly. "Her and me's almost engaged, and she throws me over for a country bumpkin like that—a feller that comes to an evenin' party in shootin'-clothes, and boots as big as canal boats."

"I don't know," said Mr. Webber slowly.

that was almost infantile in its innocence stole over his features as he stared back at his interlocutor.

"We have rather a fine crop of thistles in one of our fields," he said blandly. "I'll have it kept for you if you like—I've never tried 'em myself, but I'm sure they'd suit you."

"Hah-hah-hah!" laughed Mr. Webber.
"That's one for you, Roller, my boy—he

had you there, a fair treat!"

But Mr. Roller was one of those persons who delight in running their heads against brick walls, and he presently returned to the charge.

"How's whoo its?" he inquired, fancying that he was imitating the Yorkshire dialect.

"And how's turmuts?"

"Oats is down and tunnups middlin'," replied Anthony with great good humour. "How much is a yard of black tape at

present?"

This pointed reference to Mr. Roller's occupation struck that gentleman as being in very low taste, and he muttered something about "country bumpkins" and turned his attention to his neighbour, Miss Larkin. Truth to tell, the attention was of a perfunctory sort, for Mr. Roller was deeply in love with Miss Lister's undoubted cleverness and talents. He wanted to make her Mrs. Roller, and mistress of a snug little business that he had his eye on, and it vexed him to see her smiling upon Anthony and plying him with obvious attentions. And being a gentleman of no perception, Mr. Roller rushed upon his fate.

He was engaged for a waltz with Miss Lister after supper, and as soon as it had fairly begun, Mr. Roller commenced a diatribe against the vagaries of women. He was peevish and bad-tempered. Miss Lister allowed him to growl and sneer and whine until she had had enough of it. She suddenly

stopped and removed herself from Mr. Roller's encircling arm.

"That'll do, Mr. Roller," she said quietly. "I've had enough of all that—and of you.

I suppose you understand?"

Mr. Roller understood only too well. He left Miss Lister, lingered, hands in pockets, in a corner of the room for a few moments, confided to Mr. Webber that the affair was a "bloomin' frost and gave him the 'ump," and sidled away. As he passed through the door, he looked back—Miss Lister was dancing with Mr. Anthony Merrill.

"I'm sorry Mr. Roller was so rude to you,"

she said, as they floated about.

"Went like water off a duck's back," said Anthony.

"Put it was such bad manners!".

"He never paid the extra twopence," said

Anthony, with a wide grin.

"Well," said Miss Lister, "I've sent him off with a flea in his ear—he'll not trouble me again."

"Why---?" Anthony's eyes looked in

astonishment, and asked a question.

"He—he wanted me to marry him," she said in a low voice.

"What!" exclaimed Anthony. "A chap like—that?"

"Of course, I didn't care for him at all," she said hastily. "I wouldn't have had him for—for worlds?"

Anthony's arm got a firm grip on Miss Lister's waist; Authony's face drew a little nearer to the small head that was not so very far away from his shoulder.

"Will you have me?" he whispered.

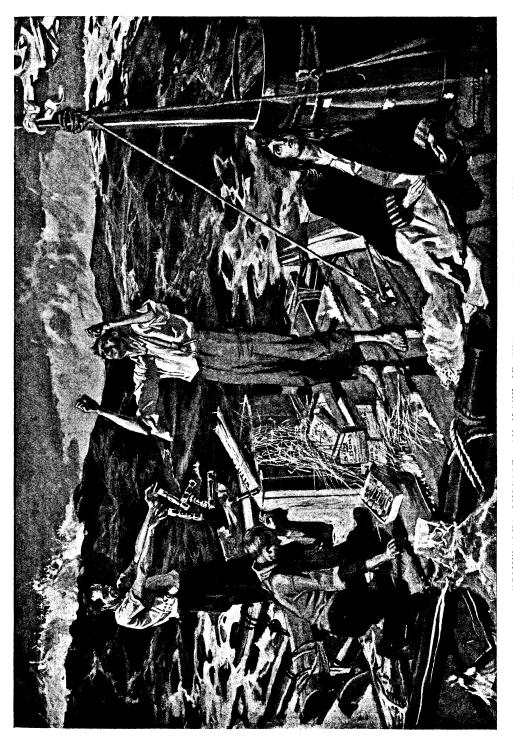
"Yes," answered Miss Lister, keeping her eye on the tips of her gyrating shoes. "I will."

The trim waist was compressed by the strong arm more tightly than ever, and Anthony and Annetta danced through the clouds.

A WINTER VIGNETTE.

DAWN, through a tangle of branches, Uncloses her heart of rose, Behind the bare thicket of orchard To a deeper red she glows. Westward hang low clouds dreary O'er hillsides wanly grey, The only colour in earth and sky, One intense streak of day.

Barren and grim stand the apple-trees
Making a lattice frame,
As I draw the curtain and look to the East
At daybreak—all aflame.

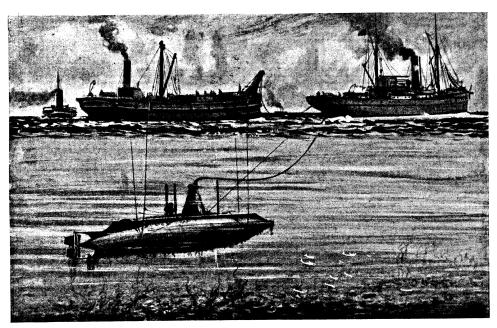


THE ROMANCE OF WRECK-RAISING.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

RECKING" is a word with a sinister sound like piracy, but, unlike the latter, it has a double meaning. The loss of a vessel either by accident or design is wrecking, and the operations of wreckers who lure ships to their doom by false signals and lights constitute no small portion of the lurid romance of seafaring. But the work of the wrecker, whose object is entirely humane and praiseworthy, belongs to quite a different category.

Ice of the Arctic seas and pierced by a long spear jutting out from the floe, so that she rapidly let in the water and would have sunk but that the encompassing ice upheld her and gave her resourceful commander time to formulate his plans for saving her, and with her the lives and earnings of all hands. Without going into details, the cargo and stores were transferred to the ice, and the ship, by the cleverest manipulation of huge tackles, was hove down first upon one side



SUBMARINE "A 1" SLUNG BELOW A LIGHTER BY WIRE HAWSERS.

Very early in the history of seafaring the mariner was often driven by necessity and aided by natural aptitude to perform some wonderful feats in rescuing a vessel, which was not only his home, but also his warehouse and his fortune, from a position in which she seemed hopelessly lost.

One typical instance is that related by Captain William Scoresby, whose ship, the *Esk* of Whitby, with a large quantity of oil and whalebone on board, was nipped in the

and then upon the other, every man toiling like a Titan under the inspiriting guidance of the captain, the ugly rents in her bottom were repaired, her cargo and stores reshipped, and, in time to clear the fast closing-in bonds of winter, she sailed away and reached England in safety, a wonderful instance of what energy, ability, and perseverance can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances.

Another instance, which came under my own notice, was that of a large ship called the *E. J. Spicer*, which ran ashore in the Basin of Minas, near Cape Split. She was a soft-wood vessel of Nova Scotian build, and

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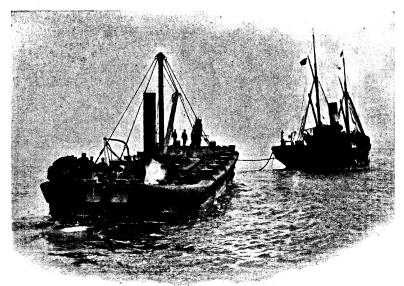


Photo by] [Cribb, Southsea.

THE "BELOS AND THE DOCKYARD LIGHTER BELOW WHICH THE SUBMARINE "A 1" WAS SLUND.

apparently those interested in her thought her case hopeless, for they sold her as she lay for a trifling sum to an energetic man of my acquaintance. The place where the *Spicer* lay fairly comfortable was visited twice a day by a tremendous rise of tide, which, I may say in passing, is one of the most potent factors in the multifarious operations of

wreck-raising. My friend did not attempt to repair the ship where she lay, although she was high and dry twice a day, because of the cost of bringing material there; but he purchased a very large number of empty petroleumbarrels, carefully bunged, which he secured in her hold and shored down from the 'tween deck beams so securely that they could not shift. At last, when it was evident that a little more buoyancy would lift her, he rushed a large

on board at low water and all was secure well before high - water time. She floated, although there were huge rents in her bottom all around. She was sailed across the basin to a small shipyard, was repaired, loaded with lumber, and within eighty days of the time my friend had taken her in hand, delivered at once her cargo in London and him out of his difficulties.

number of barrels

But these operations, brightly as they bring into relief the skill and

resourcefulness of seafarers, are exceedingly crude, and only applicable to comparatively small, wooden vessels. The modern wrecker calls in all the latest resources of science to his aid, and supplements them with the most dogged perseverance, skill, and energy of which the mind can conceive.

Whenever I hear anyone speaking of the



THE SALVING OF H.M.S. "MONTAGU'S" GUNS: THE GUN RAISED TO THE TOP OF

decadence of our modern workers, my mind invariably reverts to the two businesses of wreck-raising and lighthouse-building, which are of themselves a standing proof that the men engaged in them are as high in the scale of the world's doers as can be humanly possible.

The modern equipment of a vessel devoted to salvage or wreck-raising comprises a bewildering assortment of engineering appliances, all immensely powerful, all of the simplest possible construction, and all made of such material and treated in such a way

recesses of a sunken vessel's hold or blaze above the dark waters when the lost ship has risen again, to light the workers as they secure their prize for towing into port.

But more wonderful than all is the use made of the most terrible explosives. Dynamite charges, carefully graduated, are stored in abundance and used either for clearing away an obtruding pinnacle of rock, or, attached to the ragged edges of a rent in the side of a sunken vessel, for blowing those edges smoothly off in order to allow a patch to be built over it.

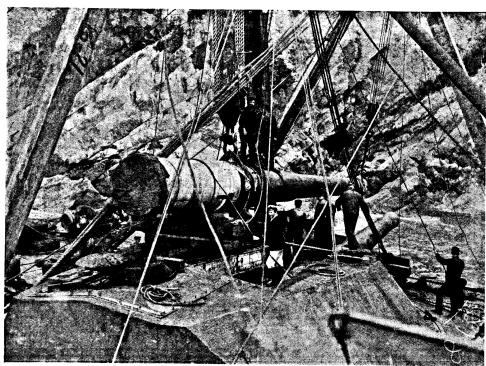


Photo by

SWINGING THE GUN OUT OF THE BARBETTE.

[Illustrations Bureau,

The first of the four great 12-inch guns of H.M.S. "Montagu," salved by the men of the Liverpool Salvage Association, commanded by Captain Young. Huge sheer-poles were extemporised over the barbette; the gun was removed from its mountings, raised slowly by tackle of wire-rope, and then lowered into a lighter lying alongside the wreck of the battle-ship. The operation was very difficult, as the lighter was rising and falling with the swell.

that being in or under water for a few days or even weeks does them no real harm.

There are pumps capable of throwing over a ton of water a second, and not given to shirking if the water be muddy or sandy; hammers, drills, and rivetters, worked by pneumatic pressure, and striking about fifteen hundred blows per minute either under water or above, needing only a skilful hand to guide them; complete diving equipments, and electric lamps to illuminate the gloomy Of course, for certain cases there will be pontoons—hollow iron tanks of varying sizes, their lifting power carefully noted, and their shapes so arranged that they fit closely to the sides of a wrecked ship. These are the analogues of my friend's petroleum-barrels, but far, far more efficacious in that they are so much easier to secure to the ship, and also that they can be sunk and fastened to the sides of the vessel under water by the divers, then pumped out and made airtight

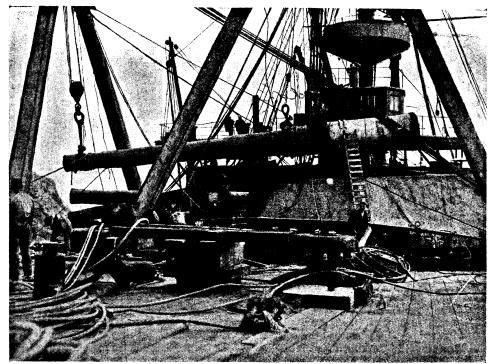


Photo by] [Illustrations Bureau.

THE GUN IN THE SLINGS.

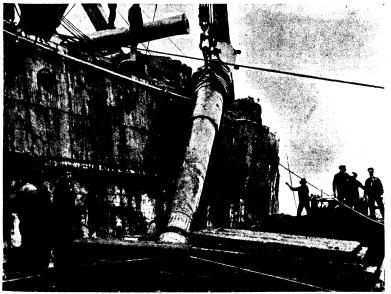
by a few turns of a screw, when they will immediately exert all their enormous lifting power.

Then there is the salving ship herself, a

vessel not too large, but of immense strength of hull, of great engine power for towing purposes, and equipped with mighty cranes and derricks for hoisting weights up to fifty

tons each. She is herself a huge tool which in the hands of her able master may be used with tremendous leverage when assisted by a rising tide; for when all machinery has been taken into account. it still remains true. as I have before noted, that the most potent factor in wreck-raising is the tide, when utilised by scientific skill.

The salving ship is, besides, a perfectly equipped workshop, with all sorts of engineering appliances whereby



 $Photo\ by]$ [Illustrations Bureau. Getting the gun over the ship's side into the barge.

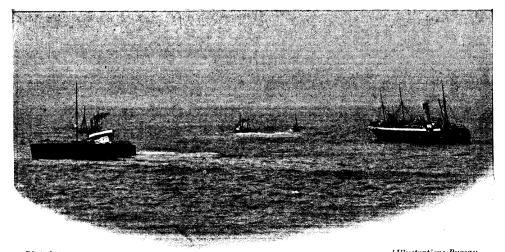


Photo by] [Illustrations Bureau.

THE "SUEVIC" SALVED BY MEANS OF DYNAMITE: FOUR HUNDRED FEET OF THE VESSEL BEING TOWED TO PLYMOUTH.

special tools may be improvised to meet sudden needs arising in special cases. An all-important item of her equipment is her electrical installation for the working of searchlights and are lights of great power. An aircompressing plant is necessary for the working of the pneumatic tools which form so important a part of the diver's equipment. A complete telephone service is also carried, in order that the submarine workers may communicate freely with those above who

are attending to their needs.

Such a vessel, although of only some five hundred tons gross register, will carry about one hundred men, every one of whom be carefully will selected for his ability in some trade such as carpentry, blacksmithing, enginework, diving, or electrical engineering, and especially for his readiness to go anywhere and do anything at the word of command, whether it be his special duty or not. These are men who look upon the successful accomplishment of the task as a prize in itself far above the mere monetary value of the wages they receive and so faithfully earn. The conditions under which they work are the most strenuous and dangerous imaginable, and, toil as they will, the sea may arise in its might just as they are about to achieve the summit of their desires, bringing their labours all to naught.

The steamship *Milwaukee*, of seventy-three hundred and twenty-three tons, ran on an

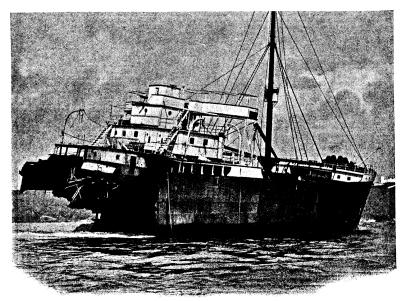


Photo by] [Gibson, Penzance Part of the "Suevic" on the rocks near the Lizard.

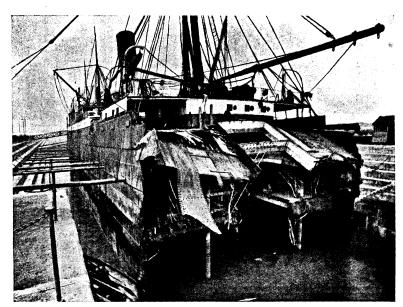


Photo by]

[Gibson, Penzance.

THE OTHER PART IN SOUTHAMPTON DRY DOCK.

outlying reef of rocks in one of the most exposed positions on the northeast coast of England and was damaged so badly that her total loss appeared certain. Heavy weather was constant, and the grinding of the great hull upon the jagged rock surfaces beneath made it appear impossible that anything could be done to save her.

But the Liverpool Salvage Association took the work in hand, and the able man in charge of the wrecking steamer decided

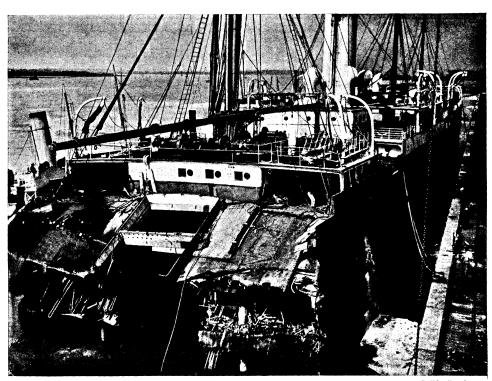


Photo by]

[Cribb, Southseq.

SAVED BY DYNAMITE: THE SALVED PORTION OF THE "SUEVIC" IN DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The above photographs give a remarkably good idea of the clean manner in which the "Suevic" was divided by the dynamite charges.

that while it was not possible to save her entire. the most valuable half of her was salvable. An attack was made upon the ship, in spite of the exceedingly perilous conditions, and the bulkhead immediately forward of the engine-room was first strengthened. Then charges of dynamite enclosed in rubber tubes were fastened to the sides of the vessel and exploded with such good effect that she was completely divided. The very valuable afterpart, with its engines and boilers, was dragged off the rocks and towed into Newcastle, where a new fore-end was built on to her and she began again her career of usefulness.

Another case is that of a steamship sunk in eleven fathoms of water off the coast o f Ireland, to which the salving vessel was attached with stout chains swept under the bottom of the sunken ship and hauled or hove tight at low water. Then, when the tide made, the buoyancy of the salving vessel lifted the wreck. Steaming shoreward until the wreck again touched

Photo by]

[Churchill, Liverpool.

RAISING A SUNKEN BOAT BY BUILDING A COFFER-DAM UPON IT.

A large vessel laden with coal had sunk at Birkenhead and threatened to prove a menace to navigation. So the Liverpool Salvage Company built a coffer-dam on the vessel. pumped her out, and raised her.

bottom, she waited until the tide ran out, when the wreck was patched up, floated, and taken into harbour.

Such a method as this last can, of course, be applied only to a sunken vessel of moderate size; a large ship like one of the modern liners can only be salved by much more costly and lengthy methods if she has sunk.

One such case I remember very well, for it is almost unique in the annals of wreckraising. The $\hat{A}ustral$, Orient liner of several thousand tons, was, through sheer neglect,

sunk in Sydney Harbour, New South Wales, She was being coaled at night through her side ports, and by almost incredible carelessness her lower ports were left open. The coal made her settle in the water until it ran into the open ports, and those on board suddenly awoke to the fact that the huge vessel was sinking. Down she went until she rested on the bottom, the tops of her funnels and half of her masts remaining visible above water. After much consultation it was decided to build a coffer-dam right around her upper works, an immense superstructure, watertight and reaching to the

surface of the bay. Divers closed the ports which had been left open, the great pumps were set to work, and the mighty fabric rose slowly to the surface unharmed, as far as the hull was concerned, by her long sojourn in the darksome recesses of Port Jackson Harbour.

This was done entirely upon the counsel of Mr. Armit, the chief officer of the East Coast Salvage

He is one of Company of Leith, Scotland. those men who are apparently fashioned by Nature to fill the position they occupy in after life, as the common phrase goes; it is usually forgotten that the individual in question has put all his powers into the work of fitting himself for his position. Out of a few of the extra-scientific marvels he has accomplished there has been the raising of the wrecked portion of the Tay Bridge, weighing roughly some seven thousand tons in complicated fragments of iron, compared

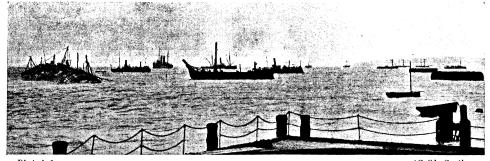


Photo by]

THE SALVAGE OF H.M.S. "GLADIATOR."

The various craft off Yarmouth (Isle of Wight), waiting for the weather.

[Cribb, Southsea.

to which the hull of a liner of the same weight presents but a simple problem in weight-raising from the sea or river-bed.

The raising of the Anchor liner *Utopia*, sunk in Gibraltar Bay through the blundering of a warship, was a veritable triumph of what I should call extra-engineering. Advised by cable of the depth of water in which the vessel was lying, and furnished by the builders with the plans of the ship, Mr. Armit superintended the building of a superstructure of timber in Glasgow, which was taken out to Gibraltar in pieces, fitted without a single hitch, and, the pumps being set to work, the great ship, with her coffer-dam seven hundred feet long by twenty-four feet deep, was raised and brought safely back to England for the repairs she needed.

Now, since this article was commenced we have had an instance of an extension of the principle so triumphantly applied to the Milwaukee, spoken of previously, which for vigour of application and perfect success has aroused the wonder of the whole of the civilised world. On a fairly good night, just before Easter, 1907, except that the atmospheric conditions were treacherous, an unknown current caused two fine ships to be run ashore within a hundred miles of each other on the south-west coast of England. The first was the twin-screw steamship Suevic, of eleven thousand tons or so, which ran upon the Stag Rocks immediately under the light of the Lizard Head, and only about one mile from the shore.

She had several hundreds of passengers and crew, and a very large and valuable cargo of Australian produce, for she belonged to Messrs. Ismay, Imrie and Company's world-famed White Star Line, running



Photo by] [Press Photographic Agency, DRAWING THE "GLADIATOR" NEARER THE SHORE.

Final preparations for the first actual attempt to shift the sunken "Gladiator." The picture shows the compressedair tubes connected with the two huge cylinders, or "camels," sunk under the ship. Through these tubes the water was forced out of the "camels," which then rose and lifted the wreck, between Australia and England. By the splendid exertions of her own crew, all the passengers were landed upon that terrible shore without the loss of a single life, and the work of salving the mighty ship was at

wedged immovably between immense rocks, and one huge peak had gone right through her bottom, holding her as firmly as if she had been built there. It was a very badly exposed situation, but the build of the com-

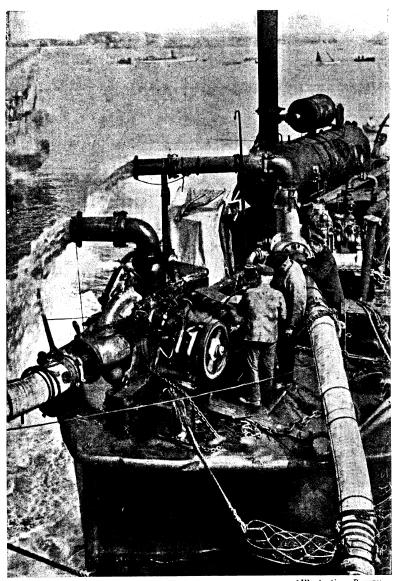


Photo by] [Illustrations Bureau.

PUMPING OUT THE WATER FROM THE SUNKEN "GLADIATOR."

once taken in hand by the steamship company itself, aided by some officers of the Liverpool Salvage Association.

Fortunately for the salvors, the big ship was afloat at high water for two-thirds of her length from the stern, but the bow was

pany's ships is proverbial for perfection of strength; and so, with high hopes, the salvors set to work to lighten the vessel, and at the same time made all preparations for cutting off about 180 feet of the fore-part, just on the fore-side of the bridge.

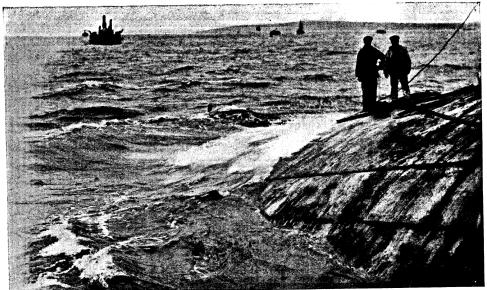


Photo by]

HEAVY SEAS ROUND THE WRECKED "GLADIATOR."

[Cribb, Southsea.

This was done in the same manner as that first attempted, and carried out so successfully, by Captain Batchelor on the *Milwaukee*, mentioned previously, with the additional help of an unlettered genius of a dynamite expert from Belfast. It was a hurry-up job, for

the time of spring tides was rapidly approaching, when, and when alone, the water would be high enough for the great experiment. Day and night the devoted men toiled, the cartridges exploded like the sullen uproar of a cannonade, and never for a

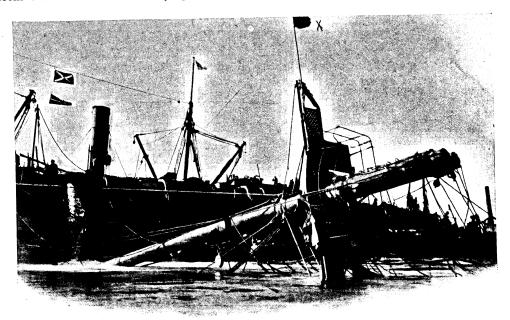


Photo by]

[Silk, Portsmouth.

moment did the captain leave his sorely

mangled vessel.

At last, on the morning of Easter Tuesday, a little company of us stood shivering on the Head, in a bitter easterly gale, counting the minutes as they fled towards the time of high-water springs, listening to the hoarse shriek of the water-logged siren as preluded each shot, and wondering--oh, how we wondered! — why on earth she did not part asunder. Great rents showed all down her sides; every blast sent fragments of steel hurtling almost as far as our standing-place, and the creaking, groaning, rending complaint of the ill-used fabric reached us, who were fully a mile dead to windward. It needed no great stretch of fancy to see in her some mighty sentient monster in the grip of titanic torturers, voicing her agonies in those elemental groans, audible above the roar of the gale.

Wearily the minutes dragged on as. watches in hand, we timed the tide and quivered with intensest excitement over the The shots followed one another in quicker succession, sometimes two or three going off together, and then the grinding noises of her dissolution suddenly doubled in volume, and we saw the after part rising, tearing, rending itself away. There was a rousing cheer from the toilers on board, echoed as heartily by us watching on the Head, as the huge, truncated mass slipped away from that place of peril, lustily dragged by two tugs, but with her own twin screws sturdily revolving, her siren hoarsely shrieking, and the cheerful smoke pouring merrily from her funnel.

It was a great feat, magnificently performed, and one that I am glad I have lived to witness. But hardly less wonderful was the fact that, thus disunited, she went on to Southampton, was there docked, and presently received a new fore-part, built in Belfast and towed round to her. When joined up, she was a bigger ship and as staunch as ever. Indeed, she has been running ever since with the greatest success.

Unhappily the other ship which ran ashore the same night so near, and owing to the same mysterious current, the *Jebba*, was unsalvable. Her position forbade it; for, though, in the lexicon of the engineer, there may be no such word as impossible, in that of the salvor that word frequently occurs with its synonyms—not worth doing, etc. So it was with the *Jebba*, and by the irony of fate Captain Batchelor, of *Milwaukee* fame, was on this job, this hopeless business, while the

great triumph due to his genius was being carried out so near. So the *Jebba* became a total loss, though much of her cargo was saved.

The next great affair of the kind was that of the battleship Montagu fast upon the rocks at Lundy. The salvage of this vessel was undertaken by the same great Association of Liverpool salvors that I have spoken of before, but they were not allowed a free hand by the Admiralty, and the result was chaos and failure. Still, it must be remembered that the salvage of a battleship is a totally different proposition from that of a merchant vessel. Few people ever think of the enormous masses of metal, some over a couple of hundred tons in weight, that are to be found in a modern battleship, the lifting of which taxes all the resources of a dockyard, and in the case of a wrecked vessel represent feats of engineering that would cost more to perform than they were worth.

To turn to a lighter and pleasanter business, let me quote the sinking of the steamship Cyril in the great river Amazon. She was loaded with pure rubber, worth a gigantic sum, nearly £200,000. She sank in a depth almost beyond a diver's capacity, in a swift current, and where the water was almost opaque with mud. The Liverpool Salvage Association undertook the task of salving the cargo, taking to the spot, besides two of the regular English divers, a crew of Spanish divers, supposed to be unequalled in their power of working at great depths. But upon commencing operations, every Spaniard declared the task to be impossible and refused to proceed.

The work now devolved upon the two English divers, one of whom had to give up owing to an attack of fever. So practically the whole of that cargo was salved by the efforts of one remaining diver, a feat never before equalled, nor even approached, and all the more remarkable because of the complete failure of the special divers engaged. This heroic diver was rewarded by the Association with £100, in addition to his pay.

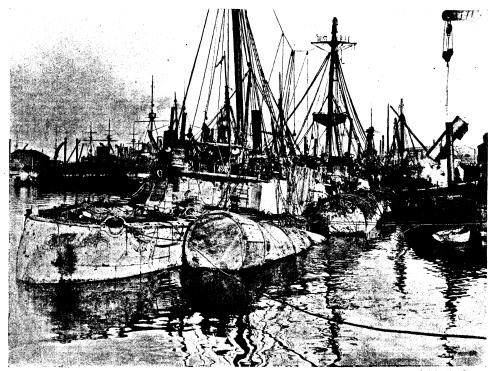
The dramatic sinking of the first-class cruiser *Gladiator* by the American liner *St. Paul* probably focussed public interest upon the work of the professional salvor of wrecks more than anything else could have done. Since the first part of this article was written, the strenuous efforts of Captain Young, of the Liverpool Salvage Association, helped and not hindered this time by the Admiralty, have been crowned with complete

success. Even as I write, the news arrives that the sorely tried ship has been placed securely upon the blocks in dry dock in Portsmouth Dockyard, a wonderful testimonial to the ability and perseverance of her splendid salvors and the perfection of their machinery.

Submarines, those devilish craft whose whole existence is wrapped in mystery, and who are intended to do deeds for which no adequate names can be found, must frequently require salvage, but it is of a simple kind. For they are small, compact, easily secured by divers if the depth to which they have

without notice, if only because it lends itself so fully to the romantic side of wrecking — I mean the search for sunken treasure. This has been for the wreck-raiser a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, and it is certain that more money has been sunk in it than will ever be recovered. It must be remembered that the ancient treasure-ship has become completely overlaid by the sand, ooze, and weed of centuries' accumulation.

Be it also borne in mind that, with the most powerful aid from electric lamps, the bottom of the sea is a place full of dim



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(Cribb, Southsea.

THE "GLADIATOR" REFLOATED AND BROUGHT INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

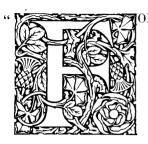
sunk be not too great. Yet the British Admiralty were fain to call in the aid of the Neptune Salvage Company, of Stockholm, to raise the ill-fated submarine "A 1." On the 18th of April, 1904, this hapless little vessel was slung beneath a dockyard lighter and towed into port. It was a comparatively easy operation, the only thing strange about it being that a foreign company should have been called upon to do the work. That, however, it may safely be said, will not occur again, after the stupendous object-lesson of the salving of the *Gladiator*.

One point, however, must not be passed

mystery. Of the treasure-hunter, the seeker after sunken ships of the bygone day, with their more or less mythical chests of gold and silver, I have purposely said little; the subject has been more than overdone. And, moreover, the earnest and continual endeavour to repair the damage done by the sea to the life and commerce of our own day, to make the pitiless wave, the hungry reef, or iron-bound coast, give up its prey, yields a far greater return in wealth, than all the schemes for raising sunken treasure, which have hitherto been supposed to contain the romance of wreck-raising.

THE VIADUCT.

By HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON.



onger, you see," said Haliburton, explaining the matter to the stock-clerk, "it's this way: if Murphy had got the job on the first go off, he'd 'a' taken it at a decent price. But O'Brien and Parker was the low

bid, an' they took the whole nine miles between Lenox and Middleburg. Then it struck them they had too much, and that's the way they come to sublet this three-mile hunk to the old man."

"Well, what's that got to do with him

sending you down here?"

"I'm getting to that," responded the new superintendent. "When he signed the papers, he didn't start work right away, and then the price of cement took a jump. When he was ready to go ahead, considerin' that O'Brien and Parker's profits had to be reckoned on as well as his own, there wasn't room for him to make anything out of it all. So the old man told Whitner to come down and do the job, and scamp it for all it was worth; but being the crack superintendent, and having a bit of reputation of his own, Whitner says to him: 'You go soak your head!' Then Murphy sent me down because there weren't anyone better."

"Told you, I reckon, that it wouldn't hurt the quality of the piers none if you was to drop an empty barrel here and there in the middle o' a pile o' concrete," drawled the

stock-clerk.

"Not exactly," answered Haliburton, smiling; "just kinder suggested, though, that it wouldn't hurt my standing with him to keep down expenses all I could. Said he wasn't interfering at all, but that he'd like to have the balance on the right side when I was done."

The superintendent's left eyelid took a

significant droop.

"Then," said Fonger, "I suppose here's where I take to the pines and the tall grass,

and figure up how much cement we're not goin' to need."

Haliburton did not answer for a moment.

"I haven't any reputation to lose worth speakin' of," said he at length, "but I was just thinkin' that p'raps I might do somethin' along the line of makin' one. This is the first job worth anything that I ever had the bossin' of, and it seems to me that it would be a shame not to make it somethin' worth while. Between you and me, Fonger, I guess maybe you won't need to fix that cement-book. I've got a scheme, and I reckon we'll give Gore Valley a trestlework that'll carry cars for a day or two more than Murphy counts on."

Haliburton very quickly set about working out his ideas. He disappointed the railway company's inspector, who had hoped to be called upon to pass a crooked job and line his pocket at the contractor's expense. The subject was not openly broached. Both were too wary and had been on too many jobs for that; but when Haliburton discharged two foremen who had been accustomed to different conditions, the inspector had suspicions that the land did not lie to suit him.

Then the superintendent wrote a letter to John Sears.

Sears was the owner of extensive peat marlbeds about fifteen miles down the line, and the proprietor of a rather one-horse cement-mill. For years he had vainly endeavoured to get Three Star Portland well placed on some important work, but had never been able to obtain a foothold. Consequently, in reply to Haliburton's note, he came up on the jump.

The superintendent received him affably.

"Mr. Sears," said he, "what are you selling Three Star Portland for? It's fairly good stuff—answers our purpose all right, you know—an' I was thinkin' that if we could get the price right, maybe we might use it on the Gore Valley Viaduct."

Sears was in esstasy. Even in his wildest dreams he had never dared to hope for such luck. This would mean his making.

"I guess we can fix that," replied he, smoothly concealing his feelings. "The distance for transporting it is short, and, at the

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market price, Three Star would effect you a very considerable saving on freight alone."

"Tush, tush, man," said Haliburton, waving him aside; "let's get down out of the air. This is a big thing for you, and there's a pile of money in it. We ain't goin' to pay you the market price, or anythin' like it."

Sears's face fell, but he made a brave bluff. Shrugging his shoulders, he reached for his Murphy estimated, he wouldn't make a cent. We've got to buy cheaper. By the way, what are your references?"

"The usual tests."

"Yes, I know. But the stuff's never been used on anything big, has it?"

The manufacturer confessed it had not.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take cement from you for the whole of our work

at two dollars a barrel, f.o.b. the Viaduct. How's that?"

Sears affected to believe he had been listening to a huge joke, and went off in a paroxysm of mirth. The more Haliburton insisted he meant what he said, the more wildly hilarious became the manufacturer.

"Think it over," said the superintendentshortly, "and just suit yourself about it. I'll be around the work for ten minutes or so, and if you want to supply the stuff, you'd better get ready to say so now. We must have the first consignment here in ten days; and if you don't want to be the man to send it in, I'll have to wire to New York for it."

At the end of eight minutes Sears followed him and surrendered.

In three months Haliburton put

through no inconsiderable amount of work. Day in and day out his men toiled, and, for all the thermometer stood most of the time below freezing-point, sweated profusely. Swedes, Italians, and negroes worked side by side in the excavations and on the masonry, and every Sabbath new progress-marks on the blue - print chart in the superintendent's office showed what they had accomplished during the week. From mere foundation



hat. Haliburton pushed him back into his chair.

"Now," said he, "listen here. You saw the prices of this work advertised, and you know as well as I do what it's worth. And, as you know, the price of cement has gone up since the contract was signed. It used to be two dollars a barrel; it's sellin' now for three seventy-five. If I was to try to shove the thing through at prices so much higher than excavations the piers rose to almost their full height before O'Brien and Parker even made a pretence of starting on their section.

Sears supposed this was on account of the prices of material, and that they were waiting for cement to take a drop. But on endeavouring to sell them, he discovered that he was wrong—that they had taken the precaution of buying before the rise in prices. He was unable to do anything with them.

When at last they did start work, the superintendent in charge made preparations to do up such a job as would have delighted

Murphy's heart.

"You don't mean to tell me," said he in astonishment to Haliburton, "that you're makin' them piers solid right through!"

"Sure!" replied the superintendent. "Isn't that what the contract calls for?"

The other looked at him in doubt as to what new kind of fool this might be.

"Expect to make money?" he questioned.
"Murphy does," answered Haliburton tersely; "I don't ring in on the profits."

"Profits!" sniffed the O'Brien and Parker man contemptuously. "Profits! He'd better take a run down here right away if he expects to know the meaning of that word when you're through. Why, man, at the rate you're goin', it's goin' to cost more to do the job than Murphy'll ever see out of it, and considerin' the retained percentages and the interest he'll lose on his money, he'll be in a hole."

Haliburton offered no comment, and the other went away with a very low opinion of

Murphy's choice of a boss.

As February merged into March, and March into April, a danger threatened the work with which the builders had not reckoned. The melting of the snow on the hillsides up-country had its effect on the little stream that trickled down the middle of the Valley. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it came higher and higher, until its edges, under ordinary circumstances twenty feet from the nearest pier, hungrily licked the bases of fully half of them. Indications were for a late spring with a still further rise, and the superintendents of both gangs made preparations accordingly.

There was little that could be done, however. Haliburton laid off the greater part of his force and waited for the water to go down. Unlike O'Brien and Parker's man, he seemed to have no doubt as to the stability of his work. The other was in a constant agony of apprehension lest some undue freshet should sweep away his winter's labour. "About three days more ought to bring it as high as it'll go," said Sears to Haliburton one afternoon as they sat on the bank watching the torrent swirl in a great eddy around the corner of the nearest pier.

"Sears," answered the superintendent with apparent irrelevance, "I'm about sick of this contracting business. This is the way it always happens: as soon as everything is running along nice and smooth, something goes wrong, and then you have it all to do over again. I think I'll get out of it and into something else. For instance, now, what'd you take for a half-interest in the cement business?"

The manufacturer grinned.

"Just suppose now," pursued Haliburton, still gazing abstractedly across the water, "that I was to come to you inside of about a month and say: 'Here's a contract at three dollars a barrel for all the cement on that six-mile section of O'Brien and Parker's — what would you say?"

"I reckon it would be worth your ten per

cent."

"No, you don't, Sears," replied Haliburton sharply; "no, you don't; not for a minute. That's a dollar a barrel more'n you're gettin' from Murphy, and twice as big a quantity needed. Why, you'd be gettin' more business at one stroke than you've had in the last ten years. What you reckon is that it 'ud be worth changing the name of the firm to 'Sears and Haliburton.'"

"It ain't likely you'd get it," sneered the manufacturer sulkily. "I went after it myself, and couldn't land it; an' with you workin' for another man, I don't see how

you're goin' to do any better."

"There's a lot of things you don't see, Sears. It took you ten years to get your stuff on to this job, and you wouldn't have got it there even then if I hadn't gone after you. Will you give me the month to try it?"

"Sure! Two, if you like, seein' it's a

miracle you'll have to work."

Haliburton caught him by the shoulder. "Just come inside and we'll write it down,"

That was on Friday. Twenty-four hours later, the water had risen so that Haliburton felt that he had better wire Murphy on the state of affairs. The contractor and Whitner, his head superintendent, arrived at half-past seven Sunday evening. The flood was still rising, and Haliburton was out on the work. Murphy stayed in the office while Whitner went out to find him.

After fifteen minutes' search, he located the superintendent standing at the edge of the swollen river and peering out into the dusk.

citedly as the other came up. "The dam up at Blackwell's has given way. I had a message from there this afternoon to say it

> couldn't hold out much longer. I've been expecting it for a week."

"Wh a t's that?" queried Whitner, pointing out in the twilight to where the foam sprayed high over some obstruction.

"Out there?"
Haliburton
pointed. "That
was O'Brien and
Parker's third
pier; there's not
much left of it
now."

Whitner was taking in the situation. "How about yours?" he questioned; "they seem to be getting the force of the current more than the others."

"Yes, and they could stand it stronger yet," laughed the superintendent. "That's the sort of thing they're built for."

They had quite forgotten Murphy. Fascinated by the roar and swirr of the mad torrent, they had ear for nothing else, and quite failed to hear the contractor come up behind them.

"Every one of them piers is solid right

through," said Haliburton, proud with the consciousness of having done a good piece of work and seeing it put to the test. "There's



"" What's that?"

Haliburton sawWhitner coming, and beckoned him to hurry.

"There goes the second," he cried ex-

not a thing but the best concrete in them anywhere."

"Humph!"

Both turned at the sound. Murphy was standing there, jaws set very tight and lips pursed up ominously.

"A very good job, indeed!" said he grimly.

"Really a most excellent piece of work!
One, I have no doubt, that will net me a

very handsome profit!"

When he had placed Haliburton in charge, he had given him no instructions other than to do the work and make a profit on it. He made it a practice to employ men whom he believed were competent, and who understood what he wanted without having to be to told. Busy with politics himself, he pulled the wires that secured the contracts; the carrying out of the details he left to subordinates. If a man betrayed that implied confidence, Murphy had no further use for him. He never asked for explanations; he was looking for results.

"Mr. Whitner," he said, with a crispness that admitted of no dispute, "you will take charge. Mr. Haliburton, your cheque will be ready for you in the morning. You may

consider yourself relieved."

Haliburton said nothing. In his heart he was angry that Murphy should have discharged him without an investigation; yet he felt that any explanation on his part would be undignified. It would be better to allow the contractor to discover for himself that he had made a mistake. Going to the top of the bank, he seated himself on a boulder where he could view the scene.

"That's pretty hard on the boy," said Whitner at length. He and Murphy were about the same age, and he spoke with the freedom of an associate rather than an *employé*.

"We must have a pretty cement bill," answered Murphy, defending his action.

"Yes," agreed the other; "but the work hasn't washed away like O'Brien and Parker's."

"That's only his luck," grunted the contractor; "a mere chance. If it hadn't been for this flood, they'd have made a sight more'n me, an' I've got to teach him a lesson. As long as I'm footing the bill, my orders are to be carried out."

"I don't know as you ever gave him any,"

said Whitner.

"No," said Murphy drily. "I didn't take him for a fool."

Next morning the worst of the danger was pretty well over. With entire confidence in Whitner, Murphy returned to the city.

The superintendent determined to make an investigation of the supply question. He calculated the number of barrels of cement and started to figure out the cost. Then, for the first time, he noticed the brand and the price that was paid for it. He went down and inspected the work and the looks of the material. Its appearance satisfied him, and, put to the test, the quality more than pleased him.

"I'll gamble," said he to Fonger that evening, "that when the old man looks into this, he offers Haliburton his job again."

Later he sent Murphy a detailed report that made that individual open his eyes.

The same mail brought the contractor another letter. It bore the imprint of the C. H. and K. R.—the railroad from which O'Brien and Parker held their contract. He deftly ran the paper-knife along the edge and opened it. It read—

"DEAR SIR,-

"Acting on advice from our inspectors, we have cancelled contract No. 7,864, being that held by Messrs. O'Brien and Parker, on which you are a sub-contractor. Our inspectors have carefully examined your contract, however, and have made us so satisfactory a report upon the ability of the man you have placed in charge, and the manner in which your specifications are being lived up to, that we are highly pleased. We are willing, if you will take the entire section at O'Brien and Parker's prices, to turn the whole work over to you for completion.

"Of course there will be a number of details to arrange, but first we should like to know what you have to say on this proposition.

"Trusting we may be able to arrange satis-

factorily, we are,

"Yours truly,

"Josiah Briggs,

"President and General Manager."

Murphy drew a long breath. Almost convulsively he touched the bell on his desk.

"Wire Whitner and have Haliburton come up here as soon as possible," he said to the clerk. "Have him arrange with this man Sears for cement enough to do O'Brien and Parker's work; tell him I'm going to finish it."

Haliburton heard all about it before he went to the city. He called Sears on the telephone.

"Whitner'll be after you to buy cement for all O'Brien and Parker's section," he told him; "Murphy has it to finish." A chuckle came from the other end of the wire.

"Just remember that agreement of ours before you go accepting his offer. It's good for ten days yet." Then he rang off.

When Haliburton entered Murphy's office, the contractor met him with a broad smile of welcome.

said he with a forced jocularity. "Got to get you back. You didn't do so bad, after all, in that cement business."

That was as near an apology as Murphy ever came for having discharged his superintendent unjustly, but Haliburton knew his man and appreciated the sentence for what it was worth. Of this, however, he said



"'We might as well get right down to business at once."

"Sit down," said he, shoving a cigar-box across the table. "Smoke?"

Haliburton refused the proffered cigar. Seating himself expectantly on the edge of the chair, he waited for Murphy to open the conversation. This the contractor lost no time in doing.

"Seems as if we can't do without you,"

nothing, but scratched his head in apparent stupidity.

"I don't just know as I can come back," he replied at last. "You see, I've sort o' made a dicker with old man Sears, and was calculatin' to take an interest in his business. I reckon those marl-beds might be worth somethin' if they was worked right."

" Have you made any definite arrangements with him?"

"Well, I don't know as I have, an' then, again, I don't know as I haven't. We signed a thing you might say was binding."

Just what the document was that they had

signed he was careful not to say.

"I see." Murphy was annoyed to think that he had gone out of his way to offer a man the job and then to have it refused. "I suppose, then, we'll have to look to you to sell us our cement," he said, skilfully covering his feelings.

"I'd like to," replied Haliburton.

"Well, how much can you supply it for?" questioned the contractor. "We've had that piece of O'Brien and Parker's turned over to us to finish, and we've got to buy our stuff at a pretty good price to make on it. But you know all about that. What's your best figger?"

"Three an' a quarter."

"Three and a quarter! That's a pretty steep thing to steer me up against. You got it from Sears yourself for a dollar an' a quarter less'n that. You know as well as I do we can't give you anything like such a

price."

"Well, you see," replied Haliburton, "that was when Sears had never been able to get his goods on to anything big. Now that he's got a footing for it, it sells well enough without having to drop prices at all. Besides, three an' a quarter a barrel is half a dollar less'n the market price, and with the freight you'd save you ought to make a pretty good thing out o' it."

"Quite out of the question," said Murphy.

"Quite out of the question."

"Good day." Haliburton had his hand on the door-knob. Murphy took the bluff.

"Hold on a minute!" he cried. "Can't you do any better than that? Say three dollars a barrel f.o.b. the Viaduct, and I'll

sign a contract on the spot."

Haliburton shoved the door shut again. The extra twenty-five cents a barrel had only been put on so that it might be taken off when necessary. Going over to Murphy's desk, he threw down his hat, and, deliberately seating himself, lighted a cigar and put his feet in the centre of another chair.

"Murphy," he said, as he blew a ring of smoke high into the air and watched it circle upward, "we might as well get right down to business at once and cut all this nonsense. About a week ago, you fired me—principally because I had done a good job for you, and you didn't know it. Yesterday you got

O'Brien and Parker's section to finish. think that's a piece of luck. You're wrong! I foresaw it from the very moment I saw how they intended doing the job. planned this whole thing, and it's come out just exactly as I planned. I anticipated spring freshets when we started work, and I had their coming timed almost to a day. counted on them to put O'Brien and Parker out of business, and show up the kind of work I was doing. They did it. Now, I've got a proposition to make to you by which you can repay me for what my plans have done for you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You would like to be able to get that cement at the original price, and I'm the man that's able to dictate what you'll have to put up. I want an interest in your business. In plain English, I want you to make the name of the firm 'Murphy and Haliburton.'"

The contractor gasped.

"You're certainly moderate in your demands, young man," he said.

It was diamond cut diamond.

"I offer to sell you cement at two dollars a barrel f.o.b. the Viaduct—the original price—in exchange. It's the only way you can make anything on the job."

"What's your object?"

"I want a footing."

The very boldness of the idea appealed to Murphy. He was a self-made man, and the very sense of push in himself made him recognise the same qualities in his superintendent.

"Of course," said he, "it would do away with the necessity of paying a superintendent."

"It would if we do without one," said Haliburton drily. "If I should happen to do the work, I'll need two hundred and fifty

a month for my services."

The use of the word "we" was not lost on Murphy. There was no sign of a backdown anywhere. Had there been the least quiver of an eyelash, the superintendent would have lost then and there. But there was none; Haliburton was bluffing superbly. His answer on the question of salary was the limit—the one straw necessary to clinch the deal, and, though he never knew it, it decided Murphy. The man to whom no bread was preferable to the half-loaf, who risked his all on one throw, and could then stand without the tremor of a muscle awaiting the decision—that was the man for whom the contractor was looking.

Murphy smiled under his moustache.

"All right," he assented; "we'll have a new sign painted. Come and have lunch."



GOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ODGERS: I hear they're going to alter these carriages to accommodate more passengers.

PODGERS: Good news! but how are they going to manage it?

ODGERS: Do away with the seats

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

The boy of the family had just passed his ninth birthday, and delighted in stirring things up whenever he found a chance. On his way to school one day he popped into a hardware shop.

"Say, mister," he called out, "do you keep knives?"

"Oh, yes," replied the shopkeeper, "we've kept them for years."

"Well," returned the boy, starting for the door; "just advertise, and then you won't keep them so long."

Three witnesses—a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and an Irishman—were asked for their definitions as to what constituted a gentleman.

"A gentleman," said the Frenchman, "is a man that has five counts in his family."

"No," said the Dutchman. "A gentleman is a man that never gives pain to his fellow-creatures."

"A gintleman," said Pat, "is a man that asks you to come in, that gets out the whisky and tells you to help yourself, and walks away to the window while you're doing it."



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE ---!"

"Tommy, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when George Washington was your age he was head of the school?"

"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was President of the United States!"

1909.

We must each toe the line
For nineteen-nought-nine—
For once starting perfectly level—
Though I'm bound to admit
Not, perhaps, very fit,
The result of the Christmastide revel.
Will the times before us be out of joint?
What hours of trouble or glee
Do they hold for you, and, to come to the point,
What do they hold for me?

Some fortunate morn,
Under Ceres's horn,
Shall I wait when she lifts the lid?
Shall I make a success
As a great poetess,
Or shall I stand just where I did?
Will women of note lay hands on the vote?
Will the lords of creation sing small?
Or will nineteen-nought-ten find us still
bossed by men
And making no headway at all?

Jessie Pope

The best efforts to make a home attractive sometimes fail.

Recently a district visitor in the slums of a large city asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public-house.

"Well," she answered, "I 'ave done my best,

ma'am, but he will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'ome-like, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlour carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But it ain't made a bit of difference!"



"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor who had been called into one of the cottage-homes of England.

"Oh, doctor," said the anxious mother, "baby's

swallered a bottle of ink!"

"Have you done anything for her?" said the

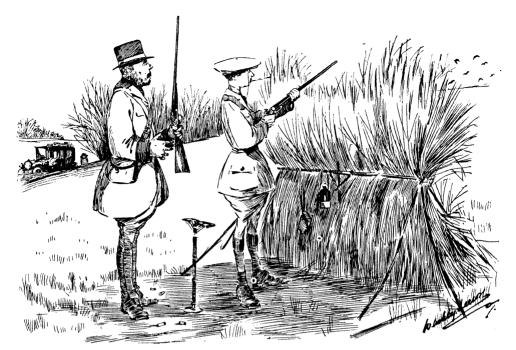
"I've give her three pieces o' blottin'-paper, doctor," said the woman doubtfully, "but she don't seem no better."



MENTAL ARITHMETIC

"Do you know that it takes two-thirds of my income to settle your bills?"

"Good gracious! What do you do with the other third?"



THIRTY THOUSAND A YEAR.



THIRTY SHILLINGS A WEEK.

STUDY IN CONTRASTS,

A DEGENERATE PANTOUM.

Christmas has been once again,
'Tis its way if you wait long enough,
If you find it a pleasure or pain—
Christmas returns smooth or rough.

'Tis its way if you wait long enough, it passes, too—that's better still—Christmas returns smooth or rough, Roast turkey and many a bill.

It passes, too—that's better still— Why! 'tis almost worth bearing to feel Roast turkey and many a bill Into oblivion steal.

Why! 'tis almost worth bearing to feel Man's good-will, and the office-boy's speed Into oblivion steal, Where ulterior motives must seed.

Man's good-will, and the office-boy's speed Pass with the roses of June,

Where ulterior motives must seed, Where ever 'tis alternoon.

Pass with the roses of June, Those ples of the genus named Mince, Where ever 'tis afternoon, And Indigestion reigns prince.

Those pies of the genus named Mince Refused, comes rich pudding instead, And Indigestion reigns prince, Till the eater just longs to be dead.

Refused, comes rich pudding instead, Ah! that helping of turkey was tough Till the eater just longs to be dead, Since sausage compounded his stuff.

That helping of turkey was tough! Christmas has been once again, Christmas returns, smooth or rough, If you find it a pleasure or pain.



There is No Doubt

that it is the "live" man who "gets there." The man who never flags and is ever on the qui vive. He is perennially alert and eager—and looks it! Why is he so cheery, so confident? Is he immune from the every-day little ills that upset others so much? Not at all. Only, he is prompt in regard to himself as he is in his business. He puts his finger on a weakness at once, never letting a headache or any other ache, due to temporarily arrested stomach action, have a chance. There is no other way. Attack little ailments at once. A timely use of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will never let them grow. Aches vanish and you keep brisk and up-to-date. That is a business asset. This is something to tell someone else. Everybody more or less suffers from stomach troubles in these strenuous days, and no one can afford to be ill. Indeed, the need for a safe and speedy medicine, to relieve promptly and surely the minor ills that depress the brightest men, is universal. Here is an impressive fact to remember. Over six million boxes of BEECHAM'S PILLS are sold every year! That is eloquent testimony that while the need is great and wide-spread Beecham's Pills

Meet the Public Need.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/13 & 2/9.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED

WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE

BERMALINE BREAD

Its wonaerful merits proverbially applied.

Many a shabby Colt makes a fine Horse. And many a sickly anæmic child grows strong and robust, well developed in bone and muscle, when fed on

BERMALINE BREAD

Live not to Eat, but Eat to Live, and if you wish to live a long, healthy life, free from digestive troubles, use

BERMALINE BREAD

Manufactured and Sold by all Principal Bakers.

Skin Irritation Stops

Pimples disappear, Eczema and all skin troubles are cured by "Antexema."

What is more annoying than skin irritation? It causes great discomfort, and if severe it prevents getting proper rest at night. Your skin ought not to worry you, and if it does it shows clearly that it requires treatment. Present discomfort will be stopped, future trouble avoided. Skin irritation is a far more important matter than it appears to be at first sight, The worst and most disfiguring forms of eczema start with irritation, and two or three applications of "Antexema" at this stage will stop the annoyance and prevent the trouble developing.

Perhaps, like many others who suffer from skin illness, you cannot believe it is possible to be cured. You may have tried one so-called remedy after another,



"Antexema" cures eczema and every other skin ailment.

or been to doctors and specialists, and as a result of your failure to gain any benefit you now despair of a complete and thorough cure. We sympathise with you in your disappointment, but we assure you most emphatically that "Antexema" will not dis-"Antexema" always justifies every claim we make, and you would be amazed if you saw the enormous pile of letters we have received from former sufferers who have been completely cured after years of misery, humiliation, and disfigurement.

"Antexema" is a creamy liquid which is absorbed

by the skin as soon as it is applied, and the wonderful healing virtues of this matchless medical preparation go straight to the seat of the trouble, and your cure begins immediately. All irritation stops at once, inflammation and burning pain is allayed, and the bad place is protected from the entrance of dust, grit, or germs by the artificial skin formed by "Antexema" over the bad place. The healing process goes on steadily, and risks of blood poisoning are avoided by using "Antexema."

May we ask if you are troubled with eczema, either in its dry, moist, scaly, acute, or chronic form? Have you pimples, blackheads, a rash, or eruption upon your face? Is your skin red, rough, or irritated, or have you one of the myriad forms of skin illness? If so, the only wise thing to do is to

Begin with "Antexema" at once.

The further progress of the trouble will stop the moment "Antexema" is used. Another point is this: "Antexema" is certain to cure, whatever the skin trouble or the part affected, and is just as safe for children as it is for adults, and if you suffer from any skin affection you are doing yourself an injustice if you do not immediately get a bottle of "Antexema." The comfort, relief, and ease it will give is indescribable. You can actually see "Antexema" cure you, and it will not be long before you are free from every sign of your former skin illness

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. hottles, or d rect, post free, in plain wrapper, at 1s. 3d, and 2s. 9d. from the Antexema Company, 8s, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable of all Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, South Africa, and all British Dominions.

"Antexema"

NEW 6/- FICTION

THE LONG ARM.

By E. PHILLIP3 OPPENHEIM.

"The Long Arn" is unlike any of Mr. Oppenheim's other pipular stories. The hiro, Mannister, a powerfully drawn character, is the victim of a cruel plot of a band of conspirators. Undaunted by the great odds against him, he proceeds to revenge himself. The ingenuity of device and boldness of execution of his astounding adventures keep the reader enthralled to the very end.

A CRIME ON CANVAS.

By FRED M. WHITE.

This is a story of mysterious crime, and it is interesting to recall that when published serially prizes were offered to the readers who guessed the solution of the many mysteries divulged in the development of the story. It is a deeply engrossir g tale.

SIR MORECAMBE'S MARRIAGE. By FLORENCE WARDEN.

The most powerfully interesting novel its author has written since her famous "House on the Marsh" was

published. A BID FOR LOYALTY.

By JAMES BLYTH.

A romance of love and adventure, as bright, breezy, healthy, and exciting as one could wish to find.

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Fifth Year of Issue.

Crown 4to., Picture Boards, 3s. 6d. In handsome Cloth Gilt Binding, 5s. 264 Pages. 300 Illustrations.

TWELVE COLOURED PLATES

from pictures by leading artists of the day.

This beautiful Annual is an established favourite among children of all sorts and ages. Its only disadvantage as a present is that once given it must always be given. Let not the Uncle or Auntie who bought last year's Wonder Book think this year to substitute any other gift. Teddy and Mary will say Thank-you, like good children, but Christmas will not be Christmas really,

LONDON: WARD, LOCK & CO., LFD.

CURING ILLNESS WITHOUT MEDICINE.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HOW SANDOW CURES THE ILLS OF LATTER-DAY CIVILISATION.

Illustrated by photographs and a drawing by Percy R. Thomson.



R. AUBREY HUNT, the artist, one day in 1889, whilst painting in Venice, met a particularly fine muscular young man, and in the course of conversation mentioned

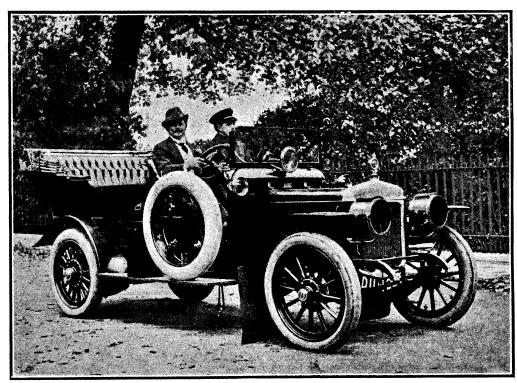
that his new acquaintance might well come to London to try conclusions with a professional strong man, who was at the time offering £1,000 to anyone who could equal his feats of strength. He little thought what was to be the ultimate effect of this short, accidental chat. The fine young specimen of human power and physique was Eugen Sandow.

Full of the flush of youth and conscious strength given by magnificent health, and a body the symmetrical and muscular developments of which have never been equalled in the present day, and probably were at no time excelled even in the olden times of Herculean Grecian athletes, Sandow was ambitious. So it came about that London was startled by the announcement that an unknown young man had accepted the challenge of its celebrated champion strong man.

How, before an audience so vast as has at no time before or since been crowded into the immense London Aquarium, Sandow with ease eclipsed all the feats of the challenger is a matter of history.

The furore which his appearance in the leading towns of Great Britain and the United States of America afterwards created will also be in the memory of most readers.

His continual adding of new record to record was such that, within a couple of years of his first startling public appearance all over the world the name Sandow became a synonym of colossal strength. In this he



MR. EUGEN SANDOW WHOSE FAVOURITE RELAXATION FROM HIS EVER INCREASINGLY LONG AND BUSY DAY'S WORK IS MOTORING, IS HERE SEEN IN HIS NEW 60 H.P. DAIMLER CAR.

scored point number one of his ambitions,

but only point number one.

Sandow realised from the beginning that every man and every woman could vastly improve his or her health and physique as he had done himself, for at the age of ten he was a delicate little lad. He had the shrewd foresight to discern that by making for himself a world-wide name as the most perfect physical man living he would stand a far better chance of achieving his ambitious aim of a regenerated human race, physical and mental, than by any other means.

Sandow has always been a thinker. studied the human frame anatomically and physiologically, and worked out the why and the wherefore of every action, and the influence of scientific exercise upon weakness and disease, so that now the medical world has been convinced of his skill and knowledge and the soundness of his methods. much so that he is repeatedly consulted by doctors, and one of our illustrations shows him lecturing to a distinguished gathering of

medical men.

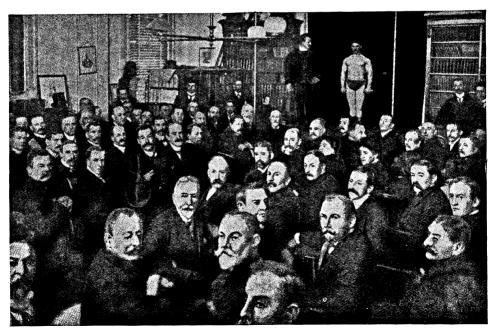
It seems probable that the name of Eugen Sandow will be handed down to posterity, not as the strong man, but as the greatest healer of civilisation's ailments, and that without drugs, visits to expensive spas, irksome diet restrictions, or the interference in any way with the habits or occupation of the patients he cures.

On visiting his establishment recently and selecting at haphazard the records of a

number of cases treated, it became quite monotonous, for it was invariably the same. There was first a letter asking for Sandow's advice, and giving details of the trouble, followed by a prescribed course of treatment in return, from Sandow, specially prepared to suit the individual case. Then came a letter from the patient, after perhaps a fortnight or three weeks or a month, saying that the trouble had quite ceased, and expressing gratitude in varying degrees of warmth, according to the temperament of the writer. Occasionally the ailment was troublesome, and the patient's second letter told of but a slight improvement, in which event a further course of treatment by Sandow answered it, but the last letter from the patient was always the same—a complete and, what is more, a permanent cure.

If the result was a monotonous record of success, the character of the cases was by no means monotonous. Sandow's aid is invoked for the relief of the great variety of ills that flesh is heir to. And why? Because his treatment attacks the very basis of them By building up a firm and sound physical structure he removes defects in the form of illness and disease that do exist, and makes it practically impregnable against future attack.

This observation applies not only to definite illness and disease, but to what might be termed structural defects. Sandow has been the means of remedying innumerable cases of curvature, many of them of



EUGEN SANDOW ADDRESSING A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING OF MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

long standing. In place of malformation he has produced a natural, well-set-up figure, healthy and sound in every way. He is every day developing the puny and weak, strengthening the frail, and rendering the physically weak thoroughly fit for the battle of life. Sandow produces healthy general development, making for longer, stronger, and more vigorous life.

The immortal Weller never succeeded in completely reconciling the stout person to his fate. Too ample proportions might indicate "visdom," but he would be indeed an optimist who derived consolation in the twin possession. Every day Sandow is called upon to deal with cases of obesity. His system treats flesh reduction in a scientific and, therefore, an effectual and safe way, and the quickness and ease with which it is accomplished speaks volumes for the principle on which his methods are based.

A healthy physical state has its effect, of course, on the appearance. The perfect figure, the graceful carriage, the glow of health—they are the prize that all women strive to attain. That they are attainable by all has been definitely and often proved by Sandow, who might well be described as the most practical scientist of modern times.

But still more striking is the witness of the great newspaper, *Truth*, which, through a special investigator, recently made an exhaustive inquiry into the merits of the Sandow treatment. Its report, published in the form of a special supplement, is one of the most sensational ever issued on any health subject. For, after a careful investigation, the *Truth* special investigator wrote as follows:—

"I learned that ultimately, of all the cases treated over the latest period for which figures were available, the treatment had only failed entirely in less than 1 per cent. of cases. Satisfactory improvement, therefore, was produced in over 99 per cent. of cases, and the treatment had completely achieved the objects for which it was undertaken in no fewer than 94 per cent. of cases."

Nor were these cases of disorders slight and easily curable. Many were of the most chronic and serious character. For, as the *Truth* investigator writes:—

"So far as actual illness is concerned, the Sandow system of curative physical culture is employed at the Institute in the treatment of four principal groups of illnesses. They are:—

- 1. Weaknesses and diseases of the chest and lungs.
- 2. Digestive and kidney troubles.
- 3. Illnesses arising from failure in some function of the nervous system.
- 4. Skeletal deformities, as, for instance, curvature of the spine."



FACSIMILE OF REPRINT OF "TRUTH'S" SPECIAL IN-VESTIGATION OF THE SANDOW CURATIVE TREATMENT DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE, WHICH DISCLOSED THE STARTLING FACT THAT MR. SANDOW ABSOLUTELY CURES, WITHOUT DRUGS OR IRKSOME DIETING, 94 OUT OF EVERY 100 PEOPLE WHO CONSULT HIM.

And again : -

"Taking those for one day, I find that the cases may be grouped under the following heads:—

7		
	Per	cent.
Cases of dyspepsia in its many forms .		44
" nervous disorders, insomnia, et	c.	16
" gout, rheumatism		4
" paralysis		3
ī		5
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		10
//		5
" no special illness, but treated for	or	
reduction of obesity or for general		
physical improvement		13 ''

To a proof so sensational as this one a sequel was inevitable. This materialised a few months ago, and took another most The Century Insurance striking form. Company, Limited, one of the foremost British insurance companies, realising the permanent effect that Mr. Sandow's treatment has on the health, instituted an exhaustive medical investigation into the whole subject themselves, with the result that they have announced that, so entirely satisfied are they with the merits of the treatment, that they have decided, subject to the ordinary medical examination, to accept, at rates substantially below the usual scale of charges, patients whom Mr. Sandow recommends for life insurance or insurance against sickness at the end of a course of his treatment.

"The reasons," say the Company, in a letter to Mr. Sandow, "these low rates can be quoted is that the Company are satisfied that the Sandow system brings the body into a strong and healthy condition above the average, thus tending to make for longer life and greater immunity from, and recuperative powers in case of, illness."

Perhaps the main reason of the uniform success is that Sandow will only undertake such cases as his vast experience tells him he can effect a radical and permanent remedy, so that if, after a patient's first letter, Sandow consents to take him in hand, he or she may be

certain relief willensue.

In every case he prescribes such a course as the patient's own medical adviser would heartily approve, and so it is that doctors, from Sir Lauder Brunton to the local practitioner, are constantly sending patients to Sandow.

Despite the number of cases in hand, each receives personal attention, and the whole details of each case from the commencing day to date can be seen by Mr. Sandow at a moment's notice.

Sandow has quite distinct staffsone of men, the other women — and by of the latter all the correspondence connection with the ladies' cases is handled in a separate depart-In so private ment. asthe matter treatment of illness,

members of the public can of necessity not be granted facilities for personally looking into and verifying cures, but Sandow invites any registered medical practitioner to see the particulars of any or all cases, past or present. His system may be roughly divided into four groups:—

The first group consists of the treatment of obesity, indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and other complaints and weaknesses located in the region of the

abdomen.

The second group is principally for the development of the lungs and chest, thereby

improving the circulation, strengthening the heart, and curing palpitation, restoring sleep, increasing the respiratory power.

The third group of movements will strengthen the great muscles that support the spine, the weakness of which is mainly the cause of curvature—a deformity so very prevalent amongst young girls, and apparently increasing.

The fourth group is a series of exercises for the general development of the whole of

the muscular and nervous system.

There is a point about the Sandow cures which is bound to make them the most



popular amongst the women folk. Whilst the exercises cure the illness, they are at the same time giving a perfect figure; and it is an open secret that many leading society beauties owe their symmetry of form and grace of movement to a course of Sandow's treatment.

Write for Mr. Sandow's book to-day, describing your ailment. It will be sent you, together with a reprint of the *Truth* report, free of cost if you mention The Windson Magazine.

Address: Eugen Sandow, W. Dept., 32A, St. James' Street, London, W.

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keeps the skin from becoming rough or dry, in spite of Winter's biting winds.

It prevents chaps, and keeps the skin soft and flexible whilst maintaining its natural firmness.

The lines of Care are smoothed away by massage with Vinolia Cream.

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MILLIONS



OF WOMEN

Regard Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as unrivaled for Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands, for Sanative, Antiseptic Cleansing and for the Nursery.

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Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump, well-rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar-bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form or figure Nature will supply for you if you use the **DIANO** method. A request from you to the ESPANOLA Co. will bring to you, free of cost, a sealed package in plain wrapper giving you full information how you can, in the privacy of your own room, increase your bust measurement six inches in a short time and develop and perfect every part of your form. They also send free, new beauty book, showing photos from life, with testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure, and rapid method. Write to-day, and enclose stamp to pay postage.

LADY MANAGER, M. E. ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY, (Dept. 165) 205, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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Black Handle.... 2s. 6d. Ivory Handle.... 3s. 6d.

The "MAB" SAFETY RAZOR

with extra blade. Price 3/6.

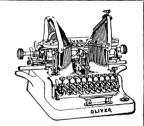
Safety razors with a number of inferior blaces are of little value, but perfection is attained when fitted with the famous "Mab" hollow-ground

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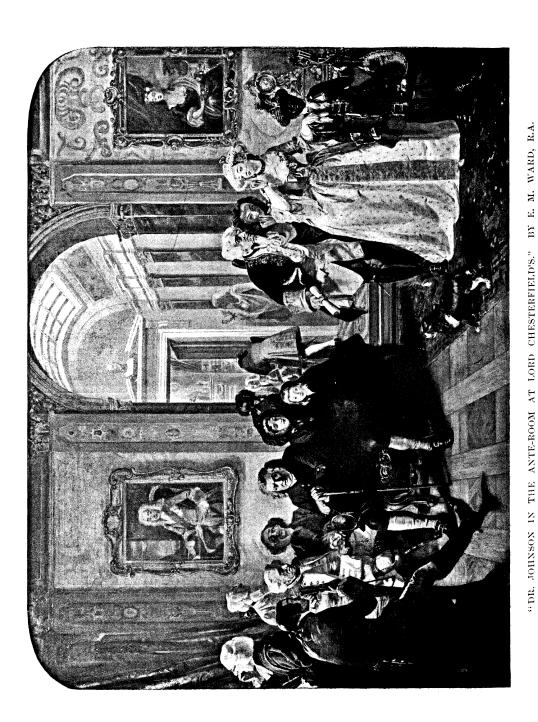
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CONSIDERATION

ORTH

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"THE NIGHT OF RIZZIO'S MURDER." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Sir John Pender, Bart.

THE ART OF E. M. WARD, R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

I T is always difficult for a generation to be fair in its judgment of the arts which have existed in the one immediately preceding, the pendulum of taste having, by that time, usually swung to its extreme.

Pictorial beauty, art for art's sake, an art limited to form, colour, values, is the primary aim of painting; but with the waning in popularity of what is now known as the English School and included the work of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Crome, and others, came a revolution of taste. Desire for beauty gave place to clamour for pictures that should piece one era with another.

The public, by the time the first quarter of the nineteenth century had been completed, was out of sympathy with true pictorial motive: was weary of canvases which depicted ideal scenes in the gardens of the Hesperides peopled with nymphs and gods; it asked that painters should abandon their proper province—that of revealing beauty to blind eyes—and supply them with some illustrated incident, not of high romance, of mystic interest, but an incident such as a smattering of education and consultation with the exhibition catalogue would make plain.

The public, indeed, became insatiable for fact—could not have too much of it, and mistook an illusion of tradition for a substitute of experience. It wanted to know details of the inner life of Courts; and by 1840 the raison d'être of a picture was to raze the barrier which exists between the lowly and the great; to show monarchs in

1909. No. 170.



"THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE, 1650." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

From the painting in the House of Commons, reproduced from the print of The Art Union of London.

the boudoir, in council, in the field; to crystallise occasions of passion, enthusiasm, elevation, or debasement; to provide means, in fact, for familiarising the subject with

the moods of the king.

"He wore a moustache, even as I might were I a soldier," says an exhibition-goer as he stands in front of an E. M. Ward picture of Charles II.; "and if I grew one, it would not be unlike his in colour; indeed, were it cut from the lip, as is his, I should not be unlike Charles in appearance." The flattered man we can imagine to pass through the water-colour room on his way out, that, in the glasses of the drawings, he may examine the reflection of himself to trace if the resemblance he has already found in the ungrown moustache is discoverable in his mien! An imperious swagger is shown in his walk to the turnstile, and he passes through this with a nod to the commissionaire, which is given as though he were dismissing an audience. of vanities, all is vanity!"

Thus, by trick of circumstance, E. M.

Ward was a product of an age which had thrust its art into the illustration of history.

Yet we must allow to the art of different periods its specific charm, its specific order of merit: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars." The methods of E. M. Ward were his own, although his subjects were inspired by the voice of public demand; the best characteristics of his style are to be found in the originality with which he handled some hackneyed idea, in the conciseness with which his canvas told its tale. In his work we get a curious illustration of the way in which popular opinion can mould talent which, born in a different country, or in a different epoch of its own country's art, would have produced quite other work.

Because E. M. Ward was exhibiting in the 'forties, he plunged into episodic painting, and became an illustrator of special events. He painted with skilful ease, with much sureness of hand; he produced picture after picture with extraordinary industry, his brain keeping pace in dramatic perception with the facility of his brush. If one tells a story, the virtue of the act lies in its being told intelligibly; the painter, like the orator, has to avoid ambiguous passages and to employ simple phrases, and he must let his picture become, in the words of Coleridge, "a middle quality between a thought and a thing."

Ward did this. His pictures, with no obvious effort to himself, made the onlooker familiar with the manners of Courts, their society, their laws, their customs. So clearly did he tell his tales that it required very little more than consultation with the catalogue to make the aforesaid onlooker thoroughly conversant not only with the events of a passed time, but with the characters of the men who were themselves responsible for those events. Thus, when he painted Charles II., he showed him sardonic and amused, full of that infinite contempt for the world to which he felt he owed little more than to accept the enjoyment it sought

to provide. Mr. Ward escaped stress of sentiment by a strict adherence to fact and history—gives us chapter and verse for every event he painted. He accepted the limits of his time, but he did sincere and earnest work within them.

Edward Matthew Ward was born in 1816. On his father's side he was a descendant of Bishop Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury in the time of Charles II. He was the younger son of Charles Ward, whose wife's father was a Windsor man connected with the family which numbered Horace Smith as one of its members. The illustration of the latter's "Brambletye House"—that excellent historical novel in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, once very popular, and now undeservedly neglected—was one of the first artistic performances of his young kinsman, who, as a boy, did some really excellent designs for it, and also for some of the novels of Fielding and Smollett.

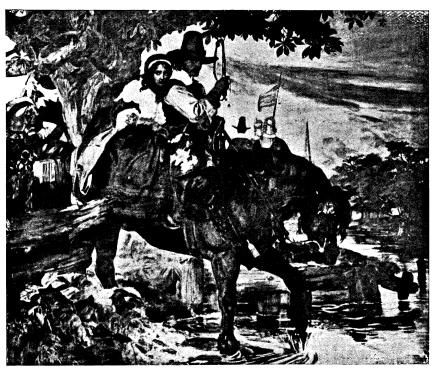
So early was the pronouncement of the young Ward's talent for the pencil that he



"GENERAL MONK DECLARING FOR A FREE PARLIAMENT, 1660." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.
From the painting in the House of Commons, reproduced from the print of The Art Union of London.



"THE LANDING OF CHARLES II. AT DOVER, MAY 26, 1660." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.



"THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II., ASSISTED BY JANE LANE." BY E. M. WARD, R.A. From the frescoes in the House of Commons, reproduced from photographs by Arthur Ullyett.

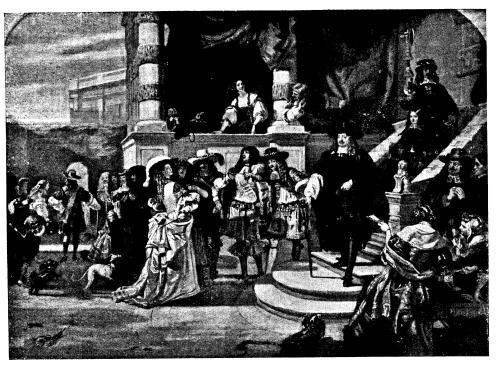


"CHARLES II. AND NELL GWYNNE." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

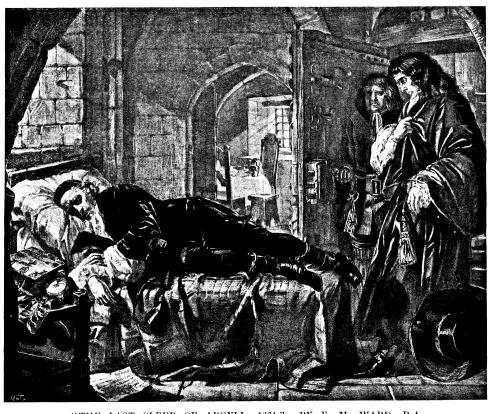
From the picture in the South Kensington Museum.

had no sooner got into his teens than he was taken from school and sent to the studio of John Cawse, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, there to be instructed in the art of painting in oils. Here he made the acquaintance of many members of the theatrical profession, and very soon we hear of him painting portraits of Fechter, Macready, and (this in a scene from "Fra Diavolo"), Miss Cawse, Braham, Penson, and others. At the age of nineteen he became a student in the schools of the Royal Academy, having the previous year exhibited there a picture

of the comedian, O. Smith, as Don Quixote. His second Academy venture, the following year, "The Dead Ass," from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," was, "from want of space," not hung. This rejection decided young Ward to study abroad. When he was twenty, he, therefore, proceeded to Rome, where, for two and a half years, he worked industriously in the studio of Cavaliere Filippo Agricola, a classical painter of the David period, and a director of the Academy of St. Luke, in which institution, for historical composition, E. M. Ward, whose initials



"THE FALL OF CLARENDON." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.
From the picture in the National Gallery of British Art.



"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLL, 1661." BY E. M. WARD, R.A. From the fresco in the House of Commons, reproduced from the print of The Art Union of London.

have, to the public, the familiarity of a Christian name, gained a silver medal in 1838. In Rome he painted his first important picture, "Cimabue and Giotto," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1839. In the autumn of that year he returned to England, after stopping for a few months at Munich to study under Cornelius the art of fresco-painting. A remarkable group of pictures of English social

guinea, and promised to go to him directly." Johnson found him in a violent rage, his landlady having had him arrested for rent; but Goldsmith had changed the guinea and bought a bottle of Madeira! Johnson goes on to tell how he put the cork in the bottle, and questioning Goldsmith, found he had a novel ready for press, and how he looked into it. Then, telling the landlady he would be back immediately,



"THE ARREST OF LADY ALICE LISLE." BY E. M. WARD, R.A. From the fresco in the House of Commons.

life in the eighteenth century was exhibited by him in the years following his return to England, of which two of the best known are scenes in the life of Dr. Johnson. One is called "Dr. Johnson Reading Goldsmith's 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'" and commemorates the famous lexicographer's kindness to his poor friend. "I received," he writes, "a letter from poor Goldsmith telling me he was in great distress, and begging that I would come as soon as possible. I sent him a

Johnson took the MS. of the famous book and sold it to a publisher for sixty pounds! The second picture, which dealt with Dr. Johnson, is called "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-Room at Lord Chesterfield's," and shows the indignant author kept waiting in so derogatory a manner that later he said to his patron: "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing

on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before."

This picture was purchased by Robert Vernon and bequeathed by him to the nation. "The Fall of Clarendon" was painted for Lord Northwick in 1846. Samuel Pepys wrote in 1667: "The garden had many in it to observe the King as he came from the room, and when the Chancellor returned, the Lady Castlemaine, Lord

The crowd, of all ranks we are told, was so anxious to partake in the terrific profits which were thought would accrue to the mad projects in contemplation, that clerks with tables were set in the streets to take their orders

In 1848, Mr. Ward married Henrietta, the daughter of George Raphael Ward, the engraver, the son of James Ward, R.A., the animal painter. Mrs. E. M. Ward, who was also a great-niece of George Morland,



"JUDGE JEFFERIES BULLYING RICHARD BAXTER." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

From the original in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Arlington and Mr. May looked together out of her balcony with gaiety and triumph in their faces."

In 1847, E. M. Ward was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy and exhibited "The South Sea Bubble," which is also in the National Gallery. Lord Mahon wrote a skit on the Change Alley of that time, 1720, in which he says:

Our greatest ladies hither come And ply in chariots daily, Or pawn their jewels for a sum To venture it in Alley. early in life proved herself an artist of very consideral le distinction, and is, fortunately, still with us, not only to exhibit interesting work, but to give valuable instruction and help to the rising generation. A son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward is famous as "Spy," the clever cartoon artist of Vanity Fair. Although of the same name, husband and wife were in no way related. To this year belongs E. M. Ward's popular picture of Nell Gwynne, a subject of a scene described with much pretended disapproval by Evelyn: "I

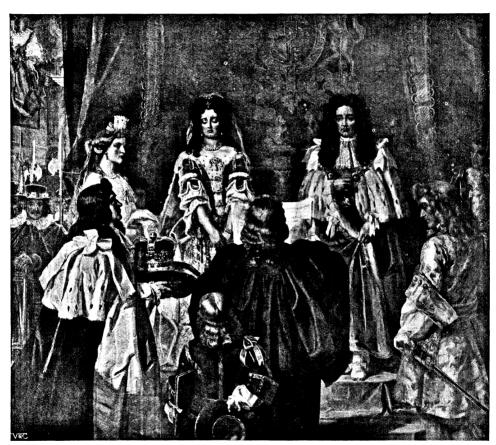


From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.

thence walked with the King through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between him and 'Mrs. Nellie,' as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden and in a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King wending on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

"James II. Receiving the News of the

one of several pictures of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette which Mr. Ward painted. In "Charlotte Corday Going to Execution" we have portraits of Robespierre, Danton, and Desmoulins. This was a picture which enormously increased Mr. Ward's already large reputation, and in the following year he was commissioned to paint no less than eight historical pictures for the corridor of the House of Commons.



"PARLIAMENT OFFERING THE CROWN TO WILLIAM AND MARY." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

From the fresco in the House of Commons.

Landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay" was exhibited in 1850. Sir John Dalrymple, in describing the scene, says: "James turned pale, remained motionless; the letter dropped from his hand; his past errors, his future dangers, rushed to his thoughts; he strove to conceal his perturbation, but in so doing betrayed it; and his courtiers, in affecting not to observe him, betrayed that they did." "The Royal Family of France in the Temple" belongs to the next year, and was

These we fully described in our article, "The Paintings in the Houses of Parliament," in the October number of this magazine for 1904, and shall therefore merely enumerate them here: "The Execution of Montrose," "The Last Sleep of Argyll," "The Arrest of Lady Alice Lisle," "General Monk Declaring for a Free Parliament," "The Escape of Charles II., assisted by Jane Lane," "The Landing of Charles II.," "The Acquittal

"THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE." BY E. M. WARD, R.A. From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.



"DOCTOR JOHNSON READING GOLDSMITH'S 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.



"BENJAMIN WEST'S FIRST EFFORT IN ART." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.



"HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN." BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

of the Seven Bishops," and "Parliament Offering the Crown to William and Mary." Studies for these pictures, some in oil and some in water-colour, were exhibited, during the several years the series took to complete, at the Academy. In 1855, E.M. Ward was elected a Royal Academician, and in 1857 he was commanded by Her late Majesty to paint, at Windsor Castle,

"Napoleon III. being Invested with the Order of the Garter," and yet another picture of "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon the First," at the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris. These elaborate royal groups included portraits of the Prince Consort, the Emperor and Empress of the French, Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, and Princesse Mathilde.

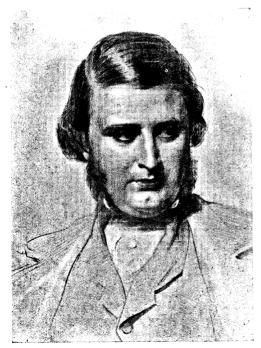
During the 'sixties the most important of Mr. Ward's pictures were "The Ante-Chamber at Whitehall during the Dying Moments of Charles II.," "The Night of Rizzio's Murder," which was described by Froude in these words: "The Queen was sitting on the sofa, Rizzio on a chair opposite to her, and Murray's loose sister, the Countess of Argyll, on one side; Arthur Erskine, the Equerry, Lord Robert Stuart, and the Queen's French physician were in attendance, standing Darnley placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side, she asking him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arm round her waist, and



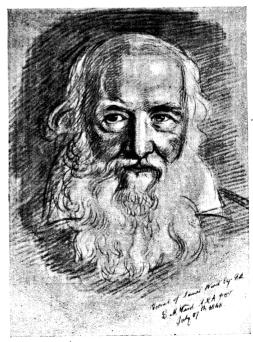
NAPOLEON III.

A sketch made at Osborne, 1857, for the Royal Group.

kissed her. As she shrank from him, half surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and, against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven. Glaring for a moment on Darnley, and answering his kiss with the one word 'Judas,' Mary Stuart confronted the awful apparition and demanded the meaning of the intrusion. . . . Pointing to Rizzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answered: 'Let your man come forth, he has been here over



E. M. WARD, R.A. From the portrait by George Richmond.



JAMES WARD, R.A. From a sketch by E. M. Ward, R.A.



"THE 'HORACE' GARDEN AT KNEBWORTH, LORD LYTTON'S SEAT."

BY E. M. WARD, R.A.



THE ONLY PASTORAL LANDSCAPE PAINTED BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

long.' 'What has he done?' the Queen answered. 'He is here by my will.'"

"Luther's First Study of the Bible," was a picture purchased by subscription and presented to the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are told by D'Aubigny how Luther, finding in the monastery a Bible attached to a chain, was perpetually returning to it, and, little as he understood the Word, it formed his most delightful reading. At times he would commit to memory fragments of the prophets, at others pass a whole day in meditating on a single passage. "Juliet in Friar Lawrence's Cell." illustrating the lines—

Take thou this phial, being then in bed, And this distilled liquor drink thou off.

"Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall," and "The Marriage between Little Lady Anne Mowbray and the Five-Year-Old Duke of York," all belong to this period of the artist's work.

To the 'seventies belong "Anne Boleyn at the Queen's Stairs, where Kingston awaits her, and she was given into his custody"; "Doctor Goldsmith"; the painful "Return from Flight" of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," which shows the visit of Charles IX., Catherine de Medicis, and the Duc d'Anjou to Admiral Coligny. And with

the 'seventies one of the most popular of England's historical painters passed away.

It is, perhaps, because E. M. Ward's art reached at no point an exalted pinnacle, that the peculiar level of general excellence was so uniformly maintained. He was a man of unfailing industry and wide talents, doing distinguished work in oil, water-colour, fresco, and black-and-white. He interested himself in the Windsor Tapestry Works, and gave valuable assistance to the late Duke of Albany in their foundation. He designed the important cartoons for Sir Christopher Sykes' staircase in Hill Street, and the famous one of the Battle of Aylesbury, which is in the possession of Lord Brassey.

The world, by purchase, stamped its appreciation upon his work; Society, by seeking him, showed its recognition of a charm of voice and aspect which played about the man himself, who had great intellectual qualities, was deeply read, and was the possessor of that unerring skill of taste which we christen tact.

He was a prominent figure in the social world, and a close friend of Macaulay, Hallam, Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, the late Lord Stanhope, and that group of men that made Knebworth the Holland House of the later nineteenth century.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

THE happy shepherd sings of love, And makes of it his sweetest song; He sings it on the hill above When the shadows are grown long, And the folk come out among the trees Whose feet one hears but never sees.

So merry is the strain he trills,
No gladder thing's on earth or sky;
There is a silence 'mong the hills
While each note wanders by;
I know the song: he loves it well,
'Tis sweeter than the sweet church bell.

And while the shepherd sits and sings, There comes a sunshine of the night, As if that song of radiant things Could make the whole world bright; And over hills, and dales, and streams, Love sheds his all-pervading beams.

THE QUEST.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Ste. Marie, an aristocratic young Frenchman, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a picturesque and popular figure in the best Parisian society; but his volatile temperament, which he owes to a mixture of French and Irish ancestry, leads his more serious friends to doubt whether he will ever turn his brilliant gifts to any real account, or carve for himself a career of any importance. On his way to a dinner-party in Paris, he learns from his English friend, Richard Hartley, that he is that evening for the first time to meet Miss Helen Benham, a member of an American family long resident in Paris, and Hartley reminds him that the whole family has been living in some seclusion of late owing to grief and suspense caused by the sudden disappearance of Miss Benham's younger brother, a headstrong boy, but one with no faults sufficient to account for his mysterious absence. On attaining his majority in a few months' time, young Arthur Benham will come into a considerable amount of money from his dead father's estate, and a still larger fortune will be his if he survives his grandfather, once a distinguished diplomatist and now the venerable autocrat of his own family, so that the boy has everything to lose by quarrelling with the old man. Therefore it is argued that he cannot be wilfully absenting himself, a course of folly which the grandfather protests that he would never forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this information on the way to the dinner-party, the two young men are spectators of a slight motor accident, the occupants of the car being a girl of extraordinary beauty and an Irish-looking man, whose face Ste. Marie vaguely recalls without recollecting his name, while the girl's eyes "seem to call him" with some inexplicable mute appeal. Once at the dinner-party, however, he realises the beauty and nobility of Helen Benham, and the two are mutually attracted into a great friendship. Yet when Ste. Marie, some weeks later, p

CHAPTER XI.

A GOLDEN LADY ENTERS: THE EYES AGAIN.



HE music of voice
and piano was very
loud just then, so
that the little soft,
whirring sound of
the electric bell
reached only one or
two pairs of ears in
the big room. It
did not reach the
host certainly, and

neither he nor most of the others observed the servant make his way among the groups of seated or standing people and go to the outer door, which opened upon a tiny hallway. The song came to an end, and everybody was cheering and applauding and crying "Bravo!" or "Bis!" or one of the other things that people shout at such times, when, as if in unexpected answer to the outburst, a lady appeared between the yellow portières and came forward a little way into the room. She was a tall lady of an extraordinary and immediately noticeable grace of movement, a lady with rather fair hair, but her eyebrows and lashes had been stained darker than it was their nature to be. She had the classic Greek type of face—and figure, too—all but the eyes, which were long and narrow, narrow perhaps from a habit of going half closed; and when they were a little more than half closed, they made a straight black line that turned up very slightly at the outer end with an Oriental effect which went oddly in that classic face. There is a very popular piece of sculpture now in the Luxembourg Gallery for which this lady "sat" as model to a great

The lady was dressed in some close, clinging material, which was not cloth-of-gold, but something very like it, only much duller—something which gleamed when she stirred, but did not glitter; and over her splendid shoulders was hung an Oriental scarf heavily worked with metallic gold. She made an

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amazing and dramatic picture in that golden room. It was as if she had known just what her surroundings would be and had dressed

expressly for them.

The applause ceased as suddenly as if it had been trained to break off at a signal, and the lady came forward a little way, smiling a quiet, assured smile. At each step her knee threw out the golden stuff of her gown an inch or two, and it flashed suddenly a dull, subdued flash in the overhead light, and died and flashed again. A few of the people in the room knew who the lady was, and they looked at one another with raised eyebrows and startled faces; but the others stared at her with an eager admiration, thinking that they had seldom seen anvthing so beautiful or so effective. Ste. Marie sat forward on the edge of his chair. eyes sparkled, and he gave a little quick sigh of pleasurable excitement. This was drama, and very good drama, too, and he suspected that it might at any moment turn into a tragedy. He saw Captain Stewart, who had been among a group of people half-way across the room, turn his head to look, when the cries and the applause ceased so suddenly, and he saw the man's face stiffen by swift degrees, and all the joyous, buoyant life gone out of it, until it was yellow and rigid like a dead man's face.

So the host of the evening hung back, staring for what must have seemed to him a long and terrible time, though in reality it was but an instant; then he came forward quickly to greet the new-comer; and if his face was still yellow-white, there was nothing in his manner but the courtesy habitual with him. He took the lady's hand, and she smiled at him; but her eyes did not smile: they were hard. Ste. Marie, who was the nearest of the others, heard Captain Stewart say—

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" And

to that the lady replied more loudly—

"Yes, I returned to Paris only to-day. You didn't know, of course. I heard you were entertaining this evening, and so I came this evening, knowing that I should be welcome."

"Always!" said Captain Stewart. "Always more than welcome!" He nodded to one or two of the men who stood near, and, when they had approached, presented them. Ste. Marie observed that he called her "Madame Nilssen." But at that moment the lady caught sight of Ste. Marie, and, crying out his name in a tone of delighted astonishment, turned away from the other men, brushing past them as if they had been

furniture, and advanced, holding out both her hands in greeting.

"Dear Ste. Marie!" she exclaimed. "Fancy finding you here! I'm so glad! Oh, I'm so very glad! Take me away from these people! Find a corner where we can talk. Ah! there is one with a big seat. Allons-y!" She addressed him for the most part in English, which she spoke perfectly—as perfectly as she spoke French and German and, presumably, her native tongue, which must have been Swedish.

They went to the broad, low seat, a sort of hard-cushioned bench, which stood against one of the walls, and made themselves comfortable there by the only possible means, which, owing to the width of the thing, was to sit far back with their feet struck straight out before them. Captain Stewart had followed them across the room, and showed a strong tendency to remain. Ste. Marie observed that his eyes were hard and bright and very alert, and that there were two bright spots of colour in his yellow cheeks. It occurred to Ste. Marie that the man was afraid to leave him alone with Olga Nilssen, and after a few rather awkward moments, Mlle. Nilssen waved an irritated hand.

"Go away!" she said to her host. "Go away to your other guests! I want to talk to Ste. Marie. We have old times to talk over." And after hesitating awhile uneasily, Captain Stewart turned back into the room; but for some time thereafter Ste. Marie was aware that a vigilant eye was being kept upon them, and that their host was by no means at his ease.

When they were left alone together, the girl turned to him and patted his arm affectionately. She said—

"Ah, but it is very good to see you again, mon cher ami! It has been so long!" She

gave an abrupt frown.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. And she said an unkind thing about her fellow-guests. She called them canaille. She said—

"Why are you wasting your time among these *canaille*? This is not a place for you. Why did you come?"

"I don't know," said Ste. Marie. He was still a little resentful, and he said so. He said—

"I didn't know it was going to be like this. I came because Stewart went rather out of his way to ask me. I'd known him in a very different *milieu*."

"Ah, yes!" she said reflectively. "Yes, he does go into the world also, doesn't he?

But this is what he likes, you know. Her lips drew back for an instant and she said—

"He is a pig-dog."

Ste. Marie looked at her gravely. She had used that offensive name with a little too much fierceness. Her face had turned for an instant quite white, and her eyes had flashed out over the room a look that meant a great deal to anyone who knew her as well as Ste. Marie did. He sat forward and lowered his voice. He said—

"Look here, Olga! I'm going to be very

frank for a moment. May I?"

For just an instant the girl drew away from him with suspicion in her eyes, and something else, alertly defiant. Then she

put out her hands to his arm.

"You may be what you like, dear Ste. Marie," she said. "And say what you like. I will take it all—and swallow it alive—good as gold. What are you going to do to me?"

"I've always been fair with you, haven't I?" he urged. "I've had disagreeable things to say or do, but—you knew always that I liked you and—where my sympathies were."

"Always! Always, mon cher!" she cried.
"I trusted you always in everything. And there is no one else I trust. No one! No

one!"

"Then listen to your grandpère Ste. Marie! I have heard—certain things—rumours—what you will. Perhaps they are foolish lies, and I hope they are. But if not, if the fear I saw in Stewart's face when you came here to-night was—not without cause, let me beg you to have a care. You're much too savage, my dear child. Don't be so foolish as to—well, turn comedy into the other thing. In the first place, it's not worth while, and in the second place, it recoils, always. Revenge may be sweet. I don't know. But nowadays, with police-courts and all that, it entails much more subsequent annoyance than it is worth. Be wise, Olga!"

"Some things, Ste. Marie," said Olga Nilssen, "are worth all the consequences that may follow them." She watched Captain Stewart across the room where he stood chatting with a little group of people, and her beautiful face was as hard as marble, and her eyes were as dark as a stormy night, and her mouth, for an instant, was almost like an animal's mouth, cruel and relentless.

Ste. Marie saw, and he began to be a bit alarmed in good earnest. In his warning he had spoken rather more seriously than he felt the occasion demanded, but he began at last to wonder if the occasion was not in reality very serious indeed.

When he saw the woman's face, turned a little away and gazing fixedly at Captain Stewart, he began to be aware that there was tragedy very near him, or all the

makings of it.

Olga Nilssen turned back to him. Her face was still hard, and her eyes dark and narrowed, with their oddly Oriental look. She bent her shoulders together for an instant, and her hands moved slowly in her lap, stretching out before her, in a gesture very like a cat's when it wakens from sleep and yawns and extends its claws, as if to make sure that they are still there and ready for use.

"I feel a little like Samson to-night," she said. "I am tired of almost everything, and I should like very much to pull the world down on top of me and kill everybody in it—except you, Ste. Marie, dear! Except you!—and be crushed under the ruins."

"I think," said Ste. Marie practically—and the speech sounded rather like one of Hartley's speeches—"I think it was not quite the world that Samson pulled down, but a temple—or a palace—something of that kind."

"Well," said the golden lady, "this place is rather like a temple—a Chinese temple, with the pig-dog for high priest."

Ste. Marie frowned at her.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded sharply. "What did you come here to do? Mischief of some kind—bien entendu—but what?"

"Do?" she said, looking at him with her narrowed eyes. "I? Why, what should I do? Nothing, of course! I merely said I should like to pull the place down. Of course, I couldn't do that quite literally, now, could I? No. It is merely a mood. I'm not going to do anything."

"You're not being honest with me," he said. And at that her expression changed, and she patted his arm again with a gesture

that seemed to beg forgiveness.

"Well, then," she said, "if you must know, maybe I did come here for a purpose. I want to have it out with our friend Captain

Stewart about something.

"And Ste. Marie, dear," she pleaded, "please, I think you'd better go home first. I don't care about these other animals, but I don't want you dragged into any row of any sort. Please be a sweet Ste. Marie and go home. Yes?"

"Absolutely, no!" said Ste. Marie. "I shall stay, and I shall try my utmost to prevent you from doing anything foolish. Understand that! If you want to have rows with people, Olga, for Heaven's sake don't pick an occasion like this for the purpose. Have your rows in private!"

"I rather think I enjoy an audience," she said with a reflective air, and Ste. Marie laughed aloud, because he knew that the naïve speech was so very true. This woman, with her many good qualities and her bad ones—not a few, alas!—had an undeniable passion for red fire that had amused him very much on more than one past occasion.

"Please go home!" she said once more. But when the man only shook his head, she raised her hands a little way and dropped them again in her lap in an odd gesture, which seemed to say that she had done all she could do, and that if anything disagreeable should happen now, and he should be involved in it, it would be entirely his fault, because she had warned him.

Then quite abruptly a mood of irresponsible gaiety seemed to come upon her. She refused to have anything more to do with serious topics, and when Ste. Marie attempted to introduce them, she laughed in his face." The conversation became a dialogue of reminiscence which would have been entirely unintelligible to a third person, and was indeed so to Captain Stewart, who once came across the room, made a feeble effort to attach himself, and presently wandered away again.

They unearthed from the past an exceedingly foolish song all about one "Little Willie" and a purple monkey climbing up a yellow stick. It was set to a well-known air from Don Giovanni, and when Duval, the basso, heard them singing it, he came up and insisted upon knowing what it was about. He laughed immoderately over the English words when he was told what they meant, and made Ste. Marie write them down for him on two visiting-cards. So they made a trio out of "Little Willie," the great Duval inventing a bass part quite marvellous in its ingenuity, and they were compelled to sing it over and over again, until Ste. Marie's falsetto imitation of a tenor voice cracked and gave out altogether, since he was by nature baritone, if anything at all.

The other guests had crowded round to hear the extraordinary song, and when the song was at last finished, several of them remained, so that Ste. Marie saw he was to be allowed an uninterrupted tête-à-tête with

Olga Nilssen no longer. He therefore drifted away after a few moments, and went with Duval and one of the other men across the room to look at some small jade objects—snuff-bottles, bracelets, buckles, and the like—which were displayed in a cabinet cleverly reconstructed out of a Japanese shrine. It was perhaps ten minutes later when he looked round the place and discovered that neither Olga Nilssen nor Captain Stewart was to be seen.

His first thought was of relief, for he said to himself that the two had sensibly gone into one of the other rooms to "have it out" in peace and quiet. But following that came the recollection of the woman's face when she had watched her host across the room. Her words came back to him: "I feel a little like Samson to-night . . . I should like very much to pull the world down on top of me and kill everybody in it." Ste. Marie thought of these things and he began to be uncomfortable. He found himself watching the yellow-hung doorway beyond, with its intricate Chinese carving of trees and rocks and little groups of immortals, and he found that unconsciously he was listening for something—he did not know what—above the chatter and laughter of the people in the room. He endured this for possibly five minutes, and all at once found that he could endure it no longer. He began to make his way quietly through the group of people towards the curtained doorway.

As he went, one of the women near by complained in a loud tone that the servant had disappeared. She wanted, it seemed, a glass of water, having already had many glasses of more interesting things. Ste. Marie said he would get it for her, and went on his way. He had an excuse now.

He found himself in a square, dimly lighted room, much smaller than the other. There was a round table in the centre, so he thought it must be Stewart's dining-room. At the left a doorway opened into a place where there were lights, and at the other side was another door, closed. From the room at the left there came a sound of voices, and though they were not loud, one of them, Olga Nilssen's voice, was hard and angry and not altogether under control. The man would seem to have been attempting to pacify her, and he would seem not to have been very successful.

The first words that Ste. Marie was able to distinguish were from the woman. She said in a low, fierce tone—

"That is a lie, my friend! That is a lie. I know all about the road to Clamart, so you needn't lie to me any longer. She paused for just an instant there, and, in the pause, Ste. Marie heard Stewart give a sort of inarticulate exclamation. It seemed to express anger and it seemed also to express fear. But the woman swept on, and her voice began to be louder. She said: "I've given you your chance. You didn't deserve it, but I've given it you -and you've told me nothing but lies. Well, you'll lie no more. This ends it."

Upon that Ste. Marie heard a sudden, stumbling shuffle of feet and a low, hoarse cry of utter terror--a cry more animal-like than human. He heard the cry break off abruptly in something that was like a cough and a whine together, and he heard the sound of a heavy body falling with a loose

rattle upon the floor.

With the sound of that falling body he had already reached the doorway and torn aside the heavy portière. It was a room of medium size that he looked into. were electric lights upon imitation candles which were grouped in sconces against the walls, and these were turned on, so that the room was brightly illuminated. Midway between the door and the opposite wall Captain Stewart lay huddled and writhing upon the floor, and Olga Nilssen stood upright beside him, gazing down upon him quite calmly. In her right hand, which hung at her side, she held a little flat, black, automatic pistol, of the type known as Brownings, and they look toys, but they are not.

Ste. Marie sprang at her silently and caught her by the arm, twisting the automatic pistol from her grasp, and the woman made no effort whatever to resist him. looked into his face quite frankly unmoved, and she shook her head.

"I haven't harmed him," she said. was going to, yes; and then myself. he didn't give me a chance; he fell down in a fit." She nodded down towards the man who lay writhing at their feet. "I frightened him," she said, "and he fell in a fit. an epileptic, you know. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes."

Abruptly she turned away shivering and put up her hands over her face. she gave an exclamation of uncontrollable

repulsion,

"Ugh!" she cried, "it's horrible! horrible! I can't bear to look. I saw him in a fit once before-long ago-and I couldn't bear even to speak to him for a I thought he had been cured. He said—— Ah, it's horrible!"

Ste. Marie had dropped on his knees beside the fallen man, and Olga Nilssen said

over her shoulder-

"Hold his head up from the floor, if you

can bear to; he might hurt it."

It was not an easy thing to do, for Ste. Marie had the natural sense of repulsion in such matters that most people have, and this man's appearance, as Olga Nilssen had said, was horrible. The face was drawn hideously, and in the strong light of the electrics it was a deathly yellow. The eyes were half closed. and the eyeballs turned up so that only the whites of them showed between the lids. There was froth upon the distorted mouth, and it clung to the cat-like moustache and to the shallow, shrunken chin beneath. But Ste. Marie exerted all his will-power, and took the jerking, trembling head in his hands, holding it clear of the floor.

"You'd better call the servant," he said. "There may be something that can be done."

But the woman answered without looking: "No, there's nothing that can be done, I believe, except to keep him from bruising himself. Stimulants-that sort of thingdo more harm than good. Could you get him on the sofa here?"

"Together we might manage it," said Ste. Marie. "Come and help."

"I can't!" she cried nervously; can't touch him. Please, I can't do it."

"Come!" said the man in a sharp tone. "It's no time for nerves. I don't like it, either, but it's got to be done."

The woman began a half-hysterical sobbing, but after a moment she turned and came with slow feet to where Stewart lay.

Ste. Marie slipped his arms under the man's body and began to raise him from the floor.

"You needn't help, after all," he said.

"He's not heavy."

And, indeed, under his skilfully shaped and padded clothes the man was a mere waif of a man—as unbelievably slight as if he were the victim of a wasting disease. Ste. Marie held the body in his arms as if it had been a child, and carried it across and laid it on the sofa; but it was many months before he forgot the horror of that awful thing, shaking and twitching in his hold, the head thumping hideously upon his shoulder, the arms and legs beating against him. It was the most difficult task he had ever had to He laid Captain Stewart upon a perform

sofa and straightened the helpless limbs as best he could.

"I suppose," he said, rising again, "I suppose when the man comes out of this. he'll be frightfully exhausted and drop off to sleep, won't he? We'll have to-

He halted abruptly there, and for a single swift instant he felt the black and rushing sensation of one who is going to faint away. The wall on which he gazed was covered with photographs, some in frames, others left as they had been received upon the large squares of weird cardboard which are termed "art mounts."

"Come here a moment, quickly!" said Ste. Marie in a sharp voice. Olga Nilssen's sobs had died down to a silent, spasmodic catching of the breath, but she was still much unnerved, and she approached the bed with obvious unwillingness, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. Ste. Marie pointed to an unframed photograph which was fastened to the wall by thumb-tacks, and his outstretched hand shook as he pointed. Beneath them the other man still writhed and tumbled in his epileptic fit.

"Do you know who that woman is?" demanded Ste. Marie, and his tone was such that Olga Nilssen turned slowly and stared at him.

"That woman," said she, "is the reason why I wished to pull the world down upon Charlie Stewart and me to-night. That's who she is."

Ste. Marie gave a sort of cry.

"Who is she?" he insisted. "What is her name? I—have a particularly important reason for wanting to know. I've got to know. Olga Nilssen shook her head, still

staring at him.

"I can't tell you that," said she. don't know the name. I only know thatwhen he met her, he——— I don't know her name, but I know where she lives and where he goes every day to see her—a house with a big garden and walled park on the road to Clamart. It's on the edge of the wood, not far from Fort d'Issy. The Clamart-Vanves-Issy tram runs past the wall of one side of the park. That's all I know."

Ste. Marie clasped his head with his hands. "So near to it!" he groaned, "and yet-Ah!" He bent forward suddenly over the sofa and spelled out the name of the photographer, which was pencilled upon the

brown cardboard mount.

"There's still a chance," he said. "There's still one chance." He became aware that the woman was watching him curiously, and nodded to her.

"It's something you don't know about," he explained. "I've got to find out who this—girl is. Perhaps the photographer can help me. I used to know him." All at once

his eyes sharpened.

"Tell me the simple truth about something!" said he. "If ever we have been friends, if you owe me any good office, tell me this! Do you know anything about young Arthur Benham's disappearance two months ago, or about what has become of him?" Again the woman shook her head.

"No," said she. "Nothing at all. I haven't even heard of it. Young Arthur Benham! I've met him once or twice. I wonder-I wonder Stewart never spoke to me about his

disappearance. That's very odd."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie absently, "it is." He gave a little sigh. "I wonder about a good many things," said he. He glanced down upon Captain Stewart, who lay still, save for a slight twitching of the hands. Once he moved his head restlessly from side to side, and said something incoherent in a weak murmur.

"He's out of it," said Olga Nilssen. "He'll sleep now, I think. I suppose we must get rid of those people and then leave him to the care of his man. A doctor couldn't do any-

thing for him."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie, nodding. "I'll call the servant and tell the people that Stewart has been taken ill." He looked once more towards the photograph on the wall, and under his breath he said with an odd, defiant fierceness—

"I won't believe it!" But he did not explain what he wouldn't believe. He started out of the room, but, half-way, halted and turned back. He looked Olga Nilssen full

in the eyes, saying—

"It is safe to leave you here with him while I call the servant? There'll be no more——?" But the woman gave a low cry and a violent shiver with it.

"You need have no fear," she said. "I've no desire now to-harm him. The-reason is gone. This has cured me. I feel as if I could never bear to see him again. Oh, hurry! Please hurry! I want to get away from here." Ste. Marie nodded and went out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NAME OF THE LADY WITH THE EYES: EVIDENCE HEAPS UP SWIFTLY.

STE. MARIE drove home to the Rue d'Assas with his head in a whirl and with a sense of



"Captain Stewart lay huddled and writhing upon the floor."

great excitement beating somewhere within him, probably in the place where his heart ought to be. He had a curiously sure feeling that at last his feet were upon the right path. He could not have explained this to himself—indeed, there was nothing to explain, and if there had been, he was in far too great an inner turmoil to manage it. It was a mere feeling—the sort of thing which he had once tried to express to Captain Stewart, and had got laughed at for his

There was, in sober fact, no reason whatever why Captain Stewart's possession of a photograph of the beautiful lady whom Ste. Marie had once seen in company with O'Hara should be taken as significant of anything except an appreciation of beauty on the part of Miss Benham's uncle-not even if, as Mlle. Nilssen believed, Captain Stewart was in love with the lady. But to Ste. Marie, in his whirl of reawakened excitement, the discovery loomed to the skies, and, in a series of ingenious but very vague leaps of the imagination, he saw himself, with the aid of this new evidence (which was no evidence at all, if he had been calm enough to realise it), victorious in his great quest, leading young Arthur Benham back to the arms of an ecstatic family, and kneeling at the feet of that youth's sister to claim his All of which seems a rather startling reward. flight of the imagination to have had its beginning in the sight of one photograph of a young woman. But then Ste. Marie was imaginative if he was anything.

He fell to thinking of this girl whose eyes, after one sight of them, had so long haunted him. He thought of her between those two men, the hard-faced Irish adventurer and the other, Stewart, strange compound of intellectual and voluptuary, and his eyes flashed in the dark and he gripped his hands together upon his knees. He said again—

"I won't believe it! I won't believe it!"

Believe what? one wonders.

He slept hardly at all, only, towards morning, falling into an uneasy doze. And in the doze he dreamed once more the dream of the dim, waste place and the hill, and the eyes and voice that called him back—because they needed him.

As early as he dared, after his morning coffee, he took a *fiacre* and drove across the river to the Boulevard de la Madeline, where he climbed a certain stair, at the foot of which were two glass cases containing photographs of, for the most part, well-known ladies of the Parisian stage. At the top of

the stair he entered the reception-room of a young photographer, who is famous now the world over, but who at the beginning of his career, when he had nothing but talent and no acquaintance, owed certain of his most important commissions to M. Ste. Marie.

The man, who name was Bernstein, came forward eagerly from the studio beyond to greet his visitor, and Ste. Marie complimented him chaffingly upon his very sleek and prosperous appearance, and upon the new decorations of the little salon, which were, in truth, excellently well judged. But after they had talked for a little while of such matters, he said—

"I want to know if you keep specimen prints of all the photographs you have made within the last few months; and if so, I should like to see them."

The young Jew went to a wooden portfolioholder which stood in a corner and dragged

it out into the light.

"I have them all here," said he, "everything that I have made within the past ten or twelve months. If you will let me draw up a chair, you can look them over comfort-He glanced at his former patron with a little polite curiosity as Ste. Marie followed his suggestion, and began to turn over the big portfolio's contents, but he did not show any surprise nor ask questions. Indeed, he guessed—to a certain extent rather near the truth of the matter. It had happened before that young gentlemen, and old ones too, wanted to look over his prints without offering explanations, and they generally picked out all the photographs there were of some particular lady, and bought them if they could be bought.

So he was by no means astonished on this occasion, and he moved about the room putting things to rights, and even went for a few moments into the studio beyond, until he was recalled by a sudden exclamation from his visitor, an exclamation which had a sound of mingled delight and excitement.

Ste. Marie held in his hands a large photograph, and he turned it towards the man who

had made it.

"I am going to ask you some questions," said he, "that will sound rather indiscreet and irregular, but I beg you to answer them if you can, because the matter is of great importance to a number of people. Do you remember this lady?"

"Oh, yes," said the Jew readily, "I remember her very well. I never forget people who are as beautiful as this lady was." His eyes gleamed with retrospective joy.

"She was splendid!" he declared, "sumptuous! No! I cannot describe her. I have not the words. And I could not photograph her with any justice, either. She was all colour—brown skin with a dull red stain under the cheeks, and a great mass of hair that was not black, but very nearly black—except in the sun, and then there were red lights in it. She was a goddess, that lady, a queen of goddesses: the young Juno before marriage, the——"

"Yes," interrupted Ste. Marie, "yes, I see.

"Yes," interrupted Ste. Marie, "yes, I see. Yes, quite evidently she was beautiful. But what I wanted in particular to know was her name, if you feel that you have a right to give it to me (I remind you again that the matter is very important), and any circumstances that you can remember about her coming here; who came with her, for in-

stance, and things of that sort."

The photographer looked a little disappointed at being cut off in the middle of his rhapsody, but he began turning over the leaves of an order-book which lay upon a table near by.

"Here is the entry!" he said after a few moments. "Yes, I thought so—the date was nearly three months ago—April 5. And the lady's name was Mlle. Coira O'Hara."

"What?" cried the other man sharply.

"What did you say?"

"Mlle. Coira O'Hara was the name," repeated the photographer. "I remember the occasion perfectly. The lady came here with three gentlemen: one tall, thin gentleman with an eyeglass—an Englishman, I think, though he spoke very excellent French when he spoke to me. Among themselves they spoke, I think, English, though I do not understand it except a few words such as 'ow moch?' and 'sank you' and 'rady pleas' now.'"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Ste. Marie impa-

"Yes! Yes!" cried Ste. Marie impatiently. And the little Jew could see that he was labouring under some very strong excitement, and he wondered mildly about

it, scenting a love affair.

"Then," he pursued, "there was a very young man in strange clothes, a tourist, I should think, like those Americans and English who come in the summer with little red books and sit on the terrace of the Café de la Paix." He heard his visitor draw a swift, sharp breath at that, but he hurried on before he could be interrupted—

"This young man seemed to be unable to take his eyes from the lady, and small wonder! He was very much épris, very much épris indeed. Never have I seen a

youth more so. Ah, it was something to see, that! A thing to touch the heart."

"What did the young man look like?" demanded Ste. Marie. The photographer described the youth as best he could from memory, and he saw his visitor nod once or twice, and at the end he said: "Yes, yes, I thought so. Thank you."

The Jew did not know what it was the

other thought, but he went on-

"Ah, a thing to touch the heart! Such devotion as that! Alas, that the lady should seem so cold to it! Still, a goddess! What would you? A queen among goddesses. One would not have them laugh and make little jokes—make eyes at lovesick boys. No, indeed!" He shook his head rapidly and sighed.

M. Ste. Marie was silent for a little space, but at length he looked up, as if he had just

remembered something.

"And the third man?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, the third gentleman," said Bernstein. "I had forgotten him. The third gentleman I knew well. He had often been here. It was he who brought these friends to me. He was M. le Capitaine Stewart. Everybody knows M. le Capitaine Stewart. Everybody in Paris."

Again he observed that his visitor drew a little swift, sharp breath, and that he seemed to be labouring under some excitement.

However, Ste. Marie did not question him further, and so he went on to tell the little more he knew of the matter: how the four people had remained for an hour or more, trying many poses; how they had returned, all but the tall gentleman, three days later to see the proofs, and to order certain ones to be printed—the young man paying on the spot in advance—and how the finished prints had been sent to M. le Capitaine Stewart's address.

When he had finished, his visitor sat for a long time silent, his head bent a little, frowning upon the floor and chafing his hands together over his knees. But at last he rose rather abruptly. He said—

"Thank you very much indeed. You have done me a great service. If ever I can repay

it, command me. Thank you!"

The Jew protested, smiling, that he was still too deeply in debt to M. Ste. Marie, and so, politely wrangling, they reached the door, and, with a last expression of gratitude, the visitor departed down the stair. A client came in just then for a sitting, and so the little photographer did not have an opportunity to wonder over the rather odd affair

as much as he might have done. Indeed, in the press of work it slipped from his mind altogether.

But down in the busy boulevard Ste. Marie stood hesitating on the kerb. There were so many things to be done, in the light of these new developments, that he did not know what to do first.

"Mademoiselle Coira O'Hara! — Mademoiselle!" The thought gave him a sudden sting of inexplicable relief and pleasure. She would be O'Hara's daughter, then. And the boy, Arthur Benham (there was no room for doubt in the photographer's description), had seemed to be badly in love with her. This was a new development, indeed! It wanted thought, reflection, consultation with Richard Hartley. He signalled to a *flacre*, and when it had drawn up before him, sprang into it, and gave Richard Hartley's address in the Avenue de l'Observatoire. But when they had gone a little way, he changed his mind and gave another address, one in the Boulevard de la Tour Maubourg. It was where Mlle. Olga Nilssen lived. She had told him when he parted from her the evening before.

' On the way he fell to thinking of what he had learnt from the little photographer, Bernstein, to setting the facts, as well as he could, in order, endeavouring to make out just how much or how little they signified, by themselves or added to what he had known before. But he was in far too keen a state of excitement to review them at all calmly. As on the previous evening, they seemed to him to loom to the skies, and again he saw himself successful in his quest-victorious, That this leap to conclusions triumphant. was but a little less absurd than the first did not occur to him. He was in a fine fever of enthusiasm, and such difficulties as his eye perceived lay in a sort of vague mist, to be dissipated later on, when he should sit quietly down with Hartley, and sift the wheat from the chaff, laying out a definite scheme of action.

It occurred to him that in his interview with the photographer he had forgotten one point, and he determined to go back, later on, and ask about it. He had forgotten to inquire as to Captain Stewart's attitude towards the beautiful lady. Young Arthur Benham's infatuation had filled his mind at the time, and had driven out of it what Olga Nilssen had told him about Stewart. He found himself wondering if this point might not be one of great importance—the rivalry of the two men for O'Hara's daughter.

Assuredly that demanded thought and investigation.

He found the prettily furnished apartment in the Avenue de la Tour Maubourg a scene of great disorder, presided over by a maid, who seemed to be packing enormous quantities of garments into large trunks. The maid told him that her mistress, after a sleepless night, had departed from Paris by an early train, quite alone, leaving the servant to follow on when she had telegraphed or written an address. No, Mlle. Nilssen had left no address at all, not even for letters or telegrams. In short, the entire proceeding was, so the exasperated woman viewed it, everything that is imbecile.

Ste. Marie sat down on a hamper with his stick between his knees, and wrote a little note to be sent on when Mlle. Nilssen's whereabouts should be known. It was unfortunate, he reflected, that she should have fled away just now, but not of great importance to him, because he did not believe that he could learn very much more from her than he had learnt already. Moreover, he sympathised with her desire to get away from Paris—as far away as possible from the man whom she had seen in so horrible a state on the evening past.

He had kept the *fiacre* at the door, and he drove at once back to the Rue d'Assas. As he started to mount the stair, the *concierge* came out of her *loge* to say that Mr. Hartley had called soon after mousieur had left the house that morning, had seemed very much disappointed on not finding monsieur, and before going away again had had himself let into monsieur's apartment with the key of the *femme de ménage*, and had written a note which monsieur would find, *là-haut*.

Ste. Marie thanked the woman and went on up to his rooms, wondering why Hartley had bothered to leave a note instead of waiting or returning at lunch-time as he usually did. He found the communication on his table and read it at once. Hartley said—

"I have to go across the river to the Bristol to see some relatives who are turning up there to-day, and who will probably keep me until evening, and then I shall have to go back there to dine. So I'm leaving a word for you about some things I discovered last evening. I met Miss Benham at Armenonville, where I dined, and in a tête-à-tête conversation we had after dinner she let fall two facts which seem to me very important. They concern Captain S. In the first place, when he told us that day, some time ago, that he knew nothing about his father's will or any changes that might have been made

in it, he lied. It seems that old David, shortly after the boy's disappearance, being very angry at what he considered, and still considers, a bit of spite on the boy's part, cut young Arthur Benham out of his will and transferred that share to Captain S. (Miss Benham learned this from the old man only yesterday). Also it appears that he did this after talking the matter over with Captain S., who affected unwillingness. the will reads now, Miss B. and Captain S. stand to share equally the bulk of the old man's money, which is several millions (in dols. of course); Miss B.'s mother is to have the interest of half of both shares as long as Now mark this! she lives. Prior to this new arrangement Captain S. was to receive only a small legacy, on the ground that he already had a respectable fortune left him by his mother, old David's first wife. heard, by the way, that he has squandered a good share of what he had.)

"Miss B. is, of course, much cut up over this injustice to the boy, but she can't protest too much, as it only excites old David she says the old man is much weaker.

"You see, of course, the significance of all this. If David Stewart dies, as he's likely to do, before young Arthur's return, Captain S. gets the money.

"The second fact I learnt was that Miss Benham did not tell her uncle about her semi-engagement to you or about your volunteering to search for the boy. She thinks her grandmother must have told him. I didn't say so to her, but that is hardly possible, in view of the fact that Stewart came on here to your rooms very soon after you had reached them yourself.

"So that makes two lies for our gentle friend, and serious lies, both of them. To my mind, they point unmistakably to a certain conclusion. Captain S. has been responsible for putting his nephew out of the way. He has either hidden him somewhere and is keeping him in confinement, or he has killed him.

"I wish we could talk it over to-day, but, as you see, I'm helpless. Remain in tonight, and I'll come as soon as I can get rid of these confounded people of mine.

"One word more! Be careful! Miss B. is, up to this point, merely puzzled over things. She doesn't suspect her uncle of any crookedness, I'm sure. So we shall have to tread softly where she is concerned.

"I shall see you to-night.—R. H."

Ste. Marie read the closely written pages through twice, and he thought how like his friend it was to take the time and trouble to put what he had learnt into this clear, concise form. Another man would have scribbled: "Important facts—tell you all about it tonight," or something of that kind. Hartley must have spent a quarter of an hour over his writing.

Ste. Marie walked up and down the room, with all his strength forcing his brain to quiet, reasonable action. Once he said aloud—

"Yes, you're right, of course. Stewart has been at the bottom of it all along." He realised that he had been for some days slowly arriving at that conclusion, and that, since the night before, he had been practically certain of it, though he had not yet found time to put his suspicions into logical order. Hartley's letter had driven the truth concretely home to him, but he would have reached the same truth without it—though that matter of the will was of the greatest importance. It gave him a strong weapon to strike with.

He halted before one of the front windows, and his eyes gazed unseeing across the street into the green shrubbery of the Luxembourg Gardens. The lace curtains had been left by the *femme de ménage* hanging straight down, and not, as usual, looped back at either side, but he could see through them with perfect ease, although he could not be seen from outside.

He became aware that a man who was walking slowly up and down a path inside the high iron palings was in some way familiar to him, and his eyes sharpened. The man was very inconspicuously dressed, and looked like almost any other man whom one might pass in the street without taking any notice of him; but Ste. Marie knew that he had seen him often, and he wondered how and There was a row of lilac shrubs against the iron palings just inside, and between the palings and the path, but two of the shrubs were dead and leafless, and each time the man passed this spot he came into plain view; each time also he directed an oblique glance towards the house opposite. Presently he turned aside and sat down upon one of the public benches, where he was almost, but not quite, hidden by the intervening foliage.

Then at last Ste. Marie gave a sudden exclamation and smote his hands together.

"The fellow's a spy!" he cried aloud. "He's watching the house to see when I go out." He began to remember how he had seen the man in the street and in *cafés* and restaurants, and he remembered that he had

once or twice thought it odd, but without any second thought of suspicion. So the fellow had been set to spy upon him, watch his goings and comings, and report them to

-no need of asking to whom!

Ste. Marie stood behind his curtains and looked across into the pleasant expanse of shrubbery and greensward. He was wondering if it would be worth while to do anything. Men and women went up and down the path, hurrying or slowly, at ease with the world labourers, students, bonnes, with marketbaskets in their hands and long bread-loaves under their arms, nursemaids herding small children, bigger children spinning diabolo spools as they walked. A man with a pointed black beard and a soft hat passed once, and returned to seat himself upon the public bench that Ste. Marie was watching. For some minutes he sat there idle, holding the soft felt hat upon his knees for coolness. Then he turned and looked at the other occupant of the bench, and Ste. Marie thought he saw the other man nod, though he could not be sure whether either one spoke or not. Presently the new-comer rose, put on the soft hat again, and disappeared down the path, going towards the gate at the head of the Rue de Luxembourg.

Five minutes later, the door-bell rang.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROAD TO CLAMART.

STE. MARIE turned away from the window and crossed to the door. The man with the pointed beard removed his soft hat, bowed very politely, and asked if he had the honour to address Monsieur Ste. Marie.

"That is my name," said Ste. Marie. "Entrez, monsieur!" He waved his visitor

to a chair and stood waiting.

The man with the beard bowed once more.

He said—

"I have not the great honour of monsieur's acquaintance, but circumstances, which I explain later, have put it in my power—have made it a sacred duty, if I may be permitted to say the word—to place in monsieur's hands a piece of information."

Ste. Marie smiled slightly and sat down.

He said---

"I listen with pleasure—and anticipation.

Pray go on!"

"I have information," said the visitor, "of the whereabouts of M. Arthur Benham." Ste. Marie waved his hand.

"I feared as much," said he—"I mean to say, I hoped so. Proceed, monsieur!"

"And learning," continued the other, "that M. Ste. Marie was conducting a search for that young gentleman, I hastened at once to place this information in his hands."

"At a price," suggested his host. "At a

price, to be sure."

The man with the beard spread out his hands in a beautiful and eloquent gesture, which well accompanied his Marseillaise accent.

"Ah, as to that," he protested. "My circumstances—I am poor, monsieur. One must gain the livelihood. What would you? A trifle. The merest trifle."

"Where is Arthur Benham?" asked Ste.

Marie.

"In Marseilles, monsieur. I saw him a week ago—six days. And so far as I could learn, he had no intention of leaving there immediately—though it is, to be sure, hot."

Ste. Marie laughed a laugh of genuine amusement, and the man with the pointed beard stared at him with some wonder. Ste. Marie rose and crossed the room to a writing-desk which stood against the opposite wall. He fumbled in a drawer of this, and returned holding in his hand a pink and blue note of

the Banque de France. He said—

"Monsieur—pardon! I have forgotten to ask the name. You have remarked quite truly that one must gain a livelihood. Therefore I do not presume to criticise the way in which you gain yours. Sometimes one can-However, I should like to make not chose. a little bargain with you, monsieur. I know, of course, being not altogether imbecile, who sent you here with this story, and why you were sent—why also your friend, who sits upon the bench in the garden across the street, follows me about and spies upon me. I know all this, and I laugh at it a little. But, monsieur to amuse myself further, I have a desire to hear from your own lips the name of the gentleman who is your Amusement is almost always expensive, and so I am prepared to pay for this. I have here a note of one hundred francs. It is yours in return for the name the right name. Remember, I know it already.'

The man with the pointed beard sprang to his feet, quivering with righteous indignation. All southern Frenchmen, like all other Latins, are magnificent actors. He shook one cleuched hand in the air, his face was pale and his fine eyes glittered. Richard Hartley would have put himself promptly in

an attitude of defence, but Ste. Marie nodded a smiling head in appreciation.

half a southern Frenchman himself.

"Monsieur!" cried his visitor in a choked voice. "Monsieur, have a care! You insult me! Have a care, monsieur! I am My anger when roused is dangerous! terrible!"

"I am cowed!" observed Ste. Marie, lighting a cigarette. "I quail."

blame is your employer's. You have performed your mission with the greatest of honesty—the most delicate and faithful sense of honour. That is understood."

The gentleman with a beard strode across to one of the windows and leant his head upon his hand. His shoulders still heaved with emotion, but he no longer trembled. The terrible crisis bade fair to pass. Then abruptly, in the frank and open Latin way,



"'Do you remember this lady?""

"Never," declaimed the gentleman from Marseilles, "have I received an insult without returning blow for blow! My blood boils!"

"The hundred francs, monsieur," said Ste. Marie, "will doubtless cool it. Besides, we stray from our sheep. Reflect, my friend! I have not insulted you. I have asked you a simple question. To be sure, I have said that I knew your errand here was not-not altogether sincere; but I protest, monsieur, that no blame attaches to yourself. The

he burst into tears, and wept with copious profusion, while Ste. Marie smoked his cigarette and waited.

When at length the Marseillais turned * back into the room, he was calm once more, but there remained traces of storm and flood. He made a gesture of indescribable and pathetic resignation.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, "you have a heart of gold! Of gold, monsieur! You understand. Behold us! two men of honour.

"Monsieur," he continued, "I had no choice. I was poor. I saw myself face to face with the misère. What would you? I fell. We are all weak flesh. I accepted the commission of the pig who sent me here to you."

Ste. Marie smoothed the pink and blue banknote in his hands, and the other man's eye clung to it as though he were starving and the banknote food.

"The name?" prompted Ste. Marie.

The gentleman from Marseilles tossed up his hands.

"Monsieur already knows it. Why should I hesitate? The name is Ducrot."
"What?" cried Ste. Marie sharply.

"What is that? Ducrot?"

"But naturally!" said the other man with some wonder. "Monsieur said he knew. Certainly, Ducrot. A little withered man, bald on the top of the head, creases down the cheeks, a moustache like this " he made a descriptive gesture—"a little chin. A man like an elderly cat. M. Ducrot."

Ste. Marie gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Ducrot is as good The gentleman has a name as another. more than one, it appears. Monsieur, the hundred-franc note is yours." The gentleman from Marseilles took it with a slightly trembling hand, and began to bow himself towards the door, as if he feared that his host would experience a change of heart; but Ste. Marie checked him, saying-

"One moment.

"I was thinking," said he, "that you would perhaps not care to present yourself to your—employer, M. Ducrot, immediately: not for a few days, at least, in view of the fact that certain actions of mine will show him your mission has—well, miscarried. would, perhaps, be well for you not to communicate with M. Ducrot. He might be displeased with you."

"Monsieur," said the gentleman with the beard, "you speak with acumen and wisdom. I shall neglect to report myself to M. Ducrot

-who, I repeat, is a pig."

"And," pursued Ste. Marie, "the individual on the bench across the street?"

"It is not necessary that I meet that individual either!" said the Marseillais hastily. "Monsieur, I bid you adieu!" He bowed again, a profound, a scraping bow, and disappeared through the door.

Ste. Marie crossed to the window and looked down upon the pavement below. saw his visitor emerge from the house and slip rapidly down the street towards the Rue Vavin. He glanced across into the Gardens, and the spy still sat there on his bench, but his head lay back and he slept—the sleep of the unjust. One imagined that he must be snoring, for an incredibly small urchin in a blue apron stood on the path before him, and watched with the open mouth of astonishment.

Ste. Marie turned back into the room and began to tramp up and down, as was his way in a perplexity or in any time of serious thought. He wished very much that Richard Hartley was there to consult with. He considered Hartley to have a judicial mind—a mind to establish, out of confusion, something like logical order, and he was very well aware that he himself had not that sort of mind at all. In action he was sufficiently confident of himself, but to construct a course of action he was afraid, and he knew that a misstep now, at this critical point, might be fatal—turn success into disaster.

He fell to thinking of Captain Stewart (alias M. Ducrot), and he longed most passionately to leap into a *fiacre* at the corner below, to drive at a gallop across the city to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, to fall upon that smiling hypocrite in his beautiful treasure-house, to seize him by the withered throat and say—

"Tell me what you have done with Arthur Benham before I tear your head from your

miserable body!"

Indeed, he was far from sure that this was not what it would come to, in the end; for he reflected that he had not only a tremendous accumulation of evidence with which to face Captain Stewart, but also a very terrible weapon to hold over his head the threat of exposure to the old man who lay slowly dying in the Rue de l'Université! A few words in old David's ear, a few proofs of their truth, and the great fortune for which the son had sold his soul (if he had any left to sell) must pass for ever out of his reach, like gold seen in a dream.

This is what it might well come to, he said to himself. Indeed, it seemed to him at that moment far the most feasible plan, for to such accusations, such demands as that, Captain Stewart could offer no defence. To save himself from a more complete ruin he would have to give up the boy, or tell what he knew of him. But Ste. Marie was unwilling to risk everything on this throw without seeing Richard Hartley first, and Hartley was not to be had until evening.

He told himself that, after all, there was no immediate hurry, for he was quite sur? the man would be compelled to keep to his bed for a day or two. He did not know much about epilepsy, but he knew that its paroxysms were followed by great exhaustion, and he felt sure that Stewart was far too weak in body to recuperate quickly from any severe call upon his strength. He remembered how light that burden had been in his arms the night before, and then an uncontrollable shiver of disgust went over him as he remembered the sight of the horribly twisted and contorted face, felt again the shaking, thumping head as it beat against his shoulder. He wondered how much Stewart knew, how much he would be able to remember, of the events of the evening before, and he was at a loss there because of his unfamiliarity with epileptic seizures. one thing, however, he was almost certain, and that was that the man could scarcely have been conscious of who were beside him when the fit was over. If he had come at all to his proper senses before the ensuing slumber of exhaustion, it must have been after Mlle. Nilssen and himself had gone

Upon that he fell to wondering about the spy and the gentleman from Marseilles (he was a little sorry that Hartley could not have seen the gentleman from Marseilles), but he reflected that the two were, without doubt, acting upon old orders, and that the latter had probably been stalking him for some days before he found him at home.

He looked at his watch, and it was half-past twelve. There was nothing to be done, he considered, but wait—get through the day somehow; and so, presently, he went out to lunch. He went up the Rue Vavin to the Boulevard Montparnasse, and down that broad thoroughfare to Lavenue's, on the busy Place de Rennes, where the cooking is the best in all this quarter, and can indeed hold up its head without shame in the face of those other more widely famous restaurants, across the river, frequented by the smart world and by the travelling gourmet.

He went through to the inner room, which is built like a raised loggia round two sides of a little garden, and which is always cool and fresh in summer. He ordered a rather elaborate lunch, and thought that he sat a very long time at it, but when he looked again at his watch, only an hour and a half had gone by. It was a quarter past two. Ste. Marie was depressed. There remained almost all of the afternoon to be got through, and Heaven alone could say how much of the evening, before he could

have his consultation with Richard Hartley. He tried to think of some way of passing the time, but although he was not usually at a loss, he found his mind empty of ideas. None of his common occupations recommended themselves to him. He knew that, whatever he tried to do, he would interrupt it with pulling out his watch every half-hour or so and cursing the time because it lagged so slowly. He went out to the terrasse for coffee, very low in his mind.

But half an hour later, as he sat behind his little marble-topped table, smoking and sipping a liqueur, his eyes fell on something across the square which brought him to his feet with a sudden exclamation. One of the big electric trams that ply between the Place St. Germain-des-Prés and Clamart, by way of the Porte de Versailles and Vanves, was dragging its unwieldy bulk round the turn from the Rue de Rennes into the boulevard. He could see the signboard along the *impériale*: "Clamart—St. Germain-des-Prés" with "Issy" and "Vanves" in brackets between.

Ste. Marie clinked a franc upon the table and made off across the place at a run. Omnibuses from Batignolles and Menilmontant got in his way, flacres tried to run him down, and a motor-car in a hurry pulled up just in time to save his life, but Ste. Marie ran on, and caught the tram before it had completed the negotiation of the long curve and gathered speed for it dash down the boulevard. He sprang upor the step, and the conductor reluctantly unfastened the chain to admit him. So he climbed up to the top and seated himself, The dial high on the façade of the Gare Montparnasse said ten minutes three.

He had no definite plan of action. had started off in this headlong fashion upon the spur of a moment's impulse, and because he knew where the tram was going. Now, embarked, he began to wonder if he was not a fool. He knew every foot of the way to Clamart, for it was a favourite halfday's excursion with him to ride there in this fashion, walk thence through the beautiful Meudon wood across to the river, and, from Bellevue or Bas-Meudon, take a Suresnes boat back into the city. He knew. or thought he knew, just where lay the house, surrounded by garden and half-wild park, of which Olga Nilssen had told him: he had often wondered whose it was as the tram rolled along the length of its high wall. But he knew also that he could do nothing

there, single-handed and without excuse or preparation. He could not boldly ring the bell, demand speech with Mlle. Coira O'Hara, and ask her if she knew anything of the whereabouts of young Arthur Benham, whom a photographer had suspected of being in love with her. He certainly could not do that. And there seemed to be nothing else Ste. Marie broke off this somewhat despondent course of reasoning with a sudden little voiceless cry. For the first time it occurred to him to connect the house on the Clamart road and Mlle. Coira O'Hara and young Arthur Benham. It will be remembered that the man had not yet had time to arrange his suddenly acquired mass of evidence in logical order and to make For the first time he deductions from it. began to put two and two together. Captain Stewart had hidden away his nephew: this nephew was known to have been much enamoured of the girl Coira O'Hara: Coira O'Hara was said to be living, with her father, in the house on the outskirts of Paris. Captain Stewart apparently admired her. Was not the inference plain enough-sufficiently reasonable? It left, without doubt, many puzzling things to be explained?—perhaps too many; but Ste. Marie sat forward in his seat, his eyes gleaming, his face tense with excitement.

Was young Arthur Benham in the house on the Clamart road?

He said the words almost aloud, and he became aware that the fat woman with a live fowl at her feet, and the butcher's boy on his other side, were looking at him curiously. He realised that he was behaving in an excited manner, and so sat back and lowered his eyes. But over and over within him the words said themselves, over and over, until they made a sort of mad, foolish refrain—

"Is Arthur Benham in the house on the Clamart road? Is Arthur Benham in the house on the Clamart road?" He was afraid that he would say it aloud once more, and he tried to keep a firm hold upon himself.

The tram swung into the Rue de Sèvres, and rolled smoothly out the long, uninteresting stretch of the Rue Lecourbe, far out to where the houses became scattered, where mounds and pyramids of red tiles stood alongside the factory where they had been made, where an acre of little glass hemispheres in long, straight rows winked and glistened in the afternoon sun—the forcingbeds of some market gardener; out to the Porte de Versailles at the city wall, where a

group of customs officers sprawled at ease before their little sentry-box, or loafed over

to inspect an incoming tram.

A bugle sounded and a drum-beat from the great fosse under the wall, and a company of piou-pious, red-capped, red-trousered, shambled through their evolutions in a manner to break the heart of a British or a German drill-sergeant. Then out past level fields to little Vanves, with its steep streets and its old grey church, and past the splendid grounds of the Lycée beyond. The fat woman got down, her live fowl shrieking protest to the movement, and the butcher's boy got down too, so that Ste. Marie was left alone upon the impériale save for a snuffy old gentleman in a pot-hat, who sat in a corner buried behind the day's Droits de l'Homme.

Ste. Marie moved forward once more, and laid his arms upon the iron rail before him. They were coming near. They ran past plum and apple orchards, and past humble little detached villas, each with a bit of garden in front and an acacia or two at the gate-But presently, on the right, the way began to be bordered by a high stone wall, very long, behind which showed the trees of a park, and among them, far back from the wall, beyond a little rise of ground, the gables and chimneys of a house could be made out. The wall went on for perhaps a quarter of a mile in a straight sweep, but half-way the road swung apart from it to the left, dipped under a stone railway bridge, and so presently ended at the village of Clamart.

As the tram approached the beginning of that long stone wall it began to slacken speed, and there was a grating noise from underneath, and presently it came to an abrupt halt. Ste. Marie looked over the guard-rail and saw that the driver had left his place and was kneeling in the dust beside the car, peering at its underworks. The conductor strolled round to him after a moment and stood indifferently by, remarking upon the strange vicissitudes to which electrical propulsion was subject. The driver, without looking up, called his colleague a number of the most surprising and, it is to be hoped, unwarranted names, and suddenly began to burrow under the tram, wriggling his way after the manner of the serpent, until nothing could be seen of him but two unrestful feet. His voice, though muffled, was still tolerably It cursed in an unceasing staccato, and with admirable ingenuity, the tram, the conductor, the sacred dog of an impediment which had got itself wedged into one of the trucks, and the world in general.

Ste. Marie, sitting aloft, laughed for a moment, and then turned his eager eyes upon what lay across the road. The halt had taken place almost exactly at the beginning of that long stretch of the park wall which ran beside the road and the tramway. From where he sat he could see the other wing, which led inward from the road at something like a right angle, but was presently lost to sight because of a sparse and unkempt patch of young trees and shrubs, well-nigh choked with undergrowth, which extended for some distance from the park wall backward along the roadside towards Whoever owned that stretch of land had seemingly not thought it worth while to cultivate it, or to build upon it, or even to clear it off.

Ste. Marie's first thought as his eye scanned the two long stretches of wall, and looked over their tops to the trees of the park and the far-off gables and chimneys of the house, was to wonder where the entrance to the place could be, and he decided that it must be on the side opposite to the Clamart tram-line. He did not know the smaller roads hereabouts, but he guessed that there must be one somewhere beyond, between the route de Clamart and the Fort d'Issy; and he was right. There is a little road between the two: it sweeps round in a long curve, and ends near the tiny public garden in Issy, and it is called the Rue Barbés.

His second thought was that this unkempt patch of trees and brush offered excellent cover for anyone who might wish to pass an observant hour alongside that high stone wall—for anyone who might desire to cast a glance over the lie of the land, to see at closer range that house of which so little could be seen from the Route de Clamart, to look over the wall's coping into park and garden.

The thought brought him to his feet with a leaping heart, and before he realised that he had moved he found himself in the road beside the halted tram. The conductor brushed past him, mounting to his place, and from the platform he beckoned, crying out—

"En voiture, monsieur! En voiture!" Again something within Ste. Marie that was not his conscious direction acted for him, and he shook his head. The conductor gave two little blasts upon his horn, the tram wheezed and moved forward. In a moment it was on its way, swinging along at full speed towards the curve in the line that bore to the left and dipped under the railway-

bridge. Ste. Marie stood in the middle of that empty road, staring after it until it had disappeared from view.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE GARDEN.

STE. Marie had acted upon an impulse of which he was scarcely conscious at all, and when he found himself standing alone in the road and watching the Clamart tram disappear under the railway-bridge, he called himself hard names and wondered what he was to do next. He looked before and behind him, and there was no living soul in sight. He bent his eyes again upon that unkempt patch of young trees and undergrowth, and once more the thought forced itself to his brain that it would make excellent cover for one who wished to observe a little—to reconnoitre.

He knew that it was the part of wisdom to turn his back upon this place, to walk on to Clamart or return to Vanves, and mount upon a homeward-bound tram. He knew that it was the part of folly, of madness even, to expose himself to possible discovery by someone within the walled enclosure. What though no one there were able to recognise him? Still, the sight of a man prowling about the walls, seeking to spy over them, might excite an alarm that would lead to all sorts of undesirable complications. Dimly Ste. Marie realised all this, and he tried to turn his back and walk away, but the patch of little trees and shrubbery drew him with an irresistible fascination. Just a little look along that unknown wall! he said to himself: just the briefest of all brief reconnaissances. the merest glance beyond the masking screen of wood growth, so that in case of sudden future need he might have the lie of the place clear in his mind; for without any sound reason for it he was somehow confident that this walled house and garden were to play an important part in the rescue of Arthur Benham. It was once more a matter of The rather woman-like intuition feeling. which had warned him that O'Hara was concerned in young Benham's disappearance, and that the two were not far from Paris, was again at work in him, and he trusted it as he had done before.

He gave a little nod of determination, as one who, for good or ill, casts a die, and he crossed the road. There was a deep ditch, and he had to climb down into it and up its farther side, for it was too broad to be jumped. So he came into the shelter of the young poplars and elms and oaks. The underbrush caught at his clothes, and the dead leaves of past seasons crackled underfoot, but after a little space he came to somewhat clearer ground, though the saplings still stood thick about him and hid him securely.

He made his way inward along the wall, keeping a short distance back from it, and he saw that after twenty or thirty vards it turned again at a very obtuse angle away from him, and once more ran on in a long, straight line. Just beyond this angle he came upon a little wooden door thickly studded with nails. was made to open inward, and on the outside there was no knob or handle of any kind, only a large keyhole of the simple, oldfashioned sort. Slipping up near to look, Ste. Marie observed that the edges of the keyhole were rusty, but scratched a little through the rust with recent marks, so the door, it seemed, was sometimes used. observed another thing. The ground near by was less encumbered with trees than at any other point, and the turf was depressed with many wheel-marks—broad marks such as are made only by the wheels of a motor-He followed these tracks for a little distance, and they wound in and out among the trees and, beyond the thin fringe of wood, swept away in a curve towards Issy, doubtless to join the road which he had already imagined to lie somewhere beyond the enclosure.

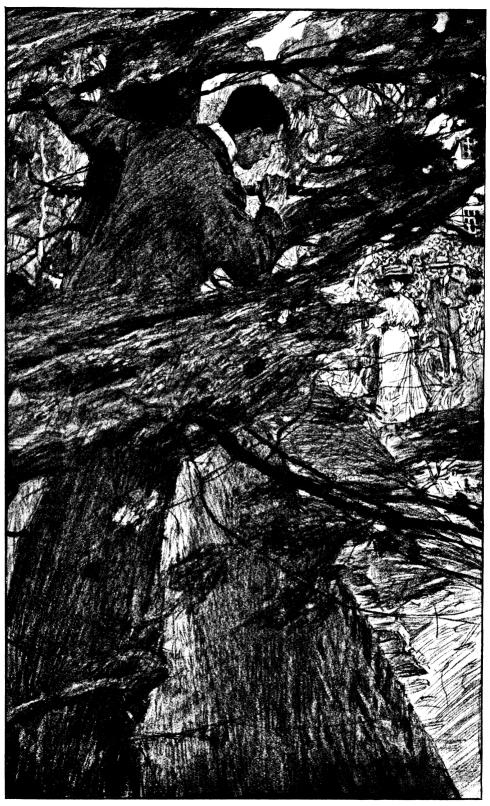
Beyond the more open space about this little door the young trees stood thick together again, and Ste. Marie pressed cautiously on. He stopped now and then to listen, and once he thought that he heard from within the sound of a woman's laugh, but he could not be sure. The slight change of direction had confused him a little, and he was uncertain as to where the house lay. The wall was twelve or fifteen feet high, and from the level of the ground he could, of course, see nothing over it but tree-tops. He went on for what may have been a hundred yards, but it seemed to him very much more than that, and he came to a tall, gnarled cedar tree which stood almost against the high wall. It was half dead, but its twisted limbs were thick and strong, and by force of the tree's cramped position they had grown in strange and grotesque forms. One of them stretched across the very top of the stone wall, and, with the wind's action, it had scraped away the coping of tiles and bottle-glass, and had made a little depression there to rest in.

Ste. Marie looked up along this natural ladder, and temptation smote him sorely. It was so easy and so safe! There was enough foliage left upon the half-dead tree to screen him well, but, whether or no, it is probable that he would have yielded to the proffered lure. There seems to have been more than chance in Ste. Marie's movements upon this day. There seems to have been something like the hand of Fate in them, as doubtless there is in most things, if one but knew.

He left his hat and stick behind him under a shrub, and he began to make his way up the half-bare branches of the gnarled cedar. They bore him well, without crack or rustle, and the way was very easy. No ladder made by man could have offered a much simpler ascent. So mounting slowly and with care, his head came level with the top of the wall. He climbed to the next branch, a foot higher, and rested there. The drooping foliage from the upper part of the cedar-tree, which was still alive, hung down over him and cloaked him from view, but through its aromatic screen he could see as freely as through the window-curtain in the Rue d'Assas.

The house lay before him, a little to the left, and perhaps a hundred yards away. was a disappointing house to find in that great enclosure, for though it was certainly neither small nor trivial, it was as certainly far from possessing anything like grandeur. It had been in its day a respectable, unpretentious square structure of three storeys, entirely without architectural beauty, but also entirely without the ornate hideousness of the modern villas along the Route de Clamart. Now, however, the stucco was gone in great patches from its stone walls, giving them an unpleasantly diseased look, and long neglect of all decent care had lent the place the air almost of desertion. Anciently the grounds before the house had been laid out in the formal fashion, with a terrace and geometrical lawns, and a pool and a fountain, and a rather fine long vista between clipped larches; but the same neglect which had made shabby the stuccoed house had allowed grass and weeds to grow over the gravel paths, underbrush to spring up and to encroach upon the geometrical turf-plots, the long double row of clipped larches to flourish at will or to die, or to fall prostrate and lie where they had fallen.

So all the broad enclosure was a scene of heedless neglect, a riot of unrestrained and wanton growth, where should have been decorous and orderly beauty. It was a sight to bring tears to a gardener's eyes, but it



 $\lq\lq$ There appeared two young people."

had a certain untained charm of its own, for all that. The very riot of it, the wanton prodigality of untouched natural growth, produced an effect that was by no means all disagreeable.

An odd and whimsical thought came into Ste. Marie's mind, that thus must have looked the garden and park round the castle of the Sleeping Beauty when the Prince came to wake her.

But sleeping beauties and unkempt grounds went from him in a flash when he became aware of a sound which was like the sound of voices. Instinctively he drew farther back into the shelter of his aromatic screen. His eyes swept the space below him, from right to left, and could see no one. So he sat very still, save for the thunderous beat of a heart which seemed to him like drum-beats when soldiers are marching, and he listened—"all ears" as the phrase goes.

The sound was in truth a sound of voices. He was presently assured of that, but for some time he could not make out from which direction it came. And so he was the more startled when quite suddenly there appeared from behind a row of tall shrubs two young people, moving slowly together up the untrimmed turf in the direction of the house.

The two young people were Mlle. Coira O'Hara and Arthur Benham, and upon the brow of this latter youth there was no sign of dungeon pallor, upon his free-moving limbs no ball and chain. There was no apparent reason why he should not hasten back to the eager arms in the Rue de l'Université if he chose to—unless, indeed, his undissembling attitude towards Mlle. Coira O'Hara might serve as a reason. The young man followed at her heel with much the manner and somewhat the appearance of a small dog, humbly conscious of unworthiness, but hopeful nevertheless of an occasional kind word or pat on the head.

The world wheeled multicoloured and kalcidoscopic before Ste. Marie's eyes, and in his ears there was a rushing of great winds, but he set his teeth and clung with all the strength he had to the tree which sheltered him. His first feeling, after that initial giddiness, was anger, sheer anger, a bewildered and astonished fury. He had thought to find this poor youth in captivity, pining through prison bars for the home and the loved ones and the familiar life from which he had been ruthlessly torn. Yet here he was strolling in a suburban garden with a lady—free, free as air (or so he seemed). Ste. Marie thought of the grim and sorrowful

old man in Paris who was sinking untimely into his grave because his grandson did not return to him: he thought of that timid soul—more shadow than woman—the boy's mother: he thought of Helen Benham's tragic eyes, and he could have beaten young Arthur half to death, in that moment, in the righteous rage that stormed without him.

But he turned his eyes from this wretched youth to the girl who walked beside, a little in advance, and the rage died in him swiftly.

After all, was she not one to make any boy — or any man—forget duty, home, friends, everything!

Rather oddly his mind flashed back to the morning, and to the words of the little photographer, Bernstein. Perhaps the Jew had put it as well as any man could—

"She was a goddess, that lady a queen of goddesses . . . the young Juno before

marriage. . . .

Ste. Marie nodded his head. Yes, she was just that. The little Jew had spoken well. It could not be more fairly put, though without doubt it could have been expressed at much greater length and with a great deal more eloquence. The photographer's other words came also to his mind, the more detailed description; and again he nodded his head, for this too was true.

"She was all colour—brown skin, with a dull red stain under the cheeks, and a great mass of hair that was not black, but very nearly black—except in the sun, and then there were red lights in it."

It occurred to Ste. Marie, whimsically, that the two young people might have stepped out of the door of Bernstein's studio straight into this garden, judging from their bearing, each to the other.

"Ah, a thing to touch the heart! Such devotion as that! Alas, that the lady should seem so cold to it!... Still, a goddess, What would you? A queen among goddesses... One would not have them laugh and make little jokes... Make eyes at

lovesick boys. No, indeed!"

Certainly Mlle. Coira O'Hara was not making eyes at the lovesick boy who followed at her heel this afternoon. Perhaps it would be going too far to say that she was cold to him, but it was very plain to see that she was bored and weary, and that she wished she might be almost anywhere else than where she was. She turned her beautiful face a little towards the wall where Ste. Marie lay perdu, and he could see that her eyes had the same dark fire, the same tragic look of appeal, that he had seen in them before—

once in the Champs Elysées and again in his dreams.

Abruptly he became aware that while he gazed, like a man in a trance, the two young people walked on their way, and were on the point of passing beyond reach of eye or ear. He made a sudden involuntary movement as if he would call them back, and, for the first time, his faithful hiding-place, strained beyond endurance, betrayed him with a loud rustle of shaken branches. Ste. Marie shrank back, his heart in his throat. It was too late to retreat now down the tree. The damage was already done. He saw the two young people halt and turn to look, and after a moment he saw the boy slowly come forward, staring. He heard him say—

"What's up in that tree? There's something in the tree." And he heard the girl answer: "It's only birds fighting. Don't bother!" But young Arthur Benham came on, staring up curiously until he was almost

under the high wall.

Then Ste. Marie's strange madness, or the hand of Fate, or whatever power it was which governed him on that day, thrust him on to the ultimate pitch of recklessness. He bent forward from his insecure perch over the wall until his head and shoulders were in plain sight, and he called down to the lad below in a loud whisper—

"Benham! Benham!"

The boy gave a sharp cry of alarm and began to buck away. And after a moment Ste. Marie heard the cry echoed from Coira O'Hara. He heard her say—

"Be careful! Be careful, Arthur! Come

away! Oh, come away quickly!"

Ste. Marie raised his own voice to a sort

of cry. He said-

"Wait! I tell you to wait, Benham! I must have a word with you! I come from your family—from Helen!" To his amazement the lad turned about, and began to run towards where the girl stood waiting, and so, without a moment's hesitation, Ste. Marie threw himself across the top of the wall, hung for an instant by his hands, and dropped upon

the soft turf. Scarcely waiting to recover his balance, he stumbled forward, shouting—
"Wait! I tell you, wait! Are you mad?

Wait, I say! Listen to me!"

Vaguely, in the midst of his great excitement, he had heard a whistle sound as he dropped inside the wall. He did not know then from whence the shrill call had come, but afterwards he knew that Coira had blown it. And now, as he ran forward towards the two who stood at a distance staring at him, he heard other steps and he slackened his pace to look.

A man came running down amongst the black-boled trees, a strange, squat, gnome-like man, whose gait was as uncouth as his dwarfish figure. He held something in his two hands as he ran, and when he came near he threw this thing with a swift movement up before him, but he did not pause in his

odd, scrambling run.

Ste. Marie felt a violent blow upon his left leg between hip and knee. He thought that somebody had crept up behind him and struck him, but, as he whirled about, he saw that there was no one there, and then he heard a noise, and knew that the gnome-like, running man had shot him. He faced about once more towards the two young people. He was very angry, and he wished to say so, and very much he wished to explain why he trespassed there, and why they had no right to shoot him as if he were some wretched But he found that in some quite thief. absurd fashion he was as if fixed to the It was as if he had suddenly become of the most ponderous and incredible weight like lead—or like that other metal, not gold, which is the heaviest of all. the metal, seemingly, was not only heavy, but fiery hot, and his strength was incapable of holding it up any longer. His eyes fixed themselves in a bewildered stare upon the figure of Mlle. Coira O'Hara, he had time to observe that she had put up her two hands over her face, then he fell down forward, his head struck upon something very hard, and he knew no more.

(To be continued.)





"A SUCCESSFUL DAY WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS." BY FRANK CRAIG Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "The Graphic," the owners of the copyright.

A BIT OF CROWN DERBY.

By ASHTON HILLIERS,

Author of "Memoirs of a Person of Quality," "The Mistakes of Miss Manisty," and "An Old Score."



HE street slopes down
from the lych-gate
under the church
elms at the fork of
the ways where, at
its widest span, a
fortnightly market
used to be held,
past the half-dozen
square - fronted
houses of stolid

Guelph respectability to the "lower-town," cottages thatched and cottages healed with stone, threescore in all, maybe, four publics, seven shops, a tannery silent in disuse, and a forge — businesses once, but moribund

to-day, all asleep.

Market Eynsham, to be confounded at your peril with Upton Eynsham and Eynsham Ferrers, has been upon the down-grade for four centuries. Once a centre of the wooltrade with the Low Countries, it had its chance with the rest; square-faced Flemings attended its fair, their Burgundian florin was legal tender (a handsome, well-struck piece it was); later, the busy little thorp went into the manufacture itself, its women span what its yeomen clipped; the menfolk wove the yarn into broadcloths which kept out all but the worst of weathers. Eynsham Naps were known as far afield as Basel. Then befell circumstances over which our burgesses had no control, and the general dislocation of that quaint, busy Middle Age. Thus, a certain magnificent but impolitic prince named Charles the Bold got himself knocked o' the head in a frozen ditch outside Nancy, and his dominions being parted, his ducats to circulate in East Loamshire. Moreover, the extreme extortion of the Turk strangled the Aleppo trade-route, and drove men to fetch their silks and cinnamons around the Cape.

Lisbon (where men do not need Eynsham Naps) grew up, and the Rhine towns decayed, and Eynsham with them. The hearts of

stapler and weaver weakened, their trade went elsewhere, the wheels were stopped, and went in the fulness of time to Wardour Street and to Boston, Mass.; the looms were broken up for kindling, the weaving-sheds and cloth-hall fell or were pulled down. "Finis" was writ to the tale of its greatness, but albeit this least satisfactory of colophons was inscribed centuries since, the place, long a-dying, is not wholly dead yet.

It presents all the signs of an advanced senility: the small-paned fronts of its dark little shops are seldom painted; never, one had almost said, but that the white of one of them is speckless: "Tuke" is the name upon the board above the glass; more of advertisement is none, nor is needed, the well-kept window displaying samples of choice confectionary laid upon cloths clean from the press. Older folk than the children flattening rosy noses against the lower pane would be

tempted to taste those wares.

Such is Market Eynsham, such was it upon a certain day in November, a day which began with tempered sunshine, clear enough and mild for the season, which silvered and chilled about noon before the up-creep of a slow-moving, easterly wind, a wind too gentle and slow to harmonise the evidence of the four church-vanes boxing the compass upon their angle-finials, but cold enough to bid middle-aged householders close the glass, and most of the shopkeepers to shut the lower halves of their doors.

Have I said that one goes up three steps to the cookshop? Brick steps, well-ochred weekly, are they, and upon the topmost was standing that afternoon a little person of uncertain age, old in the eyes of the children there below her, middle-aged to the judgment of middle age, girlish in her own. An only child, she had lost her parents in infancy, had been adopted by the aunt with whom she had lived ever since; she had never quarrelled, had never been sought in marriage, her life had expanded to its fortieth autumn untouched by romance, unshaken by adventure or loss; a Dutch landscape under sunshine, nothing had ever happened to

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landmark its placid levels of cheerful useful-She did not go about expecting things to happen, she helped others, and did not think about herself; and, therefore, it was ordained that no happier woman should exist in the three kingdoms ruled over by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh. She stood at her shop-door that early afternoon enjoying the last of the sunshine, for the day was dimming. She sniffed delicately, for there was a something in the air; also the lady listened, her little, pink ear was cocked to windward, catching from behind the church, and from beyond the tall church elms, and the stone park wall between the churchyard and the chase, a recurrent pop, pop, which would slow down for a few minutes—all but die out, in fact—and anon from single and distant detonations swell up and gather pace and volume, a storm of distant gunnery.

From her post she could see over the tops of the yard-gates of the disused tannery across the street, and in the half-disc between cresting-spikes and the curve Tom Byles the Unsatisfactory the arch approaching Civilisation stealthily Respectability from the rear. Thomas is normally a lean fellow, as is but meet considering his indisposition to honest labour, but Miss Rachel perceived that the figure in the tanner's yard was of robust, not to say aldermanic proportions, the hare-pockets of his worn and discoloured pea-jacket bulged at the hips, and there were abdominal developments needing support from both Tom's dishonest hands. From the fraved lower hem of the garment protruded something dark, slender and pliant, something brown, barred with black—the tail of a cockpheasant. Into one of the empty stables slunk the predacious Thomas; Miss Rachel saw him disappear, saw him anon emerge a slendered figure, and shook her gentle head sadly, for the lady wished to believe well of all her neighbours.

Pop-pop-op-op-op-op-op-op-op-opopop!

"Rachel, dear, has the—? What is it?,, With an aged voice preceding a slow step, an older woman approached the doorway from within; the children below glanced up in some awe of the lady. No one was afraid of Miss Rachel, but there was something about her aunt, Miss Priscilla, that inspired a ceremonious respect. To begin with, the lady was the Oldest Inhabitant and of a venerable appearance; within the circle of her net-cap her cheeks, still touched with faded pink, were shaded by pendent loops,

smooth and white with the peculiar whiteness and lustre of well-kept aged hair. Over her drab stuff dress she was wearing a white muslin pinafore with slip-on muslin sleeves and knitted mittens; her cap-strings met beneath her chin in the neatest of bows; above them the lips reposed in a quiet line.

"They seem to be driving the poor creatures against the wind; the guns come from Cranmer's Piece," said Miss Rachel. "And oh! that naughty, naughty Thomas Byles! I've just seen—" and the younger lady related what she had seen. Miss Priscilla Tuke listened tolerantly; such things should not be, but will be whilst game is overpreserved and beaters are needed at monthly intervals only. The genealogy of Thomas Byles is obscure, his heraldic cognisance (if any) a cross potence, and his family stirp the gallows-tree; his forefathers wastrels and masterless men, poachers all since the framing of the first forest law. Miss Priscilla sighed.

"Alfred started with the muffins in good time? And thee remembered those Sally Lungs?"

Miss Rachel reassured her aunt—The "boy" (a grown man long since) must have reached Spottiswoode Place half an hour since.

"Thee thinks so? One hopes so. I should grieve to disappoint the Earl, especially at a time when he has great company, as I think I did hear was to be the case to-day."

"Dear me, how cool it has come over!" remarked the younger lady, indulging in a little shudder. "Thee'd best keep within, aunt, with thy throat. The wind must have changed, or we should hear the shooters better. What can that be?"—a clear but distant whistle sounded. "Is it possible? We rarely hear the trains so well in the daytime. How dusk it grows! What can this be?"

"This" was the first of a fog, the like has seldom been known in Market Eynsham. For the begetting of such a visitation certain conditions are necessary; to wit, a hundred thousand chimneys, more or less, situated in a wide river valley opening east and west. hard by saltings and flats where the mist can hang globing each tiny aqueous sphericule with its proper envelope of soot, gathering and thickening because the low glass forbids the filthiness to arise and dissipate, until a weak, cold, continuous indraught from the German Ocean pushes the whole nastiness torpidly before it across half-adozen choking counties until distant hamlets among the Chilterns and the wooded hollows



"'Oh, please will you come in?"

of East Loamshire are polluted by a "London particular."

Market Eynsham rubbed smarting eyes, and woke up bat-like in the gathering dusk, and put out heads to see; the landlady of the "Jolly Weavers," her hands upon her ample hips, exchanged reminiscences of worse weathers with mine host of the "Spottiswoode Arms," at whose appearance the ladies Tuke withdrew within doors. They bore ill-will to no living soul, but if there were one

neighbour whom these gentle spirits found antipathetic, it was this mottle-faced dispenser of strong waters.

Darkness swiftly fell in successive folds like the letting down of a stage curtain, reef after reef. The guns had stopped, but another sound came borne upon the invading flow of fog, a faint coughing, rapid and continuous. It was a sound new to the ear of Miss Rachel listening over the latched half-door of her shop; versed in all the

noises of that countryside, she could give no name to this. Mechanical it was, but not the hum of the threshing-machine, nor the whirr and clank of the road-engine hauling the steam-cultivator from work completed to work awaiting, nor was it the distant and seldom audible shocks of shunting at the siding, miles and miles away beyond the hill behind Eynsham Ferrers. "What can it be?" mused the little lady, consulting with herself in vain. "Ten minutes since I seemed to hear it from Spottiswoode Lodges, and now it comes from the other side of the 'Horseshoes.'"

The sounds pulsed off into space, and a country silence settled upon the street, broken occasionally by the cackle of neighbours tasting the fog and finding it smoky upon

the palate.

Later, say twenty minutes later, Miss Rachel at the back heard the far-away yelp of the up-express, its starting signal upon leaving the junction. Presently she was aware of the same singular pulsations coming from somewhere amid the tangle of dark, stony lanes which link up the "Town" and Upton Eynsham; louder and nearer sounded the "Whuff, whuff, ferr-ummph; whuff, ferr-ummph."

"Dear me! it is a menagerie sort of sound, as one might say, and might almost be a runaway elephant!" remarked Miss Rachel, bethinking herself of her favourite book of missionary adventure. "A wounded rogue elephant—how horribly delightful! A huge tusker broken loose from some caravan or show and gone must! Auntie, can thee hear what is coming? It will be near the marketplace by this. I am just going through to peep out in front."

"Thee'd best clear the window, Rachel, and close; we shall in all probability do no

more business to-night."

Thus at times are the wisest and whitest

of heads mistaken. But to my tale!

"Yes, auntie," chirruped Miss Rachel. Closing the bakehouse door, shutting out the fog at the back, and pattering lightly over the passage tiles, she trotted through the little house from back to front, peeping in as she passed at the old lady at her tatting in the tiny parlour, smallest and quaintest of living-rooms, capable of holding four, or, let us say, five at a pinch—no, I will not put it at six; I never exaggerate.

A single candle in its stick of burnished Sheffield plate lit the room. The bright copper kettle sang upon a still brighter brass trivet, a little square of white linen covered the table: all was a-making ready for the ladies' evening meal.

"Are thee coming, Rachel? Thee are letting the fog in somewhat, and thee've nothing over thy shoulders."

The younger lady laughed lightly: "Coming, dear, coming! It is curiously thick—yes, and cold too. Does it boil yet, dost thee think? Don't try to lift it thy-

self, now—coming!"

" Whupp!—whupp!!—ferr-ummph!!!" Through the double-banked Egyptian darkness of night and fog, two enormous radiances were slowly descending the street from the market-place, round and ominous as the upsliding lights of an express, or as the 'fiery eyes of Pau-Guk, glaring on us from the darkness,' too bright for oil, they had the aching brilliance of arcs, of which Miss Rachel had some recollections; she knew nothing of acetylene. With them as part and parcel, but behind them, a massive, lowsitting bulk let itself with softly jarring slitherings and half-stops, from one descent of greasy cobble to the next; it passed slowly, the heart within it thumping; it uttered warning snorts—a machine of some novel appalling character. Bevond furnace-glare of the lensed headlights she saw nothing; they passed, the fog took the She heard the thing brought to a stop a few doors below, for strong shudderings thrilled from the same place and grew no fainter. This, then, must be one of those new motors, the first to visit Evnsham.

"No, I hain't.....No, I can't....." It was the voice of him, the Objectionable, the mulberry-visaged, mine host of the "Spottiswoode Arms," huskily querulous, as are the voices of the over-nourished. The man was declining some inaudible suggestion.

"No, gem'men, can't say as I do. Fac' is, my premises is old an' dry, and mainly timmer-built; but such as they be, they suits my business, an' I don't want 'em burnt down, thanky......Lost yer train? Well, there's 'nother in hour an'narf. Let the thing stand in the street. If yer wantin' anythink in the way o' refreshment—most happy....." The voice faded off into the inner recesses of the tayern.

Miss Rachel from the pitched sidewalk arose on tiptoe to disengage the shutter-hasp, a duty pertaining to Alfred, the "boy," still absent upon special service. Her little person was not tall enough; she tripped in for her aunt's walking-stick, and was out again in a trice, but paused at the top of the steps, for

an accession of darkness, a pall of fog such as she had never seen, had fallen and hung across the doorway, making cumbrous advances, as if hesitating to enter. The shutter must wait; the little lady closed the lower half-door and had raised her hand to close the upper, when voices close at hand, just below her, clear and low, but singularly audible in the thick opacity, arrested her.

"Most uninviting; pipe-ash and rings of spirit all over the table—and the smoke!"

"Yes, I bar stale smoke, even at sea. Where are you? Let me give you an arm; we must keep touch."

"Coming, my boy. 'Kin creeps where it canna go,' you know! There's Deeside for

you!"

"This is worse than a Channel fog. We shall be into something if we don't mind. Let me precede you for once; you'll be coming a cropper over some step or scraper. It must be about here. *Tuke*, did the waitress say?"

"Our name is Tuke. Is there anything I can do for thee?" Miss Rachel had thrown open the half-door whilst speaking, divining that these were the strangers who had failed of entertainment elsewhere.

Two soft laughs sounded from the street below her, expressing the gentle, well-bred amusement and satisfaction of the unseen.

"We are obliged to you. May we---?"

the speaker stumbled.

"Please mind the steps—three up," the lady spoke timely, and retreated into the shelter of the shop before the oncoming of two male figures more wonderfully arrayed than any in her limited experience. Remember, I pray you, reader, your own first impression of the cap, goggles, and furs, since grown familiar.

"We were told——" began the one who had entered first, slightly lifting peaked head-gear from a bald forehead, "we understood that we might possibly get shelter here for an hour, and light refreshment—tea, perhaps." The speaker's self-possessed eye took in everything, noticed the slight hesitancy which preluded reply, and waited unhopefully.

Market Eynsham has altered very little during the last hundred years; the stocks and whipping-post have decayed, but the habits of our fathers are still our habits; beer is our single luxury, its abuse our habitual vice. What alternative have we? Coffee-stall or restaurant is none, we have yet to learn the A B C of temperance victualling. Lying clear of the main road, and having nothing to attract the tourist, we

have never felt the need of a place of clean and sober entertainment.

Something of this was present to the mind of Miss Rachel. These poor people (as she classed her visitors) had nowhere to go; hospitable instincts leapt within her bosom—admirably prompt, considering how seldom the little lady was called upon for swift decisions.

"Oh, please will you come in? This is no night at all to be abroad!" she responded with an accent of fluttered good-will, and whilst speaking made room by retiring into the gangway at the end of the counter. "I am afraid we cannot offer you a room—that is to say, a room by yourselves—this house is, oh, so small, you don't know! But if you don't mind squeezing into our little parlour and sharing our tea—it is just making—you will be most welcome."

The stranger's eyebrows rose with pleased surprise. "If you are quite sure that we shall not be in your way, we will very gladly accept; but it is too kind of you, too kind."

As the man spoke, the lady was aware of a certain undefinable quality in her visitors. They had entered the shop, despite the stumble upon the lowest step, with a serious and graceful precision, allowing herself and one another ample room and time for movement. The instinctive, half-checked impulse to uncover was strange to her experience. Neither the rector upon his rare calls, nor any one of the neighbouring gentry, if business brought them beyond the lower step, ever had lifted a hat; the "squire" manner is apt to be somewhat abrupt and loud in its intercourse with what the landed class calls "queer fish"—i.e., social inferiors to whom one cannot offer a gratuity. This form of shyness is no more agreeable than any other.

"Wilt thou please to go through?—Auntie, here are two gentlemen who will join us.—My aunt, sir, Miss Priscilla Tuke."

The gentlemen, caps in hand, paused at the low doorway, in momentary surprise at the smallness of a living-room which seemed hardly more roomy than an ordinary firstclass compartment.

"This is most kind; but we have not the slightest right to trespass upon your hospitality in this unceremonious fashion. We have evidently been misdirected," began the leader, addressing the venerable figure which arose from its seat at his approach. Miss Priscilla's beautiful smile reassured him. "But we shall inconvenience you sadly."

"Not in the least, I do assure thee. Will

thee please come in? I am glad to see thee—to see you both. It is not weather to be abroad in without shelter. Will you be seated?"

The men's eyes glistened, they looked one upon another. Here was comfort, clean and warm, such as neither had entered before in the course of his life; petite, quaint, its walls hung with eighteenth century bric-a-brac which drew the eye, its table promising creature comforts grateful to the senses; this was clover. Murmuring thanks, they sought and obtained permission to put their heavier wraps upon the counter without. "Let me help you, father;" (in a whisper) "this will do; what an old darling!"

Seated on either side of the small hearth, they watched Miss Priscilla measure out from the tortoiseshell caddy with a shell-pattern silver spoon a portion of leaf for each and "one for the pot," whilst Miss Rachel replaced the cups in use upon hooks in a hanging corner cupboard, substituting four others of a finer ware, which the elder guest

regarded knowingly.

"We arrived at a fortunate moment," he remarked; a bald, grizzled man, bearded, wholesomely thick-set, with a most winning smile. Miss Rachel, re-laying the table, glanced at the speaker, for the accent was new to her. In our complex nationality one frequently finds the English of Society superimposed upon a bedrock of Northumbrian or West Saxon; or, yet fainter evidences, that one of the speaker's parents was Irish or Scotch—of the Celtic fringe, let me say. man may have drawn his first breath in Mayfair, been educated at Harrow, taken a "special" beside the Cam, and ridden the Northern Circuit, yet his speech to a York jury shall leave no doubt in the mind of an experienced listener that his father was a Frenchman."

From whatever source the elder guest drew his curiously thick intonation, his graceful bonhomie was English of the best; nothing could be better than the kindly address with which he accommodated himself to close quarters and homely arrangements.

"Are thee ready, auntie?—it boils." Miss Rachel had designs upon the kettle, but was forestalled by the younger guest, who smilingly obtained possession of the little square, wool-worked holder, fitted it to the shining handle, lifted, and poured. The old lady thanked him, wetted the bottom of each cup in its turn, crossed her mittened hands in her lap, and glanced around her.

"And now, perhaps, we might 'sit still."
The ladies bent their heads for a brief space with closed eyes, watched curiously by the men, to whom the unspoken "grace" of the Quakers was a new experience in the way of religious exercises.

"You will be hungry; you have come

from a distance " (pouring).

"Yes, thank you, we are hungry; my son here is, I make no doubt, and I myself am pleasantly sharp set. In a way, we are bonâ fide travellers, and yet in actual distance we have not come far. Our chauffeur considered that he had plenty of time, but the fog, and the abundance of Eynshams!" the speaker laughed.

"Three," remarked the elder lady.

"No more? I should have thought there must have been half-a-dozen," his eye twinkled. "How many times did we ask our way?" he appealed to his son.

"Something under a dozen; but the man was out of his course from the first. No wind, no lights but our own; it was a case for the compass and a dead reckoning."

"So. We must pat the fellow upon the back before releasing him. He will be reproaching himself needlessly. Leave that to me." Then, louder: "These are delicious little things! May I ask what you call them? Rusks? But they seem more tender and flaky, and less trying to the teeth, than any rusks of my acquaintance."

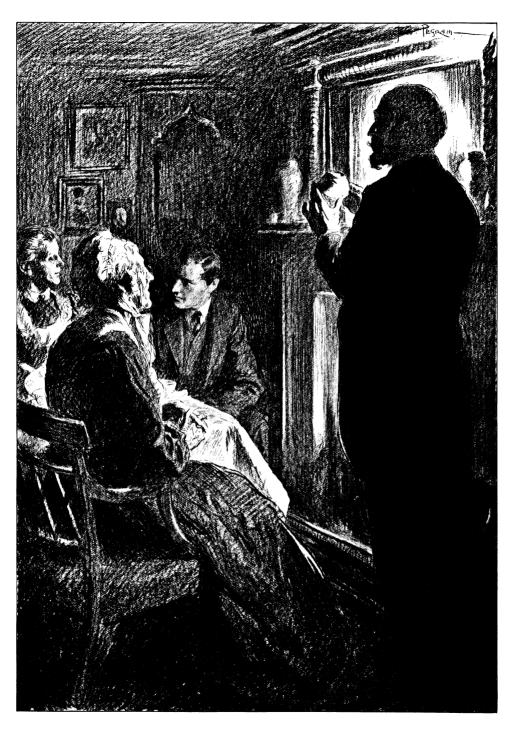
"My great-aunt's recipe, who had it from her grandmother; so thou sees it has been in the family more than a hundred years. We are known for our rusks; the grandees up at Spottiswoode Place have them twice a

week when they are at home."

"I thought so," murmured the younger guest, with a quick glance at his father. "I should dearly like to scoff one for mother," he remarked, thinking aloud, and came as near to achieving a blush as healthy sunand-wind-burn will permit. "Our lady-folk are connoisseurs in the matter of——" he began, but Miss Rachel had already risen, smiling, and in a moment was in the doorway with a well-filled paper bag, which she tossed lightly between her hands to twist the ears to the requisite security. "I will put it with your wraps," she said.

"Kinder than kind!" murmured the elder guest, touched by the promptitude of the gentle attention, and accepting it with equal courtesy; there was something about the pair which breathed of a savoir faire not easily abashed by any incident of life, high

or low.



"'Not in Chaffers, I think, yet I recollect this-Derby, of course."

"Thee are very welcome," remarked the lady, and the visitors judged her sweet gravity and kindly self-possession the perfection of manner.

Excellent trenchermen and unaffectedly interested, the men applied themselves to the matter in hand with energy and despatch, watched by their hostesses—Miss Priscilla serenely content, Miss Rachel with solicitude deft and unobtrusive, the momentary want foreseen and made good without apparent haste. "Service, this!" was the mental comment of the connoisseur. "Why do we employ large-handed, thirteen-stone men for what is so plainly woman's métier?"

The son caught his father's eye and stirred in his seat, quoting some Odyssean tag as to men "who had satisfied the desire for eating and drinking"; both, smiling urbanely upon the ladies, made consenting movements as if to rise. These exclaimed against it gently, pleading that if, as they supposed, their guests were driving, such haste was needless. "You cannot lose your way from here; the waiting-room at the junction is comfortless."

"But, indeed, we have no further excuse

for imposing ourselves upon——"

"Oh, but you are not in the least in our way," laughed Miss Rachel (the younger guest had murmured the suggestion). The men, who at heart were glad to enjoy their quarters as long as they might, re-settled themselves with profuse thanks, the younger chatting easily with Miss Rachel, the elder scrutinising his teacup with the touch and eye of a collector.

"Would you think me rude if I peeped at the bottom of this? It is a good period, I can see, and the pattern is somehow familiar to me—ah! and the mark. Not in Chaffers, I think, yet I recollect this—Derby, of course; but—I had fancied there was none of this about. It is most uncommon. I had supposed it unique," he was obviously

referring to something else.

"It is said to be one of the early marks. In my mother's time the set was perfect, but—we had a visitation, and have never seen the teapot since."

"Broken?"

"It was seized, with other things, for a church rate."

The younger man's eyes opened widely; he grew grave. "What a—vandalism! Could you not have bought it in at the sale?"

"We could not have done so conscientiously, thou sees."

"A case of principle? Yes, I think I understand. An early instance of passive resistance," said the father aside to his son, whose look of puzzled inquiry amused Miss Rachel. "And you never attempted to trace the pot?" with a meaning glance to his companion. Miss Priscilla believed the china had been bought by a broker with the rest of the spoil for a few shillings and sent up to London. "The lid had been cracked and was riveted, as I remember, although I have not seen it for fifty years," she added with a little smile, begotten of old memories.

The eyes of the younger man danced; those of his father twinkled with a kindly light. "You would like to see that teapot again, I suspect, for reasons quite apart from

its value as an antique."

"It was my mother's," said the old lady simply, and recommenced after a pause: "If thou art interested in china, there is a pretty piece upon the wall behind thee—a Lowestoft side-dish—the one beside the picture."

The guest arose, turning as he got to his feet, but it was not at the dish in its copperwire suspender that he gazed. The picture beside it was a mid-century steel engraving of a lady in widow's weeds and cap, the face sternly sad, resigned to lonely endurance, weighted with the perplexities, responsibilities, and cares of half the world—the countenance of the Great Queen.

Silence fell in the little room as the stranger looked long and hard upon that face.

"As I saw her once," remarked the elder hostess.

"How I should have loved to have seen her!" exclaimed Miss Rachael. "Did thee ever have that happiness?" she asked, turning to her younger companion.

"Yes; I saw the late Queen-on several

occasions."

"What a privilege! You, who live, as I suppose, nearer to London"—her voice

dropped, her aunt was speaking.

"Truly she was a great woman, and womanhood owes much to her. She raised the status of her sex; showed us and the world what was possible for a woman to do. Each of us, in our degree, can attempt to live up to her standard. It was a high one, I have always understood; it entailed self-denial."

"So, I, too, have understood," murmured the elder guest, still poring into the little dark-framed engraving; "I doubt if her subjects altogether realised what her life was. She was a woman of business—I have been told of hours of desk-work. And what she laid upon herself (needlessly, as some thought) was astonishing—a daily lesson in Hindustani from her Munshi after lunch, for instance; how many women of seventy will take up a new language?"

"It was doubtless her sense of duty towards the dark subject races that impelled

"But Miss Priscilla was mistaken."

her," remarked the lady. "No wonder she looks weighed down; the cares of three hundred millions of us must be no light burden. Her people might well pray for her!"

"In your communion you have, I think, no formal liturgy? Yet, may I take it that you do, at times, remember the Sovereign in

your devotions?" There was a curious tremor in the thick voice.

"We do, at times, but not formally nor regularly; more often in private than in public, I believe," replied the old lady.

"He needs it all, poor fellow!" remarked the guest with conviction, his face still turned to the print. "And now, madam,

I believe we should be going. This has been a charming little time; never shall we forget your hospitality—never!" Both men were upon their feet, their faces shining with feeling and lit with smiles.

"Nay, what is a dish of tea? Your company has been a pleasure to my aunt; she sees so few!" rejoined Miss Rachel a little breathlessly, holding the heavy furred overcoat for the elder. More last words, more graceful commonplaces, warnings as to the steps, the thickness without, the way-marks of the route to the junction. extended hands were offered to and taken by each lady in turn, and then the guests of an hour were gone. Miss Rachael. hanging over the half-door, watched them disappear; their footfalls, cautiously set, pattered They had off and ceased. stopped. Were they in need of guidance? The lady hesitated, was about to follow when the voice of the younger man, singularly close and distinct, as is sometimes the way of voices in a fog, reached her-

"What delightful creatures! Did you ever come across such women in your life? It is like—what shall I say?—cowslip wine, or sheets that have lain in lavender. I wouldn't have believed there were such people left in the world! Shall we just tell them who we are?"

"Not for anything! they would die of fright."

Moving in a mental mist, the lady returned to her aunt. Light broke as she saw the face of her companion, "And thee knew them all the time? Aunt! Oh, what

did I say? Can I have behaved properly? How excessively good of them!"

A week passed, and then, by special messenger, a grave and courteous person of mature age, who took a signature for the safe delivery of what he left, a stout, small box, admirably packed, was laid upon the counter of the little shop. No, there was no message—no reply; nor could the messenger say from whom the parcel came. He bade the

ladies "Good day!" and took himself off in

the same fly in which he had come. The air of resolute mystery which the bringer maintained was heightened by the weight of the purcel, its cordage, its wrappings, and (when opened) by the firmness and softness of its elaborate packing. "Whatever can it be? A present?"

"I think not, dear; no one sends presents

to women of eighty, Rachel."

But Miss Priscilla was mistaken. Embedded in cotton wool lay the teapot of her mother.

TIME TO GO TO BED.

Time to go to bed, they say.
Time to end another day.
But I just want to hide once more,
And frighten you behind the door.

Only once, Nurse, please just once; Really, truly, only once . . . Yes, but p'raps those times I might Have asked again—but not to-night.

I don't want to be undressed.

No, Nurse, you do not know best.

I'm not a baby—no, no, no!

I'm Daddy's "big girl"—he says so.

I don't want to have my bath. It's too full. Let's empty half. Don't splash water on my head. Baths are stupid—so is bed.

Let me have the soap that floats, And the sponge. Oh, look! they're boats! I'm making waves with both my hands, And my two knees just make the sands.

My toes are rocks. Nurse, I think Both my little boats will sink. Look! everything is getting wet. No, I don't want to come out yet. I don't want my head rubbed dry. Something's gone into my eye. Don't push so hard! you've hurt my ear? I hate towels! Oh, Nursie, dear!

Just like this it makes a house. Let me be a little mouse, And I'll creep out and frighten you When you're asleep. Oh, Nursie, do!

But I don't want to go to bed; I want to play at mouse instead. That nasty brush is hurting me. My nightie's tickling frightfully.

Look, if my legs go out straight, I can nearly touch the grate; And if I stretch them to the chair, They make a bridge from me to there.

No, I'm not ready, Nurse, to go. Don't carry me—no, Nursie, no! I want to climb up every stair, And you 'tend I'm not really there.

But why must we go up so quick? Don't squeeze me so, or I shall kick. We haven't looked out at the night To count the yellow specks of light.

But I don't want to go to sleep; Please, Nursie, dear, just one more peep. 'Cos p'raps since we looked before We could count just one star more.



THE SALMON FLEET CASTING NETS AT THE MOUTH OF THE FRASER RIVER
Often as many as 5.000 fishing-boats go out at one time. Photo by Edwards Brothers.

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. J. KERSLAKE FLINTON.

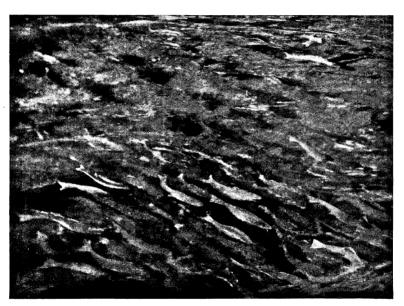
LTHOUGH British Columbia's gold and silver deposits have been mainly instrumental in making the Province famous during the last few years, it has other sterling industries that also contribute very largely to the revenue. The salmon-fishing and canning industry is well known and in a flourishing condition, and there can be little doubt that the investments of interested parties in England have the effect of still further adding to its importance. The individual consumer of the king of fish—offered canned and ready cooked in all quarters of the globe—is probably unaware of the general features of this industry, of the large capital involved, or the extensive work done locally to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand. Everybody has read of, if not eaten, British Columbia salmon, and few people, comparatively, know anything of the other fish that abound on the coast, probably for the reason that they have not as yet any great commercial value outside local circles. There are, however, many kinds, such as herring, sole, flounders, halibut, shad, bass, skil, sturgeon, haddock, anchovies, skate, crab, clams, oysters, various kinds of cod, whiting, whitefish, etc. The dogfish, too, found in great schools in the northern waters, is another important item in the list, and the oil it yields has no superior in the market for lubricating purposes. This is a small business at present,

and capable of very great development. The Salmonidæ represented are: the salmon, oolachan, trout, char, grayling, common smelt and surf smelt. There are six varieties of the salmon—viz., spring, sockeye, cohoe, steelhead, dog-salmon, and humpback. All these, however, do not inhabit the same The eastern shore of Vancouver Island is devoid of sockeye, except in the Nimkish River, and certain adjacent creeks, but an excessive and continued run is experienced on the west coast. Humpbacks are plentiful on the Chemainus River, but they are never found in the Cowichan, and the run is also heavy in Howe Sound and Burrard Inlet. The spring or typee (Chinook for "chief") is only a frequenter of the main rivers, but the cohoe and dog-salmon find their way into every little creek or pool. The time of the run of the same species in different waters varies considerably. general rule, it can be said that the spring fish appear in the spring and autumn, the sockeye in the summer months, and the cohoe, steelhead, and dog-salmon in the The run of the humpback in certain waters only takes place every other year, during the autumn. The best table fish are the spring, cohoe, and steelhead. The former are of two kinds, pink and white, and in weight they are found up to 80lb. in British Columbia waters, and in Alaska, where they are known as the king salmon,

2

they have been caught up to and above 100lb. in weight. The fish of the most commercial value is the sockeye, and this is the variety that is used by canners. Cohoes are only packed when a short run of sockeye has been experienced, and the Indians alone have use for the dog-salmon and humpback; but in the days when an extensive demand exists for fish guano and fertilisers, these two kinds will play an important part.

Fishing is carried on at different points of the coast, the most notable being the Fraser, Skeena, and Naas Rivers and Rivers Inlet. The Fraser is the main watercourse of the Attention is now steadily directed to the work of the cold storage plants of the Province. Salmon has been exported during the past fifteen years in a frozen state to New York and London. The earlier venture has been a success, but many difficulties have been met with in the latter case. The shipments to this country have generally been made $vi\hat{a}$ Sydney, a total distance of 22,000 miles, and the handling of the stuff during transshipment has sadly interfered with the ultimate out-turn as to quality on arrival. A new departure was made some dozen years ago, when a parcel



SALMON RUNNING IN THE FRASER RIVER.

This remarkable instantaneous photograph gives some idea of what the water looks like during the period of a "ulmon rush. Photo by Edwards Bros."

Province. It has its source in the Rockies, and has a total length of about 750 miles. It is navigable for upwards of 100 miles at New Westminster. About twelve miles from the mouth large steamers and sailers find excellent accommodation in deep water. The salmon run on the Fraser and other southern grounds has generally varied in a rotation of four years, the first year very good, the second good, and so on. It will be shown subsequently that this difference in the annual runs is not now so pronounced as heretofore. This variation is not observed in northern waters. At present the sale of salmon in a canned state is much ahead of other methods, although there is a good market for the smoked and salted articles. of 100 tons was consigned by steamer, fitted with cold chambers, direct to London and Liverpool, viâ the Magellan Strait, and this parcel made a fine average, and was the cause of further developments in the same direction. The operations have been conducted at Steveston, the headquarters of the fisheries on the Fraser River, and the steamer's plant alone is utilised in the process. The steamer is moored alongside the cannery, with a large-sized scow in attendance. Every care is taken to procure the best quality fish, and three kinds are shipped viz., cohoes, spring, and steelheads, the cohoe being in much the larger proportion. The fish are taken fresh from the boats of fishermen, the best specimens selected, and



A POTFUL OF FISH.

The fish have been driven into the space enclosed by nets in order that they may be captured more easily for the purposes of the great fish-canning works which abound along the rivers. Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

all those showing the imprint of the gill netting on the flesh, or other unsightly markings, are rejected. A large staff on the scow cleans each fish separately, the bodies being thoroughly scrubbed, and particular attention being paid to the head and gills, and all blood and slime removed.

They are then well washed in clean fresh water and hung up on racks round the scow, by a cord attachment on the tail, to drain.

Each fish is well dried, wrapped carefully in special white paper and packed into boxes, each containing twenty fish. After being marked, the boxes are put into slings and hoisted on board the vessel. They are placed straight away into the cold chamber, where they remain throughout the voyage of sixty-five days' steam. During this time the fish are kept in a temperature averaging about 17 degrees Fahr., and on arrival in the

home markets they have turned out in capital condition, firm and fleshy, a good colour, and full of flavour. When they have been carefully thawed and brought to the table, absolutely no deterioration was to be noticed. The ready sale this modern development commanded undoubtedly gave a great stimulus to this branch of the business, as the fish can be retailed at such a moderate price as to bring it quite within reach of those of slender means.

In the year 1876 the fishery laws of Canada were made applicable to British Columbia. At this time there were but four establishments for canning purposes in the Province, all on the Fraser River, and the staple industry was of infantile proportions. Thirty years later there were sixty-six canneries in operation, besides oil-factories, cold storage works and salteries.

The regulations governing the commercial fishing are that drift gill nets shall not exceed 150 fathoms each in length; those for taking the sockeye or red fish to have not less than $5\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mesh extension measure, and for the spring salmon $7\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mesh, and to be used from the first of July to the twenty-fifth of August. Cohoes and other species can be taken between the fifteenth of September and twenty-fifth of October, when the season ends. It is further stipulated that drift nets when in use are to be kept at least 250 yards apart, and to obstruct not more than one-third of the width of the river. During the season there is a weekly close time of thirty-six hours' duration, between six o'clock on Saturday morning and six o'clock on Sunday night, in order to allow salmon to proceed to the spawning-grounds unmolested. The close season for salmon does not apply to the Indians, as they are allowed to fish at all times of the year by their usual methods, drift nets and spears excepted, for the purpose of supplying themselves with food, but they are not allowed to hawk or sell salmon out of season. The cost of a cannery, fully equipped, with a capacity for an annual pack of 25,000 cases, would be about £5,000. fishing fleet is composed of about 5,000 round-bottom boats and skiffs and twenty steamers, and the number of men employed annually probably now exceeds 15,000. As regards netting, in one recent season upwards of 630,000 fathoms of gill nets and 11,000 fathoms of seines were in use. gill net is used in the south, where the waters are thick and muddy. This net hangs straight down in the water, and has a sup-

porting line of wooden floats above and a weighted lead line below, at a depth varying between forty-five and sixty meshes, at option. The fish run straight into the open meshes and are caught firmly by the gills (hence the term), and, unless the net is defective or the thread snaps, escape is impossible. In the north, where the waters are very clear and frequently phosphorescent, the gill net is useless, as the salmon are now able to see the thread, and in substitution the seine is used as a drag net. The habits of the salmon, what is known of them, are peculiar. About June or July, small shoals of sockeye, gradually increasing as time goes on, begin to arrive in the Gulf, off the fresh water streams. They are then in fine condition, of a bright silver colour, with a fine blue shade on the back. The flesh is of a deep red and full of oil. They may perhaps wait outside the rivers for weeks before entering, and while in salt water continue to take nourishment freely, but just as soon as they strike the fresh water they stop feeding. main idea seems to be to reach the spawninggrounds in the interior, many hundreds of miles distant, and all else is forgotten. When they have been in the fresh water a short time, the flesh begins to pale rapidly, no doubt owing to the fact that the store of natural fat is being used up to supply the motive power for the long journey. The fish that eventually reach the spawning-grounds are in sorry shape, the bodies are wasted and torn during progression, and covered with slime and festering sores. Few, indeed, that get so far, ever return to the sea again. Of course, the fish used in the canneries are all prime fish taken before or immediately on their entrance in the river, and the foregoing refers only to those that are able to escape the snares laid for them and successfully reach their destination. When fishing opens in July, the run is generally not very abundant, and the price paid by the canners to fishermen for raw fish on the Fraser is generally from fourpence to sevenpence each, according to the run expected. However, after a few weeks have elapsed a different state of things exists, and with a plentiful supply of fish at all points and little skill required to catch them, the price not unnaturally drops sometimes as low as threehalfpence to threepence, and in a record season scow-loads of trap fish, from the vicinity of Point Roberts, were actually hawked on the Fraser at one halfpenny per fish. In the early days the fish averaged about nine per case, but the number has latterly worked



BRAILING-TAKING SALMON FROM THE TRAP FOR THE GREAT CANNERIES.

out at a little over twelve, and a sockeye of 6lb. gross weight, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trimmed, is a good-sized fish. Taking the contents as twelve to the case, it will require to complete a pack of 25,000 cases of 48×1 lb. tins, 300,000 fish, and it can be readily understood that

on the price of raw fish depends the ultimate cheapness of the pack. A combine among the fishermen has always been a sore point to capital, but the strikes and discontent expressed at the beginning of recent working years has not been without its good feature, after all, as it has led to concerted action on the part of canners, and the matter is now under better control. A cannery of average size owns and works about twenty-five to thirty boats, but with outside contractors the total is increased to seventy-five to one hundred. The cannery boats usually worked on shares. One-third of the current price per fish is reserved by the owners for wear and tear of gear provided, the remaining two-thirds going to the licence-holder. Contractors owning their own material obtain the full figure. Under the amended regulations, fishermen must now be naturalised British subjects, but with this restriction, whether a cannery has ten or a hundred boats, means are always forthcoming to procure the official permit for each and all of the fishermen needed for the season's work. One of the main causes of friction between the Government and the canners as a body has been the question of the disposal of offal or refuse The law reads that each individual owner shall be responsible for this, and it is required that the said offal shall not be thrown into the tidal streams, but taken away out and dumped into deep water. The Indians, who look upon the salmon as a deity, before the advent of the white man in the capacity of canner, did not return the waste fish to the water, but destroyed it on This scheme has been further improved upon by the request that the Government shall, at its own expense, erect a crematory at a convenient location dealing with the entire supply of the district. Whether the regulation in its present form is strictly adhered to or not, certain it is that in the height of the season the flats for miles around are heaped up with dead waste fish and decomposing parts, and an incoming tide regularly deposits a large percentage of it at each cannery. A boat fishing for five to seven weeks will catch probably 7,000 to 8,000 fish, sometimes more, and the amount of waste can thus be fairly estimated. In 1897 the Government receipts from salmon-fishing licences alone amounted to £10,000, whilst the expenditure was not much in excess of £2,000—and in the past twelve years the receipts have been enormously increased. Here, truly, is a remunerative industry. About eighty per cent. of the pack is shipped to England, overland and by sailer, and the balance distributed between Eastern Canada. Australia, and other outside points. Though the pack increases year by year, the rivers show

no signs of depletion or of being over-fished, and evidence of an increase in the abundance of the salmon species has actually been This being so, it is worthy of obtained. remark that the fluctuation in the catches of different years on the Fraser, that has been so marked hitherto, appears likely to be more equalised from now on. Inspector McNab, an authority on fishing and a zealous officer, gives the opinion that the difference in the annual runs of salmon is not to be accounted for by any eccentricity in the habits of the salmon, but in a great measure to unfavourable conditions in the creeks during the spawning time, four years previous to the short runs, such as heavy freshets, which bring down and deposit great quantities of silt and debris, and frequently quite change the position of the gravel deposits in which the ova had been deposited, causing its entire destruction. Yet another cause of very great loss, and almost as difficult to overcome as are adverse natural causes, are the methods employed by the Indians in catching salmon in the creeks for their winter supply of food, by erecting dams or weirs, which effectually prevent the fish from reaching their spawning-grounds. As this is a matter of very great importance, careful attention and a full protection has been given to the more accessible creeks, and this, coupled with the valuable aid of hatcheries, is gradually making the annual runs of salmon in the Fraser more uniform.

Hatchery returns tell us that the female salmon gives about 3,500 ova per fish, and several thousands are handled per year, with a smaller proportion of males. About 10,000,000 small fish are liberated per annum.

In Puget Sound and at Point Roberts. fishing is largely carried on by the means of Such traps are made of strong uprights driven firmly into the ground, to which nets having a small mesh are fixed, extending from the water-line to the ground. The lead net is about 1,500 feet long. The salmon strike this, and go straight on till they reach a kind of pocket by a short lead, approaching This again the other at right angles. opens into a second double pocket or heart, and the fish, still advancing, reach the trap proper through a narrow opening. Such a trap will eatch from 4,000 to 20,000 fish per day, according to size and where located. As it is probable that an increased number of these traps will now be in operation, and that as there is little doubt that all the fish caught in the Sound and vicinity are Fraser River fish, a good deal of alarm is felt by the British Columbia fishermen regarding the effect this will have on home waters. However, as the runs on each side of the boundary are practically identical—that is, with a short pack south, the Fraser will suffer in like

manner—it is not likely that any appreciable shortage will occur. In conclusion, it may be added that there is a large and profitable field for capital on the coast of British Columbia, and it may be assumed that in the course of the next few years the whole industry will be more and more developed.



Photo by]

[Underwood and Underwood.

"THE WARDERS OF SIBERIA," BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.

MELINDY AND THE LYNXES.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



gathering snows of mid-February had buried away every stump in the pasture lot and muffled from sight all the zigzag fences of the little lonely clearing. The settlement road was

simply smoothed out of existence. The log cabin, with its low roof and one chimney, seemed half-sunken in the snow which piled itself over the lower panes of its three tiny windows.

The log barn, and the lean-to, which served as wood-shed and wagon-house, showed little more than the black edges of their snow-covered roofs over the glittering and gently billowing white expanse.

In the middle of the yard the little well-house, shaped like the top of a "grand-father's clock," carried a thick, white, crusted cap, and was encircled with a streaky, irregular mass of ice, which had gradually accumulated almost up to the brim of the watering-trough. From the cabin door to the door of the barn, and over most of the yard space, but particularly in front of the sunward-facing lean-to, the snow was trodden down and littered with chips and straw.

Here in the mocking sunshine huddled four white sheep, while half-a-dozen hens and a red Shanghai cock scratched in the litter beside them. The low door of the barn was tightly closed to protect the cow and horse from the bitter cold—which the sheep, with their great fleeces, did not seem to mind.

Inside the cabin, where an old-fashioned, high-ovened kitchen stove, heated to the point where a dull red glow began to show itself in spots, kept the close air at summer temperature, a slim girl with fluffy, light hair and pale complexion stood by the table, vigorously mixing a batter of buckwheat flour for pancakes. Her slender young arms were streaked with flour, as was her forehead

also, from her frequent efforts to brush her hair out of her eyes by quick upward dashes of her forearm.

On the other side of the stove, so close to it that her rugged face was reddened by the heat, sat a massive old woman in a heavy rocking-chair, knitting. She knitted impetuously, impatiently, as if resenting the employment of her vigorous old fingers upon so mild a task.

Through a clear space in one pane of the window beside her—a space where the heat within had triumphed over the frost without—she cast restless, keen eyes out across the yard to the place where the road, the one link between the cabin and the settlement, lay smothered from sight.

"It's one week to-day, Melindy," she announced, in a voice of accusing indignation, "since there's been a team got through; and it's going to be another before they'll get the road broke out!"

"Like as not, granny," responded the girl, beating the batter with an impatience that belied the cheerfulness of her tone. "But what does it matter, anyway? We're all right here for a month!"

As she spoke, however, her eyes, too, gazed out wistfully over the buried road. She was wearying for the sound of bells and a drive in to the settlement.

Meanwhile, from the edge of the woods on the other side of the cabin, hidden from the keen eyes within by the roofs of the barn and the shed, came two great, grey, catlike beasts, creeping belly to the snow.

Their broad, soft-padded paws were like snowshoes, bearing them up on the wind-packed surface. Their tufted ears stood straight up, alert for any unwonted sound. Their absurd studded tails, not four inches long, and looking as if they had been bitten off, twitched with eagerness. Their big round eyes, of a pale greenish yellow, and with the pupils narrowed to upright, thread-like black slits by the blinding glare, glanced warily from side to side with every step they took.

The lynxes had the keenest dislike to crossing the open pasture in this broad daylight, but they had been driven by hunger to the point where the customs and cautions

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of their warv kind are recklessly thrown aside. Hunger had driven the pair to hunt together, in the hope of together pulling down game too powerful for one to master alone. Hunger had overcome their savage aversion to the neighbourhood of man, and brought them out in the dark of night to prowl about the barn and sniff longingly the warm smell of the sheep, steaming through the cracks of the clumsy door.

Watching from under the snow-draped branches, they had observed that only in the daytime were the sheep let out from their safe shelter behind the clumsy door. And now, forgetting everything but the fierce pangs that urged them, the two savage beasts came straight down the rolling slope

of the pasture towards the barn.

A few minutes later there came from the vard a wild screeching and cackling from the hens, followed by a trampling rush and The old woman half agonised bleating. rose from her chair, but sank back instantly, her face creased with a spasm of pain, for she was crippled by rheumatism. The girl dropped her big wooden spoon on the floor and rushed to the window that looked out upon the yard. Her pale face went paler with horror, then flushed with wrath and pity; and a fierce light flashed into her wide blue eyes.

"It's lynxes!" she cried, snatching up the wooden spoon and darting for the door. "And they've got one of the sheep!

oh, they're tearing it!"

"Melindy!" shouted the old woman, in a voice of strident command—such a compelling voice that the girl stopped short in "Drop that fool spoon and spite of herself. get the gun!"

The girl dropped the spoon as if it had burned her fingers, and looked irresolutely

at the big duck-gun hanging on the log wall. "I can't fire it!" she exclaimed, shaking "I'd be scared to death of it!"

But even as the words left her mouth, there came another outburst of trampling and frantic clamour from the yard. snatched up the little, long-handled axe which leaned beside the door-post, threw the door wide open, and with a pitying cry of "Oh! oh!" flew forth to the rescue of her beloved sheep.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" muttered the old woman, her harsh face working with excitement and high appro-"Scairt to death of a gun—and goes out to fight lynxes all by herself!"

And with painful effort she began hitching

herself and the big chair across the floor. seeking a position where she could both reach the gun and command a view through

the wide-open door.

When Melindy, her heart aflame with pity for the helpless ewes, rushed out into the yard, she saw one woolly victim down, kicking silently on the blood-stained snow. while a big lynx, crouched upon its body, turned upon her a pair of pale eyes that blazed with fury at the interruption to his feast.

The other sheep were foundered helplessly in the deep snow back of the well-except This one, which had evidently been headed off from the flock, and driven round to the near side of the watering-trough before its savage enemy overtook it, was not half-a-dozen paces from the cabin door. was just stumbling forward upon its nose, with a despairing baa-a-a' while the second and larger lynx, clinging upon its back, clutched hungrily for its throat through the thick, protecting wool.

On ordinary occasions the girl was as timid as her small, pale face and gentle blue eyes made her look. At this crisis, however, a sort of fury of compassion swept all fear

from her heart.

Like the swoop of some strange bird, her skirts streaming behind her, she flung herself upon the great cat, and aimed a lightning blow at his head with her axe. In her frail grip the axe turned, so that the brute caught the flat of it instead of the edge.

Half-stunned, he lost his hold and fell with a startled pfiff on the snow, while his victim, bleeding, but not mortally hurt, ran bleating towards the rest of the flock, where they floundered, stupidly helpless, in three

feet of soft snow.

The next moment the baffled lynx recovered himself, and faced the girl with so menacing a snarl that she hesitated to follow up her advantage, but paused, holding the

axe in readiness to repel attack.

For a few seconds they faced each other so, the girl and the beast. Then the pale eyes shifted under the steady, dominating gaze of the blue ones; and at last, with a splitting growl, which ended with a hoarse screech of rage, the big cat bounded aside and whisked behind the well-house. next moment it was again among the sheep, where they huddled incapable of a struggle.

Again the girl sprang to the rescue; and now, because of that one flash of fear which had deprived her of her first advantage, her



"For a few seconds they faced each other."

avenging wrath was fiercer and more resolute than before. This time, as she darted upon the enemy, she gave an involuntary cry of rage, piercing and unnatural. At this unexpected sound the lynx, desperate though he was with rage and hunger, lost his courage.

Seeing the girl towering almost over him, he doubled back with a mighty leap, just avoiding the vengeful sweep of the axe, and darted back to the front of the shed, where his mate was now ravenously feasting on her easy prey.

Although the first victim was now past all suffering, being no more a motive for heroism than so much mutton, the girl's blood was too hot with triumphant indignation to let her think of such an unimportant point as that. She was victor. She had outfaced and routed the foe. She had saved one victim. She would avenge the other.

With the high audacity of those who have



"L'It's proud of you I am."

overcome fear, she now, with a hysterical cry of menace, ran at the two lynxes, to drive them from their prey.

The situation which she now confronted, however, was altogether changed from what had gone before. The two lynxes were together, strong in that alliance which they had formed for purpose of battle. They were fairly mad with famine—or, indeed, they would never have ventured on the perilous domains of man.

Moreover, they were in possession of what they held to be their lawful prey—a position in defence of which all the hunting tribes of the wild will fight against almost any odds. As they saw their strange adversary approaching, the hair stood straight up along their backs, their little tails puffed to bottle brushes, their ears lay flat back on their heads, and they screeched defiance in harsh unison. Then, as if by one impulse, they turned from their prey and crept stealthily towards her.

They did not like that steady light in her blue eyes, but they felt by some instinct that she was young and unstable of nerve. At this unexpected move on their part the girl stopped short, suddenly undecided whether to fight or flee. At once the lynxes stopped also, and crouched flat, tensely watching, their claws dug deep into the hard-trodden snow so as to give them purchase for an instant, powerful spring in any direction.

In the meantime, however, the crippled old woman within doors had not been idle. Great of spirit, and still mighty of sinew for all her ailment, she had managed to work the weight of the heavy chair and her own solid bulk all the way across the cabin floor. Being straight in front of the door, she had seen almost all that happened; and her brave old berserk heart was bursting with pride in the courage of this frail child, whom she had hitherto regarded with a kind of affectionate scorn.

The Griffises of Nackawick and Little River had always been sizable men, men of sinew and bulk, and women tall and ruddy; and this small, blue-eyed girl had seemed to her, in a way, to wrong the stock. But she was quick to understand that the stature of the spirit is what counts most of all.

Now, in this moment of breathless suspense, when she saw Melindy and the two great beasts thus holding each other eye to eye in a life-and-death struggle of wills, her heart was convulsed with a wild fear. In the spasm of it she succeeded in lifting herself almost erect, and so gained possession of the big duck-gun, which her son Jake, now away in the lumber woods, always kept loaded and ready for use. As she cocked it and settled back into her chair, she called in a piercing voice—

"Don't stir one step, Melindy! I'm going to shoot!"

The girl never stirred a muscle, although she turned pale with terror of the loud noise which was about to shock her ears. The two lynxes, however, turned their heads, and fixed the pale glare of their eyes upon the figure seated in the doorway.

The next moment came a spurt of red flame, a belch of smoke, a tremendous report that seemed as if it must have shattered every pane of glass in the cabin windows. The bigger of the two lynxes turned straight over backward and lay without a quiver, smashed by the heavy charge of buckshot with which Jake had loaded the gun. The other, grazed by a scattering pellet, sprang into the air with a screech, then turned and ran for her life across the snow, stretching out like a terrified cat.

With a proud smile the old woman stood the smoking gun against the wall and straightened her cap. For perhaps half a minute Melindy stood rigid, staring at the dead lynx. Then, dropping her axe, she fled to the cabin, flung herself down with her face in her grandmother's lap, and broke into a storm of sobs.

The old woman gazed down upon her with some surprise, and stroked the fair, fluffy head lovingly as she murmured: "There, there! There's nothing to take on about! Though you be such a little mite of a towhead, you've got the grit, you've got the grit, Melindy Griffis. It's proud of you I am, and it's proud your father'll be when I tell him about it."

Then, as the girl's weeping continued, and her slender shoulders continued to twist with her sobs, the rugged old face that bent above her grew tenderly solicitous.

"There, there!" she murmured again.
"Tain't good for you to take on so, deary.
Hadn't you better finish beating up the pancakes before the batter spoils?"

Thus potently adjured, although she knew as well as her grandmother that there was no immediate danger of the batter spoiling, the girl got up, dashed the back of her hand across her eyes with a little laugh, closed the door, got out another spoon from the table drawer, and cheerfully resumed her interrupted task of mixing pancakes. And the sheep, having slowly extricated themselves from the deep snow behind the well-house, huddled together, with heads down, in the middle of the yard, fearfully eyeing the limp body which lay before the shed.



BRAZENHEAD IN MILAN.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—That many times repeated asseveration of Captain Salomon Brazenhead's, that he had formed one of the suite of Duke Lionel, when that prince went out to Lombardy to marry Visconti's daughter, and that, in consequence, the poet Chaucer—"little Smugface," as he was pleased to call him—was his fellow-traveller and bosom friend, bore at the first blush the stamp of truth. It was always supported by vigorous reminiscence; the older he grew, the more positive he was of it. All this as it may be, what is beyond cavil is that we find him at Pavia in the year 1402, a fine figure of a man, scarred, crimson, shining in the face, his hair cropped in the Burgundian mode, moustachios to the ears, holding this kind of discourse to a lank and cavernous warrior, three times his own apparent age, who had proposed, we gather, before a tavern full of drinkers, to eat him raw. The irous came swinging out, there was a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds, and Captain Brazenhead had run his foe through and established his reputation in Pavia. Admirers crowded about him, to pledge and be pledged in cups, and he learned that the dead man in life had been Lisciasangue, assassin to the Duke of Milan, one of "a Mystery of Three Murderers." His Grace's condition was indeed deplorable, robbed of one-third of his assassins. "I see the aged monarch," mused Captain Brazenhead, overheard by a sympathetic throng, "maimed, as you might say, of his right hand. I see his prisons full to brim point, his lieutenants at work night and day to keep abreast of the flood." He could not restore the Duke his Lisciasangue, but so far as might be he would repair his fault and open a career for himself. "To Milan!" he said, "and there lies long Italy in the cup of my hand." By sheer impudence he obtained admission to the Duke's presence, confessed the killing of his assassin, and startled the craven Tyrant into appointing him to be Third Murderer in succession to Lisciasangue. But strangely merciful did he

CHAPTER VII.

DOUBLE BATTLE.



T was rare, very rare, a game for the heroes in the trenches about Ilium, when Diomede fought waist-deep in dead men, and yellow-haired Menelaus ranged disconsolate the walls, crying upon the false thief

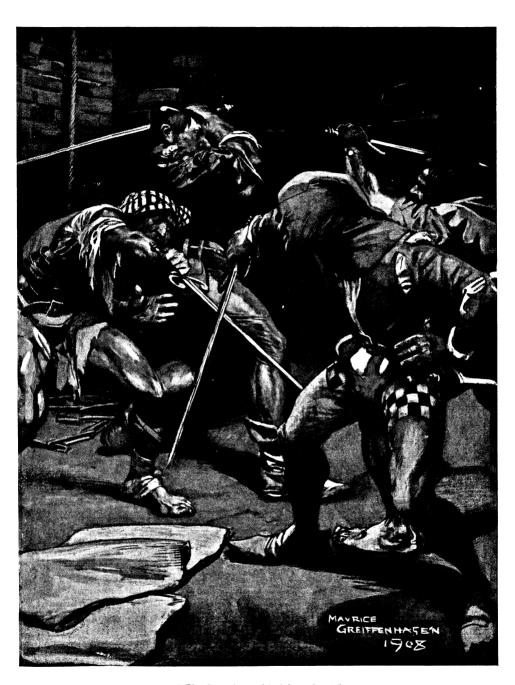
Paris to show himself. From the hush of preparation to Captain Brazenhead's cry of onset was but a moment of long breath; and then immediately the ring was alive with whirling blades, and steel clanged on steel like church bells of an Easter morning. Brazenhead raged like a plunging horse. He seemed everywhere at once—wallowing in his work, snorting, shaking his head. Like a strong swimmer newly in the water, rejoicing to feel the tide, so did he breast the waves of buttle. Ever on the look-out for advantage, the Egyptian writhed in and out, or darted like an eel, now this side, now that; and the Bilboan, bending at the knees, ran in where he could and cut left-handed at the heavy

Italian. That livid giant was sore beset, and by his breathing betrayed himself. long as he kept his wind he did well—as when he laid open Captain Brazenhead's forearm with a smashing blow, and cut down the Bilboan as if he had been a hemlock. But alas for him! even as he roared his triumph Brazenhead set upon him, and mowing at the tendons of his knees, missed his aim indeed, but split open one of his calves horizontally and laid him his length. When one of that party—the Egyptian, I believe—cried a halt, Squarcialupo could not rise above one knee, and then his wounded calf could be seen, notched like a leg of mutton. All the champions were hurt; the Egyptian had lost his ragged ear, and might have been seen shaking the blood out of his head before the fighting stopped. Two fingers the less was the brave Biscayan. Captain Brazenhead might well swing his forearm; but Squarcialupo was down and could fight no more. The conqueror-all duty to his Prince cast to the wind—felt magnanimous, little disposed to insist upon his right.

"Bleed on your sacks, bleed on your sacks, you rogues!" he cried upon his victims, "or how shall I carry you through Milan for dead?" Grinning at his ruse, they obeyed him. The captain sat upon the ground and surveyed them.

"Squarcialupo, my old son," he said, "let

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"The Egyptian writhed in and out."

us take up your business. You broke from your oar, they tell me, and I'll not blame you for it. I would have done the same. But what kind of a fool am I to think you,

to be lagged again?"

"Captain," said the Italian hoarsely, looking with intense interest at the fountain in his leg, "it was done by craft. I am something of a drinker, you must know. Now, as I lay in the sun, sleeping off my draught, the Duke's archers came upon me and knew me again; and I awoke to find myself in this hole."

"Knew thee again, sayst thou?" Brazenhead picked him up. "Explain me that

saying, I'll trouble thee."

"I am a Pisan, noble Captain," said Squarcialupo, "and followed the fleet, making war upon the Genoese; and when I was rifling a corpse—as it might be you or me—it turned out to be no corpse at all, but a quicker man than I was. So they chained me to a bench in the galleys, and there I sweated for six years less one. Therefore, sir—."

"Therefore! Therefore! No therefore at all, thou paltry fellow," the Captain roared, sternly frowning. "What have thy beastly habits to do with my question? Twas Genoa chained thee to a bench—and Genoa was wise. But if they knew thee again in Milan, they had known thee of

old."

"Why, yes, sir," the heavy Italian replied; "long ago, when I took the old Duke Barnaby's pay for the war in Piedmont——"

"Bleed on your sack!" the Captain interrupted him. "Bleed on your sack!

See what a quag you make out here!"

"And valiantly I should have served him but for an evil acquaintance I made. For in his service there was a spearman, a most rascally knave, if not the devil in person, who beguiled me with hopes of high renown combined with comfort. Sir, he was the plausiblest, God-bless-you kind of a man that ever you saw—and you will have seen many——"

Captain Brazenhead's face was a study at this time. Profound meditation, humour, judgment, acquaintance with villainy, benevolence: all knowledge could be read there. He covered his mouth with his hand, his hand with his nose, and his eyes twinkled as

if to say: "Proceed, son."

"And says this sly one to me over the camp-fire: 'Hark ye, jail-bird'—for he had a pleasant name for everybody—'knowst thou aught of a convoy that comes this

way?' 'A convoy?' says I. 'What convoy?' Just like that I said it, civil-spoken; and says he: 'Treasure, hire for the troops;' and lays his finger along his nose, as you might do."

It so happened that Captain Brazenhead was doing exactly that, and no less. The coincidence startled him; he dropped his

hand and began to hum an air.

The Italian resumed: "'And what of that?' says myself. 'We have our share, I suppose? 'says he darkly; 'look to it that we To be brief with you, sir, he did beguile me into a dark venture—me and a company of eight Christians—that with horses and arms we went up the sea-road some six leagues by night, and there lay hid in a little wood, and stood by our arms all night, and heard him tell tales—this wily, hairy man. And in the grey of dawn came the convoy down the searoad, a round dozen of men-at-arms, with the treasure on mules' backs; and at the word of command: 'Leap, ye thousand devils!' out we did leap, and put those men to the sword: and the muleteers fled, believing that hairy man's word that we were a thousand though we were but eight Christians and one devil."

Captain Brazenhead cheered the speaker: "O brave! It was bravely done, my brother!"

"Not so brave as you might suppose," said the Italian, with grief thickening his voice. "When we came to share the plunder, what think you fell to me out of all that booty untold? Three sols Tournois, as I'm a hoping soul—and if I had remained snug in camp I had had fifty. But, said that deceiver, I was the best-nourished man he had ever set eyes on, and therefore——"

"'Therefore' will be thy ruin, Demetrio," said Captain Brazenhead. "I gave you four, which is enough for any man not a leader of a company. But now, look you, I spare your life for the sake of our old friendship. You shall go alive into that sack, and drink my health this night in a flagon or two of right liquor—you, man, who, but for my elemency, might have been paddling upon red-hot bricks, mingling fires for your new prince, Beelzebub. Think of it, Demetrio, and rejoice greatly—and there's for you and your three sols Tournois. For I'll go into the fire myself for it that I gave you the four."

Sedately, with a very stiff leg, the large Italian crawled into his sack, and lay hidden there beside the Biscayan, who was by this time asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD, AGAINST HIS BETTER JUDGMENT, SPARED THE EGYPTIAN.

THE Egyptian, who had been lying his length upon the sack, destined, as he hoped, to receive him alive, and who had lost nothing of the conversations between his fellowprisoners and their great opponent, now arose to his feet and came wheedling to Captain Brazenhead.

"You shall spare me also, noble Captain, if you please, to be a credit to you yet.

"That," said Captain Brazenhead, "will

vou never be."

The Egyptian sighed. "Who knows?" he inquired. "Sir, if you will but listen to my tale-

The Captain frowned upon him. and softly with your tale," he said. "Why should I listen to thee, rascal, since thou must die?"

Oh, Captain!" "Die, Captain! The

Egyptian shivered.

"Aye," said Brazenhead, "die is the word." He was irritated with the man. "Cock's wounds!" he cried out, "am I Executioner to the Duke of Milan, and execute no man? Is it to be said of me: 'Testadirame is an unprofitable servant'? Never in life! Dog, thou diest!"

The Egyptian shook like a straw in the wind. "But, sir, having spared the life of a Spanish renegado——" he began to plead.

"Pooh!" says the Captain. "I trifled

with his aunt."

"Alas!" said the Egyptian, "alas! that I am an orphan! But so it is that when I left Lutterworth in fair, green England---" Here he paused and scanned the stern man's face to see if Lutterworth were to help him. It was not; he had touched no chord. Captain Brazenhead's features were marble.

"Proceed, Egyptian," he said; "I listen. hen thou leftest Lutterworth—"

When thou leftest Lutterworth—

"When I left Lutterworth, and went to seek my fortune in London, I lived happily enough with a brave company gathered in Houndsditch, in the fields there and about the 'Old Cat' tavern—does your honour not remember Catherine—Kate Wryneck, called also 'Drink to me only'?"

Captain Brazenhead spoke as one in a dream. "I do not," he said. "Get on!"

The Egyptian, most uneasy, shifted his "Alack the day, noble Captain, in the which I left that proud city and went down with a horse to sell—to Bristol——"

Captain Brazenhead started, snorted, and

pounced upon him.

"That horse thou stolest, vile thief! He is branded on thy shoulder; thou art a dead man. A flea - bitten white gelding—that screwed the off-hind foot——"

"Oh, sir, oh, sir!" cried the Egyptian, falling on his knees. "That horse was never yours!" His case was parlous; you may touch the chords too often, it seems.

"By Cock, and it was not," said the Captain, "but I knew the horse. man that owned it—or called himself the owner----'

"Aye, sir," said the young man, with gleaming eyes--" aye, sir, right, sir-so he

called himself; but he lied, sir."

"I'll warrant that he did," said Brazenhead; "for he was not called Glossy Tom for nothing. Well, then——" Hesitation marked for the first time his incisive lineaments and dissipated the lightning of his The Egyptian considered his case settled. "Since I prove to be of the number of your friends, dear sir," he ventured—but too hastily. The Captain recoiled.

"A friend, thou!" He towered over the "I fancied the horse, 'tis true, and thou wast beforehand with me. Pooh! I had but to stretch out mine hand. And now I remember that thou art a horrible knave. Didst thou not address Our Lady in an unknown tongue full of blasphemy? or no horse, I tell thee that thou diest."

Trembling, looking all ways for help, muttering with his pale lips, the wretched Egyptian faltered. "It was the tongue I know best, noble Captain. I am a very pious Christian, better than some who have their Latin. I spoke in the Roman to her Ladyship—and she heard me. I prove that, sir, I prove that!" His eyes gleamed; you could see the whites of them. "The proof that she heard me," he said, "is that you are here, her lieutenant in this wicked place yourself an Englishman——"

"By the Mass," replied the Captain, "all this may be very true, and yet be woundily inconvenient." He held his chin, and this time the young man believed himself snatched out of the pit. He came forward obsequiously, bending at the knees. Captain

Brazenhead roared at him to hold off. "I forswear my nation!" he cried, "I become Lombard! I will embrace Jewry

before I let thee go!"

But it was too late. The Egyptian now held him by the knee. "Captain," prayed he,

"noble Captain, you will never break a man who got the better of you in a horse-deal."

"Who says that I will not?" And yet he was touched. If he could spare Squarcialupo of whom he had made a fool, how not this oily rogue who had made a fool of him? And it was not to be denied the fellow had fought for his skin. Captain Brazenhead had it not in him to take life in the cool of his bile. He was so made that he, who would cut a man's liver out of him in fair fighting, came afterwards to love his enemy if he had so much as scratched him. knew this was a weakness. "Look you," he was wont to say to his opponent. "if you would save yourself from me, wound me where you can. I consider you carrion at this speaking, but he who draws my blood wears armour of proof for me. Now, then, have at you, soldier!"

Meditating his own nature and deploring it, muttering to himself: "Mayhap I do wrong—I do grudge this fellow his mercy upon my soul I do grudge it him," Captain Brazenhead remained intensely in thought for many minutes, his head sunk upon his breast, his arms folded. At last, as if suddenly awaking out of sleep, he threw his chin up and stamped with his foot. "Into your sack, you black-livered hound! May Hell forgive me the wrong I do him this day, and count it not against me when mine cometh!" It was a sight to see how the Egyptian slipped in — like a terrier into kennel when the whip is whistling.

There, then, for good or evil, in their sanguine wrappings, lay the three ransomed men; there over them, like a meditative god, stood Captain Brazenhead, with a hand to grasp his chin, and one finger of it to rake in his moustachios. He set a foot upon the round of a sack; deeply, profoundly he thought upon mercy, justice, judgment, the weighing of souls and suchlike themes; and here, if you will have it,

is a summary of his reflection.

"Now have I here ensacked four indifferent rascals bound straitly to my person by cords of steel. They worship me as the author of their being, as in a sense I am. No doubt they would follow me all over the world; a bodyguard the like of which the Duke of Milan might pay for night and day—and with him all long Italy." His eye flashed fire. "Long Italy! Long Italy! By their means I make good the soothsay that I heard in the tavern of Pavia when, with my foot upon Lisciasangue's remains, I vaunted, There lies long Italy.

"It was true, by Cock, for all that, when I spake, I spake as in a glass, darkly. darkly, but it was true. For see me now! To each of my four scoundrels there will adhere—like ticks to a sheep's back—lesser scoundrels, to each one ten at least. That gives me four-and-forty desperate men; and with forty men you may take a gatehouse —and hold it, by Cock's body! Nay, you may get by shock a town, as my lord John Swynford got Coulanges in Brittany on a foggy night of Martinmas, and became Viscount thereof, and sweated meat out of the burgesses, and honey out of their wives, and levied toll upon all and sundry faring that way into France, and took to wife Melisette, daughter of Simon de Fotz, and got a son, who is Viscount of Coulanges to this day. Viscount of Coulanges—Viscount of Pavia! Put it so that I catch Pavia unawares and become its Viscount—what then? A royal beginning: we begin with Pavia. . . .

"Every male of Pavia, of proper age and fully membered, following my banner, we lay siege to Milan. The sooner the better; for that old dog-fox Sforza is warring in Umbria, and I could not cope with Sforza until I have all my Pavians matched and in full bearing—say, for twelve years at the least. Nay, Brazenhead, nay, Testadirame, my ancient, strike thy metal while 'tis

hot. . . .

"Milan falls—Milan falls! And there's

the thigh of Italy under my thigh!

"Now Rome, the city old, lies about the knee of Italy—is, as you may say, the knee-cap; and Venice is the hamstring. Let me work it out, let me work it out. You cut the hamstring, and the knee gives, and the leg drops. Venice gives me Rome; Naples is the toe. Cut the hamstring; the knee is nerveless; then gangrene assails the toe, and it fritters and falls off. But with Milan to add to Pavia, who is to keep me from Venice? Pooh! I lead a host. Tomorrow, therefore, to the shock of Pavia!"

He swept the mist of glory from his eyes; he lifted his head and bellowed for his men—those dread apparitors who hover in Milan, who sit about the jails, like vultures patient on their trees about a battlefield, awaiting the summons to their obscene task.

One by one the crimson heaps were lifted out of the Well of Santa Chiara; lastly Captain Brazenhead himself set his foot into the grappling-hook and swung aloft. The tumbril-cart was loaded with its sodden load; the Executioner sat down upon the pile and ordered the disposal of his dead. In a disused hermitage in the burial-ground of Sant' Eustorgio, he chose to hide his three recruits, and to add to them Tranchecoupe, the stout Burgundian. Means were found to victual the garrison, which, sworn to secreey and commended to the gods of War and Good Luck, their leader then left—going, as his duty was, to make his report to the Duke.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW AND WHERE CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD, FALLING INTO DISGRACE, READ HIS DE REMEDIO.

"Tyrant of Milan"—thus ran his Third Murderer's report—" one wretch I seized by the ankles, as if he had been a threelegged stool, and whirling him over my head a few times, with him attacked those other As a flail I brought him thwacking down; as wheat from the chaff on the floor fled brain from husk. The time was not long before they lay before me like the must of trodden grapes; while as for him I wielded, he was as whip-thongs in my hand —strips of hide wherewith to trounce a truant, but no weapon for a man. came my varlets to sweep up with a besom, and now your well of Santa Chiara is so sweet you could stable there your store pig."

Visconti, burning and shivering by turns in his fever, hugged his furs about him and spread out his thin hands to the sun. may have listened, but he did not heed; he may have been gratified, but he did not seem to be. Captain Brazenhead's invention, for lack of nourishment, wilted and faltered out. His eloquence, for that turn, was not ready at call—or it may be that his patron had heard it all before. When the best is said, the variations you can play upon the death of a man are very few, at least in Europe. They say that the Chinese have contrived better, or perhaps they have greater vitality to work upon. However that may be, Captain Brazenhead stopped—and there followed a painful pause.

Presently Visconti croaked out his doom. "You have done very ill on your own showing. To dispose of three men by knocking their heads together—what is this but insensate butchery? Get you to the knacker's, hire yourself in the shambles, but serve me no more. Yet stay," he added, seeing that Brazenhead was preparing to obey him with suspicious alacrity, "I may have use for you yet. You are con-

fined to quarters until my next orders, and you are disarmed."

Then and there the halberdiers deprived him of his weapons; he was led to the door and turned loose into the corridors of the Castle, a disgraced man. I must observe upon this that it is not given to the most generous to foresee the full scope of their magnanimity; or it may well be that our Brazenhead's circle of acquaintance was too wide or his instincts too warm to make him a tolerable murderer. For if every murderer were to fight with the man he proposed to slay, the work would never be done; and if you are to add to a zest for combat a tenderness towards the nephews of ladies with whom you may have conversed, or are inclined to spare them who may have bested you as well as those whom you have bested, you narrow the field of your operations too severely. It is likely you will murder none. Add the difficulty of explaining how you have slain persons who are alive at the moment of explanation, and you put a tax upon your invention which may easily make you bankrupt.

* * * * *

It was vexatious in every way—humiliating to his finer feelings and embarrassing to his political schemes. He had his garrison in Sant' Eustorgio to provide for ; he had fixed the day for the shock of Pavia; and here he was, deprived of arms and confined to the precincts of the Court, while his friends starved in a disused hermitage and Pavia remained inviolate. This was trouble enough, but the hurt to his pride, his professional pride, was worse. To Camus and Gelsomino, his colleagues, was allotted the notable adventure of putting three hundred Anabaptists to the sword. Not only so, but on the day fixed the Duke himself would attend the shambles in state. Milan would hold high festival; and so it did. Fortified by proof armour and a ring with prussic acid in the jewel of it, Duke Galeazzo set out. His Duchess, his daughter, his great officers, suitably accompanied, took horse in the great court, and rode down to the piazza. Captain Brazenhead saw them go from where he sat in an obscure corner of the buttery, and bit his nails to the quick. Occasionally he sipped a mug of small beer, very occasionally he tried to carry his misfortune with grace by humming an air. But he never got beyond the first bar. He had been thus pitifully engaged for more than a week, and was very glum.

A thin stream of persons of both sexes

was maintained throughout the day, to and from the buttery. Mendicant friars came to fill their sleeves with broken victuals, widows and orphans, half-pay soldiers, murderers out of work, and other unfortunates, received their daily sustenance from the overflowings of the kitchens. But for them the Castle had been like a house of the dead, for the whole Castle world was gone to see the slaying of the Anabaptists. Captain Brazenhead watched them now darkly from his corner, chewing a bitter cud and reading a soured judgment upon every comer.

Upon a rosy-gilled Franciscan he mused: "Aye, thou scratching dog, filch the substance of the poor and score the crime against thy god of Assisi. Him thou professest to serve; in his wounded side thou hopest to hide, as thou sayest. And yet, I tell thee, that little beggar-man had not been cold two-and-fifty weeks before thou and thy likes were like fed stallions. Get thee hence, thou cheek of brawn, and vex not the sight of the honest." And with some such scathing words he was ready for every religious who came to get much for little.

By and by there came in a pretty young woman in a striped petticoat, leading by the hand a short-smocked child. She approached the buttery-hatch modestly, and not perceiving Captain Brazenhead in his corner, stumbled against him, and would have fallen had she not sat down upon his knee. The moment she perceived her error she begged his pardon.

Confusion once more became her; she was tinged like a flower. Captain Brazenhead, for all his dejection, knew her at

once.

"Ah, gentle Liperata," said he, "you may well be ashamed of the seat you chose. A time there was when these war-wasted knees would have become you better. No doubt you remember how we journeyed together the way of Milan—and with what hopes, odd's face! and what promise! But then Fortune smiled upon me, though you did not."

"Sir," said the young woman, "at that time I should never have sat upon your knee, for then I was a wife. Now, alas——!"

"How now?" cried the Captain. "Has thy hurband forsaken so lovely a partner? Bring me face to face with him, and I will embrace him."

The lady began to cry; she snatched up her child and clasped it to her bosom.

"Behold an orphan! Behold the widow of a murdered man!" she wailed.

Captain Brazenhead was awake and vibrating with fire.

"Who is the murdered man? Confront me with his killer, and thou shalt have two murdered men," he cried. "I have a sword not yet rusty, and by this hand——"

He had forgotten that he was weaponless, and was to have good reason anon to

remember it.

"Sir," said Liperata, "I will tell you my tale if you will be pleased to hear it. I was but yesterday the wife of a gentleman of position and talent, who had a Court appointment which brought him honour, respect, and a handsome emolument. His name was Camus——"

"Camus!" the Captain whispered hoarsely, "Camus! My colleague! Oh, Fate, thou avenger of wrong! Proceed, fair widow, I conjure thee."

"My husband," said Liperata, "had been entrusted with a responsible task which he must fulfil this very day——"

"Aye," said the Captain, "and so he must. Three hundred Anabaptists await him. But now—what may not come of this?"

"He felt the burden laid upon him as one which called for all his powers of head, heart, and sinew," she continued, "and devoted the whole of yesterday to the exercise of these parts of his. He spent the forenoon in the reading of theology; Saint Thomas Aquinas equipped him here. His heart was in my care. I think I may say, without affectation, that I lavished upon it all the arts which a good and dutiful wife has at

assured me that I had not worked in vain."
"I warrant that you did not, lady," said
Captain Brazenhead warmly, and she thanked

her command. At least, he praised me, and

him with gentleness.

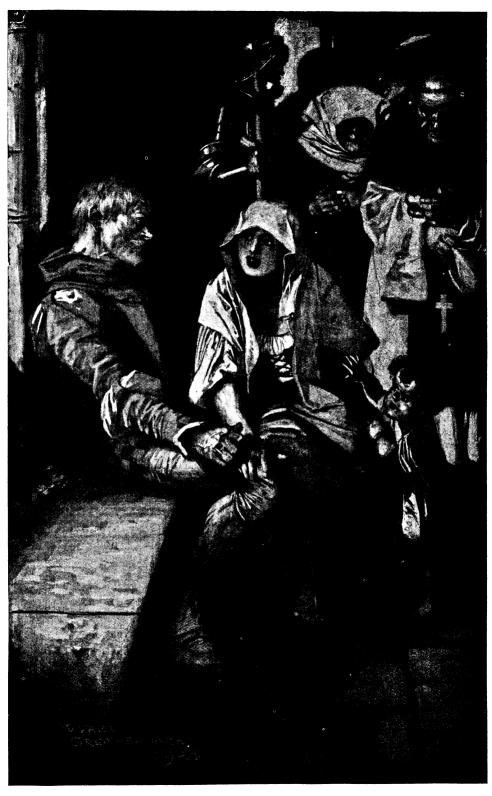
"In the evening of that unhappy yesterday my husband set out for the exercise of his muscular system. With our child upon one arm, and my hand upon the other, he took a walk about the streets of the city, conversing cheerfully with his acquaintance, visiting the shrines of certain saints who had always been propitious. All went well until we passed through the deserted cemetery of Sant' Eustorgio. But in that unhallowed spot——"

The Captain's eyes seemed starting from

his head.

"Which of them did it?" he said, and his voice was like the sea-sound in a shell. "Not Tranche-coupe? Not Squarcialupo? Not a long-armed man?"

"A dusky youth, lithe as a snake," said she, "sprang upon him from behind a grave,



"'If my tears have earned your pity, sir, I am glad."

and crying: 'Here's for thee, Braggart of England! stabbed him in the neck. He could not have chosen a more fatal spot. It was the heel of my dear Achilles—my noble, diligent Achilles, of whom I am the poor Briseis of his arms. For my husband, whose profession exposed him to constant danger, wore chain mail upon his person, which Need I unhappily ended at the shoulders. say more? He sank, bathed in his own bright blood, and as I wrung my hands and cried upon my Camus by name, the villain slipped among the tombs and disappeared into the city. I am bereft of his love, and he, by failing of his tryst to-day, has died dishonoured. If my tears have earned your pity, sir, I am glad, for indeed I need the pity of the humane. Now, with no prospect before me but a life of beggary and want, I am come here for alms, that I may school myself at once for the bitter end of my days."

She covered her face with her hands, but Captain Brazenhead was moved to the very centre of his being.

"But not so, by Cock's wounds, not so," he said, and laid a well-chopped finger along his nose. "What if I can amend your griefs, my bird of the bough? What of bearded men, old in warfare? What of the ties of gratitude? Bands of steel? No more——" And here he clasped the melting fair to his breast, while all the hangers about the buttery marvelled and many wept. "Come you with me, lady, come you out along with me. "Twas to-morrow for Pavia, pity is, but now it must be later. Now I am Persia and thou art my Andromedary. Now we summon the legionaries for chivalry, and off we go, my chuck!"

With no more words, but with husbanded breath and an arm crooked for her hand, he led her away to the cemetery of Sant' Eustorgio.

A further episode in the career of Captain Brazenhead in Milan will appear in the next number.



"FOLLOWING HIM HOME." BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.
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LUCY.

By E. NESBIT.



HE other day an old
gentleman was
turning out an old
desk, and in the
drawer politely
termed secret he
found a withered
rose that a girl had
given him, and a
bit of old ribbon
that had been smart

and brisk when she wore it. Also he found a little oblong book with a yellow morocco back, edged and clasped with tarnished gilt, a book that had nothing to do with the girl, who was nobody in particular, and whose name, even, he had forgotten long and long ago. But the little book he had not forgotten; because it was his first diary. On the fly-leaf was written in the violet ink that does not fade—

"To dear Peter, from Mamma, with best love."

And the old gentleman remembered how, in a velvet suit with an embroidered collar, he had coaxed mamma to spend a shilling on that book at the fancy shop near Aunt Ingram's house—the fancy shop which was also the toy-shop and the circulating library.

He read the entries—they were not many; at nine years old one does not keep a diary for many days.

Aug. 15. Papa and Mamma went to Swizerland. Mamma gaiv me this book. I am going to write in it evry day.

Aug. 17. I am staying at Aunt Ingrams.

Aug. 18. Tryed to work in the garden. No good.

Aug. 19. I am afriad I am very wickid. But I did not mean to.

Aug. 21. It is wrong to make clay modles.

Aug. 24. Wickid agian. Am to go to school. Am sorry I am not good. I hope no one will read this.

Aug. 26. There is no one at school except me. Nothing hapened.

Aug. 27. Nothing happenned.

Aug. 28. There is nothing to do. I wish the oathers were here. Nothing happenned.

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Aug. 29. Nothing happend. Saw L.

Aug. 30. Saw her again.

Aug. 31. L.

Sept. 1. L.

Sept. 2. L.

and so on L.L.L. for a fortnight. Then the entries ceased because mamma came back from Switzerland and swept in to where, wrapped in dreams, he sat over a lonely bread-and-butterand-cold-milk-in-a-mug tea. She swept in with violet silk flounces and a white shawl with a paisley border, and a lace veil to her big bonnet, and kissed him and hugged him and put him to bed herself with many kisses. And next day he went into the garden and was told things. To this very day he cannot remember what happened after that. next thing he remembers is being at Brighton, very jolly, with the others. A second cousin once told him that after mamma took him away, he was very ill with something the second cousin called brain-fever, and that the doctor had said he would have gone out of his mind but for the child next door, of whom, in the wanderings of his fever, he talked incessantly.

As the old gentleman looked at those entries in the first diary—very crookedly and painfully written with one of those sharp styles of lead, ivory mounted, that were sold with that kind of book, and would only, so to speak, strike on the box, the remembrance of the agony, of which those faint scratchings were the record, came over him. remembered all about the next-door neighbour, and all that she was to him when he was not Peter Somebody, Esq., quite grown up, with an office in the City, all respectful clerks and shining mahogany; with money in both pockets, able to choose which way he would go for a walk, and how long he would stay in the garden, and what he would have for meals, and whom he would have to talk to-but just Peter-little Peter who had no voice in any of these things, Peter who had to do as he was told and be a good boy. he held the vellow book in his hand, and smelt the faint, sweet, musty scent of it, the old gentleman saw again the next-door house.

He used to call it the next-door house, but really, the school front door opened out of

the flat face of a Georgian house with wire blinds to the windows, straight on to the Whereas, the front door of the High Street. next-door house opened on to a garden, with a flagged path leading to a locked gate which opened into a side lane. The lane was twisted and interesting, with different kinds of houses and gardens and most attractive summerhouses—the kind of place that you can make up stories about. Therefore, Peter was never allowed to walk that way. But the nextdoor house was close to the school garden, so that you could see the patterns on the curtains, and the white square of a transparency that in the day was just a white square, but at night when the lamp was lighted became a beautiful, soft, pencilly picture of a castle gate, and six men in chains kneeling before a king. There was no one to tell Peter that it was the Burgesses of Calais surrendering to King Edward, and he only saw it once, on the first evening when they forgot about him, and he stayed in the garden till it was quite dark, looking at everything, and afraid to touch anything, and crying every now and then because he was such a wicked boy, and nobody could ever love him. His aunt had explained this carefully to him before she sent him away to

Mamma—she who gave the pocket-book with her best love—had gone to Switzerland with papa, so that she might get quite well again, and Peter was left with an aunt who had never had any children of her own.

At first he was so unhappy that he was quite good: that is to say, he sat still, or went out for a walk and did exactly as he was told and nothing else. But presently he grew happier—one of the housemaids was quite kind to him, when there was no one about—and having grown happier, he began to be busy. The old gardener was cutting down nettles in the paddock with a reapinghook. Peter got half a hoop of an old barrel out of the woodshed, and cut down nettles too, only he chose the large red and green kind that were in the garden. worked vigorously, thinking how pleased Aunt Ingram would be.

When he had been jumped at from behind, had been shaken, and had had his ears boxed so that they burned and hurt even after he was put to bed, he learned that the nettles he had cut down were not nettles at all, but were called Coal-yusses, and were very precious, and that he was a very naughty

little boy.

Then he tried to make up for this unfor-

tunate mistake by being more than usually polite, and, jumping up to open the door for his aunt, he caught his foot in a rug, and came heavily to the ground, bringing with him a thing called a whatnot, covered with cups and saucers that nobody ever used. Most of the cups and saucers were broken, and Peter's head had a lump on it like a large plum. He was quite glad to be put to bed, that time.

Later, he wished to model with clay, and got a hard lump out of the garden; to soften it, he washed it in the bath, a new installation which interested Peter mightily, and left the tap running. The hall ceiling was dripping like the roof of a stalactite cave before it was discovered that the clay had choked the waste-pipe of the newly fitted bath. like this constantly happened, without Peter at all meaning them to.

But the worst thing of all was also the Cheered by two whole days during which nothing regrettable had occurred, he made a booby trap for his friend the housemaid—a waste-paper basket, a paper bag with flour in it, some green plums, and so

The drawing-room door was broad and heavy, and the housemaid had not yet "done" the room. All things were propitious. But the first person to come into the room was not the housemaid. It was Snubs, his aunt's fat pug, who came quietly in, without disturbing the booby-trap, sniffed carelessly, and turned to go out. Just then Aunt Ingram, in gardening gloves and mushroom hat, passed the French window, glanced through it, and saw the booby trap. opened the window, and she and the wind rushed in together. Peter from his hidingplace behind the door saw what was coming, The blow intended for his ear and ducked. struck the door, and, the wind helping, closed it with violence—the booby trap discharged itself upon him and his aunt impartially. And Snubs—poor Snubs, on his hurried way out, was caught in the closing door.

Peter cried a good deal over this. really was sorry. He would have liked to show his respect for Snubs, whom he had not liked in life, by giving him a magnificent funeral, such as his Mamma had given the canary that had died, with the cats in black bows as chief mourners, but he was shut up in the spare bedroom, and they would not let him out, even for the funeral.

It is dreadful to be shut up in a strange room all alone with your guilty conscience and your confused remorses and exonerations.



"There were chains hanging from stone posts outside Burleigh Park, and Peter would have liked to swing on them. But Jane was always in a hurry to get back."

When his aunt came to him much later in the day, he had fallen asleep on the floor. She awoke him to tell him austerely that he was to go to school at once.

"But it's holiday time," said Peter.

"Not for wicked little boys who kill poor,

innocent dogs, it isn't," said Aunt Isabel. "Miss Snape has kindly consented to receive you at once."

"To-night?" said Peter miserably.
"To-morrow. She has sent me an electric telegram. You can go to bed now,

be sure you say your prayers, and ask for a new heart. Suppose you were to die to-night, where would you go?"

"I don't know," said Peter, quite truly.

"But I do-No," for Peter, with the incurably forgiving spirit of the natural child, had moved towards her for the customary "Good night" kiss. "No. Nobody can love such a wicked little boy. Nobody would speak to you if they knew. You are almost the same as a murderer."

"I'm very, very sorry," said Peter.

won't ever do it again."

"I'll take care of that," said Aunt Ingram;

"and mind you say your prayers."

His prayers included an earnest request that God would make Peter a good boy for ever and ever, amen. He was very sleepy.

And next day they sent him to school. He went in the charge of the railway guard, a kind and friendly man, who made jokes and tried to cheer people up. Peter did cheer up until he remembered that if the guard knew about Snubs, he would not speak to him any more. So then he left off being cheered up, and the guard thought he was tired and let him alone. And Peter wondered whether his crime showed in his face, and whether the guard had become so quiet because he had somehow found out that this was the little boy who had killed a dog—quite by accident, but still killed a dog.

A strange servant in a plaid shawl and a spoon bonnet with a blue curtain to it met him at a railway station a long way off, and took him through a town to a large, strange There was bread-and-butter and a blue mug of milk at one end of a long table also a vague lady with ringlets who kissed him as if she did not want to, and told him to be a good boy, and that he were to do exactly what Jane said. He never saw this Then he was sent into the lady again. garden to play, and forgotten. When they remembered him, it was bed-time, and after that an interval that seemed no interval ended in the awakening in a brightly sunlit, bare-boarded attic room, to the awful sense of some crime committed and forgotten, then sudden, hot, shameful remembrance. He was little better than a murderer. No one would speak to him if they knew. The old man who turned out the desk the other day recalls with a thrill of reflected misery that guilty awakening.

And now his whole duty was to do what Jane said very little. She was quite kind, but he seldom saw her except at meals and at bath-times. She was a trusted servant left in charge of the empty schoolhouse and the embarrassing little boarder. The other servants, the teachers, the pupils, even the schoolmistress who received Peter on that first evening, all were away on their holidays. Peter and Jane were alone in the house. And Jane had her own friends and their own affairs. Peter had neither.

Jane's friendships prospered best when Peter was out of the house. Consequently he was directed for long hours to play in the garden. He did not like the garden—but, then, he did not like the house. Yet he liked either better than the "walks"—straight up to the gates of Burleigh Park and back There were chains hanging from stone posts outside Burleigh Park, and Peter would have liked to swing on them. But Jane was always in a hurry to get back.

"My orders is to take you a nice walk every day," she said, "and don't you forget I done it."

The house was gaunt and dusty—empty schoolrooms with black desks and low, shiny A good many of the rooms were locked up. There was plenty to eat, and Peter and Jane ate it together.

"Who lives next door?" he questioned,

over the very first day's mutton.

"A old gent an' 'is little girl."

"Couldn't I go and play with her?" Peter asked, who had always lived in the country

and known everybody.

"Good gracious, no!" said Jane. grandfather thinks there's no one good enough for her to play with. That's what's the matter with her, I think. Pining away like, for want of cheerful company, that's what I say."

Jane, Peter decided, was not likely to pine away for any such want. Shrieks of laughter came to him that afternoon in the hot, parched garden, through the bars of the kitchen

window.

At tea-time he began again.

"The little girl isn't really pining away, is she, Jane?" he asked through thick breadand-butter. They had meals in the kitchen to save trouble.

"She's white as a egg," said Jane; "coughs a lot—or used to. Now she's lost her voice even for coughing. You can see her at the window most days. I did hear they was going to take her to the seaside, to try what that'll do for her. But you couldn't play with her, anyway, Master Peter. Her grandfather wouldn't let her play with you." anyway, Master Peter.

Peter ate no more just then. It seemed quite certain that Jane now knew who had



"He never heard her voice, but one soon becomes expert in the silent language of the lips, especially if one has been very sad and very lonely."

willed—quite unintentionally, but still killed—the pug. He got away as quickly as he could and went out into the garden. There was a quiet, weedy corner, between the stable and the wall of the other house. Face down among the bindweed and plaintains and the mayweed, Peter lay and wondered how he could have been so wicked, and whether such a stain would cling for ever, and he be pointed at when he grew up, as the man that killed the dog when he was a little boy. It seemed that he had been at school a very long time. Already he knew the garden

better than he had known Aunt Ingram's. It was a pleasant, old-fashioned garden, with the stable-yard only divided from it by a pretence of a privet hedge. But there were no grooms in the yard, and no horses in the stable. The coach-house door, however, was open. One could climb up that and sit in the open window of the hayloft. But what was the good? There was no one to see him do it. So he lay face down among the weeds, and cried, and wished that his mamma had not gone away.

Mamma was in Switzerland, very far away,

hoping that her boy was good and happy. She had said she should hope that every day. Well, he wasn't. He wasn't either.

He never knew when he first became aware that someone was looking at him. He felt it before he thought it was worth while to look up and see who it was. It couldn't be anyone but Jane-and-well, if she saw that he had been crying, she might take more notice of him. He knew well enough that she wouldn't scold him or call him a crybaby. Children know these sort of things with strange accuracy. So he lay there, and though the interest of wondering what Jane would say stopped his tears, his shoulders still shook to his sobs. But Jane said So presently he rolled over. Jane was not there at all. So then he sat up and looked round. No one was there. he had been quite certain that someone was.

It was no use to begin crying again now, anyway. There was a vine growing up the stable wall; there were green grapes high up. He would climb up and see if they were ripe. He would not take any—that would be stealing. But he did not climb. Suddenly he saw that it would not be worth while. He went and walked in the garden and picked flowers to pieces, and tasted the petals. The rose-leaves were nice to eat, so were the nasturtiums. But the dahlias and sunflowers were horrid.

He went to bed early that night, because Jane was going out to a party. He said his prayers twice over and added a petition that was intended for a prayer: "Oh, please, dear God! Oh, dear mamma, come and take me away from here!"

It was his last act of faith. On the morning of the second day he settled down into the desperate, quiet misery of a child alone, for whom there is no joyous past, no hopeful future, only the interminable, intoler-

able present.

He spent nearly all his time in the garden, and he grew to hate it as men hate a prison. At first he had thought of writing to his mother and telling her. Telling her what? That he had been sent to school because he had killed—not on purpose, but still killed—Aunt Ingram's dog! Perhaps even mamma would not love him any more when she knew that

Peter, an old man now, sitting musing with the first diary in his hand, could draw you the plan of that garden, and tell you what flowers grew where—indicate the exact whereabouts and number of the old seakale pots that the snails loved to hide in—distinguish the taste of the different petals, of the vineleaves, and of the unripe grapes, for, compared with "murder almost," stealing soon grew to seem nothing much, one way or the other. And eating is the first distraction that suggests itself to a child's boredom.

And as he went about, the sense grew and grew on him of being watched, and there being someone else quite near. The loneliness of those days! It left a mark on his soul that will never be effaced. It might have marked brain as well as soul, but for the

next-door neighbour.

He had been in that garden three long, long days, with intervals for sleep and food, and it seemed as though he must always have been there, when he first saw her—at a window of the first floor of the next-door house—a pale, little face with large, dark eyes, and hair that hung in long, lean, black tresses drawn back from the forehead with a round comb, behind which the shorter hairs stood up in a sort of ragged frill. Some sort of white shawl thing was wrapped round her, and she waved a hand like a white bird's claw, and smiled at him.

"Hullo!" he said, thrilling to the adven-

ture, "you better?"

She smiled and her lips moved, but she did not answer. Then he remembered.

"Oh," he said, standing as close to the dividing wall as he could stand and still see her, "I forgot you'd lost your voice. I suppose you can't come out?"

She shook her head, still smiling.

"I'm so very glad to see you," said Peter; "they won't be angry with you for me talking to you, will they?"

And a shake of the head and a movement of the lips. Peter, watching carefully, thought the lips said: "Don't tell."

"I won't," said Peter; "of course, I won't.

Aren't you tired being up there?"

He is not sure now whether it was only fancy, or whether he really could tell, by the way her lips moved, what she said. But at the time he had no doubt. Why should he have had? What she seemed to say was—

"I used to be very, very tired."

"Can I do anything for you?" was Peter's next question. And again the head shook with a "No, thank you," and it seemed to him that she added: "I used to like playing. I should like to see you play."

Under that inspiration, Peter climbed the coach-house door and sat in the opening of

the hayloft, swinging his legs.

She applauded with smiles and softly clapping hands.

LUCY. 409

For the first time the call, "Come to bed, Master Peter!" seemed to come too soon.

Next morning, Peter woke early to a thrill of joyous anticipation: there was—oh, wonderful!—something to look forward to. But then he remembered. There had been nothing in the little girl's face or voice or manner to show that she knew who he was—he—the malign hero of a murder story.

He dressed slowly, maturing a resolution

of martyrdom.

When he went into the garden, he almost wished that she might not be at the window. When he saw that she was not there, he knew that he had only almost wished it. When next he looked up, there she was, smiling and waving the hand that was, like a bird-claw, white.

With the help of two seakale pots and an old hurdle he achieved the ascent of the dividing wall, she the while smiling approval of his acrobatic feats. Then not much more than a yard away from the window-sill, he told her. It was very difficult, but he told her quite plainly exactly what sort of boy he was—how wicked, how very like a real murderer. And as he thought of Snubs, he wept, though Snubs in life had not endeared himself to Peter.

The little girl was very nice to him. She said: "Never mind," and, "I'm sure you didn't mean to," with other kind and con-

soling things.

Also she told him, when he asked her, that her name was Lucy, and that she was eight years old. He never heard her voice, but one soon becomes expert in the silent language of the lips, especially if one has been

very sad and very lonely.

It is impossible to play with a person who sits for ever at a window, but it is easy to play for her. Peter played for Lucy all the plays that he had thought of and not cared to carry out. He spun a top for her, though August is not the proper season for tops. He played marbles—quite nice boys played marbles in those days—and at each stroke of luck or skill looked up for her applause.

He sang to her the songs he had learned from his brothers or from the servants at home, the fashionable ditties of his moment. "Slap, bang! here we are again!" and "The Captain with his Whiskers," and "The Perfect Cure," and Lucy, pale, but always smiling, applauded and encored. She never talked much, but she was one of those people to whom one can tell everything. Peter told her more things than he had ever told anyone

else. And different things. Things that he has never in all his life told to anyone else.

And gradually the grim, echoing house, and Jane and Jane's crinoline, and her gaily coloured spoon bonnets and her friends, and even meal-times, and going to bed, began to seem vague and dreamlike, and the only real thing in the world was Lucy. The thin face at the window with the lank hanks of hair hanging on each side of it, and the eyes that were interested in everything he did—the pule lips that always smiled and never said anything that was not kind.

He said nothing to Jane of the next-door neighbour. For a thousand reasons he could say nothing. Indeed, he now said hardly anything to Jane. She, on the contrary, began to talk more to him, and to take him out more, and to bring him into the kitchen when her friends were there. He hated it. He wanted nothing but the garden now. The

garden, and Lucy.

The only things that seemed real, besides Lucy and what he did when he was with her, were his dreams, which grew very real. In them he played with Lucy inside the next-door house. Years afterwards he went into that house, and found his way about in it with his eyes shut. Every turn of it was familiar. Yet he had never been in it before, except in dreams.

And the days went on, and the dreams—and Peter ceased to wish that mamma would come and fetch him away. He ceased to wish that the others were there. He wished for nothing but Lucy, and Lucy was there. But he wished Jane would leave him alone and not bother so.

It was Jane, he learned from the second cousin long afterwards, who wrote to his mother—she lost her place for it, but mamma saw that she was in the end no loser—and Jane's letter brought mamma back from Switzerland. The letter remarked that "this came hopping to find you well as it leaves me at presint and I got your direction off of the child's letter, and I think it my duty to say that Master Peter do not look above aff the size he did wen he come, an dall pale an dall eyes an dif I was you dear Mam I would take him or not long for this world so no more at present from your bedent "JANE TRANSOME."

So mother came, and kissed him and loved him, and put him to bed, and that night he did not dream.

He went out into the garden next morning while mother was packing his clothes—to say

"Good-bye" to Lucy. She was not at the window, and before she could appear Jane came after him.

"Come in, Master Peter," she said. "You're to have your hands and face washed, and have a cup of milk and a nice piece of cake, before you go."

"I want," said Peter—there seemed now to be no reason for secrecy—"I want to see

the little girl next door."

"You'll not see her," said Jane, catching his hand. "Come along, do. Poor little thing! I thought I'd told you about her! Pined away for lack of company, that's what I shall always say."

"I want to see her," Peter repeated, and offered a dragging resistance to the hand of

Jane.

"Don't I tell you, you can't see her," Jane

insisted, "she's dead."

Then a horror of great darkness came over Peter, and through it he remembers saying: "No, no, no!" a great many times, and stamping with his boots on the garden path. "But I tell you she is," Jane said. "Don't you be so silly. She's dead, right enough, poor little thing, and an angel by this time, I shouldn't wonder."

And still Peter dragged at Jane's hand till he had actually dragged her to the place from which Lucy's window could be seen.

And the windows of the house were

shuttered fast.

"There, you see," said Jane, "it's been shut up ever since they went away."

And again Peter said "No."

"But I say 'Yes," said Jane, exasperated. "She died at the seaside three days after they got her there. They shut the house up and took her away the day after you come. I thought I'd mentioned it. You come along like a good boy now, and have your nice cake."

That is the end of what the little yellow bound gilt-bordered book brings back. After that nothing till it is Brighton, and being very jolly with the others.

THE ROAD TO CABINTEELY.

OH, the lonely road, the road to Cabinteely!
Tis there I see a little ghost and gaily singeth she.
She plucks the swaying cowslip, nor stays for all my calling.
But flies at my pursuing, who once did run to me.

She once did run to me.

I follow, ever eager, the dancing shade elusive,

The phantom feet that leave me so lone and far behind.

Then comes her merry laughter like elfin music chiming,

She cares not for my sorrow, she once to grief so kind,

She was to tears so kind.

Her kiss falls swift and tender on breaking bud and blossom,
Her flitting fingers touch them, fair as white butterflies,
Her slender arm enfolds them with soft and sweet embraces,
Remembered shy caresses she now to me denies,
She all to me denies.

On the haunted road, the road to Cabinteely,
'Tis there a little dancing ghost her merry way doth take.

She sings no song of sorrow, nor knows no pain of weeping,
I would not wish her home again, though my poor heart should break.

Though my poor heart should break.

DR. HANS RICHTER

AN APPRECIATION.

By E. A. BAUGHAN.



hear Dr. Richter at his best you should attend a performance of "Die Meistersinger," the one masterpiece of Wagner's about which there is no difference of opinion. The score

breathes the spirit of Germany in its depths and sweetness, and the spirit of all races in its sweetness and fragrance. It is a sane, poetic music-drama, and as complete art is worth all Wagner's mythological metaphysics. Dr. Richter conducts it with loving care. Every detail of the complex polyphony is chiselled to the last finish, and yet nothing of the broad, human spirit of the work is lost. Those who admire Richter like to think of him as being at one with Hans Sachs. The great conductor has certainly the same rugged independence and the same concentrated love of his art. And he has the breadth and vision of the Nuremberg poet as depicted by Wagner

berg poet as depicted by Wagner.
In a certain sense, too, Richter is an anachronism. In these days of public interest in the doings and opinions of celebrated men, Richter stands almost alone as the one musician who will not be interviewed. Young journalists have gaily attempted to beard the lion, but they have never been successful. Nor is Richter prone to make public his opinions through the press even in the shape of a letter. One of the few occasions when he has broken this rule was after the performance of the "Ring" in English last year. He has an artist's sense of the dignity of his art, and considers himself of no account except as an interpreter of the beautiful thoughts of composers. Yet to his intimate friends he is geniality itself, and expresses his opinions with wit and force. He is by no means the taciturn musician of the lady novelist. One thing is noticeable about him in private life. He is always the master spirit by sheer force of mind and temperament. And that is one of the secrets of his conducting. Men who have played under his bâton have told me that they always feel happy with "the old man." Other conductors are criticised by their instrumentalists, who have their own ideas of well-known compositions: but Richter is calmly accepted as the master musician of them all. Orchestral players say the same thing of Nikisch. This mastery is not only a question of magnetism and natural superiority, although no conductor can be great who has not the qualities of a leader of men. It is, above all, a matter of supreme musicianship. No pretty posing at the concert itself has the slightest effect on the members of a band. They watch the elaborate appearance of energy with faces that do not betray their real opinion, for it is part of an ordinary conductor's stock-intrade, and there is a proper professional feeling in these matters; but their opinion expressed afterwards with refreshing terseness. I remember a celebrated trumpetplayer telling me with pathetic indignation that a certain conductor had publicly lectured him for playing a wrong note at rehearsal. It was really the fault of the second trumpet, and my artist rightly thought that any conductor worthy of the name should have detected the real perpetrator of the mistake. There is no deceiving Richter in this respect. Every man in the orchestra knows full well that the quiet figure at the helm has noticed any slip that has occurred, and that it will not be passed over in silence. Indeed, it used to be Richter's habit to wait at Covent Garden, at the doors which lead from the orchestra, and point with a menacing forefinger to every player who had made a slip. There never could be an answer to the accusation, for Richter was always right.

At the same time, Dr. Richter has praise for good deeds, and this has endeared him to his orchestra. Also, if he expects great care to be taken, he certainly does not spare himself. No detail in a performance is too

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small for his consideration, and this is very noticeable in his rehearsals of Wagner's music-dramas. A curious instance of his grip of all that is done on the stage as well as in the orchestra was related to me by a member of the musical staff behind the scenes. The duty of the musician was to give the signal for the sound of the anchor being let down in the first act of "The Flying Dutchman." The signal was duly given according to the indication written in the score. After the performance of the first act, Richter came up to his assistant and remarked: "The chains were wrong," and marked the exact bar in the score when the signal should be made. At the next performance the anchor was let go at the precise moment indicated by Richter, who afterwards exclaimed: "The chains were right this time!" It is such a small detail that it is possible "The Flying Dutchman" may have been heard many times without it having been noticed by the ordinary lover of music, but it was not too small for Richter's notice. The great conductor does not fuss when things go wrong, but puts them right in as few words as possible. Only a man capable of enormous patience could have produced such excellent performances of the "Ring" in English with a cast which, for the most part, had never appeared in Wagner's music-dramas. This month another series is being given at Covent Garden, and it is to include performances of "Die Meistersinger."

A conductor's method of rehearing is half the battle. The public knows nothing about it; and imagines that a conductor is a magician who can sway his hundred men this way and that with a slight movement of the bâton. All the real interpretation is done at rehearsal. If the conductor attempted any "new reading " "at sight," there would be disaster. Richter's beat is so clear, and our men are such splendid readers, that there are comparatively few stoppages at his rehearsals. There is never any irritating expostulations or lengthy explanations. A few curt words or a happy, humorous phrase rights a mistake at once. Richter, unlike many conductors, has a practical knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra, and he is able to sing his directions so that they can be easily understood. He knows at once what is wrong, which cannot be said of every conductor who has made a name. All these qualities of command and musicianship are essential to a conductor. No musician can be successful who does not possess them in a remarkable degree. At the same time a power of commanding, a special and intimate knowledge of the orchestra, and a firm grasp of the most intricate score are not the only qualities a great conductor must possess. In these days we expect him to impress his individuality on his men and to bring even to the interpretation of familiar works some new insight.

It would be absurd to pretend that Richter has not his limitations. The false hero-worship that would accept everything he does is not in reality a true appreciation of his special merits. In many ways one must regret that Richter's répertoire as a conductor of orchestral concerts in England has been comparatively limited. Indeed, there was a period in conducting his London concerts, before he went to Manchester, when he seemed to have fallen into a perfunctory But all that has been changed, and at the very first concert of the London Symphony Orchestra last October he gave an electrifying performance of such a familiar work as Mozart's G minor symphony. Possibly Dr. Richter is much more a man of moods than is generally thought. He has a reputation for solidity—based on his personal appearance, no doubt—but in reality he is a man of passionate emotion and fiery energy.

An account of Richter as a young man of nineteen, written some ten years ago by a fellow-student at the Vienna Conservatoire, may help us to understand Richter as a man. He was then a skilled horn-player, but he also played all other instruments with equal dexterity. Helmesberger found him indispensable to the Conservatoire orchestra. "If a bassoon part had to be filled, Richter put down his horn and played the bassoon; on other occasions he played the oboe, contrafagotto or trumpet, and another night he might be seen in the ranks of the violinists. Indeed, I once found him playing the double bass, and as a drummer he was unrivalled. Once when the orchestra of our Conservatoire, under Helmesberger's conductorship, performed a musical Mass in the Invaliden Church, Richter sang—and how well he He led the basses in the most difficult passages; then, again, the tenors, and I think he even chimed in with the sopranos. On that day I discovered that he was also an excellent organist." In those days Richter was noted for his humour and his amiable disposition. "As soon as he appeared at our practices, with a face beaming with pleasure, his horn under his arm and a Tyrolese hat jauntily cocked on one side, a feeling of delight permeated the whole

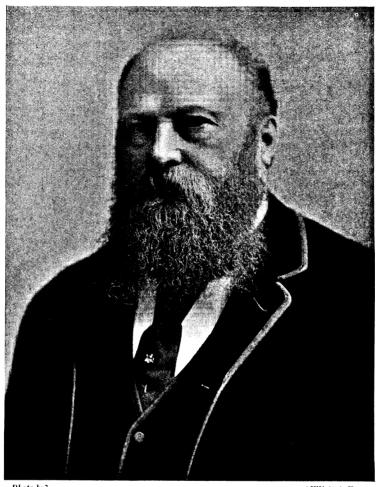


Photo by]

DR. HANS RICHTER.

But despite his winning and company. friendly disposition, and his desire to do everyone a good turn, Richter was resolute and even stubborn when it came to a question of principle. The following episode was told me shortly after I entered the Conservatoire. Richter, like most men of genius, was opposed to pedantry, and even regular school attendance was irksome to him. He thought his duties were fulfilled when he knew all he wanted to learn, and he could not be persuaded to continue to attend and listen for weeks while others were grinding at work which he had mastered during the first hour. His teacher treated him with exceptional leniency and overlooked his irregular attendances. But some old gentlemen of the Senate, hearing of the matter, were shocked beyond measure, and never

rested until a council was summoned and Richter was called before them. The sermon culminated in 'Young man, either-'Or!' exclaimed Richter, without a moment's hesitation, and, turning on his heel, he left the room." A young man of such high spirits could never at heart grow into the solid, moodless Richter of some people's imagination. His massive imperturbability is merely a platform manner, and is characteristic only so far as it does express his dislike of any personal show. He carries this to the length of firmly refusing to bow his acknowledgment of the applause at the end of each act of Wagner's music-drama at Covent Garden, and when at the conclusion of the "Ring" performances in English last year he was compelled to appear, he came on holding Mr. Percy Pitt's hand. Personally

I think that Richter's conducting is much influenced by his mood of the moment. The general outlines remain the same, of course, for Richter is not a *dilettante*, but there are days when he brings much more out of his orchestra, when every phrase is alive, and the energy of the whole conception is overwhelming.

In attempting a critical estimate of Richter, it is necessary to point out that the perfect conductor does not and never will exist. He would have to combine Richter's virility with Nikisch's subtle expressiveness, and to this should be added the nervous force of Weingartner and the finished bandmastership of the late Charles Lamoureux. We must take a conductor as we find him, and not expect perfection. Richter has certain temperamental limitations which must be frankly noted. I could wish, for instance, for more expressive phrasing than he seems to care to obtain from his orchestra. That this expressiveness can be carried too far is true enough. Nothing is more annoying than to hear what should be the natural expressiveness of a performance exaggerated into cloying sentimentality, but that is no reason why music should be always played with forthright straightforwardness. all the stupendous effects he obtains in the "Ring," I have often wished for a little more ebb and flow of expression. His conducting gives one the idea that the dramatic side of the music-drama is ignored, and that the singers are mere puppets. The artists themselves say, however, that they feel perfectly free with Richter, but that is probably because he has them under complete control, and difficulties are made easy by his absolute mastery of the scores. It may be doubted, indeed, if Richter is by temperament a genuine Wagnerian. As far as concertroom performances are concerned, he set the standard for many years in London. In the realisation of the massive strength and grandiose dramaticism of Wagner's genius, and also of its pure musical aspects, Richter's conducting is unsurpassable. He produces from his orchestra a glow of energetic life which is most inspiring. On the other hand. the subtler qualities of Wagner's music are missed by Richter, who is sometimes strangely commonplace. He has no sympathy with fine shades of expression. In a sense this sanity and freedom from anything like neurotic excitement is one of Richter's great merits, but when that excitement is the very essence of a composition, it cannot be truthfully interpreted as if it were a symphony by Beethoven or Brahms. The result of performances of the very modern school under Richter is curious. He brings out all the musical architecture of Richard Strauss's symphonic-poems, for instance, and makes them sound broader and, perhaps, nobler, but, at the same time, the nervous tension of the music, which the composer himself insists upon to the neglect of significant detail, is lost, and the character of the composition changed.

Even in his interpretation of the classical and romantic schools, of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and Schubert, there is something of the same rigidity of inflection which makes Richter's conducting of nervous modern music not altogether satisfactory. It is all very well to say that a Beethoven symphony is mainly a matter of musical architecture, but that does not mean that the caress of a phrase is out of place or mars the main design. Richter is wonderful in the way he gives us the titanic force of Beethoven, but at the same time I always feel that he has not expressed all the secrets of that great inaster; that with the overwhelming force should go an equally overwhelming tender-Still, as I have said, no conductor is perfect, and there is this to be said of Richter: his interpretations are so sane and full of life; he has such an exalted idea of the proper place of the executant musician in the scheme of things; and he is so free from any taint of decadence—or, what is even worse, the affectation of it—that one always comes back to him with the comfortable feeling of hearing noble music nobly performed.



THE WAY IT WAS.

By GEORGE HIBBARD.



ZI G O U R N E Y ROTHES smiled as he gazed about the room in which he stood. And yet the place was not one that would seem likely to evoke any signs of merriment. Indeed, the prospect

was extremely depressing. From wall to wall the space was the narrowest. The floor was bare, and large stains showed in the low ceiling. The one small-paned window gave a glimpse over dark, dismal roofs, and, through a tangle of telegraph-wires, of a small patch of grey sky. Still Rothes smiled. Then, going to the door to see that it was securely fastened, he took a gold-banded cigarette from a gold case which he drew from a pocket of his shabby coat, and, seating himself in the one stiff chair that the room contained, he began to smoke.

And yet very little had occurred.

At the foot of the stairs he met her. The event had not been dramatic. Still, he looked upon it as an adventure. She had just entered the building and, hurrying around a corner, the basket which she carried had been knocked from her hands. contents were scattered on the floor before her. The objects that met his gaze were simple and commonplace enough. brown paper parcel had contained meat, a loaf of bread, and some potatoes which had rolled into the farthest corner. Clearly she was bringing home dinner—breakfast perhaps both, and had met with this accident. Rothes thought of the heroine of the Broken Jug, as he saw her suddenly standing still amid the disaster. Only she was not at all mournful. On the contrary, she appeared extremely angry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed indignantly.
"May I help you?" asked Rothes, hurrying forward.

She did not answer at once, and he picked up the loaf of bread and pursued a particularly nimble potato behind a distant door.

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"Thank you," she said, as he stood before her with his hands filled with the useful tubers

He had noticed how charming she was, and he gave a sigh of relief as he realised that her voice was soft and low.

"Let me carry the basket upstairs," he

"Perhaps you think that I am not to be trusted with it, I am so careless," she replied, examining him.

"It's heavy-much too heavy for you," he said decidedly. "You should not give yourself such a load."

"But if I have to?" she answered, not sadly, but even laughing a little.

The piteousness of poverty! thought Rothes. Here was this pretty young creature compelled to bear such burdens, while her more fortunate sisters had all care taken of them. He felt newly indignant at the social



"The contents were scattered on the floor."

anomaly. And she laughed pleasantly about Here was independence—self-independ-Here was simple contentment. Here was refreshing naturalness. Here was the charm of Nature itself. Rothes felt newly glad that he had made this departure and

entered into the life where such things and

such beings were to be found.

"You don't if I am to carry it," he replied, taking the burden from her slightly resisting hands.

"Oh, well," she said, as if excusing herself

to herself, "we are neighbours."

"Are we?" he exclaimed delightedly.

"Then I like—the neighbourhood."

She smiled on him gravely, and for some reason he felt rebuked for his speech. What a manner, he reflected, this daughter of the tenements had, to be sure! No great lady in her drawing-room could have imposed her will more easily and more surely.

"You have just come here?" she said in

a way that made the remark a question. "Yes," he replied lightly. "I—I'm out

of a job, just now, and waiting for work." "What is your trade?" she asked with

a kindly interest.

Rothes almost laughed.

"I-I-" he began. "Oh, I'm a gasfitter," he answered, as the single gas-jet in the hall caught his eye.

"And you lost your place?"

"There was a strike," he went on more glibly. "I went out and wasn't taken back.

And you?"

He felt that it must be in accordance with the situation to ask the question—quite as in a country house he might have asked a strange young woman what form of sport she affected.

"I," she said easily. "I'm in a book-

bindery."

"And you like the—occupation?" he

asked politely.

"The hours are good," she said, with the same little puzzling laugh; "and the work is light; but there's not much chance for getting on."

Rothes was enchanted. It was not the same old thing—the same talk about the same There was not only surprising subjects. novelty in the theme, but in the surroundings.

"Thank you," she said, as she paused before a door in one of the upper halls. "I live here," and she held out her hand for the

Reluctantly Rothes give it into her keeping.

"I shall see you again," he said tentatively.

"I am very busy." Then she added, laughing, as if amused by her own thoughts: "My—cousin, with whom I live, wouldn't like to have me talking to young men."

"But we're neighbours," urged Rothes. "And you know all about me."

"Do I?" she asked pointedly.

"Well, you know that I am a neighbour —and a gasfitter. That I'm just now out of a job, that I'm called—James Walker."

"I didn't know that," she said.

"That's what I'm called," he said with meaning.

> " Oh!" she ex-

claimed. "You mean that you don't know my name. You may call me Nettie Collins."

"Miss Collins," said Rothes, "you are now aware of my occupation and my name, and my place of abode and manner of living; and, when one



"The duenna."

comes to think of it, isn't that about all that one knows about anybody?"

"Really—that's true," said Miss Collins "Oh, it's such a strange thoughtfully. world."

"Yes," said Rothes disconnectedly. "Here were you and I so close together, and not knowing it."

"I don't see anything strange in that,"

objected Miss Collins.

"Well, perhaps there isn't," Rothes admitted doubtfully. "One can't tell."

"I think that you are very strange," she

said decidedly.

"Do you?" he asked. "People have thought that before. But when you know me better, you'll find that it isn't anything. Really, Miss Collins, you'll have to know me to find out."

"Do you think that it would be worth

while—just for that?" she demanded.

"There might be other things," he responded.

The door opened, and a stout, elderly woman stood upon the threshold. scowled upon Rothes and looked reproachfully upon Miss Collins.

"Good morning, Mr. Walker!" cried the girl. "I am so much obliged to you."

She entered the room, and the door was immediately and abruptly closed by the

elderly woman who had opened it.

"May a hippogriff seize the old party!" muttered Rothes. "Even in the simplicity of the slums there seem to be dragons of duenuas."

And then, as he sat in his small room, he thought of her. Nettie Collins! The daughter of the people. What if she were? No one could be prettier than she, and he felt that no one could be dearer and sweeter and truer. How charming she appeared in the ugly place! How simply and with what merry dignity she had carried herself! The thing had happened before, and will happen again, and it was happening to Rothes even then. He knew that he loved her. Such a mingling of reverence and longing he had never known before, and he understood that a new existence was beginning for him. Who that knew him would believe it? He could hardly believe it himself, but still there was the all-compelling feeling. There was the wish to see her again—the determination that he would see her, the conviction that it was necessary to his happiness that he should see her many times—always.

This was the first of numerous meetings. In the beginnings she sought to avoid him; but gradually, as he persisted with respectful determination in putting himself in her way, she appeared to yield to circumstance and let him talk to her, walk with her, and accompany her to the door, and, on one great occasion, pass beyond the threshold.

The room was bare and dull. Still, he recognised a refinement in its neatness and simplicity. Nor was it without a bit of colour from a simple rug in one place. And on the walls hung a photograph or two in slight wood frames. Rothes gazed about him delighted. The place was exactly such as he should have desired it to be, in which he should have liked to find her living.

"My cousin is in the next room," she explained primly, "and she is just going to bring me some tea. Can't I give you some?"

Rothes stared. He could almost imagine himself in a drawing-room in quite a different part of the town. Here was this pretty girl offering him the usual tea at the usual hour. To be sure, she was dressed in the roughest, simplest manner. As he glanced down, he saw the cracked boards in the floor, the cheap paper on the walls, the stove. But

what did dress matter? How much could the bare floor count? Had he not dropped hopefully into this unknown world, and had he not been justified? Was there not standing before him the prettiest, dearest maiden that he had ever beheld? What did



"The confidential valet."

it matter if her shoes were old? They were the smallest. What did anything matter but she—she and again she?

"Thank you," he said, dropping into a hard chair.

"I Do you know," she continued, as she brought out cups and saucers and busied herself with the teapot, "I have never known a gasfitter exactly like you."

"Have you known many?" he demanded, as he watched her small hands deal easily with the coarse crockery.

"Not many," she replied. "Indeed, I believe that you are the very first. Still, you are not what my idea of a gasfitter would be."

"And you have an idea—an ideal, perhaps?"
"Hardly," she laughed. "But if I were going to have one—— Honestly, you puzzle me. You speak differently and you behave differently and better."

"Because a man is a labourer, he does not have to be a lout," answered Rothes with a manner to bring the applause from the

upper gallery.

"That's what I've always said," she cagerly assented. "If people only knew, I am sure that they would find that in the poorest surroundings there were intelligence and taste and niceness."

"But you—" he went on. "Frankly, I never supposed a young woman in a book-

bindery was like you."

"Why not?" she demanded promptly and peremptorily.

"Your voice," he began, "and your hands and—all."

"Might I ask why you thought that bookbinders were any more unfortunate than other young women who work for their living?"

"I didn't," he exclaimed hurriedly.

thought that they were all different.

"Didn't you know?" she insisted. "Surely you must have seen lots of working girls-

only those, indeed."

"No," he answered quickly. "I've seen others, when I'm there for jobs-going about in the big houses up town. And now I see you, and you are just like them, only a thousand times prettier and with prettier manners --- "

"You think that I am like the young ladies up town that you see in the great

houses?

"Yes," he answered decidedly. "Only prettier, as I say, and nicer; and it's all so much more attractive because of the surroundings and your working in a bookbindery.

"Do you know," she interrupted, "that

is what surprised me. You are like the men in the play at the theatre."

"Which?" he asked.

"The kind," she said, "who always have a valet and a club. That is the kind that vou are like."

"And it's the sort you admire?"

"No! no!" she answered readily. "I think that a man should do somethingbe something, if—if——"

"Only a gasfitter," he laughed.
"But if he's a good gasfitter, that is being something, isn't it?" she seriously. "And I can respect him."

"It seems to me," he answered, "that we are a couple of socialists insisting that we are

as good as our betters."

"But there aren't any—betters," she maintained. "That is just it. All are good, and people are only worse because they are ignorant. And so it is the duty of everyone to do everything possible to overcome ignorance and make people better and bring them together—the rich and the poor."



"'Do you know, I have never known a gasfitter exactly like you,"

"So that gasfitters will be talking to millionairesses, and young women in bookbinderies to young men who have valets and clubs."

"And why not?" she said boldly. "I am sure that if a man were a nice gasfitter,

with good manners and intelligence and education, he could very well talk to millionairesses nowadays. Indeed, a capable gasfitter is more, and makes more money, and gets it in a more honourable way than a good many men who do talk to millionairesses, and marry them, too."

"What a terrible little democrat you are!"

"But didn't you say that you believed that people could be pretty and nice though they were poor?"

"I am absolutely and perfectly convinced of it," said Rothes, with decision and meaning.

Rothes left the room knowing that all the happiness the world held for him

was shut up in it. He was more and more assured of this at every repetition of the ceremony of tea-taking, for that cup was not the last that he received, but rather the first of many. Each time that he departed, he went to pace the street in perplexity. Not that he cared what the world would say; but could she be made happy in the new life to which he would take her, or remain only bewildered and helpless? And would she let him lead her thither? He was by no means sure of this. Though he had seen her glances of kindly interest, he had noticed, too, a rather frightened look at times—caught a tone of dismay in her voice. But she must What a life for such a one to lead a life of work and privation! He watched; and as he did this, he thought that he learned much. Her eyes grew less bright, she was thinner. He observed, too, that she often appeared very thoughtful and sad.

One evening, as he was returning from one

of his long, perambulatory conflicts of mind, he passed a corner well known in the neighbourhood. There was, to be sure, nothing to be seen but a low, dingy shop with a dirty window in which was an incongruous collection of objects. Opening on a small side



"'Hide yourself in the slums!"

street or alley was a half-hidden side door; and as Rothes passed, he saw Miss Collins slip through it and dart down the steps, advancing with such speed that she almost ran into him as he stood still.

"You!" she exclaimed, looking up.

"Yes," he said gravely. "And very glad to see you, as it is rather late for you to be out."

"There was some—thing that I had to do," she murmured.

"At a pawnshop?" he asked.

"Yes," she faltered.

"If you wanted anything," he continued almost sternly, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I?" she replied almost defiantly.

defiantly.

"Haven't we known each other for a long time?"—and it seemed to him that really they had. "Aren't we neighbours and friends?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

"And shouldn't friends help each other?"

"But I couldn't take anything from you."

"Why not?" he asked impatiently. "In this real world, where women and men work together, they should share together and help each other like good comrades.

"But it is different," she pleaded.

"Why?" he demanded. "Why can't I

help you if I can?"

They stood in the dark hall of the tenement-house now, and the noises of the street came shrilly to them through the opening where no door closed them out.

"I couldn't let you."

"And why couldn't you," he said authoritatively, as he captured her hands, "when you need it?"

"Oh, you are so good!" she exclaimed. "And you are out of work yourself. I have watched. And you want to give to me out

of the little that you must have."

"Nonsense!" he answered brusquely. "I am a man, and can take care of myself. But you are a woman, of whom a man should be taking care."

"Women can take care of themselves nowadays," she said with a momentary smile.

"They can't, and they shouldn't if they could," he replied stoutly. "You see that you can't, and you shouldn't. You shall not be allowed to go on like this. You are getting thinner and paler. I can see it. I won't have it. You must let me help you, and you must give me the chance and the right to do it."

"How can that be?" she almost whispered.

"You must marry me," he said quickly, "and then-"

"Oh!" she cried, as if in fright, as she wrenched her hand away from his strong grasp. "You mustn't say such a thing. You do not know what you are saying. I must not listen to you."

She turned and ran rapidly up the stairs.

"Oh, believe me!" she cried, as she paused on an upper step. "Don't think I am ungrateful. I never was so grateful to anyone. Never! Never! I never thought that any one could be so good and kind. I am so thankful that I must not see you. I should have sent you away---"

"I wouldn't have gone," he answered

briefly.

"—or gone myself," she panted on. " Oh, it is impossible—impossible! And still " she hid her face in her hands—"I love to think that you might have helped me. I shall love to dream of it often. I shall—always."

Then she turned, and in an instant was lost in the darkness above. He thundered

up after her; but she was too swift in her flight, and when he reached her door, it was shut. He stood for a moment irresolute. After a moment's thought, he concluded that he could see her in the morning, when she might be less determined, and went slowly

On the following day, at the earliest hour that he thought that he could make such a visit—and the hours of the quarter were not the hours of a less occupied Society—he once more stood before her door. All doubt had 'vanished. His natural obstinacy had come to aid his determination. He would have her now. He reviewed the arguments that he would use. He considered how he would appeal to her.

The hinges creaked, and the figure of the

elder woman was before him.

"Miss Collins?" he asked propitiatingly.

"She's gone," said the woman shortly, as she stood squarely in front of him.

"I want to see her."

"Ye can't."

"When will she be back?"

"I can't tell ye."

"But it's most important," he said resolutely. "I saw where she was last night. I want to do something. She need not know."

"We're no beggars," snapped the woman.

"No," replied Rothes gently. "But you will help me to help her."

"Young man," announced the woman, "I think ye've been too much about here already. If she's gone, it's a good thing at last. An' it'll be a good thing for ye to go, too."

The door was shut sharply in his face, and Rothes stood staring disconsolately at the

cracked paint of the panels.

He waited all that day and the next. Not a glimpse could be catch of the figure flitting through the halls—not a sound of that light footfall that he knew so well. He grew more and more restless. From one place he fidgeted to another. He could learn nothing. No one anywhere seemed to know anything about the fugitive. She had not been long in the house. Now she had She was a mystery, and appeared likely to remain one.

While the "cousin" did not go, Rothes could not help believing that she would return—that, by staying there himself, he should in some way receive information of At least, that was the point of departure—the one place where it seemed to him that there would be any chance of hearing from her. He did not wait patiently.



"It was she."

Again he roamed the streets, and the darkness knew him for one of its many watchers.

Late one night at about this time, Rothes found himself waiting in the luxurious library of his uncle Horace Bilson's luxurious apartments. The confidential valet had some difficulty in recognising him; but, being satisfied at length, admitted him with respectful protest in every glance, and shocked remonstrance in every gesture. As Rothes watched the cheerful blaze in the fireplace, he reflected upon how horrified his uncle would be. He remembered his indignation when he had disclosed his project to him in the club window.

"Hide yourself in the slums!" gasped that scandalised elderly gentleman. "See what life is really like! Have a chance to do something for someone!"

Uncle Horace clung to the arms of his comfortable chair, as if clinging to the crumbling realities of life.

"You see," said Rothes airily, "I'm tired to death of all this." And he waved his hand to indicate the glittering afternoon avenue to be seen through the window of the pleasant room in which they sat.

"But I never heard of such a thing," Uncle Horace objected confidently.

"I want to get out and discover something real. The box-seat of my coach is pretty high, but one can't see all the world from it, after all."

"This is rank socialism!" remonstrated Uncle Horace.

"And if it is——?" Rothes replied. "Besides," he went on, "Aunt Marcia is at it again."

"In what way?" asked the elderly gentle-

man apprehensively.

"She's found another girl that she wants me to marry. Such a pearl! Such an angel! And I won't have it. She made my life miserable with the way that she forced the last one on me, and I am going to escape Miss Rosamond Langdale or perish in the attempt."

"What!" Uncle Horace asked cagerly.
"The girl who has all old Stephen Langdale's
millions and has been making such a stir in

England?"

"All of that and more," responded Rothes.
"Who's been talked about and written about
until she is a public character. I know the
kind; with no thought but for this life, from
which I want to get away."

"I've always understood that she was very

-unconventional."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Rothes. "That's sure to mean that she will run with the fast lot. No: there's only one way to escape Aunt Marcia and her machinations, and that is to hide myself where I can't be found; and the only way to do that is just here in New York."

Rothes thought of this as he sat gazing into the fire, waiting for Uncle Horace to return. He was a rough-looking figure, and when that amiable diner-out opened the door and entered, he drew back in some alarm.

"I saw in the newspapers that you were in town, and stopped for a moment," said Rothes, turning.

Somewhat reassured by the voice, Uncle Horace advanced slowly and cautiously.

"Haven't you given up this folly yet?" asked the startled elderly gentleman, his indignation increased by his momentary fright. "Haven't you lost enough of your time with it already?"

"Not a bit," replied Rothes promptly. "Not when I've found what I have."

"What's that?" asked the other anxi-

"She! She!" cried Rothes.

"You've fallen in love with someone—there?" exclaimed Uncle Horace in consternation.

"She works in a bookbindery," Rothes

replied maliciously.

"Oh!" grouned the uncle. "This is a case for a *conseil de famille*—only there isn't any family. This is the time for a *lettre de cachet*—only we haven't such blessed things nowadays!"

"I thought that I'd come and tell you,

so that you could wish me joy."

"Is it all settled?" wailed the other.

"No," answered Rothes. "In fact, it's as far from settled as possible. Indeed, I feel quite sure that she does not want me; and the strict truth is that she has disappeared, and that I can't find her."

"If only you can't!" said Uncle Horace

fervidly.

"But I will," Rothes replied firmly. "I'll search the earth for her."

Uncle Horace ground.

"And I've seen Miss Rosamond Lang-dale," he went on, and "she is charming—charming."

In the "slums" the gas was lit earlier in the afternoon, and the shop doors shut to keep out the colder wind. The winter was coming. Where was she? Rothes kept asking himself. If she were in want—if she were suffering! The thought drove him to desperation in his powerlessness. And then, when he had almost given up all hope, he thought that he saw her.

In the dusk of a late autumn afternoon, driven by his restlessness, he had ventured farther than usual from the districts that he was accustomed to frequent. Trusting to his disguise and the growing darkness, he had wandered as far as the region of the theatres, the picture exhibitions, and the There, standing in the obflower-shops. scurity of a doorway, he saw a brougham drive up to the kerb. A footman, who had being waiting, sprang forward and opened the door as an elderly lady slowly came forward. He knew her well. Old Mrs. Frobsher, one of the staunchest and firmest old Conservatives of the town. Then a young woman, who had been delayed, darted forward. She passed in a moment. But Rothes started. His heart stood still. For a moment he did not breathe. It was And even as he thought this, he told himself how impossible it was. How could she be there in all the finery of a great lady, entering that perfectly appointed equipage — accompanying the strict and exacting old Mrs. Frobsher. It was the darkness, he argued, aided by his constant thought of her, that had wrought the vision. Clearly he must have been mistaken. Some slight similarity of feature, some single likeness of movement had misled him.

But the sudden belief for an instant that he saw her before him strengthened him in his determination to find her. There were ways of discovering lost persons—people who made it a business to do it. Why had he not tried them before? As he returned late to his room, he decided that the first thing that he would do on the following day, would be to make use of some such means of discovering her.

Again he started. He sprang to his feet. He heard a slight sound. It was a very light footfall, but he could not believe that he was mistaken in it. Was she really

again coming up the stairs?

Going to the door, he tore it open. In the darkness he could see nothing. He knew that he could not be mistaken. Still he wished for greater certainty—the certainty of absolute knowledge—of sight of her. There was but one way. To go directly to her door. Two steps at a time he sprang up the stairs. As he knocked, he realised with a great wave of despair

what a bitter disappointment it would be to him if she had not come, after all. And then the door opened and—she stood before him. She was dressed as she had been when he picked up the potatoes for her. In an instant the vision that he thought that he had seen was dissipated. She stood before him, Nettie Collins — the girl of the peeple, but dearer to him than ever.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Yes," he said joyfully. "And you are back. I am glad, glad—terrifically glad. You don't know what it has

been-"

"I should not have come back!" she cried.

"And why?" he said, forcing his way past her. "I must speak to you.

"I am all alone."

"So much the better," he said. "I knew how I needed you before you went, but your going has shown me more. You shall not escape me again."

"I must go! I shall go!" she cried. "I cannot listen to you.

There are reasons."

"There are no reasons that cannot be overcome," he replied. "If you like me, if you care for me a little—love me——"

" I—I do."

" Which?" he asked eagerly.

"Like you," she murmured.

"And care for me a little?" "And care for you a little," she

repeated with docility. "And," he urged, "the rest?"

Then she turned suddenly, lis-

tening.

"Hush!" she said, frightened. From the street came confused shouts-the mingled tumult of a sudden commotion.

"Answer me!" he said impatiently.

"Something is happening," she insisted.

And they heard above the vague, dull rumours distant shouts. "Fire!"

Almost at the same moment he caught the smell of burning wood and saw the hall grow dim with smoke.

"It's here," she said.

"Answer me!" he commanded.

"The house is on fire!" she cried, and ran to the door.

He followed her; and as he advanced, he saw thick smoke clouds rolling up from the opening of the stairs,

"We must go up!" he shouted.

Driving her before him, he raced after her to the upper hallway. At the end was a window. Stepping to it, he glanced down at the street, a dizzy depth below them. A considerable crowd was already collected and was gazing at the flames bursting from the lower part of the building. As the people saw him, they raised a sudden shout.

"There must be some way to the roof,"

he called to her.

"Here is a door," she answered quickly.



" 'The house is on fire! "

He grasped the handle and shook it. The lock was fast and there was no key. From the stairs up which they had just escaped the smoke followed them in increasing volume.

"We're lost!" she exclaimed.

"But you haven't told me," he said, turning from the door.

"What?" she asked wildly.

"The rest," he answered.
"Yes—yes. The rest, too," she cried. "I was going to tell you when the alarm came. I do. I do. I love ——"

He held her in his arms.

"I know it now," she sobbed. "I knew it then. I have really known it always. I came back really to tell you."

"And you love me?" he repeated.

"I do," she answered slowly. "There is nothing—but you." She put her hand in his and repeated: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I shall lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God! What is all the rest of the world?

"It's a good deal to me—now," he said firmly. "And the first thing is to get out

of this."

He saw her only dimly in the thickening smoke. He turned to the door again, but it would not yield. Then he drew back and, with a rush and heave, fell against the panels. The wood broke before him, and the door fell, torn from its hinges. Up the dark, narrow stairs she ran, after he had thrust her forward, only to be stopped by the closed scuttle at the top.

Outside they heard men calling.

"All right!" he shouted to her. know that we are here."

But, impatient with the delay, he put his shoulders against the obstruction and bore up against it. The boards yielded, and they sprang out upon the roof as the firemen hurried up.

"All right," Rothes said. "Go on. We

can take care of ourselves."

He carried her to a dark place behind a stack of chimneys, holding her motionless and silent in his arms. At last she opened her eyes. The air was deliciously clear and pure about them. Above, the stars shone brilliantly. The tumult of the street seemed afar off and almost lulling in its effect.

"We are safe," she said.

"Safe. Yes, perfectly safe. Doubly safe," he answered. "For we have life and I have you. Dearest," he said, and he kissed her, "I am going to make you glad that I have you. And I can. You don't know. I am not what you think I am. I am what the world calls rich—very rich. I never was so glad of it before. I came here to see if I could not do something for somebody else, and I have done the best thing in the world for myself. I have found you. But I am somebody else. You may even have heard of me. I am Sigourney Rothes."

She gazed at him, rubbing her eyes, still smarting with the smoke. Then she laughed.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so glad! But it is too funny. The man from whom I have been running away!"

"Of course. I know," he said, somewhat puzzled. "I thought that you were lost."

"I don't mean that," she said. "But by coming here at all. Oh, I'm so glad, not that you are Sigourney Rothes—that you are so rich but that I am not the only impostor. I am not Nettie Collins; I am Rosamond Langdale." And she said mockingly: "Perhaps you may even have heard of me?"

"You?" he cried. "But I was running

away from you, too."

"I came as you did," she said, "to escape from the life of which I was so tired, and to try to do some good. I brought my old nurse Sarah with me. Oh, I know that I loved you from the first, but it seemed as if it would not do. I went away to try in my other life to forget. But this afternoon, as I was getting into the carriage, I saw you standing in a doorway. You looked so poor and miserable, my heart gave a great bound and went out to you. Oh, you carried it away with you, and I followed it down here."

"And you were never in want?"

"Of course not," she laughed.

"And the pawnshop?" he asked.

"I had been getting a ring that a poor girl had pawned, to take it back to her.

Again, in the darkness, he took her in his arms and kissed her. The drone of the working fire-engines came up to them. The shouts of the firemen, as they made their way over the roofs of the houses, fell upon their ears, but they did not hear them. They did not know where they were. Unconscious of place, alone on the roof among the chimneys, he held her against his heart.

"I'm glad it's so," he said.
"And I'm glad," she answered, "to know that it wouldn't have made any difference if it hadn't been."



THE CHAIR.

By RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.



LILERENSHAW was Ollerenshaw and Nephew, and he made shoddy, and very excellent shoddy it was, I have heard; but there were strangers to the valley and its manufactures, who smiled, as

though they had a joke on the tips of their tongues, when they heard of Ollerenshaw's shoddy-mills. Ollerenshaw was the nephew and the whole firm, for the uncle had been gathered to his fathers in the old, windy hillside churchyard many years ago, and he was now no more than a very vague part of the fading memories of a few old men, who, lean and hairy of arm and bowed of back, tottered about the mill to make a pension seem a wage, and were always ready to nod very wisely at any mention of the old master. The nephew himself had grown to be a man of forty, and, having married in good time, was in a position presently to make the mill "Ollerenshaw and Sons," if he were minded to. He lived in an old, yellowgrey house half-way up the steep side of the valley, and a couple of hundred feet above, and almost directly over the mill, which stood astraddle the stream, between the road and the rising fields. One corner of the mill had, as it looked, scooped a little limestone hollow out of the great green wall of the valley, and to the fence that guarded the dangerous edge of this hollow the gardens of the yellow-grey house stretched down, so that Ollerenshaw might almost have stepped from his garden on to the roof of his mill. and a long ladder and a spirit of adventure would have given him a shorter way from home to business than did the recognised path that wound down the side of the hill. But Ollerenshaw was not averse from leisurely ways, and he used the more circuitous path without grumbling at its excessive length, and left it to his sons, as small boys, to discover the shorter way and the nerves of

their mother. Shrieks, tearful agonies of love, scoldings, threats, and punishment did not, however, remove the ladder, which the boys had placed between the brink of the hollow and the roof of the mill; and the ladder remained, an insecure bridge, long after the boys, tiring of an ageing amusement. forgot to steal guilty moments of acrobatic pleasure upon it. And the steeplejacks, who one summer came to rebuild the coping of the factory chimney, found reason to bless the naughtiness of two small boys, for the men had lodgings in the village up the hill, and it saved them a mile each morning to go down through the garden of the house, as they were allowed to do, and across the ladder to the roof of the mill, and along the roof, and from the farther end of that by another ladder-bridge to a point half-way up their own ladder, which they had built up the side of the chimney. And the first ladder, having proved its uses, was allowed become a permanent bridge, to be used in emergencies. Mrs. Ollerenshaw made no objection to this, for she knew that her sons would be as dangerously enthusiastic in the removal of the ladder as they had been in placing it where it was; and she preferred that the ladder, by remaining what the boys had made it, should cease to interest them.

It was about this time that John Ollerenshaw's grandmother died. She was ninetyfive, and, being rich and the cause of expectations in the hearts of her grandsons, ought, perhaps, to have died before. Indeed, for some years her grandsons had deplored that the poor old lady should bear the infirmities of age year after year; but in spite of these infirmities, she was bright and cheerful to the end, and had she not insisted upon going out every day, whether it were fine or wet, she would probably have lived even longer than she did. A grand old lady she was, imperious, fine-mannered, and goodhearted, and even he whose expectations were greatest could feel quite a virtuous little pang of regret when an end came at last to her long, active life. A little sharp her tongue had been, but her life had been lived among men, and to hold her own she had had to become adept in the use of her wit, which was superior to that of any man

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she had ever met. She was the only daughter, in a family of seven, of a high-handed, haughty, full-blooded squire of the old, many-bottled order; and to her husband, Reuben Ollerenshaw, a kindly but uncouth man possessed of many acres, and as rough in body and mind as most of those acres, she had given six sons, who, in their turn, had given her many grandsons, but never a granddaughter. It was her boast, after such an experience, that she understood men well. and that, as long as a woman governed them, they loved her and respected her. And, a lonely woman in a great flood of men, she had governed them, from her grandfather in her childhood down to her great-grandsons in her last years; and loved and respected she certainly was, though feared and considered by some to be longer-lived than was necessary. Perhaps, being single-handed, she was a little desperate in her government, and somewhat severe in her treatment of her menfolk, for her husband, not from any illness or accident, or for apparent reason, sighed himself out of this world at a comparatively early age, and none of her sons survived her. Twenty-one grandsons, however, survived her and the straight talks she gave them, and each of the twenty-one was suspected by the other twenty of endeavouring to win the largest share of the quartermillion which she had to divide. money was not Ollerenshaw money, for it had come to the old lady through her mother, who was the daughter of a bank that had no male heir, that gentleman having drunk himself out of his inheritance into an early Now, of all the grandsons, John Ollerenshaw, of the shoddy-mills, was his grandmother's favourite, and, it being supposed that he stood in her will for a larger share than any of his cousins would get, it was whispered by those cousins that if the truth were only known—and how they wished they knew it-it would be found that John Ollerenshaw was not the quiet, inoffensive person he seemed to be.

But when the will was read, John found himself an object of pity in the eyes of his cousins, among whom the money had been divided equally, while he got none. The whole document was very quaint—so quaint, in fact, that if twenty persons had not been thoroughly satisfied with it, there might have been some dispute as to its legality; and John was not mentioned until the very

end.

"To my favourite grandson, John Tyler Burbidge Ollerenshaw, the only gentleman in the family, I leave the old oak chair, which will be found on the left-hand side of my bed when I die. It is not an elegant or a comfortable chair, but John will find it more useful than any share of my money which I might have left him. I should like him to understand that I am leaving to him, as my favourite grandson, what I know to be my most valuable possession; and I charge him that in whatever room he sits at home, he will have the chair in that room, and that he will move the chair every night to his bedroom, when he goes to bed."

There were some cousins who read in this that that truth which they did not know, but would, in the days when the will was still a sealed book to them, dearly have liked to know and circulate, had been known all along to the old lady, and that she took this cruel way of showing her disapproval of John. Of course, John was a little disappointed, for he had hoped for at least ten thousand pounds; but he was an easy-going fellow, who was, perhaps, too lazy to scratch the irritation of a disappointment into a sore and a misfortune, and without a moan he took the chair, and tried to amuse himself with the carrying out of the instructions with regard to it. He carried the chair from room to room, and though he did not sit in it, for its shape was not inviting, he always had it in the room in which he sat; and at night he took the chair up to his bedroom. His wife laughed at all this.

"I'm sure I shouldn't trouble to carry out the provisions of that horrid will so faith-

fully," she said.

"But grandmother would never have made them without reason," John answered, who was a simple man with a great faith in the wisdom of others. "We shall find that she meant something for my good when she charged me to take the chair from room to room with me."

"But what?" his wife asked.

Ollerenshaw shook his head.

"I can't say," he replied, "but we shall see."

The man was very fond of the future tense. It was nearly always "we shall" with him, and rarely "we do" or "we did." Simple and good he was, but it cannot be denied that he had the grievous fault of procrastinating. He preferred the contemplation of things to the things themselves. To him to-morrow was so dazzlingly brilliant that he saw little of to-day. Speculating on what his grandmother meant by her will was more pleasant than the actual discovery of her meaning



"" What the devil's that?"

would probably be, and he went on speculating without the least effort to satisfy his curiosity. Sufficient for him was the curiosity, provocative of delightful dreams that the truth could never equal. But his wife, who had cried very much over the injustice of the will, was not so impassive. When Ollerenshaw was out of the way, she examined the chair, for she thought it might be hollow in the legs, and contain rolls and rolls of banknotes. But every rod of the chair seemed solid, and the seat was of straw, and the hollowness for which she sought was not to be found. And finger as she might the chair from top to bottom, she came upon no secret spring.

But months of failure did not convince her that the spring was not there, and she always believed that the request in the will, that John should move the chair from room to room, was made that he might accidentally come upon that spring, and find a great fortune peeping out at him from every part of the chair. That gold was not concealed in any great quantities in the legs or arms was proved by the weight of the chair, which was as light as it was strong; but Mrs. Ollerenshaw was fully persuaded that, when the secret spring was found, the chair would suddenly open into a thousand doors—she could not quite explain how—and treasure in

some lighter form than gold would be found. It was her husband's turn to laugh, and he did so in his lazy, good-humoured way.

One evening, Ollerenshaw was favoured with a visit from Anderson Winthrop. Winthrop came originally from the North of England, and there was much of the Dane in the man, and he was a little shrewder than Ollerenshaw liked, who was a conscientious person and a plain dealer; but none the less, Ollerenshaw, in his hearty way, welcomed his neighbour to a chat and a smoke. visitor plunged so readily into trivial subjects of conversation that Mrs. Ollerenshaw, a woman of perception, knew that he had come on business, and she presently left the two men to themselves.

"Wonderfully fine weather," said Winthrop.

"Extraordinary weather for the time of

the year," said Ollerenshaw. The two sucked their pipes and thought the matter over.

"Never knew such an October."

"Just a little too fine, though. Rain would do no harm."

"That's true. We want some rain."

And for another ten minutes they discussed the weather gravely, but in time Winthrop came to the subject that was the object of his visit. From end to end of the valley ran a railway, which, while a separate company, was leased and worked by the great railway, from which it branched at the mouth of the valley. Ollerenshaw's father had been one of the manufacturers in the valley who had promoted the smaller line, and from him some three hundred of the ordinary shares had come to John. These shares were of ten pounds each, and, strange to say, and quite contrary to the general habit of shares in a small line leased and worked by a larger line, and rather to the annoyance of the holders of the preference shares, who had not expected the ordinary shares to pay anything at all, they paid six and a half per cent. Those who had shares were quite content to keep them, and, there being no sale, the shares had no published marketvalue; but Winthrop wanted to know if Ollerenshaw would part with his three hundred at twelve pounds each. It was not a bad offer, and John scratched his head and thought he saw a good bargain before him. But first he asked why Winthrop was so anxious to have the shares. easily explained. Winthrop was developing his property, and he wanted the railway to put a station at a point where he was

building some villas. Business men from the neighbouring towns would come to live. for the summer at least, in the picturesque valley, if only there were good houses and an efficient train service. Winthrop was building the houses, and he hoped to arrange for a convenient station and a better service of As a large shareholder, which he was trying to become, in the smaller company, he ought to be successful in inducing the larger company to do what he required. all, and, of course, if Ollerenshaw wished to keep his shares, Winthrop was the last man to put pressure upon him to sell. Still, the offer was made, and, if Ollerenshaw liked to accept it, no one would be better pleased than Winthrop.

Now, Ollerenshaw, though he tried not to show it, would have liked to close with the offer then and there; but he thought it was wise to look reflectively at the ceiling.

"They bring in two hundred a year," he said. "It's a good investment, you know, and I had not thought of selling.

Winthrop made no sign of being at all

displeased.

"Of course I know what I want," he said, "and you know what you want. I want the shares, for the reason I have told you, but if you think it is your best policy to refuse my offer, I shall not be in the least offended. Why should I be? 'Every man for himself' is my motto. But I've given you the chance of helping me in my plans for the estate, if you think it will be to your advantage to sell those shares to me at twelve. Just think it over.'

But Ollerenshaw had already thought it The dividend might not always be so high, and, if ever it went down to two or three per cent., as it might, should a bad year come to the valley, he would feel very foolish when he remembered that he had neglected to sell the shares at the very fair premium which was offered to him now. He had thought it over and had decided to sell. He was about to say as much, when a crash resounded through the room. the men started, and Winthrop, who was nervous, cried out: "What the devil's that?"

Ollerenshaw, not knowing, looked round the room.

"Something fell," he said.

"Hang it! I should think so," said Winthrop. "It gave me a confounded start."

Then Ollerenshaw saw what had happened. The chair which his grandmother had left him had fallen over, and, resting on the arms and the top of the back, thrust its legs up into the air. It was an extraordinary position in which to fall, for one would have expected the chair to fall backwards, not forwards. And the chair was so well balanced that it seemed impossible that it should tumble over at all, unless pushed. But nobody had pushed it, as Ollerenshaw and Winthrop knew. Winthrop stared with starting eves at the fallen chair.

"What on earth made it do that?" he

"I don't know, unless it were an earthquake," said Ollerenshaw, and he picked up the chair and set it on its legs again. Winthrop reached out for the whisky decanter and helped himself to a dose.

"Almost uncanny, that chair," he said, and he seemed upset, for, being a very canny man, he hated uncanny things. some time before he pulled himself together, and then, just when the subject of the shares was being again discussed, the chair fell over a second time. Winthrop jumped up.

"Good night," he said. "I can't talk business with that chair in the room. a sort of disturbing influence, and it sends my thoughts wandering. I'll see you at the mill to-morrow about those shares.

Next morning, just as he was going into the mill, Ollerenshaw felt a hearty slap on the shoulder. It was Biddle, a hearty man who good-naturedly knocked his friends about to show them how much he liked Ollerenshaw, having bitten his tongue, was half inclined to return the slap; but he knew that his hand was very heavy, and refrained, and merely said: "Good morning," as distinctly as his painful tongue would allow. His clemency was rewarded by a severe dig in the side from Biddle's elbow.

"Got any shares in the railway, old cocky?" Biddle asked.

Ollerenshaw at once forgot and forgave the slap and the dig in the ribs. Here, perhaps, was someone who would offer thirteen for the shares for which Winthrop had offered twelve.

"Yes; why?" said Ollerenshaw.

Biddle looked round him knowingly, and then said, in a lowered, solemn voice: "Let's

go into the office, and I'll tell you."

They went into the office, and Biddle, for all his boyish, boisterous manner, showed himself to be a good man of business. What he had to tell made Ollerenshaw's eyes open very wide. It seemed that the larger railway company, having failed to wreck the smaller, now wished to buy it out. branch line would be doubled, and extended

through the spur of the hills that at present brought it to an abrupt termination at a dismal station that served nobody, and would join the main line again, forming an alternative route which would relieve the congested traffic on the main line. larger company was determined to buy out the proprietors of the branch at all costs, for the extensions and alterations were imperative in the interests of the main line, and local proprietors, thinking of their local trade interests, might object somewhat to have their traffic shunted aside for the through traffic, as the company intended it should be when the one line was so extended that it became a loop to the other. Biddle said, with his finger on his nose—he imagined himself to be a sporting person, but really was quite sane in his mind and wholesome in his habits-was a very good chance for those who held shares in the smaller company. They had only to stand firm to get what they liked for their shares.

"How much?" Ollerenshaw asked. "Fifteen at least," said Biddle, "perhaps

more."

"I thought I ought to tell you this," Biddle continued, "for you might find somebody who knew, while you didn't, trying to get hold of your shares. Somebody —I won't give the name—has been nibbling after mine, offering twelve, which would seem very reasonable, if I weren't as wise as he; and I'm going to stick to every share I've got, and I advise you to stick to yours, until we get an offer from those who are prepared to pay a much higher price."

Ollerenshaw thought he knew who had been nibbling after Biddle's shares, but kept his thoughts to himself, and merely thanked Biddle, who could not resist giving his friend another hearty slap. Friends should be friends, said Biddle, and give each other the tip, when they had a tip to give; and he went away, whistling cheerily. Soon afterwards, Winthrop came in, and he, too, seemed exceedingly cheerful. He did not take so long as he had last night to come to business, but remarked almost at once that he had looked in to complete the purchase of the shares.

"I've been thinking things over," said Ollerenshaw.

"Eh?" Winthrop cried.

"I don't think I shall sell."

Winthrop caught his breath, and a word that could not have been set down here remained unsaid, although it echoed through his heart.

"But I thought it was all settled last night," he said, and he took out a penknife and dug it viciously into the office table.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Ollerenshaw

replied calmly.

"But you meant to sell," said the

disappointed Winthrop.

"Yes, and I all but did sell there and then; but something stopped me, and this morning I find that I am not disposed to sell."

Winthrop could keep his temper

longer.

"Confound that chair!" he said.

"What chair?"

"That confounded chair your grandmother left you. If it had not fallen over and disturbed us, you'd have sold the shares on the spot. If you value that chair, don't let me get at it with a hatchet. It served me a dirty trick—robbed me of a thousand pounds perhaps—hang it!"

"Don't you think you're giving yourself

away?" Ollerenshaw said quietly.

Winthrop's jaw fell, and he saw that he had made a fool of himself in his disappointment.

"Oh, well," he cried, "it doesn't matter what you think of me now that I can't get your shares"; and he stumped out of the office, an injured man.

When, some weeks later, Ollerenshaw sold his shares at seventeen, which was very much better than selling them at twelve, he saw that the chair, by falling over, had put fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket, and he was exceedingly grateful to the chair.

"At any rate," he said to his wife, "I've

made fifteen hundred out of grannie's will."

But his wife thought the argument a little far-fetched, and still searched for the secret spring which should discover the hidden treasure in the chair; and she did not find that the matter of the shares softened her memory of the deceased woman, who, in her will, had played such a mean trick on her favourite grandson.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't get superstitious over the chair, Jack! I'm sure it

isn't a talisman."

"But why did grannie tell me to take the

chair with me from room to room?"

"Because she was a spiteful old cat and wanted to give you a lot of trouble. may be some mechanical trick in the wretched thing, and something valuable may be hidden in it, but don't tell me that such a commonlooking old chair is bewitched and worthy of superstitious regard."

"What made it turn over so strangely that night at the most critical point of my

conversation with Winthrop?"

"Oh, goodness knows!" she said, and she dismissed the subject. It would be very long before she got over the soreness brought to her heart by the will, for the wives of the other and more fortunate grandsons had shown themselves ready to smother her with pity, and her pride suffered many wounds. More than once, after a long, fruitless search for the secret spring, she felt inclined to let one of her boys have the chair, as he begged, for certain carpentering purposes for which he was sure it had been originally designed; but she was a good wife, and she knew that her husband was becoming genuinely fond of the chair, and, after all, it would perhaps have been foolish to deprive him of the one thing which he had received from the grandmother from whom he had expected so much. And it was well, as it afterwards turned out, that Mrs. Ollerenshaw did not do to the chair what she, sore and disappointed, would have liked to do. But of the second time that the chair turned over, and so prevented her husband from acting in a manner which he would have deeply regretted afterwards, Ollerenshaw kept it to she never heard. himself, and he never remembered it without a shudder.

Besides two sons, the Ollerenshaws had a daughter, a child of about six, and, as Ollerenshaws and their wives had given up expecting daughters at least two generations back, she was the idol of her parents. Nothing delighted Ollerenshaw better than to have her with him as he pottered about the house and garden, doing those little innocent jobs of carpentry or gardening that were his recreation. One day, when the child was with him in the great old barn that served so many purposes, being a workshop for himself and the boys, a shelter for various implements, and a happy huntingground on Sunday mornings for men who came with dogs or ferrets to help the gardener to catch the rats that were responsible—or so the gardener said—for certain grave deficiencies in the garden crops, Ollerenshaw looked up and saw his gun on the wall.

"Uff-puff, big bang-bang!" he said to his daughter, as he took down the gun; and she laughed, for, though he had not the least idea of how to talk to a child, she loved him, and the very stupidity of his remarks amused her.

"Yes, big bang-bang," she said, as would

a nurse who seeks to agree soothingly with the ramblings of a delirious patient.

It occurred to Ollerenshaw that it would amuse the child if he cleaned the gun and showed her the mechanism; but, being a stupid man, he first raised the gun to his shoulder and took aim at her.

"See me kill little girl," he said, and he kept the gun on her as she dodged about in His finger was on the assumed terror. trigger, and he was about to pull when he heard a soft thud on the earth floor of the Startled, he lowered the gun and looked about him. To make the child laugh, he had carried the chair about with him that afternoon, not only in the house, but also through the garden, and he had brought his legacy to the barn. The chair had fallen forward, as it had on the night when Winthrop sought to buy the shares; and it was the noise of the fall that Ollerenshaw had heard. He picked up the chair, and forgot all about his playful aiming at the child, and set to work at once to clean the The child, expectant of the unfolding of great mysteries, came near. Her father turned deadly pale when he opened the breach, and he dropped the gun.

"Heavens!" he cried. "I never looked. That's how it always happens. The fool doesn't look, and then—— But it didn't happen this time. What saved you, Fay, what saved you?"

He snatched up the child and kissed her passionately, and he trembled so that she began to cry. His arms half crushed her, but, as her frightened sobbing grew, he put

her down and led her to the chair.

"Kiss it, kiss it!" he said.
She did not understand him, and pressed back wildly against his hands, which pressed her forward.

"Kiss it, do you hear?" he cried, almost roughly.

She turned and tried to break away from him, but he caught her and lifted her up, and held her so that her lips touched the arm of the chair lightly. Then he set her down.

"It saved your life," he said breathlessly.
"How, is my secret, and I hope you will never know. But always love that chair; love it, if you love me."

The child collapsed on the floor of the barn into a little bewildered, sobbing heap, and he strode away with the gun, and out of the barn, down into the valley. He stumbled along the side of the stream until he came to a deep pool, and into the centre of the pool he

threw the gun. Then he went slowly home, and, on the way, in a field, sank down, and was as sick as a dog. For more than a week he was very pale and ill, and from that day to this he has never touched a gun. His friends chaff him on his sudden timidity, and he bears the chaff as well as he can.

This incident increased Ollerenshaw's regard for the chair, and though he might not really think that it was a talisman, it had, by accident, twice saved him from a false step. If the chair had not fallen over, he would, in the first case, have given away £1,500 to a rogue, and, in the second, have shot his daughter dead. It turned the man very cold and sick to think what would have happened if he had not taken the chair with him to the barn. He lay awake at night, and, with the awfulness of the thought that it was by mere chance that he had taken the chair, tortured himself into a fever. grew so pale and thin and nervous that his wife became quite concerned for him; but he said it was nothing—a little indigestion, perhaps—and would not see a doctor. He supposed that the effects of the shock would wear away in time, but in four months he scarcely knew as many hours of unbroken sleep, and he became a very wreck of a man.

One night, however, in early spring, he went to bed, feeling pleasantly drowsy and comfortable, and in a few minutes he was sleeping as soundly as he had ever slept in his life. It was a deep, refreshing sleep, and his wife determined that he should sleep as long as he liked, and that, if he were not awake at the usual hour in the morning, she would not rouse him. She was annoyed, therefore, when she was awakened by a noise in the room, but, to her relief, her husband slept on, for sleep, so long a stranger to him, had come at length, all conquering. crept softly out of bed, to see what had caused the noise, and found that the chair had overturned. She righted it, and spoke to it somewhat sharply under her breath.

"Oh, you evil old thing!" she said. "If you don't behave yourself better, you don't come in here another night, whatever the instructions in the will may be."

She crept back into bed as softly as she had crept out of it, and soon was asleep again, for her nervous system was healthy and she rarely lay awake. How long she slept she did not know, but she presently woke with a start, and heard the last echoes of a noise. The chair had fallen over a second time, as she discovered when she got out of bed; but her husband was not

disturbed, and perhaps the things she said to the chair were stronger than was necessary.

"There, will that keep you quiet, you topheavy old thing?" she muttered, as she put a weighty box on the seat of the chair. "Mind, if you wake him, you're firewood tomorrow."

She had only just got back into bed when the chair fell over a third time, and the box rolled across the floor, making such a clatter that Ollerenshaw awoke.

"What's tha'?" he asked thickly, sitting

up in bed.

"Oh, dear! it's waked you!" his wife said crossly.

"What has?"

"The chair!"

His hand caught ner arm.

"It didn't fall over, did it?" he cried.

"Yes, three times, and it's waked you out of the first good sleep you've had for months. I hate the wretched thing."

"Oh, good Heavens!" he groaned, "three times, and I never heard. There's something wrong—there always is when the chair falls over—and this time I haven't paid any attention to the warning."

He jumped out of bed and wandered round the room, as though he was searching for the danger of which the chair was trying to warn him. The chair fell over from its face on to its side, and the legs, wheeling round, struck him on the shins.

"What is it? What is it?" he said

distractedly.

"Oh, don't bother your head about it," said his wife. "Come back into bed and go

to sleep."

He had stooped to rub his shins, and, when he straightened himself again, he stood very still in the centre of the room and stared at the window.

"Look!" he cried, "look!"

His wife looked, and she saw that the canvas blind glowed now and again with red. Now the glow grew brighter and brighter, and then there came a sudden little pop of blackness.

"A fire!" she cried.

"Heavens! yes, the mill," said Ollerenshaw. "I'm ruined. If only I had heard the chair the first time!"

He began to hurry on some clothes, and his wife, who felt a little guilty, for it did seem as if the chair had fallen over to draw their attention to the fire, went, at his bidding, to arouse the boys.

"Father wants you," she said. "There's

a fire at the mill!"

"Oh, jolly!" they exclaimed, and they were up in a minute, and put on each other's clothes in the dark. Meanwhile, Ollerenshaw, losing his way in his shirt and pulling off the top of his socks in his feverish haste, ground to himself that he was a ruined man. Now, a man does not usually look upon himself as a ruined man when he finds that his mill is on fire, but Ollerenshaw was not insured, and he was not able to view with the usual complacency the destruction of his property. One year, through sheer carelessness. he had neglected to maintain the insurance of the mill, and, though he had always been going to renew the policy to-morrow, tomorrow never came, for, as he should have known, it never does come. And he had to remember that it was only at the third falling over of the chair that he had wakened, and he was afraid that the fire had obtained good hold of the mill by now. He ran to the window, when he was dressed, and jerked the blind, so that it rolled up with a rush. Looking out, he saw the garden, very black, stretching down to the edge of the hollow in which the mill was built, and beyond the hollow was the red, dancing light that he had seen through the blind. In this light, the trees in the garden and the fence along the edge of the hollow stood, in sharp outline, above the great black stretch of the ground itself; and, seemingly suspended in the rolling, red-tinged smoke beyond, was a pale, crimson, perpendicular line, where the curve of the chimney caught the glare of the flames. He looked out for but a second, and then rushed downstairs and out into the garden, the two boys following him. He was about to go down to the mill by the circuitous path, by which he travelled leisurely mornings and evenings, when one of the boys shouted—

"No, the ladder—it's quicker!"

Ollerenshaw turned back, and the three ran down to the fence along the top of the Peering over, they looked down into a cauldron, the heat of which came up chokingly into their faces. The mill itself was not on fire, but a large pile of old timber and rubbish that had accumulated in the narrow space between the wall of the mill and the side of the hollow was blazing The place was a sort of flue, and the flames mounted high, licking the walls of the mill hungrily. Fortunately, the lower floors of the mill had no windows on this side, for, right against the hill as the wall was, there was little light to admit; but higher on the top floors, the fifth, sixth, and



"It was a perilous climb."

seventh, there was more light, and the wall was pierced by windows. There lay the danger, for the flames rose almost as high as the fifth-floor windows. At any moment the woodwork of these windows might catch, and the fire find an entrance into the building. Ollerenshaw was fairly quickwitted in an emergency, and he saw all this at once.

"We must keep those windows cool!" he cried.

It was a perilous climb, by the sloping ladder, and through the smoke and the heat,

from the edge of the hollow down to the roof of the mill. A fall would have meant a horrible death in the flaming mass below, but Ollerenshaw and his sons made the passage in safety. Through a trapdoor they descended into the mill, and roused the watchman, who was asleep, and didn't know nothing about no fire, and sent him for help while they themselves took buckets and kept the threatened windows as damp as was possible. It was a hard task until helpers came, for the line of windows was long, and the heat made light of the water, licking it

up in a second; and the uneven illumination cast by the fire into the mill made baffling shadows among the looms, and in these shadows Ollerenshaw and his boys, hurrying to and fro, came to grief and spilt much valuable water. But presently a dozen men came, and a hose was discovered and brought into use; and the windows, about the woodwork of which little red lines of fire had begun to run, were drenched, and the red lines became black. The flames below, too, in the pile of rubbish, were being attacked, and before dawn all danger was over, and Ollerenshaw went home, sobered by the thought that he had been very nearly thirty thousand pounds out of pocket.

Mrs. Ollerenshaw, good woman that she was, had lit a fire and prepared an early breakfast, for she knew that her husband and her sons would be hungry when they came back; and the three sat down and ate

heartily.

answered.

"It was a narrow escape," said Ollerenshaw, rubbing his unshaven chin reflectively, when he had finished his breakfast.

"Thank Heaven, you found out the fire in time!" said his wife.

"We have the chair to thank for that," he

"What!" she cried, "do you mean to say that you're silly enough to believe the chair fell over purposely to warn you of the fire? Really, Jack, I didn't think you were so superstitious."

Ollerenshaw rose from the table and filled

and lit his pipe slowly.

"Yes," he said, "I do believe it did. And grandmother was quite right when she said that she had left me her most valuable possession; that chair has proved itself worth more to me than any share that I might have had of her money could have been. It has saved me more than thirty thousand pounds this morning, anyhow, and my fair share of grannie's money would have been only about ten thousand. So I haven't done badly."

But of one of those critical moments at which the chair fell over and saved Ollerenshaw from a great loss Mrs. Ollerenshaw does not know, and she cannot look, as her husband does, upon the chair as a thing endowed with mysterious and useful powers. She still searches for a secret spring, but Ollerenshaw, with his daughter and his mill still safe and sound in his possession, believes that he long ago discovered such secret treasure as the chair had.

THE VANITY OF GREAT SHIPS.

N their might and pride they sailed, Sun-emblazoned and fog-veiled, Cheered on by the winds of heaven; Now they lie beslimed and riven-They that won and they that failed!

In their might and pride they steamed Where the long lights washed and gleamed, Cruising for their country's glory: Now the world forgets their story As a vision it had dreamed!

Crimson shone their eager star! Now torn plate and shattered spar Crumble in the long release— Now the blind tides bring them peace That were fashioned so for war!

THEODORE ROBERTS.

THE WORLD'S WAREHOUSES

THE LONDON DOCKS AND THEIR WEALTH.

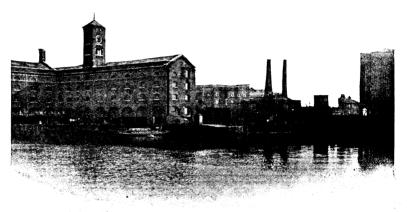
By M. H. Morrison.

Photographs by the Author.

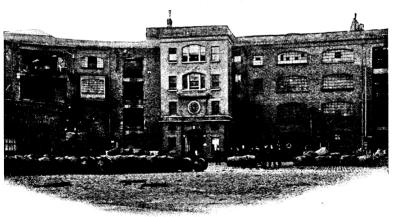
HAT something of everything from everywhere comes to London is more true, perhaps, than many realise; for not all that finds a way to London is witnessed by Englishmen and Englishwomen in their

own market-places. People of every race and tongue, even from among the wild native tribes of Africa and South America, are the customers of English merchants at the Port of London for goods of all sorts—quaint and curious, as well as useful, which, after travelling thousands of miles, find here only a

and India Docks Company. Existing to keep our riverside docks in fit condition, and to give lodgment to the various imports, this body has long held in its temporary care property often running to the value



ST. KATHARINE'S DOCK.



ENTRANCE TO THE CRESCENT WINE VAULTS.

temporary resting-place before being again re-shipped to all parts of the world.

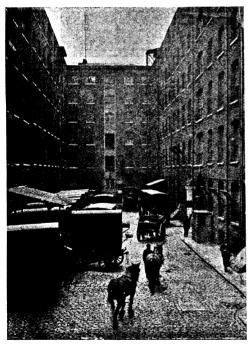
Such temporary resting-places are the wonderful warehouses of Cutler Street, of Crutched Friars, and of the St. Katharine's Docks, under the care of the the London

of millions of pounds sterling. The new Port of London scheme. with its central board of control. draws attention afresh to the vast wealth that yearly passes through the docks. Cutler Street Warehouses are approached by a turning out of Houndsditch. Though the structures are plain and barrack - like. the precincts, protected

by gates and the inevitable policeman, have, with their old-fashioned, cobble-paved courts, a certain character all their own. Scattered about are heavy drays and covered vans. A bewildering variety of Eastern treasures is stored in these

huge buildings, which almost exhaust the letters of the alphabet to initial them. First comes tea, which, being dutiable, is jealously guarded by the representatives of His Majesty's Government till the duty has been paid. The covered vans, having been loaded with chests of tea at the Docks, are locked by the Customs officers only to be unlocked by brother officers on arrival at Cutler Street. But their supervision does not end there. Neither the Docks Company nor its employés have power to enter their own warehouses, where tea or excisable commodities are stored, before eight o'clock in the morning, when the Customs officials unlock the heavy, iron-bound doors, or to remain after four in the afternoon unless by special arrangement, when the same officials take away the keys.

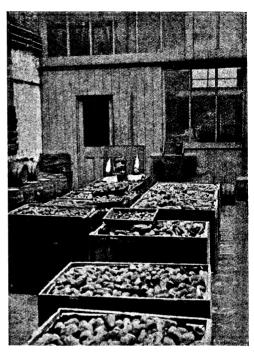
Goods of bewildering beauty and variety are stored at Cutler Street, goods which in their history afford startling illustration of the romance of trade. Carpets, rich and



A CUTLER STREET AREA.

rare, from every part of the East, are spread out in riotous luxuriance in nineteen rooms—the word "halls" would give a better conception of their size. Japan, with carpets of jute and cotton, has for years been trying to wedge a way, but she has much to learn in the matter of texture and colouring.

The woollen carpets of simple pattern from Northern India come next. But India sends also many beautiful varieties of silk and cotton floor-coverings warm in colour and soft to the touch, though she finds it difficult to equal the fame of those from Turkey.



MUSK, CIVET, AND TURKEY RHUBARB.

But nothing can surpass in richness, yet simplicity of colour and design, nor yet in durability, an antique Persian carpet, rug, or prayer-mat. The last-named can readily be distinguished by three wrought markings at one end worked ingeniously into the design, whatever that may be. The two side markings are for the hands, the middle one for the forehead to rest upon when prostrated in prayer. These rugs, it is estimated, will, under ordinary circumstances, last three hundred years and more, and maintain their colour, together with the gloss or sheen which is one of their main characteristics. chants scour Persia to secure these antiquities, for it is found that, even though they be gashed here and there, they always command the highest prices. The dyes used were purely vegetable; hence the permanence of their colour. The story is that in days gone by, to bring aniline dyes into Persia was regarded as a crime so serious as to be punished by decapitation. Such capital law



IVORY.

might be reintroduced with advantage to both trade and honesty!

Feathers and bird-trimming, despite Anti-Plumage Societies and Lord Avebury's Bill, still maintain a fascination for smart women; and those same fashionable women, whether they reside in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, or New York, may be interested to learn that such decorations have for the most part found the

way to their wardrobe via the Docks of London. Just before and after the sales. which take place every two months, and which are attended by buyers from each of the gay capitals, room after room in the Feather Floor of Cutler Street Warehouse is filled with a hecatomb of birds of the gayest plumage orange, green, red, blue, yellow, scarlet -imported from every country and island under the sun. Carefully selected according to perfection of form or colour are, to mention only a few, huge boxes of bright

red and black tanageres from Brazil, blue finches, bronze ducks from New Guinea, twenty to thirty varieties of birds of paradise—some rare species fetching sixty guineas in the Warehouse - blue chatterers, which, as held up or down, melt from soft blue to green, peacock feathers. and lastly, in large numbers, our friend the parrot, which, should its own colour not be in demand, readily takes another dye or tint. skins, according as they have been obtained by more or less civilised or uncivilised natives, are stuffed with hay, or straw, or rags.

Ostrich feathers, unlike the birds already mentioned, which come into merchants' hands either through the sport of Britishers or by

snaring, are cultivated in the farms of South Africa. Nearly every feather on the body of the ostrich is, at some time or another, commercially useful—the large ones, some two feet and more in length, for hats, the small ones, mostly from the breast, for boas. The natural colours vary from black, through pale brown, speckled grey, to pure white, and at the Warehouse



CARPETS.

are sorted accordingly. Sometimes, to meet the demand, the darker feathers are bleached white, but no satisfactory method of bleaching the midrib or stalk has yet been devised.

By the way, it takes two or more natural feathers to make the ostrich feather of the shops, the upper feather being curled over the central rib. The feathers are usually cut near the root just before the moulting period, when the bird discards the roots.

Controversy, loud and long, now brought to a head in Parliament, has been waged over the egret and osprey from Brazil, China, India, South America. It is declared that the soft, wavy plumage, which is believed to

flaunts the brightest or most attractive plumage. The larger varieties are worth from 15s. to 35s. an ounce at the Docks, the smaller ones fetch 50s. to 150s. the ounce—



CIGARS



THE VANILLA BEAN SHOWROOM.

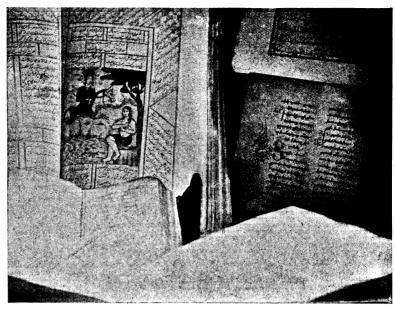
be the characteristic of these birds only during the breeding season, is produced only by the male, the rule among birds being that the male to please its mate almost invariably that is, twice their weight in gold. And such prices, as well as a steady supply, have been maintained, in spite of the opposition and prognostications of various Anti-Plumage Leagues.

So great, yet exclusive, is the fame of this the greatest feather market of the world, that there have been attracted to it distinguished visitors of all sorts, the visitors' book revealing such signatures as those of Queen Alexandra, Earl Dudley, Governor - General

of Australia, Adelaide Duchess of Teck, Gladstone, Lord Derby, Sarah Bernhardt, the King of Sweden and suite, Carlos Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal the Empress of Germany and suite, Ludwig Prince of Baden, the Duchess of Albany, Countess Antrim, many well known Americans, and, of course, many naturalists and scientists and bird collectors.

The collection of Chinaware and Japan ware at Cutler Street fills with delight the heart of the expert or dilettante, for there are exhibited some of the choicest specimens of Imari, Kaga, Seto, Satsuma, Porcelain, Blue China, Cloisonné,

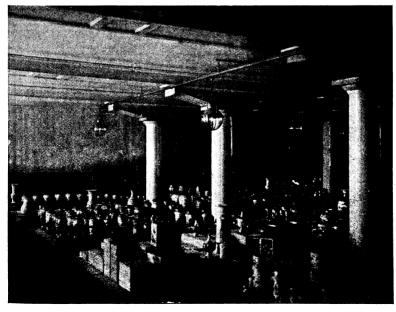
and "Crackle" ware. The honour belongs to China of having discovered, long before the Christian era, the beautiful art of baking and enamelling or glazing pottery, hence the general name given to glazed pottery. China "crackle" ware, with the Dutch imitation of which we are more familiar, is obtained by standing the glazed pottery in the sun



PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT BOOKS.

before "firing." The Satsuma of Japan is similar so far as the crackle is concerned, but the predominant colour is pale yellow. Kaga, on the other hand, is a combination of rich red and gold. Cloisonné, a valuable modern production of the Japanese, has peculiarities all its own. A pattern is traced with strips of metal, such as brass, on a

groundwork of pottery; the interstices are filled in with enamel, the general effect, when finished, being that of tesselated or mosaic work. Vases and bowls of beaten brass, Egyptian and Persian coffee pots and holders, Japanese pictures, carved and inlaid cabinets and writing-desks; ancient MSS. from Persia, old - world carved screens with ecclesiastical pictures from Armenia —in short, Eastern treasures and curios of all sorts and kinds, find their way to this Floor,



ORIENTAL CHINA AND CURIOS.

imparting to it much of that charm which imagination chiefly associates with the Far and the Near East.

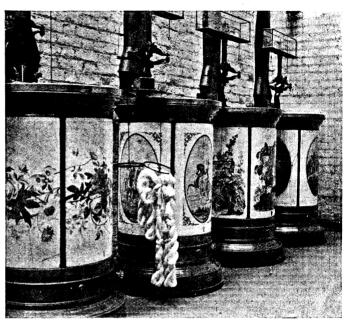
The Eastern silks and cottons lodged at Cutler Street are, many of them, of a colour, pattern, and even odour, seldom, if ever,

met in the English retail market, and bespeak peculiarities of races totally different from our own. Piled up are many scores of dozens of "Madras handkerchiefs," checked in pattern, and, to us, crude and harsh in colour. are woven on hand-looms in native mud-huts among the hills and valleys of South India, each village maintaining as a tradition some particular tint and pattern. Though brought to London, they are intended ultimately for the native tribes of Africa, to be worn round the loins, each tribe, in its turn, remaining faithful to some particular pattern. Our Manchester men have tried to manufacture these goods, and have been fairly successful in imitating the pattern and even the texture.

but the odour—a curious oily one—has completely baffled them; and without that characteristic, tribal chiefs will have none of them, certainly they will not exchange ivory, or birds, or oil, or rubber, for such base imitations. The bales of coarse blue cloth, the dye of which must come off readily when rubbed, have also a curious history. The rough, selfcoloured cloth is made in England, sent to Pondicherry to be cheaply dyed with as much dye as it will take that it may be sold by weight instead of by piece, and is brought back to London to be distributed in the same manner as the Madras handkerchiefs. The dye sticks to the wearer's body, and imparts a bronze appearance that is not unattractive. The material when robbed of its dye serves as a wrapping for the dead.

The Spaniards of Spain and of Central and South America are good customers of ours for a certain class of China silk shawls (ranging in price from £5 to £12), upon which flowers are beautifully embroidered by hand, but of such violent and startling tints as to condemn them in English eyes. Cashmere shawls, of the sort sent to Royalty

as presents or as tribute, had formerly a steady English sale, though necessarily limited, at prices ranging from £120 upwards. But the Scotch, by their Paisley imitations, destroyed what market there was. Nevertheless, one or more of these handsome



SILK CONDITIONING OVENS.

Cashmere shawls are generally passing through our London Docks Warehouses.

Bandanna silk handkerchiefs afford another example of the vagaries of distribution. They are hand-woven and dyed in India, and there is a great demand for them in the markets of Burmah, which, so to speak, is only "over the way." for the most part, they are brought to London, to be reshipped to Burmah. The colours are old red, old blue, old gold; but the spotted pattern is peculiar. Burmese have a superstitious belief in certain numbers, and will not buy the handkerchiefs unless the pattern consists of a series of spots—say six by four, or seven by three; again, they reject those handkerchiefs showing regular, well-defined spots of dull uniformity, as these betray that the handkerchiefs have been printed by machinery. So there is little fear yet awhile that the occupation of the Indians will be destroyed by the English. The pattern is produced by tying up tiny bits of silk where a spot is required (to do this alone must take nearly a day), the whole handkerchief is then

dipped in dye, and it is found that the bits tied up, not taking so much dye, remain paler than the rest of the material.

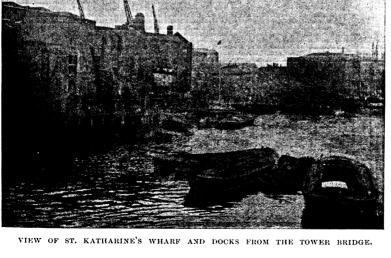
Shantung and Tussore silks—the former from China, the latter from India—because of their durability, softness, and cheapness, have, during several seasons, commanded allegiance for summer dresses and dust-cloaks. The secret of this popularity is revealed at Cutler Street, through which, of late years, large quantities of this material have been passing. The colour is a natural one, the silk being the product of the wild silkworm, which produces cocoons (hanging in thick clusters in the forests) four or five times larger than the cocoons of the cultivated silkworm; but it was only a comparatively few years ago that a method was discovered of softening the material and making it suitable for the English market.

Raw silk in great quantities, though, alas, not so great as formerly, also finds a temporary resting-place in one block of these Warehouses. Whereas the average stock used to be 30,000 bales, it is now only 4,000 bales, Our raw silk is imported from China mainly, but also from India and Japan, which

gradually diminishing, with consequent disturbance in the labour market of Coventry, Norwich, Bocking (near Braintree), and And since its completion our own northern towns receive their waste silk via the Manchester Canal instead of via London. But other changes have been at work. Prior to 1870 the silk-manufacturing industry was fairly equally divided between France and England. Then came Franco-German war, which hundreds of French silk weavers to seek a refuge in this country, thus giving to us the balance of trade. Latterly, however, such innovations as the manufacture of artificial silk—an offence for which Germany is chiefly responsible—have been causing the silk trade to decline to such an extent as almost to threaten disappearance from certain centres. But in the Conditioning Room at Cutler Street Warehouse is found a fine relic of the French influence in the presence of four handsomely painted and enamelled stoves, wherein, during the process of drying, it is possible with the aid of delicate scales to tell the exact amount of moisture that is contained in each hank of silk and thus to estimate the

amount of moisture in each bale. Merchants may have to pay about 12s. per pound for silk, but they refuse to pay at that rate for water — even to a Water Board!

Such vagaries of collection and distribution as have been already described are also to be found amongst the furs at Crutched Friars Warehouse —the site of a onetime religious foundation brought together from every part of the furry world. Though America is so highly developed commercially, it is



countries, however, now manufacture most of their home-grown silk. London was formerly the central market for the distribution of raw silk—especially to France and America, which now obtain their supplies direct—thus for fifteen years or more our trade has been claimed that nine-tenths of its furs come to London to one or other of the four sales held annually; though of these, 50 per cent. go back to New York in the raw state. The explanation is that trappers, or those who collect from trappers, prefer London to other

markets, for, competition being keener here than elsewhere, they can realise a higher price, perhaps 30 or 35 per cent. more than is realised in New York. The odour of the Fur Floor is repellent—save that it smacks of wealth made—ave, and lost—in what is an uncertain, speculative trade. On the one hand are thousands—nay, tens of thousands —of tiny animals turned inside out, worth a few shillings apiece. On the other are the lordly tiger skins, fifty or sixty of which from Manchuria pass through the Warehouse every year and fetch anything from £50 apiece. Through Chinese markets also pass large numbers of other furs, as, for instance, lamb, dog, and goat skins, already cured, and for the most part made up into the shape of a cross, or of "robes" of unwearable shape by the patient Chinese.

As an antidote to thoughts of anthrax suggested by the warning notices kindly hung on the walls by order of the authorities, one is not averse from sniffs of Turkey rhubarb piled up in great quantities as if of no more worth than potatoes. As for the other mounds of drugs, they would suffice to kill or cure a whole populace. By comparison, the musk and ambergris obtainable are less than homeopathic in proportion, and in value so great that the stock is specially guarded. Instinctively one recalls the lines of Pope—

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd As poison heals, in just proportion us'd: In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies, But well dispers'd is ince use to the skies.

The musk sent to the Warehouse in pods is retained in the pouch-like gland of which each animal has one, to serve as a weapon of offence or defence. Equally unattractive and to the uninitiated worthless are the lumps of ambergris ranging from 15s. to 80s. an ounce, which represents the existence of a disease or foreign substance in the whale, as the pearl does in the oyster, and which in commerce serves the purpose of holding the volatile essences of perfumery. But the unsophisticated, however, would prefer to remember Crutched Friars by its long, sugary vanilla beans, the scent of which envelops one in departing.

Wending one's way along Crutched Friars to the Minories, or down Hart Street, past St. Olave's Church, where Pepys and his wife were regular worshippers, we find ourselves in a few minutes by the Tower of London, Tower Bridge, and the entrance-lodge to

St. Katharine's Dock and Warehouses. Here again an old religious foundation, St. Katharine's Hospital, which existed so late as 1825, was elbowed out of the way to Regent's Park in order to make way for the growth of that commerce which represents the real throb of the heart of our Empire.

The ever-varying scenes of the Docksfresh and picturesque even to one who knows his London like the pages and pictures of a well-thumbed book—are not to be described in half-a-dozen lines; but the camera might do something in taking up the task. dint of wariness one steers a way amid ropes. casks, bales, cranes, trolleys, dock-labourers, sailors, to the Warehouse where, greeted by the perfume of spices, one enters the Ivory Floor to find it thickly strewn with the horns and tusks of every animal able to contribute profitably to commerce. And the wealth! Even the ivory in the corner depicted in the illustration would realise certainly not less than £40,000, and it may reach £100,000. The mammoth tusk held up by the foreman and assistant is the amazing length of seven feet. Some of the ivory, fossilised as it were, comes from Siberia, where elephants once But the bulk is brought from roamed. Africa, some ivory from animals recently killed; other ivory from "elephant cemeteries," for these animals usually choose a certain spot where in the past father and mother, brother and sister elephants have laid them down to die. Indeed, so insistent is the demand for the ivory that one seriously wonders how long there will be a supply to meet it.

A few steps from the Ivory Floor is a large open courtyard paved with cobble stones and re-paved with wine casks ready for some measuring test to be applied by Excise and other officials. But the most interesting picture of all is seen in the winevaults extending several acres under the warehouses, courtyards, quays, and even street, and having altogether some twenty-six miles of truck lines. In these caves, with their "massy pillars" and fine vaulted roof, the atmosphere is heavy with the luscious fumes of wines in various stages of maturing. our heels is the Company's cat (one of its many excellent servants), which, like human folk, craves for companionship in so lonesome a place. Assuredly one is glad that within a few yards are the ships that, like shuttles, are weaving the uttermost ends of the world together.

HONEYMOONERS, LIMITED.

By ALICE BEARDSLEY.



OW perfectly exasperating! I do think they might have left this place for us!"

With her pretty ace drawn into a

face drawn into a petulant frown, Phyllis drew back quickly from the edge of the cliff

over whose grassy brink she had been

cautiously peering.

Jimmy Sterling laughed, but his voice when he spoke echoed the annoyance Phyllis

showed so plainly.

"Not another of 'em? What a lot of selfish brutes they are, anyhow! I can't understand it; taking all the best places and sitting in them for hours at a stretch. Besides, it isn't as if it mattered in the least where the silly geese sit; they never see the view, and they'd be just as happy in a tunnel!"

It was Phyllis's turn to laugh. "I suppose we're not very sympathetic," she said, as they strolled on along the edge of the downs that stretched in undulating beauty back from the cliff's edge. "Probably if you were on your honeymoon, you'd be just as selfish."

"Hmph!" Jimmy ejaculated contemptuously, flourishing his stick savagely through the delicate grasses, decapitating daisies and poppies ruthlessly. "There's no 'perhaps' about it. That sort of foolishness isn't in

my line."

"They're unusually plentiful this season," Phyllis complained. "Mother and I have been here three summers, and in one lovely place they call Lovers' Lane I've never yet been able to find a place where I might sit and read comfortably."

"Yes," he agreed gloomily, "that's the worst of it—it isn't the mooners who are made uncomfortable, it's us—the sensible

ones."

"I suppose they were sensible, once!"

He turned on her. "You don't really think that we could ever act as they do?"

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She blushed crimson. "Of course not," she flashed indignantly.

Jimmy looked away again indifferently. "If it were possible," he commented, "we'd have been driven into it long ago, with both our mothers fairly hypnotising us as they

do."

"I suppose they don't realise," Phyllis apologised for her parent, "that nowadays one can be friends without — well, just

friends," she added lamely.

"Poor dears!" Jimmy observed kindly. Then, recurring to the "mooners," as they had christened the couples with which the little seaside resort was overrun, he said:

"It's a curious thing to watch, merely as a psychological study, the queer things people in love do and say. Last night Captain MacGregor was sitting with us on the front, and as Mrs. MacGregor came up he turned to mother and said—'Isn't she bonny?'—you know, the great gaunt woman."

Phyllis's big brown eyes widened. "You must have misunderstood him; he said

'boney.'"

"Not a bit of it; he said and looked bonny," the young man maintained stoutly.

"Where were you last night?"

"Oh, we were in the drawing-room; that was funny, too, for Professor Lindsay kept insisting that his wife should sing. You ought to have heard her—it was simply dreadful; and when she had finished, he was so pleased, and said he felt selfish in having deprived the musical world of her talents."

Jimmy burst into shouts of laughter. When he had got his breath again, he said: "But he's such a duffer, he wouldn't be

supposed to know any better."

"He isn't a duffer at all," Phyllis protested; "he's a very learned professor in a big University. I suppose that's how such clever people know when they are in love—when they find themselves doing very foolish things."

"Like a cousin of mine who says the only way he has of knowing he is in love—and it's pretty often—is by the loss of his appetite."

Phyllis meditated a moment; then: "I think I would know," she announced, "by the way I felt if a man were to call me 'Little one,' as Captain MacGregor calls his



"Phyllis meditated a moment."

great tall wife. If I could stand that without wanting to shriek with laughter, then I would know that it was the real thing." And her eyes smiled into those of the young man, nearly on a level with his own.

nearly on a level with his own.

"And I," Jimmy decided, "if I could bear having her pat my cheek, the way Mrs. Lindsay does the Professor's. I think, though," he went on musingly, "I think I'd probably throw things at her if she attempted it."

James Sterling, of Bart.'s, had never given either time or thought to the subject of

dimples, per se; they served no utilitarian purpose, he would have averred, though perhaps not altogether useless from a decorative point of view. But just now, when Phyllis laughed, the affairs of the Lindsay and MacGregor families lost interest, and he found himself lost in blind alleys of conjecture, for Phyllis's dimples had a disconcerting habit of appearing at unexpected moments, and of disappearing whilst one was wondering that such an insignificant object could be so vastly attractive.

"Mrs. Lindsay's sister Jean is a great

friend of mine "—Phyllis was continuing the subject—" and she is so very pretty; Mary, Mrs. Lindsay, is the good one; and Jean says that before Mary married the Professor, they were so worried lest he wouldn't love her after he'd seen her with her hair down——"

"Concentrated carrot!" Jimmy inter-

rupted.

"Yes. And what do you suppose?" Phyllis's eyes were dancing. "The first thing the Professor said to Jean after they got home from their honeymoon, was: 'Of course my Mary is always beautiful to me, but with her hair all about her face like a golden halo, she is an angel!'"

Here they sat down on a convenient rock and gave themselves up to their laughter.

"Do you know," Jimmy said after a little, "I think someone ought to form a company for the benefit of these poor things. Why not? There are societies for helping all sorts of incapacitated people nowadays. What do you think?"

Jimmy's eyes were riveted on his companion's flushed, laughing face. Now, if Mrs. Lindsay's hair had been like Phyllis's, he thought, the Professor's remark would have been sensible enough: soft as thistledown it was, encircling the rounded face in gently waving tendrils of gold.

"Oh, you're getting sympathetic!" she

cried mockingly.

"Not at all," he protested, "but I've been thinking that perhaps there's something to be said their side."

Her disbelief was expressed in the toss she gave of her head. "They don't say it, if there is," she objected; "they never do say anything worth hearing."

"Well, the poor things need looking

after!"

"There, I knew it, you are sympathising with them!" And she added contemptuously: "Next year when I come down here probably I'll find you in Lovers' Lane—on the very front seat."

"Not on your life!" Jimmy shouted, and threw a daisy-head at her. "I'll never join their maudlin ranks, but I'm willing to start the company with a subscription—my first fee," he added generously.

"What fun! What will you call the

company?"

Phyllis had taken off the inconsequential mass of white ruffles she considered a hat, and was twisting grasses through its pink ribbons.

"Oh, don't rush me—I haven't decided

that yet," protested Jimmy lazily, his attention somewhat diverted by the sunshine in her hair. He started suddenly as she looked up from her millinery, her eyes dancing.

"I know!" she cried delightedly. "We'll

call it 'Honeymooners, Limited.'"

"We!" he repeated, "so you're coming in too, are you?"

"Of course. Don't you want all the—er—the what-do-you-call-ems—the share-

holders, you can get?"

"Certainly," she was assured with enthusiasm. "We must proceed to discuss ways and means. The object of the company, I take it, madam, is to protect the members from the public?"

"Yes," Phyllis agreed, "and the public

from the members."

"You and I will be a committee for finding secluded places where the Honeymooners may be undisturbed; and of course once the public know which places belong to our members, they'll give them a wide berth." Jimmy turned to her for approval.

"Splendid!" she exclaimed, "and we'll have the places all numbered, and of course the best ones will cost more—like the opera."

"Oh, we're going to charge for our ser-

vices, are we?"

She turned on him scornfully. "Charge? Of course we'll charge. You didn't intend us to be philanthropists, did you?" She held her hat, now gaily decorated, at arm's length, to view the effect; then evidently satisfied, replaced it on her head and continued: "Perhaps we'll have an auction every morning, and they'll give us just lots of money for the Lovers' Lane places." She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her rounded chin resting in her palms' rosy cup. The dimples came and went deliciously.

"Won't they be grateful?" she asked.
"Probably they'll all leave us money in their

wills and call us benefactors."

"Not they!" His tone was scornful. "They'll jolly well forget all about it in a year or two. We mustn't forget to leave one place for us to sit in," he added.

"Us!" The brown eyes flashed indig-

nantly.

"Yes, us," he maintained stoutly. "We'll have to have some place where the committee can talk over the business details, you know."

"Oh, of course!" She withdrew her gaze and looked out over the sea. "I thought you meant—"

"Oh, no, you didn't," he answered teasingly;

"you meant that——"

"What nonsense!" And the eyes came

back to his with an angry flash. "I didn't mean at all what you think I did. I meant that I thought you meant that I would require a place for me and him, and you would want one for you and she——"

"Her," he corrected calmly, and then

they both laughed.

"Do you see how dark it is getting out over the water?" she asked after a little pause, her eyes having gone again to the distant horizon. His had been on her, but now after a quick glance in the direction she indicated he sprang to his feet with a bound.

"We must be getting back!" he cried, or you'll lose the starch out of that object

you wear on your head."

Dark masses of clouds had gathered and were spreading rapidly over sky and sea; below them on the beach unwilling children were being dragged homewards by their nurses—the small boats were putting in to shore. Above, on the cliff, they were alone; the hum of far-off reapers, that had come as a faint accompaniment to their speech and laughter, had ceased, and the brooding darkness of the sky closed down about them in ominous quiet.

"I'm afraid we can't make the hotel," Jimmy said after they had walked silently on for a time. "There's a stable up here a bit—I think we'd better go there and stay till the

storm is over."

"Oh, no!" Phyllis pleaded; "do let's try to get home—a storm always frightens me so."

He turned, surprised at her serious tone. "Why, I thought you weren't afraid of anything," he said wonderingly. "You never seem to mind cows—or mice, or big things of that sort."

"Please don't laugh," she said seriously. "Of course, cows and mice are quite different. Oh!" she cried tremulously, as the first low rumble of thunder muttered in the south. "We'll never get there!" Her brown eyes sought his appealingly.

"Why, Phyllis"—and Jimmy looked down at her in real concern—"don't be frightened; you know the thunder won't hurt

you----''

"Of course I know," she hurried; "but there may be lightning—and I'm not afraid of being hurt—I'm afraid of—oh, I don't know, it's only the terror a storm gives me. Is the stable much further now?"

"Just a little bit—we'll see it when we get over this rise—the storm's sure to be over in a little, it came up so suddenly." They quickened their pace.

All the laughter had gone now from the

girl's eyes, the distracting dimples were quite banished. She ran forward, and a moment brought them to the top of the little rise of ground. Sure enough, below them was the rude thatched shed, a stable belonging to a coastguardsman. And just ahead of them were the couple of honeymooners whose place below the cliffs they had coveted; they too were evidently making for the shelter of the stable.

"We can't dodge 'em!" Jimmy com-

plained beneath his breath.

"I'm glad they're here," Phyllis said feebly, with a quick glance over her shoulder at the darkened sky. "They'll make it less lonely. Oh! oh! oh!" A streak of light zigzagged down the sky just before them, and the big drops began to fall. Phyllis grasped Jimmy's hand convulsively. "Hurry! I'm frightened nearly to death!" she cried piteously.

Hand in hand they tore down the little incline, and into the shed just as the storm burst. Phyllis gave a gasp of relief when she was safely inside. By the one little window stood the other young couple, also with clasped hands. Phyllis wrenched her

hand from Jimmy's.

"I'm sorry to be so silly," she said apologetically, "but it's the only thing I really am afraid of."

The storm beat with such force against the door that they were obliged to close and bar it. Phyllis removed her hat, for the

heat was stiffing in the little room.

For some moments the low rumbling of thunder and the lashings of rain against the door were the only sounds, and Phyllis's terror subsided; she gave stealthy glances towards the other two, who were standing by the window, the man's arm thrown protectingly about his wife, who at each rumble of thunder gave little shrieks of fright and buried her face in her husband's flamboyant waistcoat.

Phyllis suddenly turned as a thought struck her—

"If you dare to believe that I'm just pretending to be frightened, I'll never forgive you!" she exclaimed warmly. "You don't, do you?"

He laughed reassuringly. "Of course I don't," he comforted her. "Besides, you haven't the incentive she——"

His words were drowned in the sudden uproar without. The storm, that had seemingly been lashing itself into this final pitch of fury, now shook the shed in savage rage, while at the same instant flash



"'The poor things need looking after!"

after flash of blinding light flooded the little room.

With a cry of terror Phyllis sprang to Jimmy's side and clung there, trembling, sick with terror. Instantly his arms were around her, and he held her to him, smoothing her hair as it lay against his cheek, and with a sensation new to him, that rose in his throat and made him dizzy.

"I can't stand it!" she moaned, clinging to him. "Jimmy! What shall I do?"
"There, there!" He soothed her as if

"There, there!" He soothed her as if she were a frightened child. "Shut your eyes tight. It will soon be over. It's dying away now." He bent and pressed his lips to the bright hair. "Darling little one!" he murmured.

The storm had spent its fury, the thunder was now but a sullen, far-away rumble: each

moment the light grew stronger in the stuffy little room. But the two wayfarers at the window made no movement to disturb those standing in the darkness by the door; they smiled sympathetically into each other's eyes and waited patiently.

"How brave you are!" Phyllis whispered, her agitation subsiding with the storm, and a trembling hand crept up to the face so near her own. "And how foolish you must think me for being so frightened!" She gave his brown cheek a timid little pat.

Jimmy caught the hand to his lips and kissed it passionately. "Dearest," he whispered hoarsely, "it's I who am frightened now—I'm terrified lest you won't love me!"

And he bent nearer to catch the smothered words she murmured into his coat-collar.

THE MASQUERADE.

POWDER, patches, and paint,
Surely to-night is your own!
Perfumes tender and faint
Warm on the breeze are thrown.

"Sir, with your sword, are you lackey or lord?"

"Madam, so richly array'd,
If I should ask, will you doff me your mask?—

'Tis only a masquerade."

Domino, mantle, and wig,
Stately they strut and they stride,
Twirling in country jig,
Curtsying side by side.
"Sir, I protest, you are only in jest!"
"Madam, in vain you evade—
Truly, I vow, you are known to me now,
Though this is a masquerade."

Powder, patches, and paint,
Into the past they go,
Echoes courtly and quaint
Out of the darkness flow:
"Sir, I implore, importune me no more!"
"Madam, your comedy's play'd!"
In a pageant of dream they drift and stream—
'Twas only a masquerade.

MAY BYRON.



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE!

There is a motion before the Muddeboro' Council to provide a new chandelier for the town hall. Hodges (the Labour man pledged to retrenchment): It's all right havin' this 'ere new thing, but expense won't stop there. We shall be told next that we've got to pay someone to play it!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PENELOPE ASKS A FAVOUR.

PENELOPE bounced in upon me one morning— "bounced" being the only word sufficiently

expressive of her mode of entry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly, as she sank into a chair, (I was going to say "plumped," but thought better of it), "I want you to do me a favour."

I looked at her suspiciously.

"A very great favour."

I looked at her still more suspiciously.

"A favour!" I repeated. "That depends——I mean, of course, I shall be delighted, only——"

"You see," she interrupted, "I'm going down to Devonshire to stay with Jane" (Jane is her married sister). "She isn't in the best of health, you know; and Bob, her husband, is away a good deal, being coroner; and she gets so depressed;

and she—that is, he—at least, both of them want me to go down and stay for a month or six weeks just to cheer her up. Of course, I can't refuse. I feel it's my duty to go—only, you see, there's Macpherson."

"Who?" I exclaimed.

"I can't take him with me, without an invitation," she continued, having replenished her lungs, "and I don't like leaving him behind, because Aunt and he are not on the best of terms. For one thing, she won't allow him in the dining-room because of the chairs—morocco leather, you know. And so," getting up to go, "I've come round to ask if you'll be so good as to give him a home until I come back. I shall be so awfully obliged, and, really, there is no one else I can ask, and he won't give you a mite of trouble, and it isn't everyone I'd trust him to.

But I know you'll look after him and treat him as if he was your own, and I haven't a moment to spare. You see, I'm off to-morrow morning early, and I've a thousand and one things to arrange. And I'm sure I'm most awfully obliged to you, and I'll send him round to-night. And now I must fly."

Penelope made a dart at me. dabbed me on either cheek, was out of the room, had banged the front door behind her and had waved a white-gloved hand at me as she passed the window, before I had recovered myself sufficiently to inquire who and what was Macpherson?

The name seemed to imply Scotch descent. But nothing was clear but the gender of the—er -individual.

Penelope had distinctly and repeatedly said "he" and "him" in speaking of her protégé.

The mystery was solved the same evening by the arrival of a hamper containing a fine black and white cat with a Stuart plaid ribbon round its neck to which was attached a luggage-label with the inscription: "Please butter my feet."

Macpherson, indeed! Of all the unlikely names for a cat-

But that's Penelope all over. Its inappropriateness was, of course, the very quality most likely to appeal to her—she herself being, as a matter of fact, the very Antipodes of what you would picture a "Penelope" to be.

Anyhow, we applied the butter as desired, much to the buttered one's annoyance.



WHY NECESSARY?



FRIENDLY COMMENT.

HELEN: Miss Brilliant caught a terrible cold at the ball the other night.

GRACE: I thought she was very imprudent; she wore only half her usual amount of jewels.

It took two to hold him and one to butter, the result being scratches impartially distributed all round.

The instant he was released he made a bolt for the drawing-room, where he left proof impressions of his four buttered paws on several articles of furniture upholstered in old rose brocade.

Then he turned sulky and refused to eat, regarding whatever was put before him with an expression of cold contempt which I have never seen equalled on any mere human countenance.

Twenty-four hours or so after his advent, when starvation seemed to be staring him in the face, came a hurried postcard posted by Penelope en route.

"I forgot to tell you that M. eats nothing but fish—which is one of the reasons of Aunt's dislike for him. How is the precious pet?"

In the light of this instruction, a haddock, price fourpence, was hastily purchased and partaken of with avidity.

The household heaved a sigh of relief, and Macpherson, having washed down the haddock with three parts of a pint of milk, went to sleep on the mangle, waking automatically on the stroke of five with an air of agreeable expectancy.

The production of the ruins of the haddock seemed, somehow, not to give entire satisfaction.

He turned it over with a toujours perdrix air, sat down and scratched his ear attentively, and then returned to the mangle and sulked.

[&]quot;HAVE you ever had your photograph taken, grandmamma?

[&]quot;Yes, my dear."
"Why?"



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

AUNTY: Come, take your powder like a man; you never hear me complaining about a thing like that, Tommy: Nor would I if I could daub it over my face like you; it's the swallowing I object to,



DESTINY.

"But, Jane, if your mother didn't teach you how to sweep, what did she intend would become of you?" "She intended me to get married, miss."

What was to be done?

Once more the postman came to our assistance with another postcard from Penelope.

"Quite forgot to say M. always has bloaterpaste sandwiches for tea, cut very thin. He has sandwiches, as otherwise he licks off the bloater-paste and leaves the bread. Suppose you and he are great chums by this time. Isn't he awfully sweet? Arrived last evening. Jane much better already. Love."

Postcards continued to arrive at the rate of about two per week, most of them having reference to the well-being of Macpherson—such as the temperature at which he preferred his milk, for instance, or his much to be deplored predilection for bluebottles-which must be kindly but firmly discouraged, etc.

As time went on, cook, who at first had been inclined to look upon the new inmate with favour, began to veer round; and by the time the fishmonger's bill had swollen out of all reasonableness, regarded him with an eye of undoubted though unaccountable suspicion.

She seemed, if one might so describe it, to be awaiting Macpherson's next move-"that there Mac-person," as she designated him. At last, to cut it short, there came a day when I sent off an agitated telegram to Penelope in her Devonian wilds: "Return at once," it ran. "Macpherson has twins.

The reply, received with commendable promptness, was brief but comprehensive —

"So has Jane. Boy and girl. Drown one and keep the other," A, L, Harris,

A RECIPE.

That's my advice, Bill-buy a valentine For Saucy Sal; choose one that has a spice O' scented soap about it, extry fine. That's my advice.

Git roses puffed in silk (don't mind the price), And lovers' knots that trail, and twist, and twine. And such-like useless things a girl calls nice.

And thin I'd draw-that is, if it were mine-An arrow and a heart (good old device), And in the heart-my silly name I'd sign. That's my advice.

Katherine Mann.



"My difficulty," said a young bride to her friend, "is how to know whether beef is tough or not."

"If you wait till dinner-time," said the other, " your husband will always tell you."



The teacher had selected eight boys to debate the subject: "Which is preferable, Country or City Life?" After they had read many arguments with much enthusiasm, a boy held up his hand and said: "They don't know what they're talkin' about. The city boy knows nothin' about 'going to town,' and that beats anything I know."



JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

HUSBAND (shivering): It is bitterly cold. Why don't you button up your jacket?
WIFE: The idea! Why, if I did that, no one

would know it is lined with fur.





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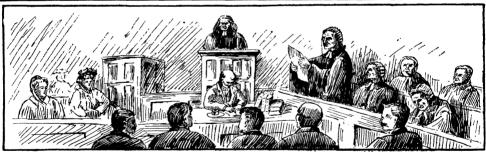
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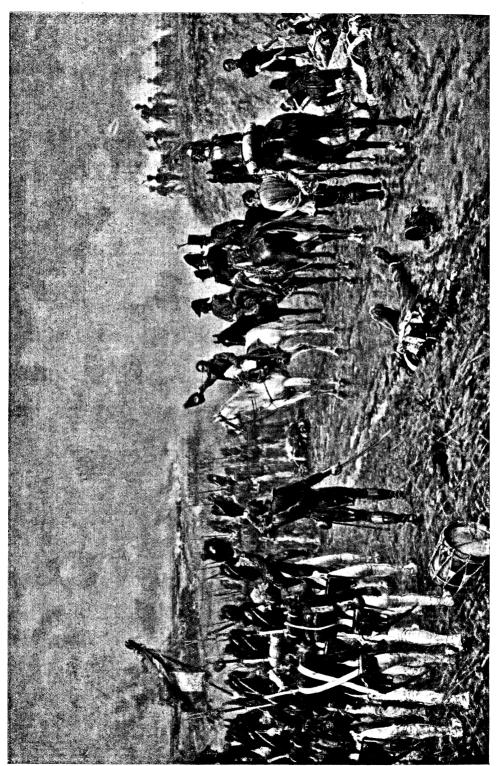
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"A PARLIAMENTARY CONVOY SURPRISED BY ROYALISTS." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

THE ART OF MR. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

THE affable and chatty Paul Pry to whom Liston, the actor, introduced our parents, has, in this twentieth century, taken upon himself a slightly different form of curiosity-mongering. He now "hangs a calfskin on his recreant limbs," and, masquerading in the shape of books of reference, gathers chronicles, and in them betrays in print the secret affairs of his neighbours. Our special Paul Prys, "Who's Who" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," inform us that Ernest Crofts, made R.A. in 1896, Keeper of the Royal Academy, is a painter, who was born in Yorkshire on the 15th of September, 1847, the son of John Crofts, J.P., that he was educated at Rugby and Berlin, that he studied art in London and Düsseldorf as pupil of A. B. Clay and that Professor Hünten who was himself pupil of Horace Vernet, that he first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1874 a picture, the subject of which was taken from some episode in the Franco-German war, and that his historical paintings range over a wide period, dealing mainly with military subjects, and that by such pictures he takes

a prominent position in art. This information is but the husk of a distinguished career, and from neither chronicler do we gather any real idea of the work of the man who stands in England facile princeps in that branch of painting which falls under the class military. It is an art less of England than of the Continent, for, although we number Mr. Caton Woodville, Lady Butler, and Mr. A. C. Gow, as painting similar themes, these painters form but a small contingent when arrayed against Le Dru, Phillippoteau, Midy, Chartier, Meisonnier, Regnault, Dumaresq, Orange, Checa, Lalange, David and Horace Vernet.

It would be of interest, had we space, to trace how far influence can extend, for doubtless upon Mr. Crofts that of the last-named painter, to which, indirectly through his instructor, Professor Hünten, he was exposed, proved stimulating. But if he owes anything of the subject of his art to Horace Vernet, the fine technique, the refinement, the atmosphere, the high key, the keen observation and astounding perception, truth of detail, and eager, excited spirit

1909. No. 171. 455



"QUEEN ELIZABETH OPENING THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE."

BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

From the painting at the Royal Exchange.

that appear to animate each canvas, are personal qualities.

It is a long, laborious task to reproduce in paint a true presentment of a scene the painter has before him, and it is a much more arduous one to produce realistic presentments of subjects seen simply by the in thought with the occasions, we form no logical picture of them until we see them through a painter's eye. Then such pictures are, as it were, gleams of light in Dark Ages.

If, for instance, we, who are not historians but who have the restless curiosity of honest investigators, try to picture a Napoleon at



"CHARLES I. AT EDGEHILL." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

mind's eye. Fragments of fact alone come down to us, but the painter of tradition has to make of these stray mosaics a definite as well as a beautiful pattern. He must bring to bear upon the episodes he depicts a renaissance of sight, an historic vision, backed by a complete equipment of historic knowledge. However familiar we may be

Waterloo, it is to-day as a figure moving from north to south or $vice\ vers\hat{a}$, perchance, and to-morrow from east to west or west to east, and with equal uncertainty we environ him on horseback or on foot. Authority is not lacking for the broad outline of events; but we have no logicality in our mental vision until the authoritative painter comes



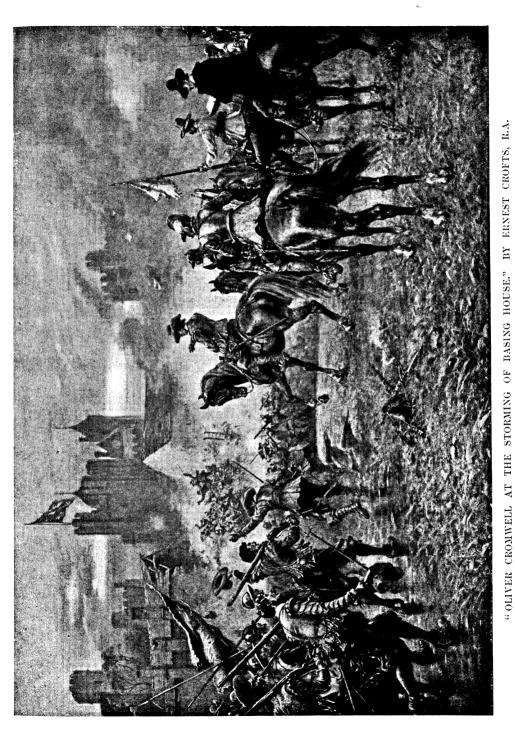
The artist's "diploma" picture at the Royal Academy. Reproduced by permission of the

President and Council.

along and, supplying data, filling gaps and synchronising occurrences, shows us an accurate depictment; then, if he does his task as well as does Mr. Crofts, we have no longer any necessity to go to the trouble of creating and controlling for ourselves our shifting, mental sight; and in the divers fields of battle probably no man living is a greater authority than Mr. Crofts.

He has not, however, limited his talent to martial themes, but his pictures form a kind of panoramic highway, extending from the time of Elizabeth to that of the distribution of war medals by King Edward VII., on the return of our soldiers from the Boer war.

The first of these historic pictures is entitled "Queen Elizabeth Opening the First



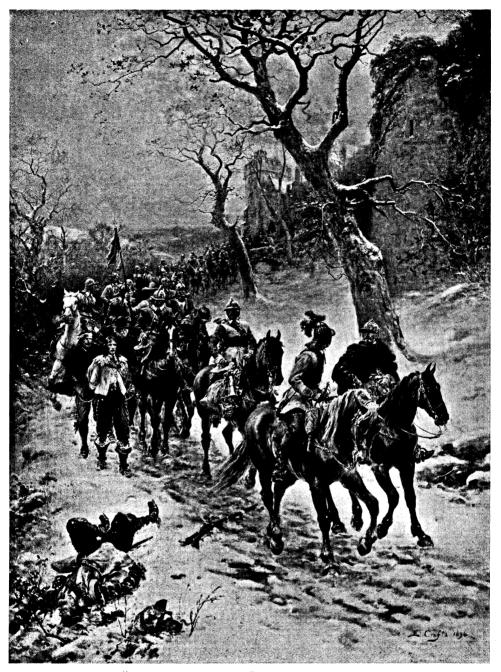
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"CHARLES I. ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

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"THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES I." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Lord Winterstoke.



"ROUNDHEADS VICTORIOUS." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

Royal Exchange," and is one of the important panels in the quadrangle of the present Royal Exchange.

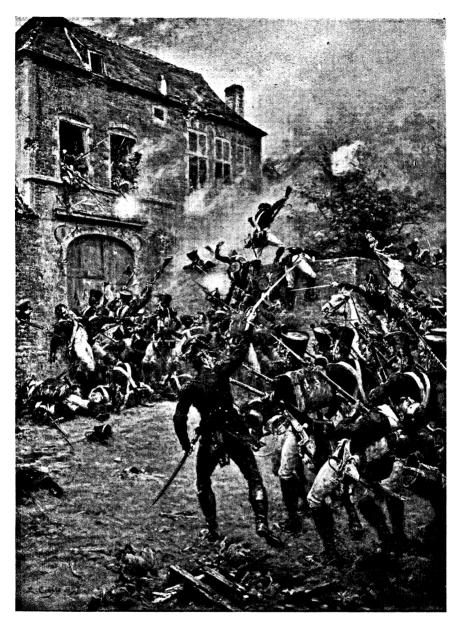
The reign of James I. has been illustrated by Mr. Crofts in the picture entitled "Gunpowder Plot: the Conspirators' Last Stand at Holbeach House, November 7, 1605."

Mr. Crofts' series of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell pictures are paradoxically imaginative and realistic presentments of those tragic years which culminated in the execution at Whitehall on January 30th, 1649.

Whitehall on January 30th, 1649.
We see through the eyes of Mr. Crofts the banner of Charles waving on the top of



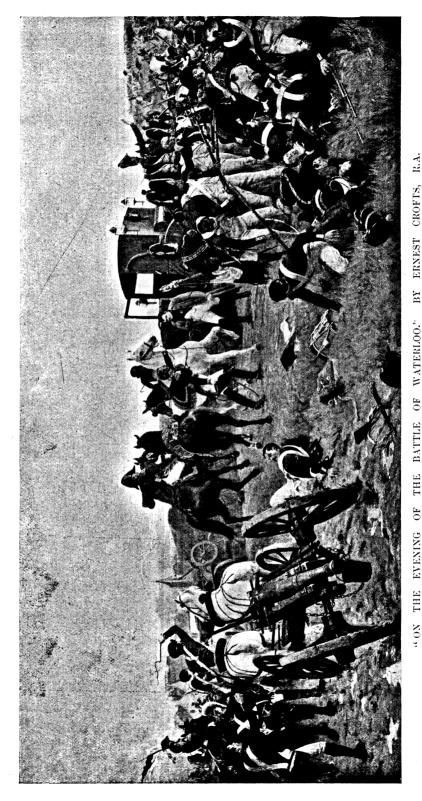
"THE CAPTURE OF A FRENCH BATTERY BY THE 52ND REGIMENT AT WATERLOO." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messra. I. P. Mendoza, Limited. New Bond Street, London, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.



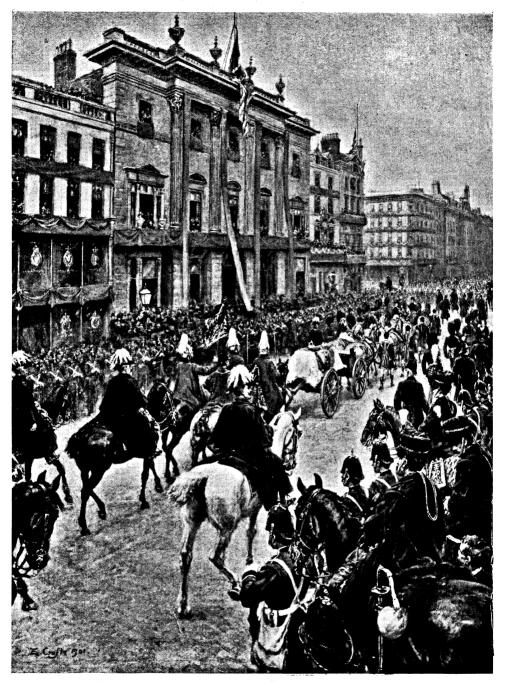
"THE ATTACK ON THE GATEHOUSE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF HUGOMONT, WATERLOO."
BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

Edgehill, that famous occasion on which the King addressed his troops, declaring his love for his whole kingdom, and asserting his royal authority as being "derived from God, whose substitute and supreme governor, under Christ, I am." We follow the Royal army with the painter to Marston Moor, and are made familiar with King Charles's famous cavalry general in a picture called "Prince

Rupert"; and in yet another, called "Prince Rupert and his Staff at Marston Moor," that 2nd of July, 1644, when the two armies, composed of opposing fellow-countrymen, mustered the largest mass of men—some 17,000 or 18,000 on the Royalist side, and some 26,000 or 27,000, counting their Scotch allies, on that of the Parliamentarians—which had stood face to face in England since the



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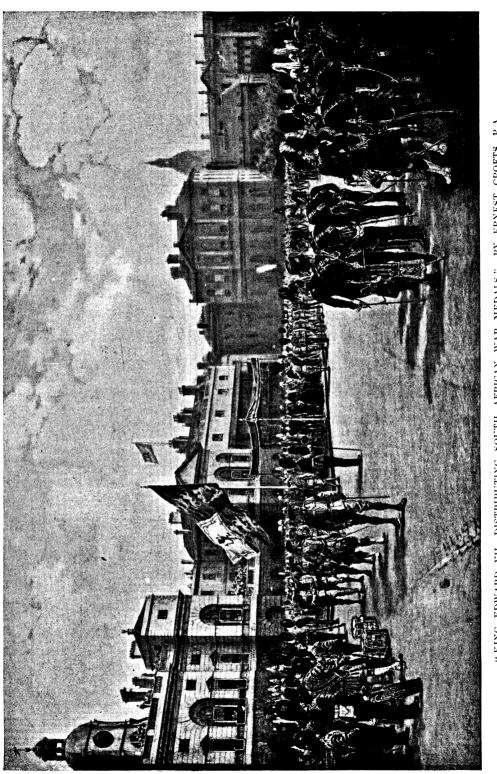


"THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

Wars of the Roses. But the most important of these Marston Moor battle-pictures is the one entitled "Cromwell at Marston Moor."

Then, leaving the vanquished Royalists, we, by Mr. Crofts' aid, march with the

triumphant Oliver to Bootham Bar, one of the bars or gates of the city of York, and are afterwards present with him at the storming of Basing House. Later, we see the General and Ireton, at the sign of the Blue Boar, in Holborn, intercept that fatal



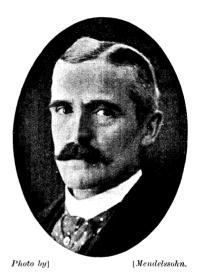
Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New Bond Street, London, W. Copyright, 1903, by Photographische Gesellschaft. "KING EDWARD VII. DISTRIBUTING SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDALS." BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

letter of the monarch to the Queen which is said to have been the justification of their after action. Then, once again, the pendulum of our painter's sympathy swings back to the Royalist cause, and we see the King on his way to execution, with Bishop Juxon at his side, walking through St. James's Park to Whitehall. Yet another scene does Mr. Crofts show us, which works almost equally upon our emotions, that of the funeral of the unhappy King, described by Wood as follows: "The King's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall (Windsor), whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall. The snow fell so fast that, by the time the corpse came to the west end of the Royal Chapel, the black velvet pall was thick Thus went the White covered with snow. King to his grave."

Lightly Mr. Crofts passes over the next two centuries, etching in upon our memory only a few scenes. He shows us Charles II. after Worcester, a refugee at the convent of Whiteladies; William III. at the battle of Landen, when Sterne makes Uncle Toby say, in reminiscence of his bravery: "By Heaven, he deserves a crown!" as he relates how William wrested the laurel from Luxemburg's brow; he shows us Wallenstein, than whom the Thirty Years' War produced no more impressive figure—the inscrutable general at whose presence "the common soldiers stood to attention with an involuntary shudder whenever he passed by like a being from another world." He shows us, too, the terrible battlefield of Ramilies, and from this picture we gain some idea of how desperate the fighting there was, "and how much of it, as in ancient warfare, had been a hand-to-hand contest." Then, noting George II. at the battle of Dettingen, dismounted at the head of his troops, with the words: "Now, boys, now for the honour of England; fire and behave bravely, and the French will soon run," he comes to a pause over the exploits of Napoleon.

It is with the retreat from Moscow that Mr. Crofts begins his pictorial history of the Emperor. We see him at Ligny, and we see Wellington fall back before him in that masterly march from Quatre Bras to Waterloo. Then comes the picture "On the Morning of the Battle of Waterloo," yet another called "The Attack on the Château of Hugomont," after this we place "Napoleon

and the Old Guard," that body into which no man was admitted until he had served twelve campaigns, and which was composed at Waterloo of the veterans of Austerlitz and Wagram. The artist follows this with "The Capture of a French Battery by the 52nd (Oxfordshire Light Infantry) Waterloo," and almost we hear the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" when "Napoleon's Last Grand Attack" at Waterloo was defeated. Then lastly comes "On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo." Mr. Crofts takes his subject from Siborne's "History of the War in France and Belgium," but written descriptions are but the skeleton which he has clothed with flesh and into which he has put life: "At Genappe, the first important defile through which the French army retired, an



MR. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

immense number of carriages and wagons of all kinds had been collected together, which presented a rich booty to the Prussians; but the most valuable and most interesting object consisted of Napoleon's travelling carriage, which, with all its contents, fell into the hands of the 15th Regiment. He himself had only quitted it a few minutes previously in such haste as to leave behind his hat, which was found inside."

Looking at this quite extraordinary array of thoughtful, conscientious work, one cannot but feel that, whilst Mr. Crofts has not held himself aloof from the prose of facts, he has given to us scenes of enduring historical interest most admirably re-endowed with vitality by the aid of his great talent of enchanted vision.

THE QUEST.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS .- Ste. Marie, an aristocratic young Frenchman, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a picturesque and popular figure in the best Parisian society; but his volatile temperament, which he owes to a mixture of French and Irish ancestry, leads his more serious friends to doubt whether he will ever turn his brilliant gifts to any real account, or carve for himself a career of any importance. On his way to a dinner-party in Paris, he learns from his English friend, Richard Hartley, that he is that evening for the first time to meet Miss Helen Benham, a member of an American family long resident in Paris, and Hartley reminds him that the whole family has been living in some seclusion of late owing to grief and suspense caused by the sudden disappearance of Miss Benham's younger brother, a headstrong boy, but one with no faults sufficient to account for his mysterious absence. On attaining his majority in a few months' time, young Arthur Benham will come into a considerable amount of money from his dead father's estate, and a still larger fortune will be his if he survives his grandfather, once a distinguished diplomatist and now the venerable autocrat of his own family, so that the boy has everything to lose by quarrelling with the old man. Therefore it is argued that he cannot be wilfully absenting himself, a course of folly which the grandfather protests that he would never forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this information on the way to the dinner-party, the two young men are spectators of a slight motor accident, the occupants of the car being a girl of extraordinary beauty and an Irishoking man, whose face Ste. Marie vaguely recalls without recollecting his name, while the girl's eyes "seem to call him" with some inexplicable mute appeal. Once at the dinner-party, however, he realises the beauty and nobility of Helen Benham, and the two are mutually attracted into a great friendship. Yet when Ste. Marie, some weeks later, proposes marriage, Helen, strongly swayed by her own lofty ideals of life and its responsibilities, doubts herself, and fears to let the man's mere charm blind her to his lack of serious purpose. Then Ste. Marie, with fine fervour, dedicates himself to the mission of finding her lost brother. If he succeeds, he will claim her love. Deeply moved by his devotion, Helen sends him forth on his quest, saying: "Oh, find him quickly, my dear! Find him quickly, and come back to me!" And in this moment of parting, neither of them notices that a man who has been for some moments standing just outside the portières of the doorway has barely time to step aside into the shadows of the dim hall. Yet from the outset Ste. Marie has wondered why Helen's middle-aged uncle, a Cantain Stewart. forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this informaof the dim hall. Yet from the outset Ste. Marie has wondered why Helen's middle-aged uncle, a Captain Stewart, has not made more use of certain clues in the search for the missing man. And Captain Stewart is almost the only person who is at all inclined to argue that he can be wilfully in hiding as a rebel from the autocratic rule of his elderly grandfather. Captain Stewart calls on the two young men and asks them at least to share their counsels with him to the extent of agreeing not to waste time over ground that he has already covered. As it happens, he has heard of clues that may be useful to them. Unluckily at the very outset of his mission Ste. Marie happens, he has heard of chaes that hay be useful to them. Officerly at the very outset of his hission see. Marie is seen in hilarious mood by Helen Benham at a street fair, and it takes all the tact of Hartley to explain to the girl her cavalier's harmless ebullience of temperament. However, the Quest goes on, and in an interval Ste. Marie finds himself a guest at a somewhat Bohemian gathering at Captain Stewart's flat. In the excitement of a quarrel with Olga Nilssen, who points a pistol at him, Captain Stewart falls to the ground in a fit; and in attending to him, Ste. Marie sees in his room a portrait of the beautiful girl whose eyes "seemed to call him" when he saw her with the Irishman of the motor-car mishap. He ascertains her address from Olga Nilssen, and goes to Clamart in search of her. There, in an old-world garden, he finds her, and Arthur Benham at her side, but as he descends from a tree into the garden he is shot and falls senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XV.

A CONVERSATION AT LA LIERRE.

APTAIN STEWART walked nervously up and down the small inner drawing-room at La Lierre, his restless hands fumbling together behind him, and his eyes turning every half-minute with a sharp eagerness to the closed door. But at last, as if he were very tired, he threw himself down in a chair which stood near one of the windows, and all his tense body seemed to relax in utter exhaustion. It was not a very comfortable chair that he had sat down in, but there were no comfortable chairs in the room—nor, for that matter, in all the house. When he had taken the place—about two months before this time—he had taken it

furnished, but that does not mean very much in France. No French country houses—or town houses either—are in the least comfortable, by Anglo-Saxon standards, and that is at least one excellent reason why Frenchmen spend just as little time in them as they possibly can. Half the cafes in Paris would promptly put up their shutters if Parisian homes could all at once turn themselves into something like English or American ones. As for La Lierre, it was even more dreary and bare and tomb-like than other country houses, because it was, after all, a sort of ruin, and had not been lived in for fifteen years, save by an ancient caretaker and his nearly as ancient wife. And that was perhaps why it could be taken, on a short lease, at a very low price.

The room in which Captain Stewart sat was behind the large drawing-room, which was always kept closed now, and it looked

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out by one window to the west, and by two windows to the north, over a corner of the kitchen-garden, and a vista of trees beyond. It was a high-ceiled room with walls bare, except for two large mirrors in the Empire fashion, which stared at each other across the way with dull and flaking eyes. Under each of these stood a heavy gilt and ebony console with a top of chocolate-coloured marble, and in the centre of the room there was a table of a like fashion to the consoles. Further than this there was nothing save three chairs, upon one of which lay Captain Stewart's dust-coat and motoring cap and goggles.

A shaft of golden light from the low sun slanted into the place through the western window, from which the venetians had been pulled back, and fell across the face of the man, who lay still and lax in his chair, eyes closed and chin dropped a little so that his mouth hung weakly open. He looked very ill—as, indeed, anyone might look after such * an attack as he had suffered on the night That one long moment of deathly previous. fear before he had fallen down in a fit had nearly killed him. All through this following day it had continued to recur until he thought he should go mad. And there was worse still. How much did Olga Nilssen And how much had she told? She had astonished and frightened him when she had said that she knew about the house on the road to Clamart, for he thought he had hidden his visits to La Lierre well. wondered rather drearily how she had discovered them, and he wondered how much she knew more than she had admitted. had a half-suspicion of something like the truth, that Mlle. Nilssen knew only of Coira O'Hara's presence here, and drew a rather natural inference. If that was all, there was no danger from her—no more, that is, than had already borne its fruit; for Stewart knew well enough that Ste. Marie must have learned of the place from her. In any case, Olga Nilssen had left Paris—he had discovered that fact during the day—and so for the present she might be eliminated as a source of peril.

The man in the chair gave a little groan, and rolled his head wearily to and fro against the uncomfortable chair-back; for now he came to the real and immediate danger, and he was so very tired and ill, and his head ached so sickeningly, that it was almost beyond him to bring himself face to face with it.

There was the man who lay helpless upon a bed upstairs! And there were the man's

friends, who were not at all helpless or bedridden or in captivity!

A wave of almost intolerable pain swept through Stewart's aching head, and he gave another groan which was almost like a child's sob. But at just that moment the door which led into the central hall opened, and the Irishman O'Hara came into the room. Captain Stewart sprang to his feet to meet him, and he caught the other man by the arm in his eagerness.

"How is he?" he cried out. "How is

he? How badly was he hurt?"

"The patient?" said O'Hara.—"Let go my arm! Hang it, man, you're pinching me!—Oh, he'll do well enough. He'll be fit to hobble about in a week or ten days. The bullet went clean through his leg and out again without cutting an artery. It was a sort of miracle. And a lucky miracle for If we'd had a splintered all hands, too! bone or a severed artery to deal with, I should have had to call in a doctor. Then the fellow would have talked, and there'd have been the devil to pay. As it is, I shall be able to manage well enough with my own small skill. I've dressed worse wounds than that in my time. By Jove, it was a miracle, though!" A sudden little gust of rage swept him. He cried out-

"That confounded fool of a gardener, that one-eyed Michel, ought to be beaten to death! Why couldn't he have slipped up behind this fellow and knocked him on the head, instead of shooting him from ten paces away? The benighted idiot! He came

near upsetting the whole boat!"

"Yes," said Captain Stewart with a sharp, hard breath, "he should have shot straighter or not at all."

The Irishman stared at him with his bright blue eyes, and after a moment he

gave a short laugh.

"Jove, you're a Stewart!" said he. bloodthirsty beggar, "That would have been a rum go, if you like! Killing the fellow! All his friends down on us like hawks, and the police, and all that. can't go about killing people in the outskirts of Paris, you know—at least, not people with friends. And this chap looks like a gentleman, more or less, so I take it he has friends. As a matter of fact, his face is rather familiar. I think I've seen him before somewhere. You looked at him just now through the crack of the door—do you know who he is? Coira tells me he called out to Arthur by name, but Arthur says he never saw him before, and doesn't know him at all."

Captain Stewart shivered. It had not been a pleasant moment for him, that moment when he had looked through the crack in the door and recognised Ste. Marie. "Yes," he said half under his breath.

back. "In that case," he said presently, "in that case, then, we must keep him prisoner here so long as we remain. That's certain." He spun round sharply with an exclamation. "Look here!" he cried in a



"Quite suddenly Captain Stewart ceased to sob and shiver, and sat still in his chair, gripping the arms."

"Yes, I know who he is. A friend of the family."

The Irishman's lips puckered to a low whistle. He said: "Spying, then, as I thought. He has run us to earth." And the other nodded.

O'Hara took a turn across the room and

lower tone, "how about this fellow's friends? It isn't likely he's doing his dirty work alone. How about his friends when he doesn't turn up to-night? If they know he was coming here to spy on us, if they know where the place is, if they know—in short, what he seems to have known, we're done for. We'll

have to run, get out, disappear. Hang it, man, d'you understand? We're not safe here for an hour!"

Captain Stewart's hands shook a little as he gripped them together behind him, and a dew of perspiration stood out suddenly upon his forehead and cheek-bones, but his voice when he spoke was well under control.

"It's an odd thing," said he, "another miracle, if you like; but I believe we are safe—reasonably safe. I—have reason to think that this fellow learnt about La Lierre only last evening, from someone who left Paris to-day to be gone a long time. And I also have reason to believe that the fellow has not seen the one friend who is in his confidence since he obtained his information. By chance I met the friend—the other man—in the street this afternoon. I asked after this fellow whom we have here, and the friend said he hadn't seen him for twenty-four hours; was going to see him to-night."

"By Heavens!" cried the Irishman with a great laugh of relief. "What luck! what monumental luck! If all that's true, we're safe. Why, man, we're as safe as a fox in his hole. The lad's friends won't have the ghost of an idea of where he's gone to—Wait, though! Stop a bit! He won't have left written word behind him, eh? He won't have done that—for safety?"

"I think not," said Captain Stewart; but he breathed hard, for he knew well enough

that there lay the gravest danger.

"I think not," he said again. He made a rather surprisingly accurate guess at the truth—that Ste. Marie had started out upon impulse, without intending more than a general reconnaissance, and therefore without leaving any word behind him. Still, the shadow of danger uplifted itself before the man, and he was afraid. A sudden gust of weak anger shook him like a wind.

"In Heaven's name!" he cried shrilly,
"why didn't that one-eyed fool kill the
fellow while he was about it? There's
danger for us every moment while he is
alive here. Why didn't that shambling idiot
kill him?" Captain Stewart's outflung
hand jumped and trembled, and his face
was twisted into a sort of grinning snarl.
He looked like an angry and wicked cat, the
other man thought.

"If I weren't an over-civilised fool," he said viciously, "I'd go upstairs and kill him now with my hands—while he can't help himself. We're all too scrupulous by half."

The Irishman stared at him and presently broke into amazed laughter.

"Scrupulous!" said he. "Well, yes, I'm too scrupulous to murder a man in his bed, if you like. I'm not squeamish, but——Good Heavens!"

"Do you realise," demanded Captain Stewart, "what risks we run while that fellow is alive—knowing what he knows?"

"Oh, yes, I realise that," said O'Hara. "But I don't see why *you* should have heart failure over it."

Captain Stewart's pale lips drew back again in their cat-like fashion.

"Never mind about me," he said. "But I can't help thinking you're peculiarly indifferent in the face of danger."

"No, I'm not!" said the Irishman quickly.
"No, I'm not. Don't you run away with

that idea!"

For the first time his hard face began to show feeling. He turned away with a quick, nervous movement, and stood staring out of

the window into the late sunlight.

"I merely said," he went on, "I merely said that I'd stop short of murder. I don't set any foolish value on life—my own or any other. I've had to take life more than once, but it was in fair fight or in self-defence, and I don't regret it. It was your cold-blooded joke about going upstairs and killing this chap in his bed that put me on edge. Naturally I know you didn't mean it." He swung back towards the other man.

"So don't you worry about me!" said he after a little pause. "Don't you go thinking that I'm lukewarm or that I'm indifferent to danger. I know there's danger from this lad upstairs, and I mean to be on guard against it. He stays here under strict guard until—what we're after is accomplished—until

young Arthur comes of age.

"If there's danger," he continued, "why, we know where it lies, and we can guard against it. That kind of danger is not very formidable. The dangerous dangers are the ones that you don't know about—the hidden ones." came forward a little, and his lean face was as hard and as impassive as ever, and the bright, blue eyes shone from it steady and unwinking. Stewart looked up to him with a sort of peevish resentment at the man's confidence and cool poise. It was an odd reversal of their ordinary relations. For the hour the duller villain, the man who was wont to take orders and to refrain from overmuch thought or question, seemed to have become Sheer physical exhaustion and the constant maddening pain had had their will of Captain Stewart.

A sudden shiver wrung him so that his dry

fingers rattled against the wood of the chair arms.

"All the same," he cried, "I'm afraid. I've been confident enough until now. Now I'm afraid. I wish the fellow had been killed."

"Kill him, then!" laughed the Irishman. "I won't give you up to the police." He crossed the room to the door, but halted short of it and turned about again, and he looked back very curiously at the man who sat crouched in his chair by the window. It had occurred to him several times that Stewart was very unlike himself. The man was quite evidently tired and ill, and that might account for some of the nervousness; but this fierce malignity was something a little beyond O'Hara's comprehension. It seemed to him that the elder man had the air of one frightened beyond the point the circumstances warranted.

"Are you going back to town?" he asked, "or do you mean to stay the night?"

"I shall stay the night," Stewart said.
"I'm too tired to bear the ride." He glanced up and caught the other's eyes fixed upon him.

"Well!" he cried angrily. "What is it? What are you looking at me like that for?

What do you want?"

"I want nothing," said the Irishman a little sharply. "And I wasn't aware that I'd been looking at you in an unusual way. You're precious jumpy to-day. If you want to know. . . Look here!" He came back a

step, frowning.

"Look here," he repeated. "I don't quite make you out. Are you keeping back anything? Because, if you are, for Heaven's sake have it out here and now! We're all in this game together, and we can't afford to be anything but frank with each other. We can't afford to make reservations. It's altogether too dangerous for everybody. You're too much frightened. There's no apparent reason for being so frightened as that."

Captain Stewart drew a long breath between closed teeth, and afterwards he looked up at the younger man coldly.

"We need not discuss my personal feelings, I think," said he. "They have no—no bearing on the point at issue. As you say, we are all in this thing together, and you need not fear that I shall fail to do my part, as I have done it in the past. . That's all, I believe."

"Oh, as you like! As you like!" said the Irishman in the tone of one rebuffed.

He turned again and left the room, closing the door behind him. Outside on the stairs it occurred to him that he had forgotten to ask the other man what this fellow's name was—the fellow who lay wounded upstairs. No, he had asked once, but, in the interest of the conversation, the question had been lost. He determined to inquire again that evening at dinner.

But Captain Stewart, left thus alone, sank deeper in the uncomfortable chair, and his head once more stirred and sought vainly for ease against the chair's high back. The pain swept him in regular, throbbing waves that were like the waves of the sea—waves which surge and crash and tear upon a beach. But between the throbs of physical pain there was something else that was always present while the waves came and went. Pain and exhaustion, if they are sufficiently extreme, can well-nigh paralyse mind as well as body, and for some time Captain Stewart wondered what this thing might be which lunked at the bottom of him, still under the surges of agony. Then at last he had the strength to look at it, and it was fear, cold and still and silent. He was afraid to the very depths of his soul.

True, as O'Hara had said, there did not seem to be any very desperate peril to face; but Stewart was afraid with the gambler's unreasoning, half-superstitious fear, and that is the worst fear of all. He realised that he had been afraid of Ste. Marie from the beginning, and that, of course, was why he had tried to draw him into partnership with himself in his own official and wholly mythical search for Arthur Benham. could have had the other man under his eye He could have kept him busy for months running down false scents. was, Ste. Marie's uncanny instinct about the Irishman O'Hara had led him true—that and what he doubtless learned from Olga Nilssen.

If Stewart had been in a condition and mood to philosophise, he would doubtless have reflected that seven-tenths of the desperate causes, both good and bad, which fail in this world, fail because they are wrecked by some woman's love or jealousy (or both). But it is unlikely that he was able just at this time to make such a reflection, though certainly he wondered how much Olga Nilssen had known, and how much Ste. Marie had had to put together out of her knowledge and any previous suspicions which he may have had.

The man would have been amazed if he

could have known what a mountain of information and evidence had piled itself up over his head all in twelve hours. He would have been amazed and, if possible, even more frightened than he was; but he was without question sufficiently frightened, for here was Ste. Marie in the very house, he had seen Arthur Benham, and quite obviously he knew all there was to know, or at least enough to ruin Arthur Benham's uncle beyond all recovery or hope of recovery—irretrievably.

Captain Stewart tried to think what it would mean to him—failure in this desperate scheme, but he had not the strength nor the courage. He shrank from the picture as one shrinks from something horrible in a bad dream. There could be no question of failure. He had to succeed at any cost, however desperate or fantastic. Once more the spasm of childish, futile rage swept over him and shook him like a wind.

"Why couldn't the fellow have been killed by that one-eyed fool?" he cried, sobbing. "Why couldn't he have been killed? He's the only one who knows—the only thing in the way. Why couldn't he have been killed?"

Quite suddenly Captain Stewart ceased to sob and shiver, and sat still in his chair, gripping the arms with white and tense fingers. His eyes began to widen and they became fixed in a long, strange stare. He drew a deep breath.

"I wonder!" he said aloud. "I wonder, now."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BLACK CAT.

That providential stone or tree-root, or whatever it may have been, proved a genuine blessing in disguise to Ste. Marie. It gave him a splitting headache for a few hours, but it saved him a good deal of discomfort the while his bullet wound was being more or less probed, and very skilfully cleansed and dressed, by O'Hara. For he did not regain consciousness until this surgical work was almost at its end, and then he wanted to fight the Irishman for tying the bandages too tight.

But when O'Hara had gone away and left him alone, he lay still—or as still as the smarting, burning pain in his leg and the ache in his head would let him—and stared at the wall beyond his bed, and, bit by bit, the events of the past hour came back to

him, and he knew where he was. He cursed himself very bitterly, as he well might do, for a bungling idiot. The whole thing had been in his hands, he said, with perfect truth—Arthur Benham's whereabouts proved, Stewart's responsibility, or, at the very least, complicity, and the sordid motive therefor. Remained—had Ste. Marie been a sane being instead of an impulsive fool—remained but to face Stewart down in the presence of witnesses, threaten him with exposure, and so, with perfect ease, bring back the lost boy in triumph to his family.

It should all have been so simple, so easy. so effortless! Yet now it was ruined by a moment's rash folly, and Heaven alone knew what would come of it. He remembered that he had left behind him no indication whatever of where he meant to spend the Hartley would come hurrying across town that evening to the Rue d'Assas and would find no one there to receive him. He would wait and wait and at last go home. He would come again on the next morning, and then he would begin to be alarmed and would start a second search—but with what to reckon by? Nobody knew about the house on the road to Clamart but Mlle. Olga Nilssen, and she was far away.

He thought of Captain Stewart, and he wondered if that gentleman was by any chance here in the house, or if he was still in bed in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, recovering from his epileptic fit.

After that he fell once more to cursing himself and his incredible stupidity, and he could have wept for sheer bitterness of chagrin.

He was still engaged in this unpleasant occupation when the door of the room opened and the Irishman O'Hara entered, having finished his interview with Captain Stewart below. He came up beside the bed and looked down not unkindly upon the man who lay there, but Ste. Marie scowled back at him, for he was in a good deal of pain and a vile humour.

"How's the leg—and the head?" asked the amateur surgeon—to do him justice, he was very skilful indeed through much experience.

"They hurt," said Ste. Marie shortly. "My head aches like the devil, and my leg burns." O'Hara made a sound which was rather like a gruff laugh, and nodded.

"Yes, and they'll go on doing it too," said he. "At least, the leg will. Your head will be all right again in a day or so. Do you want anything to eat? It's near dinner-

time. I suppose we can't let you starve—

though you deserve it."

"Thanks, I want nothing!" said Ste. Marie. "Pray don't trouble about me!" The other man nodded again indifferently, and turned to go out of the room, but in the doorway he halted and looked back.

"As we're to have the pleasure of your company for some time to come," said he, "you might suggest a name to call you by. Of course, I don't expect you to tell your own name, though I can learn that easily enough."

"Easily enough, to be sure," said the man on the bed. "Ask Stewart. He knows only

too well."

The Irishman scowled. And after a moment he said—

"I don't know any Stewart." But at that Ste. Marie gave a laugh, and a tinge of red came over the Irishman's cheeks.

"And so, to save Captain Stewart the trouble," continued the wounded man, "I'll tell you my name with pleasure. I don't know why I shouldn't. It's Ste. Marie."

"What?" cried O'Hara hoarsely. "What? Say that again!" He came forward a swift step or two into the room, and he stared at the man on the bed as if he were staring at a ghost.

"Ste. Marie?" he cried in a whisper.

"It's impossible!

"What are you," he demanded, "to Gilles, Comte de Ste. Marie de Mont-Perdu? What

are you to him?

"He was my father," said the younger man, "but he is dead. He has been dead for ten years." He turned his head with a little grimace of pain to look curiously after the Irishman, who had all at once turned away across the room, and stood still beside a window, with bent head.

"Why?" he questioned. "What about my father? Why did you ask that?"

O'Hara did not answer at once, and he did not stir from his place by the window, but after awhile he said—

"I knew him . . . That's all." And after another space he came back beside the bed, and once more looked down upon the young man who lay there. His face was veiled, inscrutable. It betrayed nothing.

"You have a look of your father," said he.

"That was what puzzled me a little. I was just saying to — I was just thinking that there was something familiar about you. . . . Ah, well! we've all come down in the world since then. The Ste. Marie blood, though! Who'd have thought it?" The man shook

his head a little sorrowfully, but Ste. Marie stared up at him in frowning incomprehension. The pain had dulled him somewhat.

And presently O'Hara again moved towards

the door. On the way he said—

"I'll bring or send you something to eat—not too much. And later on I'll give you a sleeping-powder. With that head of yours you may have trouble in getting to sleep. Understand, I'm doing this for your father's son, and not because you've any right yourself to consideration."

Ste. Marie raised himself with difficulty

on one elbow.

"Wait!" said he. "Wait a moment!" and the other halted just inside the door.

"You seem to have known my father," said Ste. Marie, "and to have respected him. For my father's sake will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, I won't!" said the Irishman sharply, "so you may as well hold your tongue. Nothing you can say to me or to anyone in this house will have the slightest effect. We know what you came spying here for. We know all about it."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie, with a little sigh, and he fell back upon the pillows. "Yes, I suppose you do. I was rather a fool to speak. You wouldn't all be doing what you're doing if words could affect you. I was a fool to speak." The Irishman stared at him for another moment and went out of the room, closing the door behind him.

So he was left once more alone to his pain and his bitter self-reproaches, and his wild and futile plans for escape. But O'Hara returned in an hour or thereabouts with food for him—a cup of broth and a slice of bread; and when Ste. Marie had eaten these, the Irishman looked once more to his wounded leg, and gave him a sleeping powder dissolved in water.

He lay restless and wide-eyed for an hour, and then drifted away through intermediate mists into a sleep full of horrible dreams, but it was at least relief from bodily suffering; and when he awoke in the morning, his

headache was almost gone.

He awoke to sunshine and fresh odours, and the twittering of birds. By good chance O'Hara had been the last to enter the room on the evening before, and so no one had come to close the shutters or draw the blinds. The windows were open wide, and the morning breeze, very soft and aromatic, blew in and out and filled the place with sweetness. The room was a corner room, with windows that looked south and east,

and the early sun slanted in and lay in

golden squares across the floor.

Ste. Marie opened his eyes with none of the dazed bewilderment that he might have expected. The events of the preceding day came back to him instantly and without shock. He put up an experimental hand and found that his head was still very sore where he had struck it in falling, but the ache was almost gone. He tried to stir his leg, and a protesting pain shot through it. It burned dully even when it was quiet, but the pain was not at all severe. He realised that he was to get off rather well, considering what might have happened, and he was so grateful for this that he almost forgot to be angry with himself on his monumental folly.

A small bird, chased by another, wheeled in through the southern window and back again into free air. Finally the two settled down upon the parapet of the little shallow balcony, which was there, to have their disagreement out, and they talked it over with a great deal of noise and many threatening gestures and a complete loss of temper on both sides. Ste. Marie, from his bed, cheered them on, but there came a commotion in the ivy which draped the wall below, and the two birds fled in ignominious haste, and just in the nick of time, for when the cause of the commotion shot into view, it was a large black cat of great bodily activity and an ardent single-heartedness of aim.

The black cat gazed for a moment resentfully after its vanished prey, and then composed its sleek body upon the iron rail, tail and paws tucked neatly under. Marie chirruped, and the cat turned yellow eyes upon him in mild astonishment as one

who should say-"Who the deuce are you, and what the deuce are you doing here?" He chirruped again, and the cat, after an ostentatious yawn and stretch, came to him—beating up to windward, as it were, and making the bed in three tacks. When O'Hara entered the room some time later, he found his patient in a very cheerful frame of mind, and the black cat sitting on his chest, purring like a dynamo and kneading like an industrious baker.

"Ho!" said the Irishman, "you seem to have found a friend."

"Well, I need one friend here," argued "I'm in the enemy's stronghold. You needn't be alarmed: the cat can't tell me anything, and it can't help me to escape. It can only sit on me and purr. That's harmless enough."

O'Hara began one of his gruff laughs, but he seemed to remember himself in the middle of it, and assumed an intimidating scowl instead.

"How's the leg?" he demanded shortly.
"Let me see it!" He took off the bandages and cleansed and sprayed the wound with some antiseptic liquid that he had brought

in a bottle.

"There's a little fever," said he, "but that can't be avoided. You're going on very well—a good deal better than you'd any right to expect." He had to inflict not a little pain in his examination and redressing of the wound. He knew that, and once or twice he glanced up at Ste. Marie's face with a sort of reluctant admiration for the man who could bear so much without any sign whatever. In the end he put together his things and nodded with professional satisfaction.

"You'll do well enough now for the rest of the day," he said. "I'll send up old Michel to valet you. He's the gardener who shot you yesterday, and he may take it into his head to finish the job this morning. If he does, I shan't try to stop him."
"Nor I," said Ste. Marie. "Thanks very

much for your trouble. An excellant surgeon

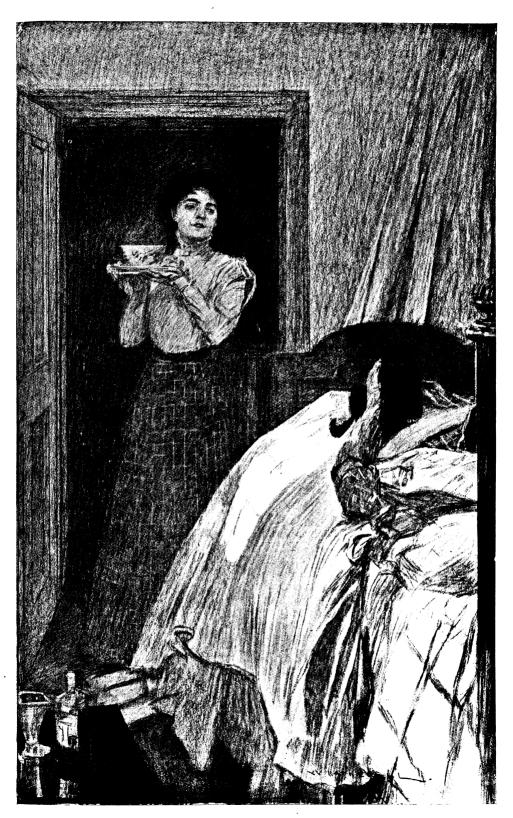
was lost in you."

O'Hara left the room, and presently the old caretaker, one-eyed, gnome-like, shambling like a bear, sidled into the room and proceeded to set things to rights. He looked, Ste. Marie said to himself, like something in an old German drawing, or in those imitations of old drawings that one sometimes sees nowadays in Fliegende Blätter. tried to make the strange creature talk, but Michel went about his task with an air half frightened, half stolid, and refused to speak more than an occasional "Oui" or a "Bien, monsieur," in answer to orders. Ste. Marie asked if he might have some coffee and bread, and the old Michel nodded and slipped from the room as silently as he had entered it.

Thereafter Ste. Marie trifled with the cat and got one hand well scratched for his trouble, but in five minutes there came a knocking at the door. He laughed a little. "Michel grows ceremonious when it's a question of food," he said. "Entrez, mon vieux!" The door opened, and Ste. Marie caught his breath.

"Michel is busy," said Coira O'Hara, "so

I have brought your coffee."



"Michel is busy," said Coira O'Hara, "so I have brought your coffee."

She came into the sunlit room, holding the steaming bowl of cafe au lait before her in her two hands. Over it her eyes went out to the man who lay in his bed, a long and steady and very grave look. "A goddess that lady, a queen among goddesses"—thus the little Jew of the Boulevard de la Madeleine. Ste. Marie gazed back at her, and his heart was sick within him to think of the contemptible rôle Fate had laid upon this girl to play: the candle to the moth, the bait to the eager, unskilled fish, the lure to charm a foolish boy.

The girl's splendid beauty seemed to fill all that bright room with, as it were, a richer, subtler light. There could be no doubt of her potency. Older and wiser heads than young Arthur Benham's might well forget the world for her. Ste. Marie watched, and the heartsickness within him was like a physical pain keen and bitter. He thought of that first and only previous meeting—the single minute in the Champs Elysées when her eyes had held him, had seemed to beseech him out of some deep agony. He thought of how they had haunted him afterwards both by day and by night—calling eyes—and he gave a little groan of sheer bitterness, for he realised that all this while she was laying her snares about the feet of an inexperienced boy, decoying him to his ruin. There was a name for such women, an ugly name. They were called adventuresses.

The girl set the bowl which she carried down upon a table not far from the bed.

"You will need a tray or something," said she. "I suppose you can sit up against your pillows? I'll bring a tray, and you can hold it on your knees and eat from it." She spoke in a tone of very deliberate indifference and detachment. There seemed even to be an edge of scorn in it, but nothing could make that deep and golden voice harsh or unlovely. As the girl's extraordinary beauty had filled all the room with its light, so the sound of her voice seemed to fill it with a sumptuous and hushed resonance like a temple bell muffled in velvet.

"I must bring something to eat too," she said. "Would you prefer croissants or brioches or plain bread and butter? You

might as well have what you like."

"Thank you!" said Ste. Marie. "It doesn't matter. Anything. You are most kind. You are Hebe, mademoiselle, server of feasts." The girl turned her head for a moment and looked at him with some surprise.

"If I am not mistaken," she said, "Hebe served to gods." Then she went out of the room, and Ste. Marie broke into a sudden delighted laugh behind her. She would seem to be a young woman with a tongue in her head. She had seized the rash opening without an instant's hesitation.

The black cat, which had been cruising, after the inquisitive fashion of its kind, in far corners of the room, strolled back and looked up to the table, where the bowl of

coffee steamed and waited.

"Get out!" cried Ste. Marie. "Va t'en, sale petit animal! Go and eat birds! that's my coffee. Va! Sauve toi! Hé, voleur que tu es!" He sought for something by way of missile, but there was nothing within reach. The black cat turned its calm and yellow eyes towards him, looked back to the aromatic feast, and leapt expertly to the top of the table. Ste. Marie shouted and made horrible threats. He waved an impotent pillow, not daring to hurl it for fear of smashing the table's entire contents, but the black cat did not even glance towards him. It smelt the coffee, sneezed over it because it was hot, and finally proceeded to lap very daintily, pausing often to take breath or to shake its head, for cats disapprove of hot dishes, though they will partake of them at a pinch.

There came a step outside the door, and the thief leapt down with some haste, yet not quite in time to escape observation. Mlle O'Hara came in, breathing terrible

threats.

"Has that wretched animal touched your coffee?" she cried. "I hope not." But Ste. Marie laughed weakly from his bed, and the guilty beast stood in mid-floor, brown drops beading its black chin and hanging upon its whiskers.

"I did what I could, mademoiselle," said Ste. Marie; "but there was nothing to throw. I am sorry to be the cause of so

much trouble."

"It is nothing," said she. "I will bring some more coffee, only it will take ten minutes, because I shall have to make some fresh." She made as if she would smile a little in answer to him, but her face turned grave once more, and she went out of the room with averted eyes.

Thereafter Ste. Marie occupied himself with watching idly the movements of the black cat, and as he watched, something icy cold began to grow within him, a sensation more terrible than he had ever known before. He found himself shivering as if that

summer day had all at once turned to January, and he found that his face was wet

with a chill perspiration.

When the girl at length returned, she found him lying still, his face to the wall. The black cat was in her path as she crossed the room, so that she had to thrust it out of the way with her foot, and she called it names for moving with such lethargy.

"Here is the coffee at last," she said. "I made it fresh. And I have brought some brioches. Will you sit up and have the tray

on your knees?"

"Thank you!" said Ste. Marie. "I do

not wish anything."

"You do not——" she repeated after him. "But I have made the coffee especially for you!" she protested. "I thought you wanted it. I don't understand."

With a sudden movement the man turned

towards her a white and drawn face.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, "it would have been more merciful to let your gardener shoot again yesterday. Much more merciful, mademoiselle."

She stared at him under her straight

black brows.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "More merciful? What do you mean by that?"

Ste. Marie stretched out a pointing finger, and the girl followed it. She gave, after a tense instant, a single sharp scream. And

upon that—

"No! no! It's not true. It's not possible." Moving stiffly, she set down the bowl she carried, and the hot liquid splashed up round her wrists. For a moment she hung there, drooping, holding herself up by the strength of her hands upon the table. It was as if she had been seized with faintness. Then she sprang to where the cat crouched beside a chair. She dropped upon her knees, and tried to raise it in her arms, but the beast bit and scratched at her feebly, and crept away to a little distance, where it lay struggling, and very unpleasant to see.

"Poison!" she said, in a choked, gasping

"Poison!" she said, in a choked, gasping whisper. "Poison!" She looked once towards the man upon the bed, and she

was white and shivering.

"It's not true!" she cried again. "I—won't believe it. It's because the cat—was not used to coffee. Because it was hot. I won't believe it—I won't believe it." She began to sob, holding her hands over her white face.

Ste. Marie watched her with puzzled eyes. If this was acting, it was very, very good

acting. A little glimmer of hope began to burn in him—hope that in this last shameful thing, at least, the girl had had no part.

"It's impossible!" she insisted piteously. "I tell you it's impossible. I brought the coffee myself from the kitchen. I took it from the pot there—the same pot we had all had ours from. It was never out of my sight—or, that is—I mean——" She halted there, and Ste. Marie saw her eyes turn slowly towards the door, and he saw a crimson flush come up over her cheeks and die away, leaving her white again. He drew a little breath of relief and gladness, for he was sure of her now. She had had no part in it.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle," said he cheerfully. "Think no more of it. It is nothing."

"Nothing?" she cried in a loud voice. "Do you call poison nothing?" She began

to shiver again very violently.

"You would have drunk it!" she said, staring at him in a white agony. "But for a miracle, you would have drunk it—and died!" Abruptly she came beside the bed and threw herself upon her knees there. In her excitement and horror she seemed to have forgotten what they two were to each other. She caught him by the shoulders with her two hands, and the girl's violent trembling shook them both.

"Will you believe," she cried, "that I had nothing to do with this? Will you believe

me? You must believe me!"

There was no acting in that moment. She was wrung with a frank anguish and utter horror, and between her words there were hard and terrible sobs.

"I believe you, mademoiselle," said the man gently. "I believe you. Pray, think no more about it!" He smiled up into the girl's beautiful face, though within him he was still cold and ashiver, as even the bravest men might well be at such an escape, and after a moment she turned away again. With unsteady hands she put the new-made bowl of coffee and the briches and other things together upon the tray, and started to carry it across the room to the bed, but halfway she turned back again and set the tray down. She looked about and found an empty glass, and she poured a little of the coffee into it. Ste. Marie, who was watching her, gave a sudden cry--

"No! no! mademoiselle, I beg you! You must not!" But the girl shook her head at him gravely over the glass.

"There is no danger," she said, "but I

must be sure." She drank what was in the glass, and afterwards went across to one of the windows, and stood there with her back

to the room for a little time.

In the end she returned, and once more brought the breakfast-tray to the bed. Marie raised himself to a sitting posture and took the thing upon his knees, but his hands

were shaking.

"If I were not as helpless as a dead man, mademoiselle," said he, "you should not have done that. If I could have stopped you, you should not have done it, mademoiselle." A wave of colour spread up under the brown skin of the girl's face, but she did not speak. She stood by for a moment to see if he were supplied with everything he needed, and when Ste. Marie expressed his gratitude for her pains, she only bowed her head. Then presently she turned away and left the room.

Outside the door she met someone who was approaching. Ste. Marie heard her break into rapid and excited speech, and he heard O'Hara's voice in answer. The voice expressed astonishment and indignation and a sort of gruff horror, but the man who listened could hear only the tones—not the words

that were spoken.

The Irishman came quickly into the room. He glanced once towards the bed where Ste. Marie sat eating his breakfast with apparent unconcern (there may have been a little bravado in this), and then bent over the thing which lay moving feebly beside a When he rose, his face was hard and tense, and his blue eyes glittered in a fashion that boded trouble for somebody.

"This looks very bad for us," he said "I should—I should like to have you believe that neither my daughter nor I had any part in it. When I fight, I fight openly; I don't use poison. Not even with

"Oh, that's all right!" said Ste. Marie, taking an ostentatious sip of coffee. "That's understood. I know well enough who tried to poison me. If you'll just keep your friend Stewart out of the kitchen, I shan't worry about my food."

The Irishmen's cheeks reddened with a quick flush, and he dropped his eyes. in an instant he raised them again and looked full into the eyes of the man who sat

in bed.

"You seem," said he, "to be labouring under a curious misapprehension. There is no Stewart here, and I don't know any man of that name."

Ste. Marie laughed.

"Oh, don't you?" he said. "That's my mistake, then. Well, if you don't know him, you ought to. You have interests in common."

O'Hara favoured his patient with a long and frowning stare. But at the end he turned without a word and went out of the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THOSE WHO WERE LEFT BEHIND.

THAT meeting with Richard Hartley of which Captain Stewart, in the small drawingroom at La Lierre, spoke to the Irishman O'Hara, took place at Stewart's own door in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and it must have been at just about the time when Ste. Marie, concealed among the branches of his cedar, looked over the wall and saw Arthur Benham walking with Mlle. Coira Hartley had lunched at Durand's with his friends, whose name—though it does not at all matter here—was Reeves-Davis, and after lunch the four of them, Major and Lady Reeves-Davis, Reeves-Davis's sister (Mrs. Carsten), and Hartley, spent an hour at a certain picture-dealer's near the Madeleine. After that Lady Reeves-Davis wanted to go in search of an antiquary's shop which was somewhere in the Rue du Faubourg, and she did not know just where. They went in from the Rue Royale, and amused themselves by looking at the attractive windows on the way.

During one of their frequent halts, while the two ladies were passionately absorbed in a display of hats, and Reeves-Davis was making derisive comments from the rear, Hartley, who was too much bored to pay attention, saw a figure which seemed to him familiar emerge from an adjacent doorway, and start to cross the pavement to a large touring-car with the top up, which stood at the kerb. The man wore a dust-coat and a cap, and he moved as if he were in a hurry, but as he went he cast a quick look about him, and his eye fell upon Richard Hartley, Hartley nodded, and he thought the elder man gave a violent start—but then he looked very white and ill, and might have started at anything. For an instant Captain Stewart made as if he would go on his way without taking notice, but he seemed to change his mind, and turned back. He held out his hand with a rather wan and nervous smile, saying-

"Ah, Hartley! It is you, then.

wasn't sure." He glanced over the other's shoulder, and said—

"Is that our friend Ste. Marie with you?"
"No," said Richard Hartley; "some English friends of mine. I haven't seen Ste. Marie to-day. I'm to meet him this evening. You've seen him since I have, as a matter of fact. He came to your party last night, didn't he? Sorry I couldn't come. They must have tired you out, I should think. You look ill."

"Yes," said the other man absently.
"Yes, I had an attack of—an old malady,

It was about ten that evening when Hartley, who had left his people, after dinner was over, at the Morigny, reached the Rue d'Assas. The street-door was already closed for the night, and so he had to ring for the cordon. When the door clicked open and he had closed it behind him, he called out his name before crossing the court to Ste. Marie's stair, but as he went on his way the voice of the concierge reached him from the little loge.

"M. Ste. Marie n'est pas là."

Now, the Parisian concierge, as everyone



last night. I am rather stale to-day. You say you haven't seen St. Marie? No, to be sure. If you see him later on, you might say that I mean to drop in on him to-morrow to make my apologies. He'll understand. Good day!" So he turned away to the motor, which was waiting for him, and Hartley went back to his friends, wondering a little what it was that Stewart had to apologise for.

As for Captain Stewart, he must have gone at once out to La Lierre. What he found there has already been set forth.

knows who has lived under his iron sway, is a being set apart from the rest of mankind. He has, in general, no human attributes, and certainly no human sympathy. His hand is against all the world, and the hand of all the world is against him. Still, here and there amongst this peculiar race are to be found a very few beings who are of softer substance—men and women instead of spies and harpies. The concierge who had charge of the house wherein St. Marie dwelt was an old woman, undeniably severe upon occasions, but for the most part a kindly and even

jovial soul. She must have become a concierge through some unfortunate mistake.

She snapped open her little square window and stuck out into the moonlit court a dis-

hevelled grey head.

"Il n'est pas là," she said again, beaming upon Richard Hartley, whom she liked, and when he protested that he had a definite and important appointment with her lodger, went on to explain that Ste. Marie had gone out, doubtless to lunch, before one o'clock, and had never returned.

"He may have left word for me upstairs," Hartley said. "I'll go up and wait, if I may." So the woman got him her extra key, and he went up, let himself into the flat,

and made lights there.

Naturally he found no word, but his own note of that morning lay spread out upon a table where Ste. Marie had left it, and so he knew that his friend was in possession of the two facts he had learnt about Stewart. He made himself comfortable with a book and some cigarettes, and settled down to wait. Ste. Marie out at La Lierre, with a bullethole in his leg, was deep in a drugged sleep just then, but Hartley waited for him, looking up now and then from his book with a scowl of impatience, until the little clock on the mantel said that it was one o'clock. he went home in a very bad temper, after writing another note, and leaving it on the table, to say that he would return early in the morning.

But in the morning he began to be alarmed. He questioned the concierge very closely as to Ste. Marie's movements on the day previous, but she could tell him little (save to mention the brief visit of a man with an accent of Toulouse or Marseilles), and there seemed to be no one else to whom he could go. He spent the entire morning in the flat and returned there after a hasty lunch. But at mid-afternoon he took a fiacre at the corner of the Gardens and drove to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

Captain Stewart was at home. He was in a dressing-gown, and still looked fagged and unwell. He certainly betrayed some surprise at sight of his visitor, but he made Hartley welcome at once, and insisted upon having cigars and things to drink brought out for him. On the whole he presented an astonishingly normal exterior, for within him he must have been cold with fear, and in his ears a question must have rung and shouted and rung again unceasingly—

"What does this fellow know? What

does he know?'

Hartley's very presence there had a perilous look.

The younger man shook his head at the servant who asked him what he wished to

drink

"Thanks, you're very good," he said to Captain Stewart, and that gentleman eyed him silently. "I can't stay more than a moment. I just dropped in to ask if you'd any idea what can have become of Ste. Marie."

"Ste. Marie?" said Captain Stewart.
"What do you mean—'become of him'?"
He moistened his lips to speak, but he said

the words without a tremor.

"Well, what I meant was," said Hartley, "that you'd seen him last. He was here Thursday evening. Did he say anything to you about going anywhere in particular the next day—yesterday? He left his rooms about noon and hasn't turned up since."

Captain Stewart drew a short breath and sat down abruptly in a near-by chair, for all at once his knees had begun to tremble under him. He was conscious of a great and blissful wave of relief and well-being, and he wanted to laugh. He wanted so much to laugh that it became a torture to keep his face in repose.

So Ste. Marie had left no word behind him,

and the danger was past!

With a great effort he looked up from where he sat to Richard Hartley, who stood

anxious and frowning before him.

"Forgive me for sitting down," he said, "and sit down yourself, I beg. I'm still very shaky from my attack of illness. Ste. Marie? Ste. Marie has disappeared? How very extraordinary! It's like poor Arthur. Still—a single day! He might be anywhere for a single day, might he not? For all that, though, it's very odd. Why, no! No, I don't think he said anything about going away! At least, I remember nothing about it." The relief and triumph within him burst out in a sudden little chuckle of malicious fun.

"I can think of only one thing," said he. "that might be of use to you. Ste. Marie seemed to take a very great fancy to one of the ladies here the other evening. And, I must confess, the lady seemed to return it. It had all the look of a desperate flirtation—a most desperate flirtation. They spent the evening in a corner together.

"You don't suppose," he said, still chuckling gently, "that Ste. Marie is taking a little holiday, do you? You don't suppose that

lady could account for him?"

"No," said Richard Hartley, "I don't.

And if you knew Ste. Marie a little better, you wouldn't suppose it either." But after

a pause he said—

"Could you give me the—lady's name, by any chance? Of course, I don't want to leave any stone unturned." And once more the other man emitted his pleased little chuckle that was so like a cat's mew.

"I can give you her name," said he. "The name is Mademoiselle — Bertrand. Elise Bertrand. But I regret to say I haven't the address by me. She came with some friends. I will try to get it and send it you. Will that be all right?"

"Yes, thanks!" said Richard Hartley.
"You're very good. And now I must be

going on. I'm rather in a hurry."

Captain Stewart protested against this great haste, and pressed the younger man to sit down and tell him more about his friend's disappearance, but Hartley excused himself, repeating that he was in a great hurry, and went off.

When he had gone, Captain Stewart lay back in his chair and laughed until he was weak and ached from it, the furious, helpless laughter which comes after the sudden release from a terrible strain. He was not, as a rule, a demonstrative man, but he became aware that he would like to dance and sing, and probably he would have done both if it had not been for the servant in the next room.

So there was no danger to be feared, and his terrors of the night passed—he shivered a little to think of them—had been, after all, needless terrors! As for the prisoner out at La Lierre, nothing was to be feared from him so long as a careful watch was kept. Later on he might have to be disposed of, since both bullet and poison had failed (he scowled over that, remembering a bad quarter of an hour with O'Hara early this morning), but that matter could wait. Some way would present itself. He thought of the wholly gratuitous lie he had told Hartley, a thing born of a moment's malice, and he laughed again. It struck him that it would be very humorous if Hartley should come to suspect his friend of turning aside from his great endeavour to enter upon an affair with a lady. He dimly remembered that Ste. Marie's name had, from time to time, been a good deal involved in romantic histories, and he said to himself that his lie had been very well chosen indeed, and might be expected to cause Richard Hartley much anguish of spirit.

After that he lighted a very large cigarette,

half as big as a cigar, and he lay back in his low, comfortable chair, and began to think of the outcome of all this plotting and As is very apt to be the case planning. when a great danger has been escaped, he was in a mood of extreme hopefulness and confidence. Vaguely he felt as if the recent happenings had set him ahead a pace towards his goal, though, of course, they had done nothing of the kind. The danger that would exist so long as Ste. Marie, who knew everything, was alive, seemed in some miraculous fashion to have dwindled to insignificance; in this rebound from fear and despair, difficulties were swept away and the path was clear. The man's mind leapt to his goal. and a little shiver of prospective joy ran over him. Once that goal gained, he could defy the world. Let eyes look askance, let tongues wag, he would be safe then-safe for all the rest of his life, and rich, rich. rich!

For he was playing against a feeble old man's life. Day by day he watched the low flame sink lower, as the flame of an exhausted lamp sinks and flickers. It was slow, for the old man had still a little strength left, but the will to live-which was the oil in the lamp—was almost gone, and the waiting could not be long now. One day, quite suddenly, the flame would sink down to almost nothing, as at last it does in the spent lamp. It would flicker up and down rapidly for a few moments, and all at once there would be no flame there. Old David would be dead, and a servant would be sent across the river in haste to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. Stewart lay back in his chair and tried to imagine that it was true, that it had already happened, as happen it must before long, and once more the little shiver, which was like a shiver of voluptuous delight, ran up and down his limbs, and his breath began to come fast and hard.

* * * * *

But Richard Hartley drove at once back to the Rue d'Assas. He was not very much disappointed in having learnt nothing from Stewart, though he was thoroughly angry at that gentleman's hint about Ste. Marie and the unknown lady. He had gone to the Rue du Faubourg because, as he had said, he wished to leave no stone unturned, and, after all, he had thought it quite possible that Stewart could give him some information which would be of value. Hartley firmly believed the elder man to be a rascal, but, of course, he knew nothing definite save the

two facts which he had accidentally learnt from Helen Benham, and it had occurred to him that Captain Stewart might have sent Ste. Marie off upon another wild-goose chase such as the expedition to Dinard had been. He would have been sure that the elder man had had something to do with Ste. Marie's disappearance if the latter had not been seen since Stewart's party, but instead of that Ste. Marie had come home, slept, gone out the next morning, returned again, received a visitor, and gone out to lunch. It was all very puzzling and mysterious.

His mind went back to the brief interview with Stewart and dwelt upon it. things which had at the time made no impression upon him began to recur and to take on significance. He remembered the elder man's odd and strained manner at the beginning, his sudden and causeless change to ease and a something that was almost like a triumphant excitement, and then his absurd story about Ste. Marie's flirtation Hartley thought of these with a lady. things; he thought also of the fact that Ste. Marie had disappeared immediately after hearing grave accusations against Stewart. Could he have lost his head, rushed across the city at once to confront the middleaged villain, and then—disappeared from human ken? It would have been very like him to do something rashly impulsive upon reading that note.

Hartley broke into a sudden laugh of sheer amusement when he realised to what a wild and improbable flight his fancy was soaring. He could not quite rid himself of a feeling that Stewart was, in some mysterious fashion, responsible for his friend's vanishing. But he was unlike Ste. Marie; he did not trust his feelings, either good or bad, unless they were backed by excellent evidence, and he had to admit that there was not a single scrap of evidence, in this instance, against Miss Benham's uncle.

The girl's name recalled him to another duty; he must tell her about Ste. Marie. He was by this time half-way up the Boulevard St. Germain, but he gave a new order, and the flacre turned back to the Rue de l'Université. The footman at the door said that mademoiselle was not in the drawingroom, as it was only four o'clock, but that he thought she was in the house. So Hartley sent up his name and went in to wait.

Miss Benham came down, looking a little

pale and anxious.

"I've been with grandfather," she explained. "He had some sort of sinking spell last night, and we were very much frightened. He's much better, but—well, he couldn't have many such spells and live. I'm afraid he grows a good deal weaker, day by day, now. He sees hardly anyone outside the family, except Baron de Vries." She sat down with a little sigh of fatigue and smiled up at her visitor.

"I'm glad you've come," said she. "You'll cheer me up, and I rather need it. What are you looking so solemn about, though? You won't cheer me up if you look like that."

"Well, you see," said Hartley, "I came at this impossible hour to bring you some bad news. I'm sorry.

"Perhaps," he conditioned, "bad news is putting it with too much seriousness. Strange news is better. To be brief, Ste. Marie has disappeared—vanished into thin air. thought you ought to know."

"Ste. Marie!" cried the girl. What do you mean—vanished? When did he vanish ?" She gave a sudden exclama-

tion of relief.

"Oh, he has come upon some clue or other and has rushed off to follow it. That's all--

How dare you frighten me so!"

"He went without luggage," said the man, shaking his head, "and he left no word of any kind behind him. He went out to lunch yesterday about noon, and, as I said, simply vanished, leaving no trace whatever behind him. I've just been to see your uncle, thinking that he might know something, but he doesn't."

The girl looked up quickly.
"My uncle?" she said.
uncle?" "Why my

"Well," said Hartley, "you see, Ste. Marie went to a little party at your uncle's flat on the night before he disappeared, and I thought your uncle might have heard him say something that would throw light on his movements the next day." Hartley remembered the unfortunate incident of galloping pigs, and hurried on-

"He went to the party more for the purpose of having a talk with your uncle than for any other reason, I think. I was to have gone myself, but gave it up at the eleventh hour for the Cains' dinner at

Armenonville.

"Well, the next morning, after Captain Stewart's party, he went out early. I called at his rooms to see him about something important that I thought he ought to know. I missed him, and so left a note for him, which he got on his return and read.

found it open on his table later on. At noon he went out again, and that's all. Frankly, I'm worried about him."

Miss Benham watched the man with thoughtful eyes, and when he had finished, she asked—

"Could you tell me what was in this note that you left for Ste. Marie?"

Hartley was by nature a very open and frank young man, and, in consequence, an unusually bad liar. He hesitated and looked away, and he began to turn red.

about—my uncle, the matter of the will and the other matter. He knew about the will, but he told you and Ste. Marie that he didn't. He said to you also that I had told him about my engagement and Ste. Marie's determination to search for Arthur, and that was—a lie. I didn't tell him, and grandfather didn't tell him. He listened in the door yonder and heard it himself. I have a good reason for knowing that.

"And then," she said, "he tried very hard to persuade you and Ste. Marie to take



"'What can we do, Richard? What can we do?"

"Well—no," he said after a moment, "no, I'm afraid I can't. It was something you wouldn't understand—wouldn't know about." And the girl said "Oh!" and remained for a little while silent.

But at the end she looked up and met his eyes, and the man saw that she was very grave. She said—

"Richard, there is something that you and I have been avoiding and pretending not to see. It has gone too far now, and we've got to face it with perfect frankness. I know what was in your note to Ste. Marie. It was what you found out the other evening

up your search under his direction, and he partly succeeded. He sent Ste. Marie upon a foolish expedition to Dinard, and he gave him and gave you other clues just as foolish as that one.

"Richard, do you believe that my uncle has hidden poor Arthur away somewhere, or —worse than that? Do you? Tell me the truth!"

"There is not," said Hartley, "one particle of real evidence against him that I'm aware of. There's plenty of motive, if you like, but motive is not evidence."

"I asked you a question," the girl said.

"Do you believe my uncle has been responsible for Arthur's disappearance?"

"Yes," said Richard Hartley, "I'm afraid I do."

"Then," she said, "he has been responsible for Ste. Marie's disappearance also. Ste. Marie became dangerous to him and so vanished. What can we do, Richard? What can we do?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

In the upper chamber at La Lierre the days dragged very slowly by, and the man who lay in bed there counted interminable hours, and prayed for the coming of night with its merciful oblivion of sleep. His inaction was made bitterer by the fact that the days were days of green and gold, of breeze-stirred tree-tops without his windows, of vagrant, sweet airs that stole in upon his solitude, bringing him all the warm fragrance of summer and of green things growing.

He suffered little pain. There was, for the first three or four days, a dull and feverish ache in his wounded leg, but presently even that passed, and the leg hurt him only when he moved it. He thought sometimes that he would be grateful for a bit of physical anguish to make the hours

pass more quickly.

The other inmates of the house held aloof from him. Once a day O'Hara came in to see to the wound, but he maintained a wellnigh complete silence over his work, and answered questions with a brief "Yes" or "No." Sometimes he did not answer them at all. The old Michel came twice daily, but this strange being had quite plainly been frightened into dumbness, and there was nothing to be got out of him. He shambled hastily about the place, his one scared eye upon the man in bed, and as soon as possible fled away, closing the door behind Sometimes Michel brought in the meals, sometimes his wife, a creature so like him that the two might well have passed for twin survivors of some unknown race; sometimes—thrice altogether in that first week— Coira O'Hara brought the tray, and she was as silent as the others.

So Ste. Marie was left alone, to get through the interminable days as best he might, and ever afterwards the week remained in his memory as a sort of nightmare. Lying idle in his bed, he evolved many surprising and fantastic schemes for escape—for getting word to the outside world of his presence here, and one by one he gave them up in disgust as their impossibility forced itself upon him. Plans and schemes were useless while he lay bedridden, unfamiliar even with the house wherein he dwelt, with the garden and park that surrounded it.

As for aid from any of the inmates of the place, that was to be laughed at. They were engaged together in a scheme so desperate that failure must mean utter ruin to them He sometimes wondered if the two servants could be bribed. Avarice unmistakable gleamed from their little, glittering, rat-like eyes, but he was sure that they would sell out for no small sum, and, in so far as he could remember, there had been in his pockets when he came here not more than five or six louis. Doubtless the old Michel had managed to abstract those in his daily offices about the room, for Ste. Marie knew that the clothes hung in a closet across from his bed. He had seen them there once when the closet door was open.

Any help that might come to him must come from outside—and what help was to be expected there? Over and over again he reminded himself of how little Richard Hartley knew. He might suspect Stewart of complicity in this new disappearance, but how was he to find out anything definite?

How was anyone to do so?

It was at such times as this, when brain and nerves were strained and worn almost to breaking point, that Ste. Marie had occasion to be grateful for the southern blood that was in him, the strong tinge of fatalism which is common alike to Latin and to Oriental. It rescued him more than once from something like nervous breakdown, calmed him suddenly, lifted his burdens from outwearied shoulders, and left him in peace to wait until some action should be Then, in such hours, he would fall to thinking of the girl for whose sake, in whose cause, he lay bedridden, beset with dangers. As long before, she came to him in a sort of waking vision—a being but half earthly, enthroned high above him, calmbrowed, very pure, with passionless eyes that gazed into far distance and were unaware of the base things below. What would she think of him, who had sworn to be true knight to her, if she could know how he had bungled and failed? He was glad that she did not know—that if he had blundered into peril, the knowledge of it could not reach her to hurt her pride.

And sometimes also, with a great sadness

and pity, he thought of poor Coira O'Hara and of the pathetic wreck her life had fallen into. The girl was so patently fit for better things! Her splendid beauty was not a cheap beauty. She was no coarse-blown, gorgeous flower, imperfect at tell-tale points. It was good blood that had modelled her dark perfection, good blood that had shaped her long and slim and tapering hands.

"A queen among goddesses!" The words remained with him, and he knew that they were true. She might have held up her head among the greatest, this adventurer's girl; but what chance had she had? What merest ghost of a chance?

He watched her on the rare occasions when she came into the room. He watched the poise of her head, her walk, the movements she made, and he said to himself that there was no woman of his acquaintance whose grace was more perfect—certainly none whose grace was so native.

Once he complained to her of the desperate idleness of his days, and asked her to lend him a book of some kind—a review, even a daily newspaper, though it be a week old.

"I should read the very advertisements

with joy," he said.

She went out of the room and returned presently with an armful of books, which she laid upon the bed without comment.

"In my prayers, mademoiselle," cried Ste. Marie, "you shall be foremost for ever!" He glanced at the row of titles and looked up in sheer astonishment.

"May I ask whose books these are?" he

"They are mine," said the girl. "I caught up the ones that lay first at hand. If you don't care for any of them, I will choose others." The books were: "Diana of the Crossways," "Richard Feverel," Henri Lavedan's "Le Duel," Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," "Don Quixote de la Mancha," in Spanish, a volume of Virgil's "Eclogues," and the "Life of the Chevalier Bayard," by the "Loyal Servitor." Ste. Marie stared at her.

"Do you read Spanish?" he demanded, "and Latin, as well as French and English?"

"My mother was Spanish," said she.

"And as for Latin, I began to read it with my father when I was a child. Shall I leave the books here?"

Ste. Marie took up the "Bayard" and held it between his hands.

"It is worn from much reading, mademoiselle," he said.

"It is the best of all," said she. "The

very best of all. I didn't know I had brought you that." She made a step towards him as if she would take the book away, and over it the eyes of them met and were held. In that moment it may have come to them both who she was, who so loved the knight without fear and without reproach—the daughter of an Irish adventurer of ill repute; for their faces began suddenly to flush with red, and after an instant the girl turned away.

"It is of no consequence," said she.
"You may keep the book if you care to."

And Ste. Marie said very gently-

"Thank you, mademoiselle! I will keep it for a little while." So she went out of

the room and left him alone.

This was at noon on the sixth day, and after he had swallowed hastily the lunch which had been set before him, Ste. Marie fell upon the books like a child upon a new box of sweets. Like the child again, it was difficult for him to choose among them. He opened one and then another, gloating over them all, but in the end he chose the "Bayard," and for hours lost himself among the high deeds of the Preux Chevalier and his faithful friends (among whom, by the way, there was a Ste. Marie who died nobly for France). It was late afternoon when at last he laid the book down with a sigh and settled himself more comfortably among the pillows.

The sun was not in the room at that hour, but from where he lay he could see it on the tree-tops, gold upon green. Outside his south window the leaves of a chestnut which stood there quivered and rustled gently under a soft breeze. Delectable odours floated in to Ste. Marie's nostrils, and he thought how very pleasant it would be if he were lying on the turf under the trees, instead of bedridden in this upper chamber, which he had come to hate with a bitter

hatred.

He began to wonder if it would be possible to drag himself across the floor to that south window, and so to lie down for a while with his head in the tiny balcony beyond—his eyes turned to the blue sky. Astir with the new thought, he sat up in bed and carefully swung his feet out till they hung to the floor. The wound in the left leg smarted and burnt, but not too severely, and with slow pains Ste. Marie stood up. He almost cried out when he discovered that it could be done quite easily. He essayed to walk, and he was a little weak, but by no means helpless. He found that it gave him pain

to raise his left leg in the ordinary action of walking, or to bend that knee, but he could get about well enough by dragging the injured member beside him, for when it was straight it supported him without protest.

He took his pillows across to the window and disposed them there, for it was a French window opening to the floor, and the level of the little balcony outside was but a few inches above the level of the room. the desire seized him to make a tour of his prison walls. He went first to the closet where he had seen his clothes hanging, and they were still there. He felt in the pockets and withdrew his little English pigskin sovereign purse. It had not been tampered with, and he gave an exclamation of relief over that, for he might later on have use for money. There were eight louis in it, each in its little separate compartment, and in another pocket he found a fifty-franc note and some silver. He went to the two east windows and looked out. The trees stood thick together on that side of the house, but between two of them he could see the park wall fifty yards away. He glanced down, and the side of the house was covered thick with the ivy which had given the place its name, but there was no water-pipe near, nor any other thing which seemed to offer foot or hand hold—unless, perhaps, the ivy might prove strong enough to bear a man's weight. Ste. Marie made a mental note to look into that when he was a little stronger, and turned back to the south window, where he had disposed his pillows.

The unaccustomed activity was making his wound smart and prickle, and he lay down at once, with head and shoulders in the open air; and, out of the warm and golden sunshine and the emerald shade, the breath of summer came to him and wrapped him round with sweetness and pillowed him upon

its fragrant breast.

He became aware, after a long time, of voices below, and turned upon his elbows to The ivy had clambered upon and partly covered the iron grille of the little balcony, and he could observe without being Young Arthur Benham and Coira O'Hara had come out of the door of the house, and they stood upon the raised and paved terrace which ran the width of the façade, and seemed to hesitate as to the direction they should take. Ste. Marie heard the girl say-

"It's cooler here in the shade of the house," and after a moment the two came along the shady terrace, whose outer margin

was set at intervals with stained and discoloured marble nymphs upon pedestals; and, between the nymphs, with moss-grown stone They halted before a bench upon benches. which, earlier in the day, a rug had been spread out to dry in the sun and had been forgotten, and, after a moment's further hesitation, they sat down upon it. faces were turned towards the house, and every word that they spoke mounted in that still air clear and distinct to the ears of the man above.

Ste. Marie wriggled back into the room and sat up to consider. The thought of deliberately listening to a conversation not meant for him sent a hot flush to his cheeks. He told himself that it could not be done. and that there was an end to the matter. Whatever might hang upon it, it could not be asked of him that he should stoop to dishonour. But at that the heavy and grave responsibility which really did hang upon him and upon his actions came before his mind's eyes and loomed there mountainous. The fate of this foolish boy, who was set round with thieves and adventurers—even though his eyes were open and he knew where he stood—that came to Ste. Marie and confronted him; and the picture of a bitter old man who was dying of grief came to him; and a mother's face; and hers. There could be no dishonour in the face of all this, only a duty very clear and plain. He crept back to his place, his arms folded beneath him as he lay, his eyes at the thin screen of ivy which cloaked the balcony grille.

Young Arthur Benham appeared to be giving tongue to a rather sharp attack of homesickness. It may be that long confinement within the walls of La Lierre was

beginning to try him somewhat.
"Mind you," he declared, as Ste. Marie's ears came once more within range, "mind you, I'm not saying that Paris hasn't got its points. It has. Oh, yes! And so has London, and so has Ostend, and so has Monte Carlo—Verree much so!—I like Paris. I like the theatres and the vaudeville shows in the Champs Elysées, and I like Long-I like the boys who hang around Henry's bar. They're good sports, all right, all right! But, by golly, I want to go home! Put me off at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, and I'll ask no more. Set me down at seven p.m. right there on the corner outside the Knickerbocker, for that's where I would live and die." came into the lad's somewhat strident voice a softness that was almost pathetic.



"'Tell me about him, this Ste, Marie! Do you know anything about him?"

"You don't know Broadway, Coira, do Nix! of course not. Little girl, it's the one, one street of all this large world. It's the equator that runs north and south instead of east and west. It's a long, bright, gay, live wire, that's what Broadway is. And I give you my word of honour like a little man that it—is—not—slow. No, indeed! When I was there last, it was being called the Gay, White Way. It is not called the Gay White Way now. It has had forty other new good names since then, and I don't know what they are, but I do know that it is for ever gay, and that the electric signs are still blazing all along the street, and the street cars are still killing people in the good old fashion, and the newsboys are still dodging under the automobiles to sell you a Woild or a Choinal or, if it's after twelve at night, a Morning Telegraph. Coira, my girl, standing on that corner after dark, you can see the electric signs of fifteen theatres, no one of them more than five minutes' walk away, and just round the corner there are more.

"I want to go home! I want to take one large, unparalleled leap from here and come down at the corner I told you about. D'you know what I'd do? We'll say it's seven p.m. and beginning to get dark. I'd dive into the Knickerbocker (that's the hotel that the bright and happy people go to for dinner or supper), and I'd engage a table up on the terrace. Then I'd telephone to a little friend of mine, whose name is Doe-John Doe-and in about ten minutes he'd have left the crowd he was standing in line with and he'd come galloping up, that glad to see me you'd cry to watch him. We'd go up on the terrace, where the potted palms grow, for our dinner, and the tables all around us would be full of people that would know Johnnie Doe and me, and they'd all make us drink drinks and tell us how glad they were to see us aboard again.

"And after dinner," said young Arthur Benham, with wide and smiling eyes, "after dinner we'd go to see one of the Roof Garden shows. Let me tell you they've got the Marigny, or the Ambassadeurs, or the Jardin de Paris beaten to a pulp—to—a—pulp! And after the show we'd slip round to the stage door—you bet we would!—and capture the two most beautiful ladies in the world and take 'em off to supper." He wrinkled

his young brow in great perplexity.
"Now, I wonder," said he anxiously, "I

wonder where we'd go for supper.

"You see," he apologised, "it's two years

since I left the Real Street, and gee! what a lot can happen on Broadway in two years! There's probably half-a-dozen new supper places that I don't know anything about, and one of them's the place where the crowd goes. Well, anyhow, we'd go to that place, and there'd be a band playing, and the electric fans would go round and round, and Johnnie Doe and I and the two most beautiful ladies would put it all over the other pikers there."

Young Benham gave a little sigh of

pleasure and excitement.

"That's what I'd like to do to-night," said he, "and that's what I'll do, you can bet your sh—boots, when all this silly mess is over and I'm a free man. I'll hike back to good old Broadway, and if ever you see anyone trying to pry me loose from it again, you can laugh yourself to death, because he'll never, never succeed.

"Nine more weeks shut in here by stone walls!" said the boy, staring about him with a sort of bitterness. "Nine weeks more!"

"Is it so hard as that?" asked the girl. There was no foolish coquetry in her tone. She spoke as if the words involved no personal question at all, but there was a little smile at her lips, and Arthur Benham turned towards her quickly and caught at her hands.

"No, no!" he cried. "I didn't mean that. You know I didn't mean that. You're worth nine years' waiting. You're the best, d'you hear?—the best there is. There's nobody anywhere that can touch you. Only—well, this place is getting on my nerves. It's got me worn to a frazzle. I feel like a criminal doing time."

"You came very near having to do time somewhere else," said the girl. "If this M. Ste. Marie hadn't blundered, we should have had them all round our ears, and you'd

have had to run for it."

"Yes," the boy said, nodding gravely. "Yes, that was great luck." He raised his head and looked up along the windows above him.

"Which is his room?" he asked, and

Mlle. O'Hara said—

"The one just overhead, but he's in bed, far back from the window. He couldn't possibly hear us talking." She paused for a moment in frowning hesitation, and in the end said—

"Tell me about him, this Ste. Marie!

Do you know anything about him?"

"No," said Arthur Benham, "I don't not personally, that is. Of course, I've heard of him. Lots of people have spoken of him to me. And the odd part of it is that they all had a good word to say. Everybody seemed to like him. I got the idea that he was the best ever. I wanted to know him. I never thought he'd take on a piece of dirty work like this."

"Nor I!" said the girl in a low voice.
"Nor I!" The boy looked up.

"Oh, you've heard of him, too, then?" said he. And she said, still in her low voice—

"I—saw him once."

"Well," declared young Benham, "it's beyond me. I give it up. You never can tell about people, can you? I guess they'll all go wrong when there's enough in it to make it worth while. That's what old Charlie always says. He says most people are straight enough when there's nothing in it, but make the pot big enough and they'll all go crooked." The young man's face turned suddenly hard and old and bitter.

"Gee! I ought to know that well enough, oughtn't I?" he said. "I guess nobody knows that better than I do after what happened to me. . . . Come along and take a walk in the garden, Maud! I'm sick of

sitting still."

Mlle. Coira O'Hara looked up with a start, as if she had not been listening, but she rose when the boy held out his hand to her, and the two went down from the terrace, and moved off towards the west.

Ste. Marie watched them until they had disappeared among the trees, and then turned on his back, staring up into the softly stirring canopy of green above him, and the little rifts of bright blue sky. He did not understand at all. Something mysterious had crept in where all had seemed so plain to the Certain words that young Arthur Benham had spoken repeated themselves in his mind, and he could not at once make them out. Assuredly there was something mysterious here,

In the first place, what did the boy mean by "dirty work"? To be sure, spying in its usual sense is not held to be one of the noblest of occupations, but—in such a cause as this! It was absurd, ridiculous, to call it "dirty work." And what did he mean by the words which he had used afterwards? Ste. Marie did not quite follow the idiom about the "big enough pot," but he assumed that it referred to money. Did the young fool think he was being paid for his efforts? That was ridiculous, too.

The boy's face came before him as it had looked with that sudden hard and bitter expression. What did he mean by saving that no one knew the crookedness of humanity under money temptation better than he knew it after something that had happened to him? In a sense his words were doubtless very true. Captain Stewart (and he must have been "old Charlie"—Ste. Marie remembered that the name was Charles), O'Hara and O'Hara's daughter stood excellent examples of that bit of cynicism, but obviously the boy had not spoken in that sense—certainly not before Mlle. O'Hara! He meant something else, But what? What?

Ste. Marie rose with some difficulty to his feet, and carried the pillows back to the bed whence he had taken them. He sat down upon the edge of the bed, staring in great perplexity across the room at the open window, but all at once he uttered an exclamation, and he smote his hands together.

"That boy doesn't know!" he cried. "They're tricking him, these others!"

The lad's face came once more before him, and it was a foolish and stubborn face, perhaps, but it was neither vicious nor mean. It was the face of an honest, headstrong boy, who would be incapable of the cold cruelty to which all circumstances seemed to point.

"They're tricking him somehow!" cried Ste. Marie again. "They're lying to him

and making him think-

What was it they were making him think, these three conspirators? What possible thing could they make him think other than the plain truth? St. Marie shook a weary head and lay down among his pillows. He wished that he had "old Charlie" in a corner of that room, with his fingers round "old Charlie's" wicked throat. He would soon get at the truth then; or O'Hara either. that grim and saturnine chevalier d'industrie, though O'Hara would be a bad handful to manage; or——— Ste. Marie's head dropped back with a little groan when the face of young Arthur's enchantress came between him and the opposite wall of the room, and her great and tragic eyes looked into his.

It seemed incredible that that queen among goddesses should be what she was!



"A YOUTHFUL TRIO."

BY ARTHUR COOKE.

SWEETBRIAR IN THE DESERT.

By MARY GAUNT.



NDREW LATIMER gave a long sigh and shifted his bluey uneasily from one shoulder to the other. He was just a little out of his reckoning, and he had not been within sight of human

habitation for a couple of days. In this desolate country, stations were few and far between. At Yalla Yalla he and his mate had got enough flour and salt meat, they reckoned, to carry them on to the lonely station that lay half-way between Yalla Yalla and Port Vincent.

A man in the bush must have a mate, but Andrew, looking at his, wondered with a sudden imperious wonder how the Fates had ever thrown him, a man of birth and education, with this forlorn, foul-mouthed old wreck. Possibly it was the case in which extremes meet. He, with his Oxford training, had been superior to the average bushman, just as Wall-eyed Bill had been inferior, and so the two friendless ones had drifted together. He had looked at Bill thoughtfully that last night at Yalla Yalla, and in the morning, finding a broken triangle of looking-glass hung against the slab wall of the travellers' hut, he had looked at himself equally thoughtfully.

After all, there was not so very much difference between them. His beard was ragged, his hair unkempt, his cheeks were lean and brown, and there were great lines at the corners of his eyes and round his mouth. His shirt was open at the throat, and the button was gone, it was not overclean, and his trousers were moleskins of a doubtful colour, and his boots-well, they had tramped many weary miles, and they do not have anyone to clean boots in the travellers' huts. How different he was-he suddenly seemed to realise it—how different from the good-looking, spick-and-span young Englishman who had come out to Australia to make his fortune only three years before!

He thought of that man now as he tramped on steadily by his mate's side. A

man full of hope for the future, a man well dressed and accustomed to all the comforts. not to say the luxuries, of life, a man who intended to stay in Australia only till he had made his fortune—say three years at the very most—and then back to England and culture and comfort. He had had five hundred pounds at his banker's then. And now? He felt uneasily in his trousers' pocket; there was just a little silver threepence there. not enough to buy a drink in this thirsty He picked out the threepence and looked at it as it lay on the palm of his hand, and then he heard his mate chuckle.

"Is that all yer got, mate? Well, a cove can always get tucker out back, anyway."

Yes, after all, in the bush a man could always get food for the asking. And then it struck him how low he had fallen, actually begging his bread and feeling no shame, and then he looked at his mate and asked a question he had never thought to ask in all the long months they had wandered together.

"Bill, where did you come from? You

weren't always on the wallaby?"

Wall-eyed Bill stood stock still and shifted his swag uneasily as his mate had done. Overhead was the far-away sky, hard bright blue from horizon to horizon, and underneath was the rolling grass country, all brown grass bending its head to the gentle breeze, and away in the distance a shimmer of something white that might be water, only it seemed unlikely there could be any water in such a place.

"No," said Bill slowly, and suddenly into his speech there came something that Andrew Latimer had never heard before, a tone of refinement that made him look up quickly. "No, I wasn't always on the wallaby. Heavens! that I should come to this! God bless my soul!"—the bitterness went from his voice, and surprise took its place—"did you smell that? Did you smell the sweetbriar?"

Latimer looked at his mate in astonishment. Was he going mad? Here, with the brown grass under his feet and the blue sky overhead, he was asking him did he smell the sweetbriar. Could anything be more ridiculous? He was thinking of green English lanes, surely—lanes waking up at the first touch of summer, after the long

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winter sleep. Was he going mad? Men did that sometimes in the bush.

"Wall-eye," he began, and then the old, familiar term that he had used hundreds of times struck him as unkind, to say the least of it. One side of the man's face had been blown away, and his eye was gone, giving him a peculiarly vacant look like a blank wall; but surely it was a misfortune that should be treated tenderly. "Mate," he said kindly, "you're dreaming. How could there be sweetbriar here?"

"I don't know," said the man, with a quick catch of the breath that made him quite unlike the slouchy old swagman Andrew had known. "It is sweetbriar. It makes me think of the days when I was young, the golden-haired girl I kissed-

He broke off with a little hard laugh and

turned fiercely on the man beside him.
"Latimer," he said, dropping the old, familiar Christian name, the old, familiar Australian drawl, and speaking as one man speaks to another in the rush and hurry of the world, "what are you doing here wasting your life? You're just drifting. What's a job of fencing here and splitting there, and a little shearing now and then, to a man of your education?"

"I am only doing the same as you are," said Latimer lamely, and then he started, for to his nostrils, too, came the scent of the

sweetbriar.

"I?" said the older man bitterly. "You don't mean to say you're setting me up for an example. I went under about the time you were getting your first birching."

He laughed, and Latimer echoed the laugh,

and the other turned on him savagely.

"Oh, laugh," he said, "laugh like the world. I don't know why I bother my head about you. You think an unfortunate wretch such as I am only fit to be mocked at."

"I don't," said Latimer soberly, "I assure

you I don't. I am sorry and—

"Don't be mawkishly sentimental. I've made my bed, and I've got to lie on it, and I don't know that for myself I'd have things There's the fresh air and the different. sunshine, and, after all, come to think of it, human nature's much the same in the travellers' hut out back here as it is in a London club or drawing-room."

Andrew straightened himself. "Still, a London drawing-room——" There was a wistfulness in his tones. "Think of the pretty English girls with their pink and white complexions, think of the dainty women-"

"Don't think of them. The best woman's

a devil, taken any way. For a good many years I excepted the pretty little girl I kissed when I was nineteen. Did I kiss her, by the No, I don't believe I ever dared so much. We put women on a pedestal at nineteen, and they spend their time breaking that pedestal, the fools! I looked and longed in an English lane, and the smell of the sweetbriar was in my nostrils. an ass I was!"

"You don't know that," said Latimer; "she might have been all that you fancied

"The chances are against it. I've learned enough about women since to—— Well, anyhow, I've paid her the compliment of remembering her."

"Is that more than you have done for the other women who have come into your life?"

"A long sight more. Well, there's one I remembered, the she-devil who cost me this," and he touched his scarred cheek. take an older man's advice. Never trust a woman. Even when she loves you she'll make you pay for it—aye, and pay heavily too."

"Talking about women and love here!" said Latimer mockingly, but he could not help wondering at the change that had come "Much chance I have over his companion.

of either in my life."

"That's it. You go back to civilisation. Don't waste your life here. advice."

"Who cares what becomes of me?"

"You care yourself. Never think anyone else cares? Don't count on anyone else to help you, to go one hair's-breadth out of the way for your sake, because, man or woman, they won't. Well, a woman will sometimes, but you can't trust her in the end. Believe me, my dear chap, there's nothing disinterested in this world. You pull yourself together and get out of this. It only wants a little effort. Not half the effort that's required to tramp along in this burning sun over this infernal desert."

Latimer looked at him plodding along in the scorching, pitiless sunshine, a weary, bent man dragging one ill-shod foot wearily after the other, a man who had no faith in tenderness or love, no belief in the kindliness of human nature. He felt he hated him for one brief second, and then he pitied him. And yet it shamed him to think he had fallen so low that this man was his mate. He would get out, he would. There was a man he knew in Adelaide, he would go to him and ask him to give him another chance, for his father's sake to give him another

chance. The thought that he must do it or sink like this was galling. He lifted his eyes again. The white shimmer in the distance was nearer now, much nearer.

"Water?" he said wonderingly. He wanted to break away from his thoughts. "Surely it

is water."

"Salt," said the other man succinctly, "it's salt."

Salt, yes, of course it was salt, one of that great chain of salt lakes that for so long barred Sturt's progress north. They walked down to the margin, and it lay before them in the sunlight glittering like snow; on every side rolled away the grassy plain, and the smell of the sweetbriar was stronger than ever.

"Why, it comes from the salt," said Latimer, and the other flung himself down

on the ground as if utterly weary.

"Yes," he said quietly, in the new voice his mate was unaccustomed to, "I remember now, it comes from the salt. It makes me thirsty, that glittering salt. Have you any water, Latimer? My bag's dry. Not that there's any reason you should give me yours."

Andrew looked at his own canvas bag. There was not much in it. Evaporation is very rapid under that fierce sun; but what there was he poured into a pannikin and handed to his mate, who drank it off at one gulp, without even a "Thank you."

"More, a little more," but he did not swear, he who had the reputation of being the foulest-mouthed man between Cape York

and the Leeuwin.

"I have no more," said Andrew. "I doubt if there's any more between here and Port Vincent. But it can't be very far now, perhaps not a matter of twenty miles—forty at the very most. We're a little out of the track, I think; but, after all, that's nothing; we'll soon find it."

The other man laughed, and then, throwing

off his swag, lay back with a sigh.

"It's not nothing to me," he said. "I can't do another step. I'm about played out."

"We can't camp till we find water," said Latimer, looking over the glittering salt lake that, when he closed his eyes, mocked him with its promise of green fields and dewy, flowering hedgerows. "To camp by this salt-pan would be just courting death."

"And I drank the last of the water. Latimer, you're a fool! Do you know where

we are?'

"Well, we're on the Peninsula now. If we walk to the east, we must strike the sea;

and coasting along the shore, we're bound to fetch Port Vincent."

"Perhaps a three-days' tramp," said the other, letting his fingers close on the blades of grass. "You must go by yourself, my dear chap. I'm not on the wallaby any longer."

"Mate!" Andrew came and bent over

him.

"Only another old swaggy going to his long last home. Buck up, mate! It's an every-day occurrence. And look here, it is not much good giving advice, I know, but do look after yourself a bit in the future. You're too soft. I weathered you in the matter of that water. We ought to have shared. By Jove! smell the sweetbriar! I feel as if that golden-haired girl must be coming along presently."

"Mate, mate!" There was distress in Latimer's tones. What was he to do with a man whose mind was wandering? They were miles from help, miles from water. "Pull yourself together. You want to get back

to her."

Wall-eyed Bill looked the young man

straight in the face.

"Get back to her? That's in the past, man. She's an old harridan now, I reckon. Well"—his voice was very weary—"I thought a lot of her once, so we'll give her the benefit of the doubt and say she only grew into a fool. She drifted, I guess, as I did. I always chose the easy way—always, or—perhaps I shouldn't be here. I wonder if she did. The smell of the sweetbriar made me think of her. I haven't done it for years. They say it's so easy to go down, Latimer, but it isn't. In one way it's mighty hard."

The deep caw of a crow broke the stillness, and Latimer, looking up, saw black specks coming across the blue sky—one, two, three, four, and more were winging their way towards them. Harbingers of death they seemed. How did they know that they two were here without water on the borders of the salt lake? Oh, they would wait, those crows. Many a time had he seen them stalking round a dying beast, waiting till

their turn should come.

"Man, man!" he said, putting his hand on the other man's shoulder. He was shocked to find how thin he was, merely a bag of bones. Had this despised mate of his been dying under his very eyes, dying as he tramped, and he had never noticed? A great scorn of himself, a great pity for his mate, filled his heart. "Man, man, friend, pull yourself together! I'll help you. Isn't there anyone for whose sake you want to

get back?"

"I tell you," said the other, falling back again on the ground and pillowing his head on his swag—and his voice still had the mocking tone—"there isn't anyone for whose sake I'd trouble to cross a road. What does the world care for me?" and he put his hand over his scarred face as if he could not bear the light of the sun upon it.

Andrew Latimer rose to his feet then. He drove away the waiting crows and he walked down to the salt lake. A salt lake does not necessarily imply water. This one did not; it was smooth, white, glittering salt, like so much coarse snow crystal, and Latimer stepped on to it vaguely. It was possible there might be a little water towards the centre, and he held his billy in his hand and walked slowly away from the shore. The water would be salt, but he might at least bathe his mate's face. He looked round him. It was indescribably desolate. There was the lake of glittering white crystals, and all around the country rose in a gentle curve, brown and dreary, with just here and there one or two lonely trees ragged and bent almost to the ground in a vain endeavour to escape the strong winds. There was not a bird or a beast to be seen save those waiting crows, there was not the sound of an insect to be heard in the hot, still air. The salt crunched loud beneath his feet, and, looking down, he saw that his footsteps were marked apparently in blood. It was eerie. A little further out and he began to sink slowly in the moist salt as in a quicksand, and water like blood oozed up over his boots, and he could only return as aimlessly as he had set out.

What could he do? How could he stay here? Already the thirst was catching at He knew only too well how quickly a man succumbs to the cruel enemy. He looked up into the deep, dark blue overhead, and thought longingly of the cool grey English skies, and then he thought of the man lying there in the garish sunshine, the cynical old swagman to whom he was bound by all the ties of bush honour. Could he leave a dying comrade? No, a thousand times no. Could he carry him that unknown number of miles that lay between them and Port Vincent? And to stay meant death to them both, certain death. There were no two words about it. To stay there twentyfour hours in this sweltering heat meant death. The strong, sweet scent of the sweetbriar, so incongruous, so out of place, seemed to be emphasising it—certain death. Such a tiny thing as the fallen man looked in the great waste, just a heap of worn-out clothes, with the waiting crows around. As he came back they fluttered away.

"Mate, you must let me help you," and he put his arm round him and raised his

head to his shoulder.

"Do you think I'm worth saving, Latimer?"

Perhaps in the bottom of his heart Andrew did not think it of a cynical man who had wasted his life and come to this; but because of this vagrant thought, he spoke roughly.

"For pity's sake, don't be a fool! I'll manage to hump you somehow. We can't

possibly stay here."

"Go on, man, go on. What's the good of risking your life for Wall-eyed Bill, a man who never cared a cuss for you—or anyone else, for that matter? You get back to civilisation and begin again."

"I'm going to begin again," said Andrew with determination, and he spoke slowly because the desire for life was strong in him. He saw it a goodly thing. "I'm going to make a better thing of my life, but I'm hanged if I'll begin by deserting my mate."

The other put his rough, toil-worn hand

on his just for a moment.

"You fool, you utter fool! You can't begin again if you stay by me. Good Heavens! how my head is swimming! No," as Latimer tried to raise him; "won't you let me have ten minutes' peace? You would

if you knew how tired I am."

There was such weariness in his voice that for very pity Andrew desisted. Ten minutes was not much to give a comrade who was beat, and yet the place had got on his nerves, the crows looked menacing, the scent of the sweetbriar was mocking; it seemed to him that every moment was hours lost, and minutes were of consequence.

"Come!" he said roughly, with a roughness born of dire necessity; "once we get to water,

you'll be better."

"Water?" said the sick man sharply, "I never expected to appreciate water so much. That's another of life's lessons, I suppose; and, like most of life's lessons, it comes when we are not in a position to profit by it. I'll never taste water again. How the sweetbriar makes me think of it! With all this sweetbriar about, there must be water."

"I'm going to take you to water." Latimer

spoke in a whisper and spoke fiercely.



"Latimer started up in horror."

"Let me alone. Just five minutes. You go ahead and get help, and come back for me.

We can't be very far from Port Vincent."

"Too far to leave you behind," said
Latimer stolidly, though the crows seemed
to be saying that his mate was right. It
was the only way. He could only get on

lives must be sacrificed.
"Supposing you can't get me along?"

and get help. To stay here meant that both

There was a little mock in the tones.

"I can only try."

"Suppose I'm past all help? I may be."
"Then"—Latimer spoke very deliberately

—"I'll stay here and see you through. It isn't a quarter of an hour since you lay down.

Things can't be so bad."

Was it only a quarter of an hour? It seemed to him hours and days and weeks since he had first smelled the smell of the sweetbriar—that scent that here in this sweltering heat had filled his heart with a desire for better things—and behold! already death in an awful guise was staring him in the face!

"Man, we must start!" he said fiercely.
"I'll carry you. You're only a bag of bones.
I never noticed," he added a little remorse-

fully, "how thin you were."

"Just give me three minutes—only three minutes," prayed the sick man. "This isn't much of a world, but how do we know what is coming after?"

Latimer answered impatiently. What was the good of moralising on the chances of a future world and letting the sands of life run

out in this manner.

"Hang it all!" he said. "All I'm asking of you is a chance in this world. It's quite good enough for me."

The man on the ground looked at him

enviously.

"A strong young fellow like you will get

down to Port Vincent easily enough."

"Yes," said Latimer, softening again. The man was ill, very ill. He would stay by him; he would try to carry him to water; and if he would do so much for him, he might as well put a curb on his tongue. What was the good of offering his life in surly fashion? His life? Well, of course, if he stayed, it would come to that. There were no two To stay by this man meant ways about it. offering him his life—his young, fresh, strong life—just to soothe the last hours of a cynical, worn-out rake who would not even understand the sacrifice, and would not appreciate it if he did. The taste of it was bitter in his Even though they were both dying, he felt he could hardly curb his tongue.

"Well, why don't you go?" The sick

man's voice was mocking.

"If you think," said Latimer grimly, "I'm such a mean hound as to leave you, you're much mistaken. Two minutes more and then I hump you."

"Only two minutes?"

"Only two minutes." Latimer sat down and began impatiently breaking off the tops of the grass.

"It'll mean death to both of us."

"You never know your luck."

"I'm not worth saving."

"Perhaps not. I shall try."

"At the risk of your life?"

" Rot!"

"Think of England, and the life the sweetbriar reminds you of."

"Heavens!" cried Andrew, "I do think of it. Do you think it's easy to sit here and see you waste my chances?"

"And I've always taken the easiest way," said the tired, cultured voice with the little mock in it. "I'm going to do it for the last time."

"If you see an easy way out of this," said Andrew, "you're cleverer than I took you for."

"Nevertheless"—and the twisted face smiled—"there's a mighty easy way for me. It has its drawbacks, of course; but, then, everything has some drawback." He raised himself on his elbow and looked slowly round the horizon—brown, rolling plain, and hard, blue sky, and sparkling, white salt.

"I wish," he said suddenly, "I had kissed that girl. But I never did more than touch

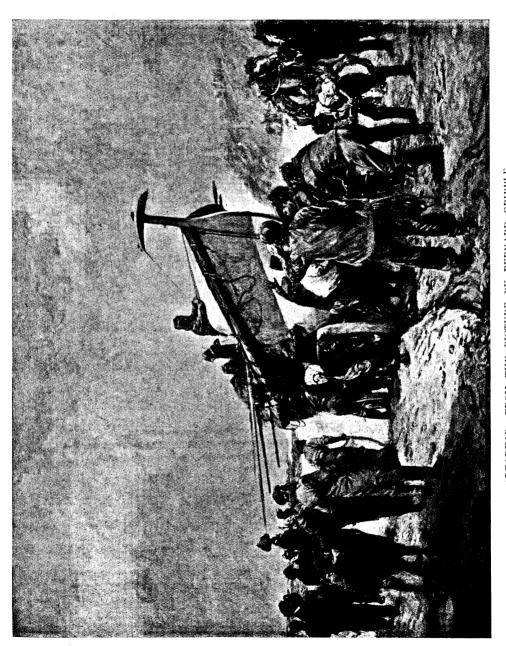
her hand!"

"Are you mad?" cried Andrew angrily.

"They say you go back to your youth at the end." He caught Latimer's reluctant hand. "Well, I've found out there's one decent chap in the world. As I said before, it is unlucky life's lessons so often come too late. Smell the sweetbriar. I'm glad it was here at last."

He pressed Andrew's hand, and then Andrew saw that in the other he was holding a little phial, and before he could stop him he had poured the contents into his mouth.

Latimer started up in horror. One convulsion and it was all over. Truly he had chosen the easier way—the easier way for Andrew Latimer. The crows fluttered away as he moved, a little wind sprang up, a cool, scented breeze, and before him lay, plain and easy for a strong man, the way to Port Vincent and safety. The kingdoms of the earth were at his feet, bought at a price,



"READY!" FROM THE PICTURE BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.

IN THE SILENCES.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



N the ancient wild there were three great silences that held their habitations unassailed. They were the silence of the deep of the lake, the silence of the dark heart of the cedar

swamp, and the silence of the upper air, high above the splintered peak of the mountain.

To this immeasurable quiet of upper air but one of all the earth sounds could come. one sound was of such quality that it seemed rather to intensify the silence than disturb it. It was so absolutely alone, so naked of all that murmurous background which sustains yet obscures the individual sounds of earth's surface, that it served merely as an accent to the silence. It was the fine, vibrant hiss of the smitten air against the tense feathers of

the soaring eagle.

Through the immense, unclouded solitude the eagle swung majestically in a great circle. At one point in the vast, deliberate swing, he was directly above the bald, deep-riven peak of granite upthrust from its mantling forest of firs—directly above it, at a height of not more than a few hundred feet. The rest of his course took him far out over the soundless spaces of the landscape, which formed an enormous bowl rimmed by the turquoise The bowl was all a many-shaded green, stains of the light green of birch and poplar blending with the austere green-black of fir, cedar and hemlock. Here and there through the dense colour gleamed sharply the loops and coils of three watercourses, and at the centre of the bowl, glowing in the transparent brilliancy of the northern day, shone the clear mirror of the lake. At that point of his aerial path when the eagle swung furthest from the peak he hung straight over the middle of the lake and looked down into its depths.

Though no lightest breath was astir far down on the lake surface, and not a tree-top swayed in the forest, up here where the eagle

was soaring streamed a viewless and soundless wind. So it came about that at some portions of his swing the eagle's wide, apparently moveless wings would tilt a little, careening ever so slightly, and their tense, webbed feathers would set themselves at a delicately different angle to the air-current. When this took place, there would be a different note in that strange whisper. The vibrant hiss would change to a faint, ghostly humming, which again would fade away as the rigid feathers readjusted themselves to another point of the gigantic curve.

Over the soaring black wings the intense sapphire of the zenith thrilled and melted; but the eyes of the eagle were not directed upward, since there was nothing above him but sky, and air, and the infinitude of silence. As he swung, his gleaming, snow-white head and neck were stretched downward towards the earth. His fierce, yellow eyes, unwavering, brilliant, and clear like crystal, deep set beneath straight, overhanging brows, searched the far panorama with an incredibly piercing At such a distance that the most penetrating human eye—the eye of a sailor, a plains ranger, a backwoods huntsman, or an enumerator of the stars—could not discern him in his soundless altitude, he could mark the fall of a leaf or the scurry of a mouse in the sedge-grass.

Though the range of his marvellous vision was so vast, the eagle could not see beneath the surface of the lake except when he soared straight over it. At one point in his course the baffling reflections of the surface vanished and his gaze pierced to the bottom. But from all other points the lake presented to him either a mirror of stainless blue or a

dazzling shield of bright steel.

For an hour or more, on wide, untiring wings, the great bird sailed and watched. The furtive life of the wilderness, all unaware of that high impending doom, revealed itself to him, yet he saw nothing to draw him down out of his realm of silence.

Except for that mysterious whisper of the smitten air in his own wings, it was to the eagle as if all the action and movement of earth had been struck dumb. Once he saw a black cow-moose, tormented with flies, lurch out madly from the thickets and plunge

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wallowing into the lake. High splashed and flashed the water about her floundering bulk, but not a whisper of it came up to him. Once he saw a pair of swimming loons stretching their necks alternately as high as they could above the water, and opening wide their straight, sharp beaks. He well knew the strident, wild cries with which they were answering each other, setting loose a rout of crazy echoes all up and down the shores. But not a ghost of an echo reached him. was all dumb show. And once, on the lower slope of the mountain, an ancient fir-tree, its foothold on the rocks worn away by frost and flood of countless seasons, fell into the ravine. He saw the mighty downward sweep and plunge, the convulsion of branches below; but of the sullen roar that startled the mountainside no faintest sound arose to him.

At last, as he was wheeling over the centre of the lake, his inescapable eye saw something which interested him. His great wings flapped heavily, checking his course. He tipped suddenly, half shut his wings, and shot straight downward, perhaps a thousand feet. Here he stopped his descent with a sharp upward turn which made the wind whistle harshly in his wings. And here he hung, hovering, watching, waiting for the opportunity that now seemed close at hand.

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In the heart of the cedar swamp the silence was thick, brooding, and imperishable. One felt that if ever any wandering sound, any lost bird-cry or call of wayfaring beast, should drop into it, the intruding voice would be straightway engulfed, smothered, and forgotten.

The ground beneath the stiff branches and between the grey, ragged, twisted trunks was grotesquely humped with moss-grown roots and pitted with pools of black water. Here and there amid the heavy moss fat fungoid growths thrust up their heads, dead white, or cold red, or pink, or spotted orange. The few scattered herbs that flourished among the humped roots and dangerous pools were solitary in habit, broad of leaf, tall and succulent of stalk. Not one of them bore any gay or perfumed blossom, to lure into the swamp the brightness of a butterfly or the homely humming of wild bees.

The only bird that habitually endured the stillness and the gloom of the cedar swamp was a shadowy, silent, elusive little nuthatch, which spent its time slipping up and down the ragged trunks, uttering at wide intervals

its faint, brief note. So furtive a being, and so shy and rare a voice, only made the silence more impressive, the solitude more profound.

A great black bulk, moving noiselessly as a shadow hither and thither among the shadows, seemed the spirit of the swamp made palpable. The old bear, having learned that certain of the big toadstools growing in the swamp were very good to eat, had taken to haunting the silence of the glooms in the season when the fungoids flourished. solitude and the stillness suited his morose temper; and for all his seeming awkwardness he moved as delicately as a cat. great, sharp-clawed feet seemed shod with velvet, and never a twig snapped under his stealthy tread. It was not through fear that he went thus softly, for he feared no creature of the wilderness. But the heavy silence was attuned to his mood; and, besides, he never knew when he might surprise some mouse, water-rat, or mink that would furnish variety to his toadstool diet.

Such a fortunate surprise, however, could befall him but seldom in the empty solitude of the swamp. So it happened that, one day when he tired of the fat, insipid fungoids, his thought turned to the lake on whose shores he had sometimes found dead fish. He remembered, with watering chops, that he had even once or twice been able to catch live fish, close in shore, by lying in wait for them with exhaustless patience, and scooping them up at last with a lightning sweep of the

Ignoring the toadstools, he turned straight south and made his way towards the lake. He travelled swiftly, winding this way and that between the green, humped roots, the grey trunks, and the black water-pits. But, swiftly as he went, his movement left no trail A shadow could not of sound behind it. have moved more noiselessly. It was as if the age-old silence simply seized and folded away for ever the impact of his great footfalls on the moss. When at length he caught the flash of the bright water ahead of him through the trees, he moved even more cautiously, so extreme was his circumspection. Reaching the edge of the cedar growth, he slipped unseen into a thicket of red willows which afforded a convenient ambush, and peered out warily to assure himself as to what might be going on around the shores. long while he crouched there as moveless as a stone, that if by mischance his coming had given alarm to any of the wilderness folk, suspicion might have time to die away.

III.

In the mid-deep of the lake the silence was absolute. There was no hiss of tense feathers to accentuate it, as in the upper vast of air. There was no fading and elusive bird note to measure it by, as in the gloom of the cedar swamp. Down in the gold-brown glimmer the fine silt lay unstirred on the stones. There was no movement, except the delicate, almost imperceptible waving of the ξ eat trout's coloured fins.

In the shallower water along the edges of the lake there was always a faint confusion of small sounds. The slow breathing of the lake, as it were, kept up a rhythmic, almost invisible motion among the smaller pebbles, making a crisp whisper which the water carried far beneath the surface, while it could not be heard at all in the air above. But none of this stir reached the silent deeps where the big trout, morose and enamoured of his solitude, lay lazily opening and shutting his crimson gills.

Because the water of the lake was dark—amber-tinted from the swamps about its shores—the colours of the trout were dark, strong, and vivid. His strangely patterned back was almost black, yet brilliant, like some kinds of damascened steel. His belly was bright pink. His sides had a purplish hue, on which the rows of intense vermilion spots stood out almost incongruously. His fins were as gaudy as the petals of some red-and-white flower.

The trout was staring upward with his blank, lidless eyes. He was hungry, and he felt that it was from that direction that food was like to come to him most easily. Smaller fish had learned, from the fate of so many of their fellows, to shun the haunted stillness of this mid-lake depth; and the big trout was growing tired of caddis-bait and such small game.

The surface of the lake, as he looked up at it, presented to him a sort of semi-transparent mirror, thronged with reflections, yet allowing the sky overhead, and the shadows of many dreaming insects, to show through. If a swallow, for instance, or a low-winging snipe, flew over, the trout could see not only the bird itself, and the shadow of the bird on the bottom, but also a dim, swift-moving reflection of the shadow, on the silvery mirror above. If a swallow's wing tip flicked the surface, sending down a bright little jet of bubbles, these bubbles also would double themselves in reflections as they darted up again and vanished in the mirroring ripples.

All this, however, was of little interest to the hungry trout, till he caught sight of a large butterfly zigzagging languidly close above the water. Its flight was so feeble that the big fish's expectations were aroused. Slowly he started upwards, to be on hand for whatever favour fortune might have in store for him.

As he swam up out of the gloom, the butterfly flickered above him, and its big shadow danced along the bottom beside his A small beetle, its wings all outspread. struck the surface violently close by, shattering the mirror for a second, then starting a series of tiny ripples. The big trout paid no heed to the convulsive gyrations of the beetle. He was wholly intent upon butterfly, whose faltering flight drooped ever nearer and nearer to the shining flood. last, the splendid painted wings failed to flutter; and lightly, softly, like a leaf, the gorgeous insect sank upon the water, hardly marring the surface. Without a struggle, without even a quiver, they rested, for perhaps a second. Then there was a heavy boil in the water immediately beneath. pair of black jaws opened. The dead butterfly was sucked down. With a wanton flick of his broad, powerful tail, just above the surface, the big trout turned to sink back into the watery silence with his spoils.

TV

There was a harsh, strong hissing in the air, and a dark body fell out of the sky. Rather it seemed to have been shot downward from a catapult. No mere falling could be so swift as that sheer yet governed descent. Just at the surface of the water the wedge of the eagle's body turned, his snow-white head and neck bent upwards, his broad wings spread, and beat heavily. In spite of the terrific force of his descent, his body did not go wholly under water, but the water splashed high and white about him. next instant he rose clear, flapping ponderously. In the iron clutch of his talons writhed the great trout, gripped behind the head and by the middle of the back, its tail thrashing spasmodically.

Never before had this fierce and majestic visitant from the upper silence fallen upon so difficult a prey. Its weight, alone, was all that his mighty wings could lift; and its vehement writhings were so full of energy that it was all he could do to hold it. With his most strenuous flapping, he could hardly lift the victim clear of the water. To bear it off to his lonely rock-ledge on the peak



"Again and yet again the bear, boiling with embarrassed fury, whirled and struck, but in vain."

was impossible. After a few moments of laborious indecision he beat his way heavily towards shore. Nowhere, up and down the beach, in the thickets, or in the dark corridors of the forest, could his piercing eyes detect any foe. The nearest point of land was a narrow ribbon of clean white rock with a cordon of Indian willow close

behind it. This point he made for. A few feet above the water's edge he alighted. For a moment he stood haughtily, his hard, implacable yellow eyes challenging the wilderness. Then, his snake-like white head stooped quickly forward, and his powerful beak bit clear through to the victim's backbone, a little behind the spot where it joined

the neck. The trout's body stiffened straight out, with a strong shudder, then lay limp and still. Very deliberately, as if scorning to display his hunger, the royal bird began to make his meal.

But one palpitating morsel had gone down his outstretched, snowy throat, when it seemed to him that a leaf whispered in the willow-thicket behind him. There was no air stirring, so why should a leaf whisper? His claws relaxed their grip upon the prey; his wings shot out and gave one powerful flap; he bounced lightly upward and aside. At the same moment a black bulk burst out from the willow thicket, and a great black paw smote at him savagely.

The eagle had sprung aside just in time. Had that terrific buffet fairly reached him, never again would he have mounted to his aerial haunts of silence. But as it was, the swoop of the black paw just touched the bird's tail. Two or three dark, regal feathers fluttered to the ground. His spacious pinions caught the air, and he winnowed out a few feet over the water. The bear, content at having captured the prize, paid no more attention to him, but greedily fell upon the prev.

Ordinarily, an eagle would no more think of interfering with a bear than of assailing a granite boulder. But in this case the aggravation was unprecedented. before had the "King of the Air" known what it was to have his lawful prey and hard-won spoils snatched from him. a sudden sharp yelp of rage he whirled, shot upward, and swooped, with a twang of stillset feathers, straight at his adversary's head. Totally unprepared for such a daring assault, the bear could not ward it off. sudden red gashes on his head showed where those knife-like talons had struck. "Wah!" he bawled, half rising on his haunches and throwing up a great forearm in defence. The eagle, swooping upward out of reach, swung round and hovered as if about to repeat the attack.

As the bear crouched, half sitting, one paw on the mangled prey, the other uplifted in readiness for stroke or parry, the furious bird hesitated. He knew the full menace of that massive, upraised paw, which, clumsy

though it looked, could strike as swiftly as the darting head of a snake. For all his rage, he had no mind to risk a maimed wing. In a second or two he swooped again, this time as if to catch the foe in the back; but he took care not to come too close. The bear whirled on his haunches and struck viciously; but his claws met nothing but empty air, while a stiff wing-tip brushed smartingly across his eyes.

Again and yet again the eagle swooped. never coming quite within reach. Again and yet again the bear, boiling with embarrassed fury, whirled and struck, but in He struck nothing more tangible than air. The sharp, indignant yelps of the great bird flapping close above him were a defiance which he could not answer. He had the prize, but he could not enjoy it. For a few minutes he hesitated. doggedly he crouched down, with his head partly shielded between his fore-paws, and fell to eating hurriedly. Before he could swallow one mouthful the air again hissed ominously in his ears, and those clutching talons tore at his neck. With a roar of pain, and wrath, and discomfiture, he snatched the prey up in his jaws and plunged into the thicket with his head well down between his legs. As he vanished, the implacable talons struck once more, ripping red furrows in the black fur of his rump.

Smarting, and grumbling heavily, the bear lay down in the heart of the willow thicket and finished devouring the great trout. Still velping, the eagle circled above Through the leafy branches the thicket. he could see the black form of his adversary; but into the thicket he dared not swoop, lest he should be caught at a disadvantage there. For a long time he circled, hoping that his enemy would come out and give him another opportunity of vengeance. Then, seeing that the bear lay motionless, apparently asleep, his rage wore itself out. Higher he whirled, and yet higher, while the wary beast watched patiently for his going. Then suddenly he changed his course. With long, splendid sweep of the wing, he made off in direct flight, slanting swiftly upward towards the blue silence above the path.



THE ASSIZE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

By ALLAN GRANGER.

THAT is the machinery by which the integrity of our weights and measures is maintained, and by which, in a practical sense, sixteen ounces make one pound, twenty ounces one pint, and thirty-six inches one yard?

Obviously the first essential is to secure, if possible, a fixed standard which, for all time and under all conditions, shall remain the The quest for the discovery in Nature of an invariable unit of measure has not It has been necessary to been successful. create standards; and although standards

have been called into existence in what would seem to be an arbitrary manner, it is certain that the needs and convenience of mankind have fundamentallv moulded The them. units upon which our British weights and measures. known as the Imperial System, are based have recently been

described and pictured in the pages of the They are the im-WINDSOR MAGAZINE. perial pound and the imperial yard, the gallon being legally determined by weight.

The duty of maintaining these standards true and unimpaired is also a sacred one, and is one which the State owes to the community at large. Without making a large draft upon the imagination, the Standards Department of the Board of Trade, in Old Palace Yard, might be regarded as a holy temple of justice, and the Deputy Warden of the Standards (Major P. A. MacMahon, F.R.S.) as its high priest.

As was explained in the article referred to above, the Standards Department, in addition to the preservation of the Imperial Standards. is called upon, among other things, to make and maintain models of all the weights and measures which may be used in trade. These models, called Board of Trade Standards, are, of course, all derived from the pound and yard. Another duty of the Standards Department is to decide upon the fitness, as to construction and material, of all types of weights, measures, and weighing and measuring instruments which would enter

the domain of commerce. Any instruments to which the passport of the Department might be refused would not be legal. Hence, in this sense. the Standards Départment is the controlling centre for the United Kingdom, and from it proceed those operations which secure that the pound of John



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES OFFICE, HARROW ROAD, LONDON.

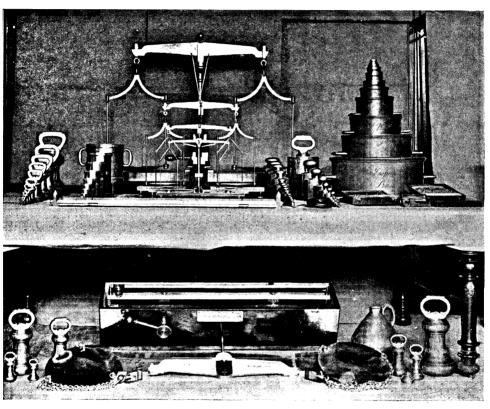
Groats and Land's End, of Lowestoft and Connemara, is one and the same pound.

The administration of the Weights and Measures Acts in Great Britain lies with the local authorities — i.e., the County and Borough Councils. In Ireland, for the most part, it is vested in the lord-lieutenant. In earlier times the lord of the manor possessed jurisdiction over weights and measures, and at the present moment there are a few places in England where this right is still exercised.

The number of Inspectors of Weights and Measures in Great Britain is over 500, and they are appointed by the local authorities. They are, therefore, local officers. The kinds of instruments to be accepted, however, and the nature of the tests to be applied to them, both on verification and inspection, are matters upon which the Board of Trade decide, and the inspector is under obligation to carry out the regulations issued thereon by that Department. This arrangement tends to secure uniformity of procedure on the part of the inspectors, which is so highly desirable, seeing that a weight, measure, or

central office, with two or three exceptions, suffices. In the London County Council area there are six offices, and by the courtesy of Mr. J. Ollis, Chief of the Public Control Department, a picture of the one situated in Harrow Road is shown.

The standards used by the inspector are termed "local standards." An idea of the equipment of a Weights and Measures Office in this respect will be gained from our second illustration. Obviously



SPECIMENS OF LOCAL STANDARDS AND BALANCES.

weighing instrument duly stamped is legal throughout the United Kingdom.

The local authorities are called upon to provide suitable offices and the necessary equipment for the use of their inspectors. In the large populous centres, the manner of administering the Weights and Measures Acts is necessarily different from that observed in county districts; and it also follows that where the manufacture of weighing and measuring plant is carried on, there the quantity of instruments to be tested and stamped will be relatively large. So far as the cities and boroughs are concerned, one

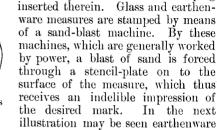
these local standards, if brought into daily use, would quickly become more or less inaccurate. They are consequently reserved for reference purposes, and true copies of them, known as "working standards," are the implements the inspector uses in a general way. In the case of the local standards of weight, they must be re-verified by the Board of Trade at least once in every five years, and in the case of measures every ten years. These re-verifications are indorsed upon a parchment indenture. specimen shown represents such an indenture, which is still in force and which

was issued in 1869, when the Exchequer and not the Board of Trade had control of the Standards. The working standards have to be re-verified at least twice each year by the inspector against the local standards, and he is required to keep a record of these periodic examinations. It will thus be seen that the weights and measures used in trade are linked up and kept in true relation-

ship with the Imperial Standards. The duties of an inspector divide broadly into two parts—viz., verification and inspection, or indoor and outdoor work. As the law requires every weight, measure, and weighing instrument used in trade to be duly stamped, the amount of verification work to be performed is, in the aggregate, considerable. The

official returns for last year show that the weights verified and stamped in the United Kingdom numbered 3,394,042, measures 7,054,203, and weighing instruments 311,467. A uniform design of verification stamp is used by all inspectors. It consists of a crown, the Sovereign's initials (E. R.), and a number. The number, which is

issued by the Board of Trade, identifies the district of the inspector. An instrument bearing the mark outlined in our illustration would have been stamped in Birmingham, as "6" is the number assigned to that city. Where practicable the mark of verification is struck either directly on to the instrument to be stamped, or on to a leaden plug

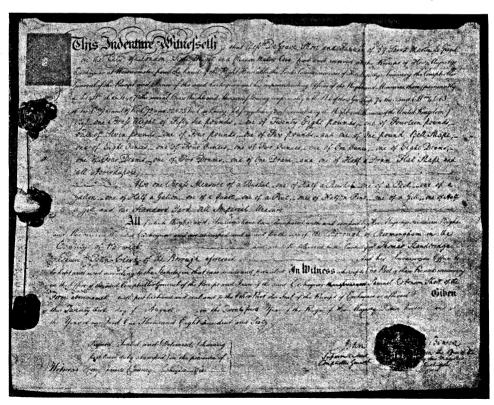


measures in the process of being stamped by a steam sand-blast machine. The manual machine of the same type is usually operated by a man jumping on to a movable step. The forcing down of the step may be likened in effect to the compression of a large pair of bellows.

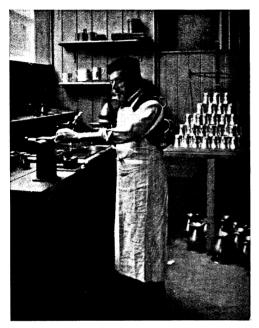
In testing the accuracy of weights, it is required that they shall be compared with a



AN INSPECTOR'S VERIFICATION STAMP.



standard of like denomination: a sevenpound weight, for instance, is to be tested against a seven-pound standard and not against a four, two, and one-pound standard. The balance used for this purpose should, of course, be correct and free from disturbing influences. It is for the inspector to see



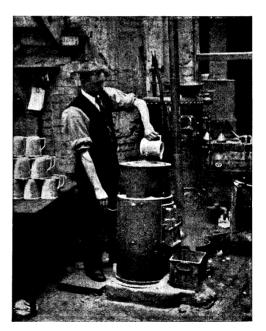
STAMPING METAL MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

that his balances are maintained in a state of accuracy and efficiency, and every five years they must be submitted to the Board of Trade for examination. For the most part, standard measures of capacity are made of gun-metal and of cylindrical shape. When they have been charged with water, a glass strike is passed over the top to secure their being exactly filled, neither more nor less. A series of fixed measures, which are filled through glass tubes fixed at the top and emptied by means of taps fitted underneath, are convenient for testing graduated milk-churns and other large measures.

Weighing instruments before being stamped must not only weigh accurately, but they must also be sufficiently strong in all respects for their appointed work, and the working parts—viz., the knife-edges and bearings—must be of properly hardened steel, except in those cases where these parts are made of agate. When a scale is in actual use, the weights and the goods weighed may be placed upon any part of the pans. It is essential, there-

fore, that the indications of the machine should be the same under such varying conditions. To ascertain that this is the case is an important feature of the verification test. a weighbridge, say, of ten tons capacity (some of these machines weigh up to 100 tons or more), is fixed in position, it is not always easy or practicable to test them with standard weights up to the full load. Heavy material of any nature can be pressed into the service. but that is not everywhere available in A preliminary examsufficient quantity. ination of these large machines, however, may be made upon the premises where they are manufactured, and where, of course, facilities exist for applying a load equal to the full capacity of the machine. Nevertheless, it is always advisable, when verifying a weighbridge in situ, to place thereon a load approximating as nearly as practicable to its maximum capacity, if only in order to ascertain that the foundations are sufficiently strong.

The work of verification in general may be performed at the inspector's office or upon



STEAM SAND-BLAST MACHINE.

the premises of the manufacturer, providing suitable accommodation is there supplied. In regard to the tests for accuracy, it is well to bear in mind that an allowance for error is tolerated in all cases. Upon a four-pound iron weight, for instance, an error (in excess



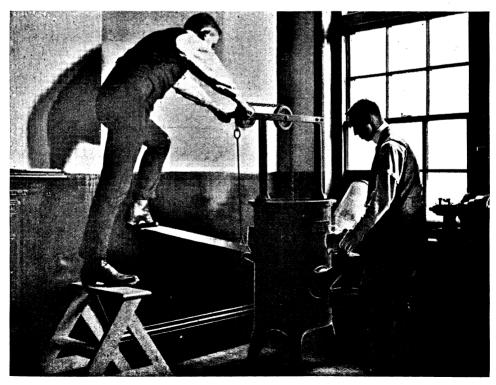
STANDARD BUSHEL MEASURE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

only) of twelve grains is allowed; on a brass weight of the same denomination, six grains. It is obvious that if a weight when stamped were just up to standard, very little wear and tear would make it light. The excess allowance, therefore, adds to the working life

of the weight. Still, if a weight when tested is found to be just equal to the standard, the inspector is not entitled to reject it on that score. It may thus happen that two four-pound iron weights which have just received the official imprimatur may differ by twelve grains. This difference is sufficient to be disclosed by an average trade balance, and might be considered as evidence of negligent work upon the part of the inspector — a conclusion which would not be justified.

The Imperial System of Weights and Measures is said to be complex, and

certainly it cannot be lauded for its simplicity. There are three distinct series of weights—the avoirdupois, the troy, and the apothecaries'; the ordinary measures of capacity and the apothecaries' measures, and the measures of length. To this host has to be added the



MANUAL SAND-BLAST MACHINE.

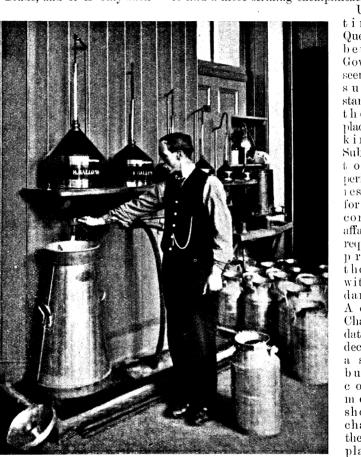
weights and measures of the metric system, seeing that these were legalised for use in this country in 1897. Altogether, an inspector may be called upon to verify at least 123 different denominations of weights, sixty-one different denominations of measures of length, and fifty-four different denominations of measures of capacity, making a grand total of 238. The various denominations are fixed by the Board of Trade, and it is only such

denominations as have been legalised by that Department which can be stamped by an inspector. A weight of three pounds, eight pounds, or nine pounds, for example, may not be stamped, as there is no corresponding Board of Trade Standard. It is not desirable that the legal denominations should approximate too closely one to the other, otherwise i n actual use confusion might ensue. It is acurious anomaly that

the carat weight, which is used so largely in the diamond trade, cannot be stamped by an inspector, owing to the fact that this weight is not of the denomination of a Board of Trade Standard.

The two main purposes of the Weights and Measures Acts are (a) to secure uniformity in the weights and measures used throughout the United Kingdom, and (b) to provide for justice being done between buyer and seller in respect of weight and measure. Enactments directed towards uniformity

extend right through British history. A statute of King Edgar proclaimed that the same weight and measure should run throughout the realm. William the Conqueror legislated to a like effect, and the Magna Charta contained provisions bearing on the point. And thus it has gone on till our own day. Of the maxim, "custom is stronger than law," it would be difficult to find a more striking exemplification.



BOTTLE MEASURES, EIGHT GALLONS TO ONE QUART.

Up to the time Queen Elizabeth, the Government seem to have supplied standards to the chief places of the kingdom. Subsequently to that period, those responsible for the local conduct of affairs were required to provide themselves with standards. An Act o f Charles II.. dated 1670. declared that a standard bushel of correct measure should be chained in the marketplace in all market towns, in

order that persons might test their measures. A bushel measure of the reign of Charles II., belonging to the City of Birmingham, is set forth in the illustration. It bears the inscription: "Samuel Marrow, Lord of the Manor of Birmingham," also the date "1674," the initials "C. II.," and an impression of the royal crown. Many specimens of local standards, dating back to the time of Henry VII., are in existence. Earlier examples are not known, probably due to the ancient practice of melting down the old

standards in order to make new ones. We even read that the Corporation of Yarmouth, in the sixteenth century (Dutt's "Highways and Byeways of East Anglia"), ordered all the sepulchral brasses to be sent to London and cast into weights for the use of the town.

Notwithstanding the prolonged efforts of the legislature, uniformity in weights and measures has by no means been attained. It is true that the pound, pint, and yard are everywhere the same, but local weights and

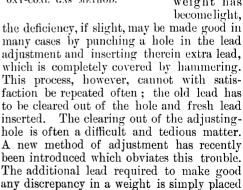
measures based upon these still persist. Corn at the present day is sold by more than 100 different kinds of bushels, and laissezfaire attitude assumed by the British farmer on this score seems as impregnable as ever against the assaults of reformers. Again, the farmer in many parts of the country still sells his milk by the barn gallon of seventeen pints, in spite of the fact that it is illegal

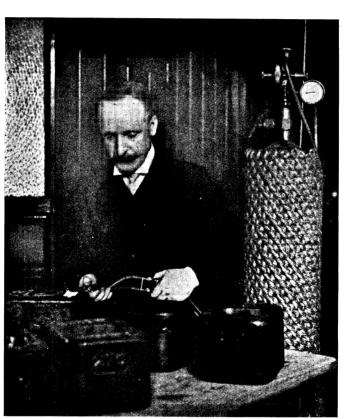
measure. The wholesale fruit and vegetable trade is another branch of commerce in which terms are used that are lacking in precision as to the weight which they are supposed to represent.

A further duty which pertains to many inspectors is the adjustment of weights and measures. An inspector is forbidden by law to be a person deriving any profit from or employed in the making, adjusting, or selling of weights, measures, or measuring or weighing instruments. The Board of Trade may, however, if they think fit, authorise an inspector to

act as an adjuster of weights and measures. Many inspectors are so authorised, and the fees derived from the work are, of course, handed over to the local authority. This is an aspect of municipal trading to which little or no objection has been raised. One reason may be that there is no profit in it to the local authority, and certainly it is a great convenience to the traders. Weights and measures, after readjustment, must be restamped. Where the work is done by an

independent adjuster, it follows that the article must subsequently be submitted to the inspector to receive the official stamp. ditional time and trouble are thereby involved, and, moreover, in some country districts a person properly qualified to adjust is not to be found. Ordinary trade weights are adjusted by inserting lead into an undercut hole on the under side of the weight. When a weight has



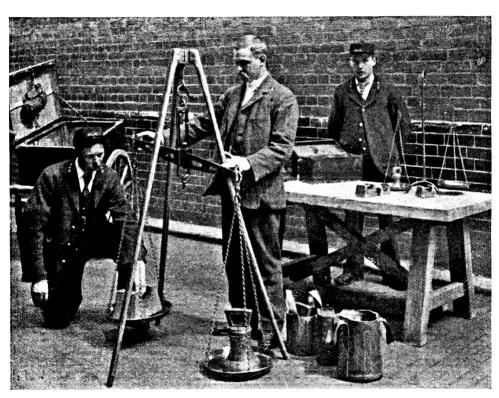


ADJUSTING WEIGHTS BY THE OXY-COAL GAS METHOD.

upon the old lead in the adjusting-hole; the flame from an oxy-coal gas jet is then brought to play upon it, and quickly fuses the old and new lead into one mass. The system is expeditious, and consequently does not, in the long run, add to the cost of the work. In our illustration may be seen this process in course of application at the Weights and Measures Office, West Bromwich.

With regard to the work of inspection, it is required that the weighing and measuring plant in use in trade be officially examined

inspector gives public notice of the times and places within his district at which he will be in attendance in order to test the scales, weights, and measures which may be brought to him for the purpose. By this means traders may ascertain whether their appliances continue to be efficient and accurate. The county inspector fixes his centres so as to render them as generally convenient as possible. In one county the inspector has at his command a travelling van, suitably fitted up, which he takes into every village in his district, so that it may be said that



INSPECTOR'S OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT.

at least once a year, except in cases where the Board of Trade sanction an extension of this period to two years. In addition to these general visits of inspection, special surprise visits are also to be made. It has already been pointed out that the practice in boroughs differs from that in county districts. An outfit suitable for borough inspection is shown. The examination of the large cart-weighing machines necessitates special visits, as at least one ton of standard weights has to be taken round for the purpose. In the counties the

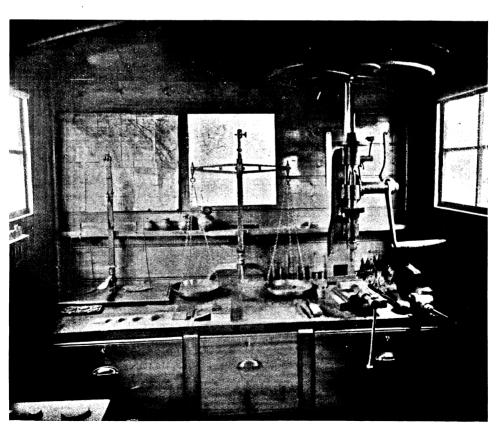
the "stamping station" or "verification court" is taken to the door of every trader in the county.

It may be a surprise to some to know that a merchant ship is a "place" within the meaning of the Act—the Weights and Measures Acts, of course. Masters of vessels are required to keep on board proper weights and measures for determining the quantities of the several provisions and articles served out, and the law officers of the Crown have held that these instruments come within the purview of the inspector of weights and measures.



INSPECTOR'S TRAVELLING VAN.

On the other hand, it may be equally surprising to know that the inspector has no jurisdiction over the scales and weights used in the Post Office. property of the Crown is above and beyond the common law of the land. It often happens that postal business is combined with some other business grocer's, for instance -and the Government weights may be used for other than postal purposes, but that does not give the inspector any right of interference.



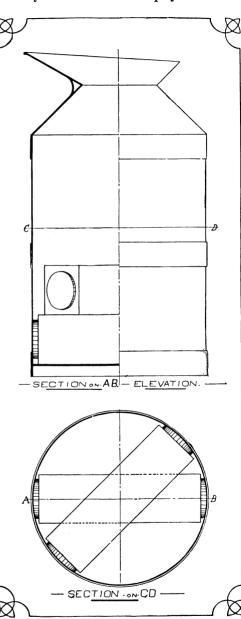
INTERIOR OF INSPECTOR'S TRAVELLING VAN.

Judging from Biblical and other references, it would seem that the false balance and unjust weight have followed hard upon the heels of original sin. Pains and penalties have been directed against these abominations from the time that simple barter gave way to more precise methods of exchange. The double set of weights, one heavy wherewith to buy, the other light wherewith to sell, have not been confined to any clime or time. In earlier days, in our own land, hardened offenders in these matters were Amongst the exposed in the stocks. tricks of the trade, the first favourite by a long way is to stick a piece of fat upon the under side of the goods-pan of the scale.



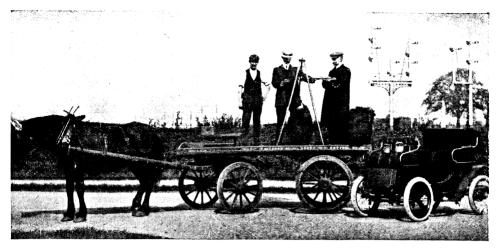
L.C.C. COAL VAN.

This is simple, and on the appearance of the inspector it can readily be removed under the pretext of making the scale-pan clean and fit for official hands. It happens, however, at times that the opportunity for this gracious consideration is prevented by the inspector reaching the scale first. Variety is given to the dodge by substituting for the piece of fat window tickets, coins of the realm, paper, putty, knives, and a host of other things. It is very seldom that scales are found which have been rendered unjust by deliberately altering the leverage of the To do this leaves no bridge of retreat, and the fraud is sure to be detected the first time the testing weights are placed upon the scale. A more plausible device is to interchange two goods-pans belonging to different scales which are about the same size, but of different weights. One scale is thereby made to act to the prejudice of the



SHOWING FIVE-GALLON MEASURE WITH WOODEN BLOCKS INSIDE.

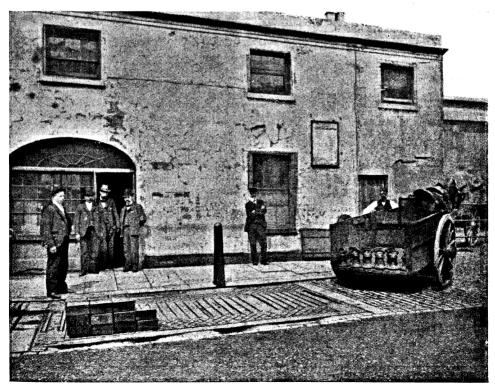
purchaser. If the inspector should call attention to this fact, he is told that it is quite an accident, and that the other scale is as much out the other way. Instances have come to light where the lead adjustment of



COAL INSPECTION BY MOTOR CAR.

weights has been removed and cork put in its place. With measures of capacity it not infrequently happens that they are made to hold less than their denomination implies by knocking in their sides or by inserting in them false bottoms. Some years ago an inspector came across a five-gallon measure

being used in the sale of lamp oil which was found to be five pints deficient. Two wooden blocks with leather pads at either end were made to so fit inside the bottom of the measure that they were not disturbed when the measure was tilted in the act of pouring out the contents.

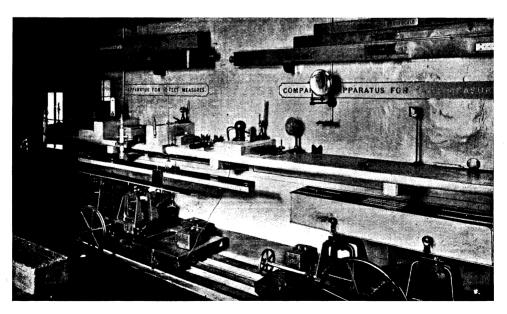


TESTING A WEIGHBRIDGE.

According to the official returns mentioned above, the number of convictions under the Weights and Measures Acts last year was 2,311. If the offences which gave rise to these proceedings were to be classified, the result would show that the coal trade is apparently the blackest of all trades. Such an inference would be misleading, and for the reason that the governing conditions are not the same. If the quantity of coal delivered be short of the weight agreed upon. the seller is liable under the Weights and Measures Acts. Not so, however, in the case of other commodities. Were sauce for the goose sauce for the gander in this respect, the official returns would afford a better indication of the relative morality of the various trades. Some of the most serious frauds in the coal trade are effected by what is known as the double ticket trick. An inspector stops a vehicle bearing coal for delivery, and asks to see the weight-ticket. It is produced, and the particulars stated thereon are tested and found to be correct. It does not follow, however, if the inspector had not appeared upon the scene, that the ticket produced would have been handed to the customer. carter is in possession of another ticket which shows a greater weight than the correct one, and this is the ticket which would have been delivered up had the road been clear.

Glaring instances of this dodge have from time to time been brought to light, and it is one which is most difficult to detect. The coal officers under the London County Council are provided with vehicles specially fitted up with scales and weights for the purpose of checking the weight of coal sold in bags. The services of the motor - car have been requisitioned to facilitate the administration of the Weights and Measures Acts. The illustration given shows the inspector for Nottinghamshire in the act of weighing up the bags of coal on a waggon which he has overtaken in the course of an official round.

The principle underlying the Weights and Measures Acts is caveat emptor. The law in this matter aims at securing the use in trade of just weights, measures, and weighing instruments. For the rest, except in the sale of coal, the purchaser must look after himself. As has been pointed out, short weight or measure is not in itself an offence against the Weights and Measures Acts. The poor, who here need most protection, are the people who are least able to protect themselves. Notwithstanding the existence of a large army of inspectors, the purchasing public will not be adequately protected until these officers are directly empowered to take proceedings in cases where goods are sold short of the weight or measure demanded.



INTERIOR OF ROOM, SHOWING SURVEY STANDARDS, BOARD OF TRADE STANDARDS DEPARTMENT, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, OLD PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

BRAZENHEAD IN MILAN.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—That many times repeated asseveration of Captain Salomon Brazenhead's, that he had formed one of the suite of Duke Lionel, when that prince went out to Lombardy to call him—was his fellow-traveller and bosom friend, bore at the first blush the stamp of truth. It was always supported by vigorous reminiscence; the older he grew, the more positive he was of it. All this as it may be, what is beyond cavil is that we find him at Pavia in the year 1402, a fine figure of a man, scarred, crimson, shining in the face, his hair cropped in the Burgundian mode, moustachios to the ears, holding this kind of discourse to a lank and cavernous warrior, three times his own apparent age, who had proposed, we gather, before a tavern full of drinkers, to eat him raw. The irous came swinging out, there was a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds, and Captain Brazenhead had run his foe through and established his reputation in Pavia. Admirers crowded about him, to pledge and be pledged in cups, and he learned that the dead man in life had been Lisciasangue, assassin to the Duke of Milan, one of "a Mystery of Three Murderers." His Grace's condition was indeed deplorable, robbed of one-third of his assassius. "I see the aged monarch," mused Captain Brazenhead, overheard by a sympathetic throng, "maimed, as you might say, of his right hand. I see his prisons full to brim point, his lieutenants at work night and day to keep abreast of the flood." He could not restore the Duke his Lisciasangue, but so far as might be he would repair his fault and open a career for himself. "To Milan!" he said, "and there lies long Italy in the cup of my hand." By sheer impudence he obtained admission to the Duke's presence, confessed the killing of his assassin, and startled the craven Tyrant into appointing him to be Third Murderer in succession to Lisciasangue. But strangely merciful did he prove, for reasons of claims of old acquaintance, real or plausibly invented, and the like, to his first few i

CHAPTER X.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD SLEW THREE HUNDRED ANABAPTISTS WITH THE THIGH-BONE OF A PHILOSOPHER.



HE tombs of Sant'
Eustorgio stood or
leaned at all angles,
and stared like the
bleached and derelict bones of a host
long dead. Disconsolate kites,
buzzards, ravens,
and other reprobate
birdsflapped heavily

above or, perching on cross or pinnacle, voiced after their fashion their discontent with the world as it was. The crazy *Hic Jacets* of the tombs coincided with these harsh-throated heralds of despair, and set Captain Brazenhead to stalk briskly about, himself like a long-necked bird of bad omen, if haply he might discover but one of his bond-slaves. Clinging to his arm was the now terrified Liperata, upon whose skirts dragged the child of slain Camus.

"I pin my faith to the Bilboan," said Brazenhead, "for he alone is fitted by his nature to inhabit so beastly a spot. His arm reaches to his knee-cap; he is, you may say, three-legged. No hyæna could be more at home in a graveyard than this fellow, who is, moreover, endeared to me by many ties. He owes me for his life, I owe him for his aunt. Certainly I pin my faith to him."

And he was justified. Far within the shade of an empty vault they came upon a crouched figure. His head was not visible, so deeply was it sunk between his knees. But by his arm—by the absence of one, and the presence of one—he could be recognised for the Bilboan.

"Ho, Barbary, awake!" cried Brazenhead, and stirred him with a thigh-bone which he happened to have in his hand. It was no ordinary thigh-bone, though its present possessor knew nothing of that. Being deprived of his sword, and missing the use of it, he had picked it up in his way through the cemetery. It had belonged to the philosopher Gnatho of Samothrace, who had devoted his life to demonstrating the indestructibility of matter, and had perished at the stake in the great days of Saint Ambrose, to whom matter was so little that

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"In their midst, white and slavering at the lips, tottered he who had been Lord and Tyrant of Milan."

he considered the punishment a light one. It was a curious circumstance that Captain Brazenhead was to be the instrument of Gnatho's vindication—if indeed those modern disciples of the sage are not nearer the mark when they affirm that he himself was his own instrument, and Captain Brazenhead the unconscious agent of his purpose.

But at the smart touch of the relic the Bilboan came leaping from the tomb and humbled himself at the feet of his lord. His uncouth mops and mows touched

Captain Brazenhead in a quick spot.

"My faithful vassal," said he tenderly, "how is it with thee, man? Art thou alone faithful to thy Brazenhead? Is gratitude, then, so dear? Are memories so short? Where is Squarcialupo, that prick-eared Roman?"

"Gone, master, gone," said the Bilboan.
"A gamester came this way and did beguile him"

The Captain was shocked. "How now?

So sturdy a knave!"

"He promised him good wages," said the other. "Five sols Tournois per diem. I cried shame upon him, saying: 'Trust to our Lord's honour'; but he said your rate had been but three."

"It was four!" cried the Captain. "I

pass you my word it was four!"

The Bilboan shrugged in despair. "Even so, said Squarcialupo, five was above your figure; and he went the day after you had brought him here."

Captain Brazenhead had expected as much. "He was a gallows knave, when all's said. But I hoped better things of Tranche-coupe. Now what of that

Burgundian?"

"There came a funeral to this place," said the Bilboan, "on Saint Milo's day. They buried a certain notary, a warm man, but not near so warm as that heathen is, whose thigh-bone your honour now wears at your side, if all they tell me of his teaching is but half true. Now, to commit our notary to earth came a widow of his and ten children, if not more. Quite a company! Their lamentable cries did so move Tranche-coupe our friend that he brooded upon them day and night. The affair got upon his mind and wrought upon the young man's brain; so presently, moved by pity, he borrowed a suit of clothes from the gravedigger, and is but this morning gone to pay court to the relict of the notary. If he succeed, as I think he will, from what he tells me, he will be fourth husband to a lady of substance and merit. I cannot blame him neither; for a widow, d'ye see, has experience in the comforting of mankind, and that counts for much with a young man of Tranche-coupe's years. No, no, I cannot blame him."

"Nor I," said Captain Brazenhead, constricting the muscles of his arm and looking benignantly down upon Liperata. "No, nor I, by Cock. But I am vexed," he added, "and something put about—for I had reckoned upon his cross-bow arm for an adventure at Pavia before long. There shun me two men by whom I had hoped to win a score. Tush! And the Egyptian—"

"Master," said the Bilboan darkly, "come we now to the Egyptian, against whom I would have warned you before had I seen you here or known how to come at you. That dark-skinned rogue, that snake-tongue, who got the better of your Honour once in a horse-deal, has now done you the scurviest turn of all. For not content with the slaughter of Signior Camus, your colleague, he has dressed himself out in his livery, and with the murdered man's vizor to cover his own false face, is engaged at this hour in slaughtering three hundred Anabaptists in the presence of the Duke's grace of Milan, and his consort, and his daughter, and all his court."

At this intelligence Captain Brazenhead smote himself on his forehead and said "It was very well." Those who knew him would have read the oracle for a bad sign, because he really meant it. Its deep-mouthed tones rang the passing-bell for the Egyptian.

"Come," said Captain Brazenhead sternly to the Bilboan, "I shall need thee. Come." So saying, he led the way back to the Castle

of Milan.

Walking through a desert city into a desert stronghold, it came upon him as a providence of supernatural powers that all lay so snug—"at the mercy of any man of his hands." A sombre cheer illumined his burnt face; he put his arm round the waist of Liperata and pressed her to his heart. With the other arm free, he flourished the thigh-bone of Gnatho, the Philosopher. "All may yet be done; all may fall out still for the best. By the Sacred Places of Jerusalem, I see my way! Forward!"

It was very much the hero, it was de son naturel, to overlook the exiguity of his little force. True, the great Sforza was far away. That right hand of Milan, with the flower of the Lombard host, was warring in Umbria, it was believed, engaged just now in the leaguer of Perugia. Even so, it needs

a mind cast in a Paladin's mould to compass the sack of Milan with a one-armed man, a young widow, and an unbreeched boy for attacking party. But Captain Brazenhead would never perish of dry-rot in the brain. If great schemes, great enthusiasms had been all, he might have realised that grandiose conception of Castruccio's, who, having Lucca under his hand, saw his way to the

tyranny of all Italy.

More sanguine than Castruccio himself, the swelling thought held him in thrall as he led his band into the Hall of Audience, which was in the shape of a basilica of three These aisles were marked by columns of the Doric order, grey and serried. In the apse of the noble chamber, upon its degrees, stood the Throne of Milan-empty. stride forward, mount the steps, seat himself in that chair of State, place Liperata upon his left hand, made but short work for a man whose brain was on fire. He bade the child go up himself by a column; and then, in the clear voice of a man who has a vision. commanded the Bilboan to proclaim him Duke of Milan. We may call that burning your ships—or we may call it high treason— The question is, had Captain Brazenhead, or had he not, the quick sprite Destiny by the tail? Now, Captain Brazenhead thought that he had.

"Salomon, by the grace of God, Duke of Milan, Marquess of Pavia, Lord of Monza, Como, Bergamo and Brescia, Tyrant of Verona, Piacenza and the Borrommean Isles" was called by the herald and acclaimed by the populace; and a reign, the shortest but most eventful in the annals of the Lombard State, was peacefully ushered in. trumpets pealed its opening, nor the clash of lifted swords, nor pikes tossing like reeds in a wind. The piping of an unbreeched child calling for his mother was all the acclamation, and the fevered agitation of his legs, as he pattered up and down the pavement, all the commotion of a scene which needed perhaps but a little more bustle to have been memorable by Corio and the other court historians of the Houses of Visconti and Sforza, who, as things were, and for reasons of their own,

passed it over.

I have no such reasons, and am proud to be the humble means of restoring a stirring page to the volume of Lombard story. It would be my wish to enlarge upon the events of the twenty-five minutes following the proclamation (and its reception by the populace) which I have just related, and I am sure it would be the reader's; but materials

are wanting. Cetera desunt, as the chroniclers say. I believe that the Civil List was established, provision made for the Duchess-elect Liperata, and the tax on beer, spruce, cider, perry, wine, mead, and all fermented liquors, abolished. The marriage-laws were standardised, I gather: but for such high matters space fails me.

Now, the issuing of these important and far-reaching reforms took up the better part of five-and-twenty minutes; and immediately after, just as the new Duke, feeling the vein leap within him, was about to deliver an apologue upon Equity, a confused murmuring afar aff, the noise of a great tumult without the house, made itself heard. It was for all the world like the sound of a mighty flood, gathered in the mountains, and sweeping its way irresistible over the plain. All heard it, some shook; the Duke paused in the act to speak. His mouth was open, his eyes were fixed; but no rhapsody came forth. Quite otherwise.

"Did I name Equity?" he said. "Here cometh our little affair. Equity's bane this will be—a more ancient practice. Haste thee, Bilboan, and draw thy blade." This was all very well; but the Bilboan, no better than his master, had no blade.

Duke Brazenhead saw his penury and was not long amending it. With his trusty bone in hand he attacked the throne where his Duchess yet sat, and was not long in knocking off a fluted column of marble and mosaic, of the kind known as opus alexandrinum. It was of the length of a man's forearm, as sharp at the angles as if it had just left the mason's yard. "Arm thee, friend," he said, "with this emblem until thou hast a better for thy prowess." Descending then into the hall, he caught up the child, and returned and set him upon his mother's knee. "Stay you there, mother and son," he bade them. "I fight for hearth and home this day." Accompanied by the Bilboan, he took the middle aisle of the basilica and stood there, a superb figure of a man, masked, hairy, bristling, his scarlet cloak thrown over his left arm, and in his restless right hand the avenging limb of Gnatho of Samothrace. The Bilboan, true to his nature, crouched, peering forward. He bent himself at the knees, as an athlete does at the starting-point—but so far that he could easily scratch his ankle with his forefinger; and he did so more than once.

The uproar in their hearing, who waited, neared, swelled, and became a din—a riot of broken clamour. You could hear now and

again the name of the late Duke thrown up: "Visconti! Visconti!" you heard; but that cry was drowned in outland curses, and names unknown to Italy held the air. Sooner than was convenient, the noise of countless running feet blotted out all others. It became evident that a host was at hand.

"It is the Anabaptists," said the Bilboan,

scratching his foot.

"Aye," said his master. "They drive back Milan. Now we have it in the nose. Be

thou ready."

The doors were pushed open wide; a few scared servants, varlets and maids of the pantry and kitchen, came first—old tirewomen, old bedeswomen, a priest, and a limping page whose ankle was bound uprunning helter-skelter for protection. gardless, in their terror, of the stern figures in mid-hall, they pelted by them, and gaining the daïs, crouched at the knees of the mother and child on the throne. There was no marvel in their mistake. They saw a miracleand felt it, when Monna Liperata, heavenly mildness beaming from her eyes, put out her hand and laid it upon the head of the The heart of Duke Brazenhead leaped in his body, and warm tears flooded his eyes as he witnessed this fair sight. "As God liveth, I have that for which to fight this day."

Close upon these stragglers, however, came the halberdiers of Visconti, a mere handful of striped men backing into the hall, disputing the passage with them who pursued. In their midst, white and slavering at the lips, tottered he who but that morning had been Lord and Tyrant of Milan; beside him his Duchess walked, a goddess, though she was too portly to be fair; and with her came Bianca, her only daughter, mater pulchra filia pulchrior. Royally these two advanced up the hall; and behind them, blocking up the great entry, was a thicket of pikes, staves, scythes, and bills, the snatched-up weapons of the wholly frantic and partially naked persons of the Anabaptists. battling of this shaggy host at the doors, where without order or judgment all tried to enter at once, gave a moment's respite to the pursuers.

Captain Brazenhead—to call him still by his familiar name—had pity upon the fallen and abject prince, and more than pity—high admiration, indeed—for the persons of the two noble ladies of his household. "Open ranks!" he bade the Bilboan; "open ranks, messmate, and let in this jerking wretch. He was a king this morning," he added

pitifully, "and shall sleep in a bed for aught I care." The Bilboan dutifully stood aside, and the hunchback, blind with panic, crawled on all fours up the degrees of his ancient throne, and seeing there a fair woman seated, with a golden-headed child on her lap, stumbled forward with a cry to her feet, clutched at her knees, and buried his face in her striped petticoat. There, throughout the carnage to ensue, he stayed.

But Captain Brazenhead bowed courtly to the Duchess and her daughter. "Ladies." he said, "suffer a soldier, and trust in the clemency of a prince. By your leave, noble ladies, by your leave." So said, he turned to face the throne with them, and taking a hand of each, escorted them with highstepping gallantry up the steps of the throne. "Be seated, ladies, beside my family, and be sure that for you, no less than for them, I shall play the man this day." The ladies, who may be pardoned for not knowing, nor caring, what all this might be about, sat beside Liperata on the throne, and saw Captain Brazenhead swoop into the fray, like a sea-eagle into a school of mackerel in a shallow. He had poised on the edge of the daïs but for a minute. That had sufficed him to see how matters stood. Visconti's guards were ranged before him; the Bilboan still crouched in mid-hall. Opposite to him raged and bayed the furious host. With a voice like the blast of a trumpet he had signalled for the contest. "Salt and water en avant!" he had cried. "The Anabaptists are at ye, hounds! Rally for the Faith!" That bone which erstwhile had stood up stiffly for the indestructibility of matter whistled above his head. "You that love order and good baptism, follow me." The Guard rallied and formed a wedge. Led by such a prince, they clove the Anabaptists' ranks, and men dropped like cornstalks heavy in the ear to right and left.

Such battle he had never yet dreamed of even he, to whom long odds were as a draught of wine—as this, wherein he, the Bilboan, and ten of Visconti's bodyguard faced three hundred fanatics stung by terror into frenzy. Hot-eyed, half-naked, giant men they were—Bulgarians, Croats, and Serbs—red in the beard and flat in the bone, hairy-chested, crying uncouth shibboleths of their own, outraged in every sense, and bent upon outrage. They howled, wept, gnashed their teeth; they thrust and smote, clubbed at their oppressors; but to little purpose. Cut into halves by the wedge of the Lombards, hampered by the pillars of the hall, they impeded each other. In sheaves they fell, or backing in panic at each onrush of the foe they trampled and tumbled over upon the other. Like the uneasy gleams of the sun upon broken water, here and there glided a red figure urging them to effort.

Where, then, was the Egyptian, if not Whose was that evil-whispering spirit, if not his? Captain Brazenhead, roaring in the press as he moved, cried upon him: "Come out, thou horse-coper, thou black thief of Lutterworth! Come out and meet me." But there was no response, save some glancing of the red figure, and no means of getting at that save through the massed Anabaptists about the door. But that caitiff's hours were numbered, and his tale is nearly told. Marked down at last by his incensed adversary, where he stood egging on his dupes to their hopeless task, he was from that moment a doomed man. For Captain Brazenhead, seizing a dead Anabaptist by neck and ankles, lifted him up on high and hurled him with all his force at the Egyptian. The two heads, that of the dead and that of the living, met in horrid shock. That of the Anabaptist stood the strain, but the Egyptian's was split open, as when a man with his finger and fist smashes a walnut. The rogue went down, and was trampled out of recognition by the feet of his flying friends.

CHAPTER XI

HOW, AND FOR WHAT EXQUISITE REASONS, CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD RENOUNCED THE THRONE OF MILAN.

Folding his ragged doublet about his bleeding breast, Captain Brazenhead turned his face towards the daïs, where Liperata sat chaste and still, like some fair-haired Madonna of the North. Not upon her only must he look, but he must frown upon the huddled figure of Duke Visconti, and consider what was to be done with him and his. Great and weighty thoughts contended within him as he stood, deep-breathing and deeppondering, there. At his feet, very contentedly, sat the Bilboan, dabbing wounds with a rag. Such of Visconti's bodyguard as remained alive waited upon his words.

He was master; he ruled in Milan. At a word from him the writhen little tyrant would be extinguished, and that which he had greatly dreamed would come to pass. Power of life and limb over men, cities, armies, were his at a word; more than all these as hinting at these and more, the waiting eyes of citizens, the waiting steps of legions, the held breath of neighbouring states attendant upon his motions. man of great ideas and imagination winged the temptation to say that one word, Death, was not, you would say, to have been resisted. Death to Visconti! and all Lombardy fell crumbling at his feet.

And yet not only did he not say it, but he knew that he could not. And why? Because he was so made that he could not take life in cold blood. There was one This pitiful, blood - gluttonous, writhen man—whom to kill were to honour above his deserts—must then go free. might be chained, caged, hidden away within walls; but he could not be slain, because Brazenhead, with everything to gain, could not be angry with him. He could deplore him, despise him, spurn, spit upon him, but treat him as hateworthy he could not for all

Milan and its subject cities.

Assume Visconti chained and put away, what was to hinder him then? "By my soul," said he to himself, "when I am Duke of Milan, I must wive; for I must get me a dynasty, d'ye see?" He eyed Visconti's tall daughter as he spoke, and could not deny her merits. "Thou and I, fair dame! O propitious Lucina!" And then he looked at Liperata, where she chastely sat, a mild young goddess. By her side Bianca Visconti showed the termagant, revealed the shrew; yes, but in every feature, in every mould, in carriage, gesture, and regard, there shone a duchess, the mother of dukes to come.

At this crisis in the affairs of Milan, Bianca, Liperata, and the subduer of them all—the Bilboan limped up to his master, plucked him by the sleeve, and, as the hero stooped to him, whispered hoarsely in his The hushed auditory could make little of the message, which was in the Spanish tongue; but at one word, out of many, two persons started. These were Bianca Visconti and he who proposed to raise her to a throne. At that one word their looks encountered. Some say the word was Sforza.

Captain Brazenhead, at any rate, paused; for once in his life he showed timidity. "She is nothing to me beside that mouse in the throne. A man must be snug, d'ye see? Give me my comforts, and I'll cry you quittance of your strapping ladies. See me at my ease, having well supped, slippers on my feet, plying the toothpick; what do I need then, ha? Why, a dove-eyed,



"'Behold the wife for a soldier!"

ministering, kiss-me-quick lass to sit on my knee and work the whisk to keep the flies away, what time I sleep off my drink. 'Tis so, by Cock; for men are so made that they carry a maid's heart by storm and waste the world until they have it; and after that they look to have done with the matter. All must be solace afterwards; and the woman wooed before wedlock must thereafter woo until the end of days. Men are so made, there's no denying, and I more than most.

"But Madame Bianca there-lo, you! where is my ease? Where would she hide my slippers? Would she flick away flies? Not so; but 'My lord, I pray you fan my face against this heat.' 'My lord, I would have you sing me lullaby.' 'Carry you the child, my lord, while my women tie my 'Get up, my lord, get up, and snuff the candle; I vow 'tis your turn.' Why, a pest upon it, how should a man find force to lead armies afield, or preside in councilchambers, or beard the envoys of foreign princes, if his rest is to be broken, his pride humbled, his courage frittered off him like cheese off a grater? Yet thus, and not otherwise, must that man suffer who has Madame Bianca to wife. Yet it comports not with my honour to lead any less a lady to the throne of Milan. Zounds, but I'll none of your thrones, then, at such a price. And yet withal—and yet—oho, Madame Bianca, I see thee the mother of the dukes my sons!

"A proof, a proof!" he cried. "I'll put all to the proof. Mark you me, Bilboan, how I go a-wooing in my own fashion." Followed by the eyes of his crouching ally, still busy with his sores, he trod impetuously

forward to the daïs.

There from below he accosted Bianca

Visconti, daughter of Dukes.

"Lady, I am Master of Milan, and like you well enough. Come now, shall we make a match of it? Will you be a soldier's wife?"

The lady's eyes shone steely blue. The

lady's cheeks flushed high.

"Yes, sir. That is my fixed intention," she said.

Captain Brazenhead set his right foot upon the second degree of the daïs.

"Well and good, then, mistress," said he.

"Gird me on that forepiece with your belt. It was torn in the fray, and you would not have your husband go barefoot."

Madame Bianca recoiled as if a hornet had

stung her.

"Hound!" said she, "do you dare?"

But Liperata slipped from the throne and ran and knelt by the great foot. She took her kerchief from her fair hair and bound the torn forepiece closely to the instep with that. Captain Brazenhead stooped and lifted her in his arms. High in air she swung, like a feather caught in a tree.

"Behold, behold the wife for a soldier!" cried her taker. He lowered her and kissed her twice. Mounting then the throne, he stirred the Duke with his bound foot.

"Ho, there, Milan," he said, "take heart, if thou canst find it. Thy foes are all dead or fled, and as for thy throne, I renounce it with a flick of the finger, as I assumed it with the same. Fortune send thy state bolder tyrants than thee. As for you, mistress," and he turned his face to Madame Bianca, "if you will be a soldier's wife, disdain not to serve him who bleeds. For I care not who the man may be, with him it will never be 'Leave to love thee is my hire.' So, fare you heartily well, mistress, and the soldier, your husband. As for me, I am suited here."

So said, he handed Liperata from the daïs, and put the child upon his shoulder. Whistling to the Bilboan, he strode leisurely down the hall over the writhen bodies of the dead and dying, and was seen no more in Milan for that time.

Curiously enough, Sforza entered the city next day at the head of his victorious army, and shortly afterwards married Visconti's His regrets at not meeting Captain Brazenhead must have been many and bitter. What were Captain Brazenhead's feelings we have no means of knowing; but I understand that he heard of the entry from a lodging he had in Cremona where, under the name of Damœtas, a shepherd, he was then dwelling with the fair Liperata. From these subsequent events, I assume, the curious legend must have arisen that among the many Spanish words whispered in his ear by the Bilboan, while all Milan lav humble at his feet, was the Italian word Sforza.

A SAILORS' HOME.

By CLOTILDE GRAVES.



OUR British mariners sat discontentedly enjoying the social advantages placed at their disposal by the committee of benevolent persons responsible for the establishment of a Seamen's Home at Winksea, a small

seaport town which had done without one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Alfred Grimble, William Wimper, and another ordinary seaman, the origin of whose nickname of Biles was written prominently upon his features, were seated on a bench in front of an oilcloth-covered table, playing cards for halfpence with a gusto intensified by the minatory rule against gambling flaming on the opposite wall. Henry Mix, an aged and bibulous-looking A.B., was wedged in a Windsor chair before the fireplace, to which the poker, with icy mistrust, was attached by a chain. The room they sat in was an economically furnished apartment sandwiched off from the teetotal restaurant fronting on the street by a partition of matchboarding and glass. All four seamen were smoking short, black pipes, with haughty indifference to the "Please use me!" printed in large black letters on the staring white surface of numerous crockery spittoons, and three out of the four were grumbling.

"It's wickedness, that's wot it is!" said

Mr. Henry Mix, in a bitter tone.

"Sheer wickedness!" agreed Grimble.
"Sheer rank wickedness!" added Mr. Biles.

"It's the dis'onesty shown wot 'urts me!" said Mix, removing his pipe from his lips and rolling his eye round the neatly stencilled walls adorned with illuminated texts and prints of a patriotic and moral nature. "As I said to that stout female with the flyaway cap riggin' and the black silk apern—"

"Meanin' the Matron?" hinted Wimper, a mild, fresh-coloured young seaman, who had created bitterness by winning six times

running.

"As I says to the Matron," said Mix,

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"the C'mitty wot started this 'ere benevolent instituotion lays themselves open to legal actions on the part of British sailormen wot 'ave bin took in."

"Wot!" ejaculated Grimble, with projecting eyeballs. "When they gives you free grub and free drink, and on'y charges for the beds? 'Ow does they take you in?"

"By hadvertising of this 'ere institution as a Seamen's 'Ome, of course!" snarled Mr. Mix. "'Oo ever sor a seamen's 'ome—a real seamen's geniwine 'ome, 'owever 'umble—without a drop o' licker in it?"

Mr. Grimble and Mr. Biles rapped upon the table and cried "'Ear, 'ear!' Mr. Wimper cut the highest card in sarcastic

silence and drew the bank again.

"That's wot I said to the Matron," pursued Mr. Mix, treating the mute appeal of the spittoons with profound disregard. "'I am a old man,' I says——"

"And she said: Then you're old enough

to know better!'" chuckled Wimper.

"'Ow did you know that?" queried Mr.

Mix sharply.

"'Cos I listened at the key'ole of 'er office," retorted the candid Mr. Wimper, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a glazed door inscribed "Private" in large black letters.

"Did you 'ear me tell 'er as 'ow I was brought up on gin an' beer?" asked Mr.

Mix.

"I did," sniggered Mr. Wimper, "an' I 'eard 'er tell you to go and look at your nose in the glass an' see wot it 'ad brought you down to!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" said the other ordinary

seaman incautiously.

"I didn't quite ketch that remark o' yours, my lad," said Mr. Mix, glaring at the other ordinary seaman.

"I didn't say anything," recanted the

offender. "I only corfed."

"That's the kind o' corf as gets people into trouble, my man!" observed Mr. Mix, with dignity. "Don't let me 'ear it agen."

The glazed door of the Matron's private room opening at this juncture shut up Mr. Wimper, who was preparing to cast more oil upon the troubled waters of Mr. Mix's dignity, and all four seamen rose respectfully as the

Matron appeared, ushering in a plump, pretty young widow, attired in the most stylish and

becoming of weeds.

"Oh! please don't move!" cried the lady visitor. "You all looked so comfortable!" she added, addressing Mr. Mix, whose Windsor chair adhered to his somewhat bulky person as the shell of the perambulatory spail

"This is Mrs. Honeyblow," explained the Matron, "who is one of the principal lady members of our Committee. Indeed, but for Mrs. Honeyblow I don't believe Winksea would have had a Seamen's Home at all."

"Certainly not a teetotal one!" admitted Mrs. Honeyblow. "You remember how I battled in the cause of Temperance!" she added, turning to the Matron. "Several of the Committee held out for malt liquor at meals, but I convinced them all how wrong and foolish it was."

Mr. Mix could not restrain a hollow groan. "So that's what you have to thank me for,

all of you," said Mrs. Honeyblow.

"We was a-thanking you afore you come in, mum," said the audacious Mr. Wimper smoothly. "Mr. Mix—'im as is wearin' the wooden bustle"—both ladies bit their lips, and Mr. Mix became a rich imperial purple—"Mr. Mix was wishing 'e could do somethink to show 'is gratitude when you come in!"

"How sweet of him!" said Mrs. Honeyblow gushingly, contemplating the saccharine

MIX.

"Now you must all shake hands with me!" she added, quite in a flutter of patronage. "My dear husband was a sailor too. Perhaps some of you might even have sailed with him—Captain Honeyblow, of the schooner Smiling Jane. Oh! there never was a man like him—never!" Mrs. Honeyblow sank into a chair, and taking out a cambric handkerchief with a two-inch mourning border, prepared to cry.

"Come, come," said the Matron, respectfully patting her upon the shoulder. "You'll

upset yourself, you know you will!"

"Oh, if you'd ever known him or even seen him, you wouldn't wonder at my fretting so!" gurgled Mrs. Honeyblow. "Oh! I can't believe he's really dead—I can't! He's sailing the wide ocean somewhere, alive and well, I feel he is. Why should he vanish like that? I made inquiries everywhere, I advertised, I offered fifty pounds—a hundred—to anybody who could help me to a clue"—the four seamen became genuinely interested—"but it was all no use, and so a year after he went—it's two years since I lost him—I had his will

proved—poor dear, everything was left to me!—and went into weeds. And I shall have to wear 'em," sobbed Mrs. Honeyblow, "for six months more!"

"Cap'n 'Oneyblow, of the schooler Smiling Jane," ruminated Mr. Mix, whom the reference to a reward had stimulated to intellectual activity. "Vanished—two years ago. Wot sort o' man was 'e?"

"Oh, so good and noble! One of the best—husbands—that ever lived!" gurgled

the widow.

"'Ad 'e murdered ennybody?" interrogated Mr. Mix.

"Murdered! He wouldn't have killed a fly!" sobbed Mrs. Honeyblow indignantly.

"But 'e might 'ave killed a sailorman. I've knowed skippers do that—and dror the line at flies," said Mr. Mix, with unconscious irony. "'Ad 'e robbed ennybody, lady?"

"How dare you insinuate such a thing!" exclaimed the widow, with flaming cheeks.

"I'm tryin' to account for 'is vanishing away, lady," said Mr. Mix patiently. "Per'aps 'e was a bit touched in the upper storey?" he suggested after a ruminating pause.

"Mad!" screamed Mrs. Honeyblow. "My Daniel! Mad! There never was a clearer-

minded man!"

"Wot was 'e like, lady, in 'is looks?" pursued Mr. Mix, as Mrs. Honeyblow put away her handkerchief and stiffened visibly.

"A fine-looking, regular-featured man, with blue eyes, fair complexion, and auburn hair and beard," said the Matron.

"If you 'appened to 'ave a chart of 'im 'andy, lady——?" insinuated Mr. Mix.

"I've a coloured photograph here," said the widow, opening a jet locket as large as the bowl of a soup-ladle. She detached it from the chain and diffidently placed it in the horny palm of the aged seaman.

"Short, stoutish, red-faced, carroty 'air and beard," enumerated Mr. Mix, scanning the portrait with the eye of a connoisseur. "I've seen 'underds of men like that.

'Aven't you, Grimble?"

"Thousands," said Mr. Grimble, as his senior passed the locket round.

"Millions!" asseverated Mr. Biles.

"An' to think o' the money as might 'ave bin 'onestly earned by droppin' a runnin' noose round the neck o' any one of 'em an' towin' of 'im 'ome!" hinted Mr. Wimper ironically. "W'y, it's enough to make a man thirsty, ain't it?" He relieved Mr. Biles of the locket without ceremony, polished the glass upon his sleeve with an air that was palpably meant to be offensive, and perused



the lineaments portrayed within with a retrospective air. "So that was Cap'n Honeyblow—Cap'n Daniel Honeyblow, of the Smiling Jane," he said at length. "I can't say I've seen millions of men just like 'im-nor thousands, nor yet 'underds, but I knew one. He shipped as cook on the Hope of Harwich two years ago, for a v'yage to Port o' St. John's, Newfoun'land. We was carryin' sheet tin an' solder in boxes, an' the skipper meant to take a cargo of canned lobsters back. Queerly enough, this 'ere man, wot shipped as cook for the v'yage, was a Winksea man. Ben Bliss 'is name was; an' if the nose in this 'ere picture was redder, an' the beard an' 'air likewise, leavin' out the difference in clo'es, Cap'n Honeyblow and Ben Bliss might 'ave bin brothers."

"Don't mind 'im, lady," entreated Mr. Mix, as Mrs. Honeyblow wiped away the newly started tear. "'E's only talkin' for the sake o' sayin' somethin'. It's 'is ignorant

way, that's all."

"Oh, but he speaks the truth, indeed he does," said Mrs. Honeyblow earnestly. "Ben Bliss was well known to me and Captain Honeyblow, and, indeed, to everyone in Winksea, and his likeness to my poor dear husband was really very strong. His

mother did the washing for the Captain's family, the two boys were playfellows and friends, allowing for the difference in station, and I've often and often heard my dear husband tell how he used to borrow Ben's clothes when he wanted to do anything he was sure to be whipped for. He had such a sense of humour!" Mrs. Honeyblow brought out the black-bordered handkerchief again. "And now they're both gone!" she whimpered, "both go—ne!"

"Both?" echoed Mr. Mix, with interroga-

tive eyebrows.

"Ben Bliss 'e walked overboard in 'is stockin' feet on the eighth day out," explained Mr. Wimper. "'E 'ad been drinkin' 'eavy since 'e come aboard, an' the cap'n 'ad 'urt 'is feelin's crool. Called 'im a dirty pig for sendin' up a biled fowl to the cabin table with the inside in an' the feathers on; an' Ben said as bein' called dirty by such a dirty man 'ad took away all 'is pleasure in life."

"So 'e made away with 'isself—for a little thing like that?" commented Mr. Mix

incredulously.

"C'mitted sooicide!" said Mr. Grimble,

with a sniff of contempt.

"Not exactly," said the narrator. "'E finished all the rum without offerin' a drop

to anybody, because he said it was p'ison; and then 'e took the only bit o' soap belongin' to the ship's comp'ny—it was a salt water patent kind, an' kep' in the fo'c'sle as a cur'osity—an' went overboard to 'ave a refreshin' wash, as 'e said."

"In the middle of the Atlantic! And couldn't somebody have stopped him?"

cried Mrs. Honeyblow.

"'E 'ad the galley meat-chopper, besides the soap," said Mr. Wimper pithily; "the cap'n went 'arf mad over it."

"Over losing him!" cried Mrs. Honeyblow.
"Over losing the chopper!" returned

Mr. Wimper simply.

"His poor wife lives in Winksea still!" said Mrs. Honeyblow. "She used to be our parlourmaid at home before I married Captain Honeyblow, and when my husband was away on his last voyage but one, she got married to Ben. Ben went away to sea a week before that dreadful day when the Captain disappeared, and three months later she got the news of his being drowned. She came to see me after she'd drawn her half-pay and clothes-money, looking so nice in her neat mourning. Said it was the first new dress Ben had ever bought her. She does the washing for the Home now, and is getting along quite comfortably. Here she is!" continued Mrs. Honeyblow, looking through the glass partition that separated the semi-private apartment in which she stood from the teetotal restaurant which occupied the ground-floor front, as a covered van stopped at the door, and a buxom, tidy young woman came through the shop, carrying one end of a bulky clothes-basket—the other moiety of which was supported by a broad-shouldered, middle-aged, somewhat sheepish-looking man. "Dear Mrs. Mudge, do ask her to step in here."

"She must," said the Matron. "We always go over the clean linen in my room, and three shirts were scorched to cinders only last week. Mrs. Bliss," she continued, as the swing door was bumped open and the buxom young woman appeared, closely followed by the greater part of the clothesbasket, "you have come just as we were talking about you. This young man"—she affably indicated Mr. Wimper—"has some news of your poor husband, which you

might like to hear."

Mrs. Bliss, before the conclusion of the sentence, had lost the best part of her colour. "It's not that he ain't dead, is it, ma'am?" she gasped entreatingly, letting go of her end of the basket and placing her hand upon her

heart. "Oh, please'm, it's not that he's not dead?"

"No such good fortune, my poor Hannah," said Mrs. Honeyblow kindly. "This young man"—Mr. Wimper touched his brow—" was one of the crew of the *Hope of Harwich*, and saw poor Ben go overboard, that's all."

"Sor 'im sink?" interrogated the widow

anxiously.

"Saw 'im sink," said Mr. Wimper, melted by the urgent appeal of Mrs. Bliss's eyes, "like a stone."

Mrs. Bliss wiped her face, to which the colour had returned, and breathed more freely. It appeared to Mr. Wimper, who was an observer, that the square, middleaged man who had followed the other end of the clothes-basket into the room breathed

more freely also, and perspired less.

"I shall never forget the last time I sor him!" Mr. Bliss's relict observed in a pleasant tone of retrospection. "'E come suddenly up from the 'arbour to tell me that a foreign-going barque named the *Hope of* Harwich wanted a cook, and that he'd shipped for the v'yage, and that I was to give 'is dog the fried steak 'e'd ordered for supper—a vicious, greedy thing it was—died sudden soon after poor Ben went. At the garden gate 'e stopped an', 'Give us a kiss, old gal! he says. So I kuss im," said Mrs. Bliss, who in moments of emotion or excitement was wont to enrich her native language with new verbs, "an' 'e kuss me. Little did I think we kass for the last time."

All three women sighed, and Mr. Mix courted popularity to the extent of throwing

in a groan.

"We were just speaking of the wonderful likeness between poor Ben and poor Captain Honeyblow, Hannah," explained Mrs. Honeyblow, reattaching the jet locket to her chain, "when you came in."

"It's wonderful!" said Mr. Wimper, whose easily-evoked admiration was now transferred from the lady to the laundress.

"You may well say so!" agreed Mrs. Bliss. "Before Mrs. Honeyblow married the Cap'n, when he came visiting at our 'ouse—me being then in service with Mrs. Honeyblow's ma as cook-general, and walking out with Ben—I couldn't 'ardly persuade myself, on coming suddenly into the parlour with the cloth an' catchin' the couple courting, as wot Miss 'Arriet wasn't taking liberties with my young man!"

Mr. Wimper laughed uproariously, and suddenly desisted under the chilly discouragement of Mrs. Honeyblow's glance.

"An' what made the likeness more complete," pursued Mrs. Bliss, "was that Ben havin' tattooed a 'art and a 'H' on the back of 'is right 'and for 'Annah—him being a beautiful worker in that way—the Captain made 'im tattoo a 'H' and a 'art on 'is, 'Arriet an' 'Annah both beginnin' with the same letter. Ah, dear me! Well, well!"

Mrs. Honeyblow echoed the laundress's sigh, and the square man at the other end of the clothes-basket shuffled his feet in an

embarrassed way.

"So you have found somebody to help you with the basket, Mrs. Bliss?" said the Matron affably, including the embarrassed

square man in a gracious smile.

"It's Mr. Limbird, as lives next door," explained the laundress, with a perceptibly heightened colour. "Being a wharf-watchman, an' only on duty at night, he's free to lend me a friendly 'and in the day, and I don't know what I'd do without 'is kindness, especially when it comes to wringin' an' manglin'—I don't, indeed!"

"Mr. Limbird is a single man, I presume?" interrogated the Matron, perceptibly deepening the tint of Limbird's countenance as

she fixed him with her glance.

"Widower!" explained Mr. Limbird, in a voice that apparently proceeded from the soles of his boots.

"Would you care to inspect the dormitories before you go?" inquired the Matron of Mrs. Honeyblow, after a slight and embarrassing pause, during which Mrs. Bliss fanned herself with the washing-book, and Mr. Limbird looked at nothing in particular with great attention.

"If you please," assented Mrs. Honeyblow. But just then a knock came at the door; it opened, and the brass-buttoned male functionary who discharged the duties of janitor and presided over the booking-office where the bed-tickets were sold, said to the Matron, touching his cap—

"Shipwrecked man and boy, 'm, just come in! Quite destitute, without a rag o' dunnage or a halfpenny between 'em!"

"Oh! how interesting!" cried Mrs. Honeyblow, clasping her hands. "Do let me see them! Where are they?"

"They're at one o' the tables in the restyrong," said the porter bitterly, "'aving cocoa and sausage-rolls."

"But we do not give food gratis unless beds have been paid for," said the Matron rebukingly; "and you tell me both the man and boy—"

"The boy give the order," said the injured

janitor; "the cheeky little——" He hesitated a second and substituted "imp." "I don't know 'ow Miss Higgins come to serve 'em. Don't blame me!"

"Where are they sitting?" asked Mrs. Bliss, who was not free from the failing of her sex.

"Oh, where?" entreated Mrs. Honeyblow.

"Do point them out, please!"

"You can see 'em plain from 'ere," said the janitor, indicating the glazed partition. "It's the second table between this and the Not that they're much to look at. The boy is like every other boy, only dirtier and raggeder, and impudenter, and the man is a shortish, stoutish, red-'aired, red-bearded seaman 'bout forty years of age." followed the Matron from the room, as Mrs. Honeyblow and Mrs. Bliss, impelled by a common impulse, ran to the partition, only to find the view into the shop obscured by the bodies of Mr. Wimper and his three fellow-mariners, who with countenances flattened against the glass were breathing it dim in the effort to concentrate their united observation on a common point of interest outside. Recalled to a sense of propriety by the indignant pokes of the doorkeeper, the four seamen at length detached themselves, and, wheeling round, presented to the company four countenances deeply flushed with excitement, and eight circular and staring eyes.

"Don't you scream, lady, at wot I'm goin' to tell you," warned Mr. Mix, fending off the closer approaches of Mrs. Honeyblow to the partition with affectionately extended arms. "An' wotever you do, remember I was the fust to reckernise 'im an' break the

good noos---"

"If you've anything the matter with your 'art, mum," cautioned Mr. Wimper, addressing Mrs. Bliss, "don't you look through there too sudden. I've knowed parties paralysed before now through gettin' sudden shocks——"

"Oh, why? What do you mean?"

panted both the widows.

"I mean," said Mr. Wimper, breaking it gently, "as your 'usband 'as come 'ome!"

Mrs. Honeyblow and Mrs. Bliss screamed in concert: "What!"

"Your 'usband, Cap'n 'Oneyblow, o' the Smiling Jane," said Mr. Mix doggedly.

"Your 'usband, Ben Bliss, late cook o' the 'Ope of Harwich," asseverated Mr. Wimper firmly.

The open mouths of Mrs. Honeyblow and Mrs. Bliss gave forth no sound, but their circular eyes put the interrogation "Where?"

"'E is now a-setting in the front shop," said Mr. Mix.

"The restyrong," corrected Mr. Wimper.

"With a ragged boy, 'aving cocoa and sossidge-rolls."

"They 'ave 'ad 'em," Mr. Wimper amended. "Look for yourself, if you think

I'm a liar!" He made way.

"She don't waste 'er time thinkin' that." sneered Mr. Mix, as both the panting, tearful women glued their agitated features against the glass partition. "She knows it! Look at 'er shakin' 'er 'ead."

"'Ear wot she's sayin'!" And indeed Mrs. Bliss seemed to shrink from grasping

at the suggested joy.

"It's not Ben come back; it ain't never!" she gasped, moistly clutching the trembling arm of Mrs. Honeyblow. "It's Cap'n 'Oneyblow, your 'usband, come back in disguise. I could swear to 'im anywhere!"

"Oh, no, no!" gurgled Mrs. Honeyblow. "It's Bliss. Nobody could mistake him!

Nobody!"

The two women looked in each other's pale faces. The door opened and closed behind the retreating forms of the four seamen, who were unwilling to let a valuable

opportunity slip.

"Oh, don't think I grudge you your happiness!" choked Mrs. Honeyblow. "There! The Matron's talking to him. She's bringing him this way. He's a stranger to her, of course, she being quite new to Winksea. Oh! in your place I should go wild with joy! Why don't you-" Her eyes, following the direction of Mrs. Bliss's, reverted to the stiff, upright figure of the square-headed Mr. Limbird, propped up with vacant gaze and open mouth, in a corner of "What can be the reason the room.

Mrs. Honeyblow stopped suddenly, overwhelmed by the conviction that the reason was leaning against the wall. Her dazed glance swirled round to Mrs. Bliss, whose eyes were fastened on the door, and who, as footsteps sounded and stopped outside, sank slowly down upon the basket of newly washed The door-handle rattled and the door swung slowly back, admitting the scarecrow figures of the two mariners whose previous conversation we retail in the next chapter.

II.

"Four sossidge-rolls an' two pints o' cocoa, an' look sharp about it!" ordered Tommy, swinging his legs over the verge of a rather tall chair. He was a small, meagre, brighteyed boy of twelve, economically clothed in the upper portion of an out-sized pair of seaman's trousers. Buttons and string coyly confined the garment round his neck, his lean and, I grieve to add, unwashed arms emerged from the flapped apertures originally communicating with the pockets, and the remains of a red woollen comforter tied about his waist, prudishly checked the straying tendencies of his sole garment.

"An' look sharp about it!" repeated

Tommy.

"You know we haven't any money, don't you?" whispered the more aged and less confident of the two distressed mariners, bending over the table to reach his young

companion's ear.

"O' course!" said Tommy, taking a huge circular bite out of the first sausage-roll. "An' so ort she, if she's a 'ead on 'er," he added, referring to the young person who had served them. "Didn't yer ear me tell 'er we was shipwrecked sailormen, and 'ow can shipwrecked sailormen 'ave money?"

"That reminds me," said the stout, red-bearded mariner. "What did you tell the young woman we were shipwrecked for, you

lying young—rascal?"

"'Cos if I'd pitched 'er the truth, 'an said we was two bloomin' stowaways wot 'ad worked our passage 'ome on the 'Alifax Lass as ship's cook and extra boy, we'd 'ave got nothin'," said Tommy, with a contemptuous sniff, "except the chuck direct instead of 'avin' it by an' by. Why don't yer stow your grub before they takes it away? Must I eat for yer as well as cadge?" The contempt of the youth's tone and expression must have stimulated the appetite as well as the courage of the stout, red-bearded seaman, for he fell ravenously upon the food, which rapidly vanished under their united

"Seems odd that brig what we stowed away aboard at 'Alifax should 'ave bin bound 'ome to this port," remarked the boy, after an unbroken period of mastication.

"Why?" asked the red-bearded seaman, opening two very round, light blue eyes.

"'Cos yer don't know nothink about it," shrilled Tommy derisively. "Never was born 'ere, never was 'prenticed 'ere, never got married 'ere, never run away from yer wife and left 'er 'ere two years ago come next week. That's w'y!"

"Shut up, confound you!" pleaded the stout seaman, with an agonised glance round.

"Somebody'll hear."

"Yessir!" said Tommy with a fiendish obsequiousness.

"Don't call me 'sir,' " snapped the red-

haired seaman.

"Cap'n, then!" amended Tommy

viciously.

"How many times must I tell you, you little demon," said the irritated seaman, "that my name's Ben Bliss, and that my rating is ship's cook?"

"Yer ain't no ship's cook," said Tommy with conviction, shaking his head. "I knowed that afore we'd bin two days aboard

of the 'Alifax Lass."

"What made you think it?" asked the

other sourly.

"The cookin'," said the boy shortly.
"Sides which, yer told me yerself yer was a ship's cap'n in disguise."

"I must have been dreaming when I told you that," mumbled the other, looking hard

at the opposite wall.

"Not a bit of it, my lad," said the boy

derisively.

"Don't you call me your lad!" snapped the stout seaman.

"Nossir!" said Tommy respectfully

"'Ben' you can call me; and if you want to be respectful, 'Mr. Bliss' 'll do," said the other. "And coming to names—what's yours?"

"Tommy," said Tommy.

"Tommy what?" continued the questioner.

"Tommy Nott," replied the questioned.

"And you ran away from your mother's shop at Deptford because——"

"Cos my last new farver whopped me!" said Tommy. "I told yer that before. After I saved yer life, I did!"

"Saved my life!" said the stout seaman with wounding incredulity; "a measly little shaver like you, that had been loafing about the quays for weeks and living on kicks and potato-peels!"

"I was doin' the same as yerself, if it comes to that," sniffed the boy defiantly.

"Living on kicks and potato - peels?" asked the stout seaman with ominous distinctness, while his right hand rose and hovered fondly in the vicinity of the boy's ear.

"Lookin' for a ship," amended Tommy, leaning delicately aside, "an' gettin' warned off by cap'ns an' mates. An' stewards an' carpenters," he added after a pause, "'cos I'd left my dress clo'es be'ind where I come from, an' they said they didn't want no sich scarecrows aboard."

"Did I get warned off?" pressed the stout seaman in an unpleasant tone. "Did I? Did they call me a scarecrow? Think a bit, if you can't remember?"

The eyes of Tommy Nott made a rapid inventory of the stout seaman's wardrobe, which comprised a scarlet guernsey trimmed with tar and lamp-oil, an old and highly polished pair of railway porter's corduroy trousers, a Glengarry cap with one tail, and the uppers of a pair of American rubber boots.

"It was worse than that," said Tommy simply. "They didn't call me a bloomin' Salvation slush-bucketer. Nor——"

"You've got a good memory, haven't you, my boy?" said the stout seaman, trying to smile. "You heard me explain to those rude, uncivil men how I came to lack the necessaries of life. You heard——"

"No, I didn't," said, Tommy firmly. "They never waited to 'ear. An' that's 'ow yer come to miss the gangway an' slip between the ship's side an' the basin, an' 'ow I come to save yer life."

The stout seaman snorted indignantly.

"I dived after yer!" asserted Tommy.
"Fell after me, you mean!" said his

"An' pulled yer out," said Tommy.

"Pulled me under," contradicted the stout

"An' afterwards, when yer'd finished the bottle o' whisky the quay-officer give yer to stop us from takin' cold——" continued Tommy.

"Whisky's poison to young boys," stated the other hastily. "It would have been

inhumane to let you drink any."

"Yer told me as 'ow I'd saved the life of the cap'n of a merchanter in disguise, an' I

should never want while I lived."

"S'sh! You see what bad whisky it must have been to make me talk such a lot of rubbish," said the red-bearded seaman, breaking out into a perspiration. "And how many times must I tell you not to talk so loud? What do you think would happen if anybody heard you?"

"I should find out whether it was the truth or the whisky," said Tommy. "But

it's the truth. I've seed yer wife!"

"What?" gasped the stout seaman, under-

going a lobster-like change of hue.

"I sor yer wife last night," said Tommy, fixing his eyes upon the scarlet countenance of the middle-aged seaman, "an' yer sor her, too. It was when yer lost me an' went for a walk by yerself in the dark."

"Did I?" said the other blankly.

"Not by yerself," said Tommy, "'cos I come, too. She—yer wife, I mean—lives in a nice house and garden 'bout a mile outside the town. I sor yer sneak in at the gate 'thout ringin' the bell, an' peep in through a crack o' the parler winder-blind. I 'ad a peep myself afore I come away, an' I'm s'prised at yer."

"Why?" muttered his abashed com-

panion.

"Leavin' sich a nice young woman all alone by herself," said Tommy with severity. "She 'ad a black dress on, an' a white thing on her 'ead."

"Widow's cap," said the stout man

shortly.

"An' I sor 'er weddin'-ring shine when she put 'er 'an'kerchief up to 'er eyes."

"Crying?" jerked out the other, turning

purple.

"Larfin'," said Tommy. "She 'ad one o' them funny picture papers readin', an' she larfed over somethin' in it till she cried."

"You see what women are," said the other, after a misogynistical pause. "Don't you ever marry one of 'em, my boy, if you don't want to spoil your life. Look at me!"

"I did, when we got out o' the lanes to where the lamp-posts was," said Tommy, "an' I couldn't think 'ow she could."

"Could what?" snapped his companion. "Look at yer," said Tommy with candour, "if wot yer said at 'Alifax was true."

"Don't you be impudent," said the stout seaman, in a choking voice; "I've warned vou before."

"All right, my fine feller," said Tommy cheerfully, scraping the sugar and cocoagrounds from the bottom of his cup.

"Don't call me your fine fellow!" said the

other, clenching his fist.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Tommy smartly.

"I'll tell you why I walked out to Mrs. Honeyblow's house last night," pursued the other, after a brief moment devoted to rapid mental labour. "I used to know her husband and her too, before I—before he disappeared. This is my native place, and when I was a boy, the Captain was one too, and we played about together. When he was 'prenticed to the Merchant Service, his father got me a berth on the same vessel, the Quick Passage she was, trading to the Bermudas. I sailed with him when he was mate of the Fancy Free, an' when he got his master's certificate. When he got married to that young woman I peeped at through the window, I was —" the speaker gulped—"I was there—"

"An' when he caught another bloke kissin' 'er in the garden when he came 'ome from givin' evidence before the Board o' Trade 'bout 'is runnin' down a trawler—an' made up 'is mind to go away on the quiet like Enoch Ardin-or wotever you said 'is name was-was yer with 'im then?" Tommy demanded.

"Yes, I was," asserted the other, and Tommy seemed shaken for the first time. But he rallied enough to ask-

"Then why didn't yer knock at the door last night an' tell her where her 'usband is?"

"Because I took my oath to him I'd never betray him," the stout mariner said, with a breath of relief, "and he knew Ben Bliss would keep his word! Besides, the shock of seeing me might have killed her."

"Wot?" ejaculated Tommy.

"Or driven her mad!" asserted the other

comfortably.

"Yer ain't over-'an'some to look at," said Tommy, with critical regard, "but I've seen a uglier face than wot yours is. Remember that Finn—him with the-

"Because I'm the breathing image of her husband, Captain Honeyblow," said the other hastily, "that's why it would upset her to see me. We were as like as twins—everybody noticed it. And now that he's dead and gone-"

"Dead, is he?" said Tommy.

never told me that afore."

"He went away to die when he found out that his newly married wife didn't care for him," said the stout seaman, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Ah, but did 'e?" said Tommy acutely.

"He did," said the alleged Mr. Bliss; "soon after—died of a broken heart in a lonely spot at the—the North Pole, without a living creature near him to tell the tale."

"Then 'ow is it yer can tell it?" inter-

rogated the young cross-examiner.

"Because his ghost appeared to me," returned the other, "and revealed the secret. Nobody but me knows, or ever will know, where he lies."

"Then why don't yer up and pretend to be him?" said Tommy eagerly. might 'a' knocked at the door last night an' said so. If yer as like Cap'n 'Oneyblow as wot yer say yer are, Mrs. 'Oneyblow 'ud 'ave believed yer. Where's yer 'ead gone to, that yer didn't think of it before?"

"Why, you—you wicked little scamp!" said the stout seaman, with deep feeling. "Do you suppose I'd stoop to a deception like that? Pretend to be another man—and



tell falsehood upon falsehood? If ever you got any education, you're a disgrace to it."

But Tommy had slipped down from his tall chair. "Come on! I'll stand by yer an' see yer through," he said protectingly. "As for 'er—Mrs. 'Oneyblow—dyin' or goin' mad, wimmen don't die so easy, an' she must 'ave bin mad, anyway, to marry a man like——"

"Like——?" said the stout seaman, flushing angrily. "Go on; let's hear. Like——"

"Like 'im," said Tommy guardedly. "Come on, let's go an' break the good news."

"You're a boy, and don't know what you're talking about," said the other loftily. "Let's get out of this! There's people been staring at you and me for minutes past over the ground glass of that partition bottom of the shop there. As for what you suggest, it's felony—punishable with imprisonment for life if I were found out. You don't think what a thing it would be for me——"

"An' yer don't think wot a thing it would be for me," said Tommy in a hoarse whisper of swelling injury, "to 'ave saved the life of a real skipper with a master's certificate, 'stead of a common, ordinary ship's cook like yer. Wot do yer mean by such selfishness? Why, it 'ud make me fortune. Over an' over ag'in, it would. I'm s'prised at yer, I Wot's wrong now?"

For the stout seaman, after stealing a second hurried glance at the glass partition, had turned very pale and risen to his feet.

"Come away—I can't stand the smell of food in here! "he said breathlessly, grasping his young companion firmly by a portion of his only garment, and beginning to pick his way amongst the little tables in the direction of the street. But even as he reached the glass swing doors, the portal was blocked up by the bodies of four seamen, who had passed on their way out a moment previously. Now they formed a living barrier between the fugitives and freedom, and on the face of every man sat a pleased, expectant smile.

"'Ow are you, matey?" inquired Mr. Wimper, to whom one of the faces belonged. "Goin' to cut an' run an' leave all your ole pals be'ind you, was you?" He smote the stout seaman powerfully upon one shoulder. "'Eave to an' let's 'ave a yarn!" he said.

"Stow that, William," said Mr. Mix "If you don't know respect for your superiors, you must be learned it. A cap'n's a cap'n, wotever 'e 'as on-or off,"

added Mr. Mix, correcting himself.

"I don't know what you're talking about, either of you," said the alleged Mr. Bliss, with pale face and twitching lips. boy and me made the voyage from Halifax as stowaways—and we've struck hard times here, as well as on the other side. destitute and starving—not a penny to bless ourselves with, we came in here and ordered food."

"An' nat'rally enough," said Mr. Wimper, "when you've 'ad your blow out, you slips your cable. But you're leavin' more than a little bill be'ind, though you don't know it!"

"William!" said Mr. Mix warningly. "Upon my soul, I don't know what you're talking about!" said the stout seaman

fervently.

"'E don't know 'isself, sir!" said Mr.

Mix with respectful warmth.

"It's no good your sir-ing me," said the unhappy stout seaman doggedly. "My name's Ben Bliss, and my rating's ship's cook. Consequently-".

"Consequently you never sailed with me aboard the 'Ope of 'Arwich?" put in the irrepressible Mr. Wimper. "Consequently you never got boozed an' kept it up? Consequently you never sent the ole man up a biled fowl with the feathers on an' the inside---"

"Upon my oath, I never did," said the

agitated stout seaman.

"O' course not, Cap'n 'Oneyblow, sir!" said Mr. Mix warmly.

"O' course not, sir!" chorused Mr. Mix's

two supporters.

"Why do you call me Captain Honeybird, or 'blow,' or whatever the name is?" demanded the stout seaman, "when I tell

you my name's Bliss?"

"'Cos they've got it into their fat 'eads," explained Mr. Wimper, with graceful familiarity, "as there's a bit o' boodle to be made out of provin' you to be the other bloke, matey. But me an' you knows better, don't us? An' so does somebody else in there!" Mr. Wimper's jerked thumb indicated the glazed partition. "Come along an' see 'er." He took the arm of the stout seaman with a wink suggesting sympathy with the softer emotions. But the frenzied stout seaman shook him off.

"I don't know what you mean, or who you're talking about. You've been drinking, my man, that's what you've been. Let me

pass, and I'll overlook it this time!"

Far from being wounded by the personality, Mr. Wimper grinned from ear to ear. "Ain't 'e a daisy?" he chuckled. "Ain't 'e a fair treat! Been drinkin'! Good ole Benny wot got overboard to wash 'is socks in the middle of the Atlantic!" He wiped his brimming eyes upon his sleeve. "'E'll overlook it this time!" he gasped. look it!"

"I'm ashamed o' you, William Wimper," said Mr. Mix severely. Stimulated by this sympathy, his victim made an effort to pass, instantly foiled by the saline veteran. "No, sir," he said, solemnly elevating an expostu-"Excuse me, cap'n, but not if lating palm. I know it!"

"I've told you we've got no money!" said the flushed and desperate stout seaman, looking anxiously over his shoulder. "Let me and the boy get a fair start before the attention of the manager is attracted—andand I'll do as much for you another time."

"Beggin' your pardon, cap'n," apologised Mr. Mix, "it can't be done. "No ways, it

can't."

"My belief is you're all intoxicated," said the person addressed, savagely. Mr. Mix rolled a bleary eye ceilingwards in pious horror, and Mr. Wimper was seized with a fresh paroxysm of mirth.

"Stow it! Stow it, Benny, ole man," he panted, "or I shall bust somethin'. An' don't be in a 'urry to leave us, Benny, because you've a friend 'ere willin' to pay for the grub, an' more if you want it. If you

arsks 'oo, it's your wife!"
"My——" The stout seaman controlled a start and turned it into a shake of the head. "Ben Bliss wasn't a married man," he said decidedly. "That is—he isn't.

None of your silly jokes with me!"

"That's right, sir," said Mr. Mix patronisingly, as Mr. Wimper wilted momentarily under the stern glance of the stout seaman's eve. "Don't put up with his familiarness. It's your own dear good lady as is a-waiting Mrs. Captain Daniel for you in there. 'Oneyblow as---"

"What?" gasped the stout seaman, turn-

ing white.

"As 'as mourned you as lost," said Mr.

Mix, "up'ards of two year."

"I thought 'im lost myself," said Mr. Wimper, who had recovered. "Didn't I see 'im go? But 'e was too full o' whisky to leave room for salt water, an' 'ere 'e is as frisky as ever, pretendin' to be a bachelor bloke just for the fun o' the thing!" He grasped the arm of the disputed article of salvage as Mr. Mix shot forth a horny claw and possessed himself of the right one. "But stow larks, Benny, or your missus'll be gettin' impatient. Come along, come along an' see 'er!"

"Come along an' see 'er, cap'n," said Mr. Mix. "Oh, won't it be a 'appy meetin'

when you an' she-"

"Is this who you mean?" said the captive, with a creditably simulated air of vacancy, as a stout, middle-aged woman in a cap approached, followed by an official of the establishment.

"No, an' you know it," said Mr. Wimper

shortly.

"It's the Matron, sir," explained Mr. Mix. "Bring the boy along, you chaps be'ind. I've found 'im, mum; I've found the missin' 'usband of that dear lady in there. Won't she bless old Mix for this---'

"When she sees 'e's got 'old of the wrong man! "sneered Wimper. "Don't you 'ang

back, Benny; shyness ain't like you.'

Holding the stout stranger in the powerful grasp necessitated by his shrinking desire for anonymity, he opened the door of the glasspartitioned room. Two feminine shrieks, uttered simultaneously in different keys, greeted the involuntary entrance of the stout seaman.

"It's Bliss—Ben Bliss, your husband! Yes. Hannah, it is—it is!" cried Mrs. Honeyblow.

"Oh, no, 'm, no! It's Captain 'Oneyblow come back to you again!" screamed Mrs. Bliss.

The stout seaman, at the first shrill note of Mrs. Honeyblow's scream, had given a galvanic start. Framing a rapid resolution in the desperate state of things, he let his red beard drop upon his chest and stared from one tearful countenance to the other with a really creditable assumption of vacancy.

"My Daniel—that! Never!" gasped Mrs. Honeyblow. "It's your own husband, Bliss. He—oh, can it be that he doesn't

recognise you, Hannah?"

"Oh, Cap'n Honeyblow, sir, don't you know your own dear wife? Look at 'er again," sobbed Mrs. Bliss. "Oh, do—do

look at 'er again!"

A ray of meaning came into the dull eyes of the red-bearded seaman. "I don't know her," he said stolidly, carefully averting his glance from the pretty features surmounted by the widow's bonnet. "And I don't know you. Your faces are familiar to me-I mean quite strange. You must be mistaking me for somebody else, my—my good woman."

The gifted artist swept the cold dews from his forehead with a right hand that trembled

"With her initial tattooed on your hand!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeyblow, pointing to the guilty member. "'H' for Hannah."

"Oh, please, Miss'Arriet, ma'am, I mean," cried Mrs. Bliss, "the Captain 'ad the same. My poor Ben borrowed a carpet-needle from me to do the prickin' with. He—

"Yes, didn't you?" said Mrs. Honeyblow, smiling soothingly on the red-bearded man, who felt the blood rush dizzily to his brain.

"Tommy," he said in a strangled voice.

"'Ere," said Tommy guardedly.
"Tell these ladies that I've lost my memory," appealed the disputed property.

"Ever since the day I dove overboard and saved yer life, yer 'ave," responded Tommy promptly.

"Dived!" echoed the stout

angrily.

"Dove," said Tommy shrilly, "an' killed that shark wot nearly bit yer legs orf. The cap'n said it was the most gallantest haction 'e ever sor."

"There wasn't any shark there!" shouted the red-bearded, stout seaman, "or any captain, either; and you're a little liar!"

"Yer forget yer've lost yer memory," said Tommy promptly. "There was three of us there, just as I've said—me an' the shark, an' Ben Bliss, an' Cap'n Honeyblow."

"Captain Honeyblow!" exclaimed that officer's relict, seizing the boy by the sleeve.

"Was he there?"

Tommy nodded portentously. The stout seaman stared at him with bolting eyes. Four seamen guarded the door. The situation hung upon the lips of one small, grinning boy, dressed in the moiety of a pair of adult mariner's trousers.

"He was there?" cried Mrs. Honeyblow.

"Then where is he now?"

"There," said Tommy, pointing a stubby, black finger adorned with a half-eaten nail at the hapless stout seaman. Before Mrs. Honeyblow had time to emit another sentence—"An' Ben Bliss is there, too," said Tommy. "Ever since 'e lost 'is memory 'e don't know which 'e is. My belief-

"But before he had the shock-" faltered Mrs. Honeyblow, holding on to the equally agitated Mrs. Bliss. "Before you saved his

"Which was 'e then? Tell us, there's a dear!" entreated Mrs. Bliss. But Tommy shook his head.

"I dunno," he said simply. "I never seed 'im till I sor 'im in the water, swimmin' for 'is life, with the shark goin' to bite 'is 'ead orf. An' I dove overboard—off a vessel boun' for—for Colorado—an' killed the shark—an' saved 'im." 🥕

"I wish that shark 'ad 'ad a bit more sense," said Mr. Mix savagely from behind.

"I wish-

But Mrs. Honeyblow and Mrs. Bliss were straining their vision as they gazed at the maritime mystery before them. The mystery had taken refuge in stolid silence.

"Oh, try, try to remember," urged Mrs. Honeyblow, "that your name is Bliss! Isn't

it, my poor fellow?"

"Think a bit, Cap'n 'Oneyblow, do, sir, an' it'll all come back to you," besought Mrs.

But under the interrogatory gaze of eager eyes the stout, red-bearded seaman remained silent and inscrutable.

III.

Mrs. Bliss resided in Paradise Row, a street situated in the rural suburbs of The gooseberry bushes in the Winksea, little front garden bore a fine crop of drying linen, and heavily laden lines bearing garments of both sexes traversed the path, at a height calculated not to miss the hat of a visitor.

"But I've got no 'eart for ironing," said Mrs. Bliss, as she sprinkled a basket of shirts with starch and water. "Wot woman could 'ave, with this 'anging over 'er?"

Mr. Limbird grunted an assenting nega-

tive and turned the mangle savagely.

"It's the crool uncertainty wot's so trying," said Mrs. Bliss. "But there! For days and nights I've knowed somethink 'orrible was goin' to 'appen. 'oppen."

"Well, you're satisfied, ain't you?" growled

Mr. Limbird.

"Before we set out yesterday with the van," went on Mrs. Bliss, "you must 'ave noticed I wasn't myself?"

"I did!" said Mr. Limbird.

"Wot did I do that struck you as unusual, Jim?" asked the prophetess, slightly flattered. Mr. Limbird ceased to mangle, and rested his chin on the handle of the machine, an attitude favourable to reflection. "You cleaned the kitchen," he said, "and you smacked the baby."

"I smuck 'er, the blessed innercent!" said Mrs. Bliss, lifting the personage in question out of the cradle and atoning by a hug, "because she would keep on a-pointing to that fortygraph of pore Ben wot hangs by the dresser an' callin' it Da!"

"She'll be able to p'int to something solider than a fortygraph before long, observed Mr. Limbird, with whom mental suffering took the not infrequent form of surliness. But he retreated as Mrs. Bliss hastily put back the baby in the cradle, dropped into a chair, and began to cry. didn't mean to 'urt you by the 'int, 'Annah," he said, swallowing something that stuck in his own throat, "but if we've got to face it, we 'ave. This ain't Cap'n 'Oneyblow what 'as come back with 'is 'ead screwed on the wrong way, an' thinks 'arf the time 'e's Benjamin Bliss; it's Benjamin Bliss what supposes 'e's Cap'n 'Oneyblow, an' you an' me are a-setting on a lighted powder-barrel, so to speak, waiting to be blowed apart for ever. That's 'ow I look at it." He wiped his heated brow with a red handkerchief, and after an instant's silent struggle mopped his eyes also.

"To co-come back," Mrs. Bliss wailed, "like this! After two years! Not drowned, as the cap'n of the 'Ope of 'Arwich said 'e was, but alive an'—" The rest of the

sentence was smothered in apron.

"He'll miss a old thing or so," said Mr.

Limbird. His glance strayed eloquently in the direction of the cradle, whose occupant was placidly sucking a plug of indiarubber. "An' he'll find one or two new 'uns. What came o' that grandfather's clock 'e used to be so proud of?"

"I sold it to Mr. 'Arris, the broker in Ropewalk Street, a month after you an' me got married by the Registrar on the quiet," little secret an' 'ave a weddin'-breakfast an' a christenin'-party all in one."

"My belief is they don't want no lettin' in," responded Mrs. Bliss, as she dried her eyes. "Mrs. Gedge she guessed long ago, if you ast me; and Mrs. Maw an' 'er sister guss before 'er. Mr. 'Arris goss when I swapped the clock, for 'e winked at me, an' wonk at 'is shopman, an'---"



"'E gave me thirty sobbed Mrs. Bliss. shillin's in cash an' a new double-bedded bolster.'

"'Cos the old one was all lumps. I know," assented Mr. Limbird.

"That was with me cryin' so much o' nights when Ben was away at sea," sniffed Mrs. Bliss.

"For fear 'e wouldn't come 'ome?" hinted Mr. Limbird jealously.

"For fear 'e would," said Mrs. Bliss

simply.

"An' now 'e 'as," said the distracted Mr. Limbird, "just as you an' me was makin' up our minds to let the neighbours into our

"There's a knock at the door," signalled Mr. Limbird.

Mrs. Bliss caught up the cradle, occupant and all, and stuffed it into his arms, and the wharf-watchman, opening a door artfully papered over and communicating with his own bachelor dwelling, noiselessly vanished, as, with her hand upon her heart, Mrs. Bliss economically opened the door, an inch at a time.

"It's Mrs. Honeyblow," said the voice of that lady. "Don't look so frightened, Hannah!"

Mrs. Bliss promptly altered her expression as her glance fell upon her visitor's attire.

"You've—you've gone out of weeds, 'm!"

she cried joyfully.

"Into half-mourning," corrected Mrs. Honeyblow, "because, since yesterday morning, I'm only half certain that I'm a widow. It's about that I've come. We're going to send—him—down here from the Home this afternoon."

Mrs. Bliss became rigid with apprehension, and Mr. Limbird, listening behind the papercovered door, clenched his fists in an access

of jealous fury.

"For a little while, under charge of some kindly sailors," said Mrs. Honeyblow, "in the hope that his weary brain may be refreshed by the sight of familiar objects."

"If you mean me, 'm-" began Mrs.

Bliss, with rising emotion.

"His memory might come back, quite suddenly, the Doctor says. Oh! think what it would mean to have your husband back again!" said Mrs. Honeyblow.

"That's just what I do think!" said Mrs. Bliss, with a shiver. "I've thunk of nothing

else, since yesterday!"

"You must have been so lonely, Hannah!" cried Mrs. Honeyblow.

Mrs. Bliss looked down and pleated her

apron.

"Without a man's voice and a man's step
a house does seem so empty." pursued Mrs.

a house does seem so empty," pursued Mrs. Honeyblow, with a sigh. "I know what it is, and I can feel for you. And for this poor

wanderer too!"

"Then why don't you let the kindly sailors take 'im out to your 'ouse and refresh 'is weary brain with the familiar objects there?" said the laundress, reddening indignantly. "His memory might come back suddenly, an' think wot it would mean to 'ave your own dear 'usband back again!"

The ladies exchanged a look of indecipher-

able meaning.

"I do, I do; but to wish to be happy at your expense would be so selfish, Hannah!" said Mrs. Honeyblow angelically. "You don't think I grudge you the joy of reunion with——"

"Miss 'Arriet," said Mrs. Bliss, nerving herself for the struggle. "I won't 'ave 'im! I've said I won't, an' I wun't. 'E don't belong to me. If you must 'ave it, I'm better suited. Me and Mr. Limbird next door got joined before the Registrar a year back, an' to make a clean breast of it," added the desperate woman, as an infantile wail pierced the paper-covered door of communication with the next house, "there's the baby cryin' now."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeyblow in shocked accents, "how dreadful! What a revelation!—how imprudent you have been! What—oh! what do you intend to do?"

"Stick out as Ben's dead an' I'm a widder until 'e proves beyond doubt as 'e's alive an' I ain't one!" said Mrs. Bliss with great firmness.

"But, Hannah, my poor, dear Hannah!"

began Mrs. Honeyblow.

"Coaxin's no use, Miss 'Arriet!" said the laundress. "If you was to sit on that rush-bottomed cheer from Christmas to Barnaby, persuadin' me, I'd never be cux or perswodd into takin' a 'usband wot isn't mine. Ne—ver!"

"Brayvo!" said the listening Mr. Limbird.

"It's 'ard on the Doctor to 'ave a blight fall on 'is budding 'opes," pursued the eloquent laundress, "but they've got to be

blote, if it depends on me!"

"I don't understand you, Hannah!" said Mrs. Honeyblow icily, but with a complexion considerably warmed. She gave emphasis to the declaration by immediately adding: "Have people been talking? Oh! what busybodies! What are they saying?"

"Only that the Doctor 'ave become very fond of calling at The Vineyard!" returned

Mrs. Bliss.

The Vineyard was Mrs. Honeyblow's suburban villa, and Mrs. Honeyblow was tinglingly conscious that her health had, during the last twelve months, required a

good deal of professional attendance.

"He has certainly called at The Vineyard very regularly," she owned. "But he is very shy and very reserved, and has said nothing definite to me, and I have said nothing definite to him. And at this moment of dreadful uncertainty——"Her rounded chin quivered, and large tears rose in her effective eyes. Mrs. Bliss slid from her chair and knelt beside her.

"Don't be uncertain, Miss 'Arriet," she implored. "Make up your mind it's the Captain! The Captain, come back like a repentant prodigy, longin' to be folded to your 'art of 'arts. Say it over an' over till the good news seems true, like I done when I see in the Weekly Gazelte as my Ben were drownded at sea."

Mrs. Honeyblow was visibly shaken by this impassioned appeal. "Hannah, Hannah, my good girl," she panted, "if I only—if I could really—if it were as you say! But Daniel must be dead! He must have been kidnapped—oh! I've thought it all out!—murdered in London by the owners of that smack who brought the action."

"They won it," said Mrs. Bliss; "an' as for revenge, they 'ad it out of 'im in chaff in Court. Not but wot that might 'a' preyed upon 'is feelings, bein' made a laughin'-stock of!"

"He never could see a joke—any more than he could leave off being jealous if another man looked at me!" sighed Mrs. Honeyblow. Mrs. Bliss suddenly clutched

her arm.

"Miss 'Arriet—if I never breathe my lips again," said Mrs. Bliss with dramatic fervour, "I've got to say it now. It was jealousy druv the Cap'n to vanish like that, just as 'e stood, in a suit o' Navy serge, with two pound ten in 'is pocket. Don't speak, ma'am; wait a minute! Twenty times the words 'as bin on the tip o' my tongue. But I've check 'em, an' chock 'em, an' chuck 'em—though I knew they was bound to out. You—you remember that day Cap'n 'Oneyblow vunish—I was up at The Vineyard 'elpin' your two girls with a late spring-clean?"

"Yes—yes!" gurgled Mrs. Honeyblow.

"Oh, please be quick!"

"You 'ad on a new-"

"Gown—yes, I know, white, trimmed with lilae."

"An' the Doctor dropped in, quite late,

to afternoon tea."

- "We had it on the lawn, under the trees, the weather was so beautifully warm. Go on!"
- "I was in the little breakfast-parlour, lookin' on the lawn, washin' the venetian blinds. Sudden, I heard a screech—sudden, I did—an' peeped through the slats," said Mrs. Bliss earnestly, "the blinds bein'——"

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Honeyblow.

"I pope through——"
"You've said that!"

"I pup, an' what do you think I sor?"

"How can I tell?"

"I sor you runnin' round an' round the lawn, giving little playful shrieks like——"

" Oh!"

"An' the Doctor chasin' you, with 'is black coat-tails flyin' on the breeze," said Mrs. Bliss emphatically. "'E chuss you till 'e caught you, quite frisky like, an' then——"

"I know—I—oh, Hannah; what must

you have——'

"I sor 'im catch you from behind, round the neck, in a ticklin', playful way. An' that very moment I 'eard 'eavy steps, like the Captain's, go down the little avenue be'ind the 'igh 'olly 'edge, an' the garden gate shut. An' the Captain never come 'ome that night, nor after. The 'orrid truth

must 'a' flashed on him like lightnin' and froze 'is blood," said Mrs. Bliss.

"And you believe that when you-"

"Pap through them blinds—"

"You saw me and Doctor Venables kissing—kissing!"

"Not azackly kissin'. Playful in a Bank 'Oliday kind of way I shouldn't 'a' expected,"

said Mrs. Bliss candidly.

"Then you wronged us both wickedly!" declared Mrs. Honeyblow with spirit. "The Doctor did run after me, and I screamed, but only because a cockchafer had got into my hair. One of those horrid, leggy things with sticky wings and fat bodies. Oh, Hannah! and you believe that—"

"When I pip at you both, the Cap'n was

a-popping, too," Mrs. Bliss nodded.

"And—that—was—what drove him—

awav?"

Mrs. Honeyblow burst into tears. The drops dried upon her flaming cheeks as the latched door vibrated under a tremendous thump from an unseen fist, and the voice of Mr. Wimper sang out—

" A'oy ! "

"It's 'im!" whispered Mrs. Bliss, reconnoitring through the latch-hole. "Them sailormen 'ave brought 'im, as you said. The boy's there, too. Look an' see!"

"Oh, Hannah! that woeful wreck of humanity can never be my Daniel!" gasped Mrs. Honeyblow. "Don't—don't open the door for a second! I shall faint or some-

thing, I'm sure!"

"I've got somethink to do before I take an' faint," said Mrs. Bliss with determination. "I've got to prove as what this woeful human wreck ain't my Ben—an' I'm goin' to."

"Wh-what will you d-do?" whispered Mrs. Honeyblow through chattering teeth.

"Put 'im to the test," declared the stronger spirit, untying a coloured apron and revealing the smarter one beneath. Then she opened the door. The stout, red-bearded seaman was standing vacantly staring on the doorstep, the small boy, whose wardrobe had been augmented by several charitable contributions, stood behind him, and four attentive mariners mounted guard upon the fence.

"Good day!" said Mrs. Bliss, with a

beaming smile.

"'Day!" said the stout seaman briefly. His eye, travelling beyond Mrs. Bliss to the face of Mrs. Honeyblow, grew stonier, his vacancy of manner more laboriously pronounced.

"I needn't 'ardly say you're welcome,

Cap'n Honeyblow," said Mrs. Bliss. "Step in, sir, step in. You'll find your good lady

'ere. Ain't that pleasant?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the stout seaman, taking refuge in one side of his dual personality. "I'm Ben Bliss, that's who I am—never was anybody else—and this lady is nothing to me! I've found my lost memory—and I remember everything!"

Spurred by disavowal to resentment, Mrs. Honeyblow tossed her head, while Mrs. Bliss

for the moment lost hers.

"Speak to 'im, lady!" pressed the alarmed Mr. Mix. "Take 'is 'and an' call 'im a pet name. It might bring 'im to 'isself."

"There's your missus, Benny, ole man!" urged Mr. Wimper willingly. "Say'Ta, ta,'

an' give 'er a pretty kiss!"

"If 'e does," said Mrs. Bliss, regaining her self-command, "it won't be before all the riff-raff o' the town. I should 'a' thought you'd been cured o' keepin' low comp'ny, Ben, by 'arf of what you 'ave went through. Now you can come in, if you like, an' make yourself at 'ome, but no choppin' an' changin'. If you say Ben, you stay Ben—an' so you can make up your mind to it."

Holding the door invitingly open, the intrepid laundress waited, her eyes fixed upon the perturbed countenance of the stout seaman, who hesitated, fidgeted, and then, to the unmixed triumph of Mr. Wimper, and the consternation of Mr. Mix and his contingent, stepped boldly over the threshold. Much fluttered, and with a growing sense of injury, Mrs. Honeyblow took leave.

"It's quite like old times to 'ave 'ad you 'ere, Miss 'Arriet," said Mrs. Bliss. "My respects to Doctor Venables, Mrs. Honeyblow, ma'am, when next you see him. And I hope

it'll be soon!"

An electric shock seemed to dart through the frame of the stout seaman as the door shut and the distant gate clicked behind the

retreating figure of Mrs. Honeyblow.

"She always 'ad a pretty figure," said Mrs. Bliss, as she shut the door. "Plumper than wot she used to be, a bit—but—— There, she's dropped 'er 'andkerchief. Miss 'Arriet! Miss! Ah! the boy's run after an' give it 'er, an' now they're walkin' off together."

"Call 'im back!" said the temporary Mr. Bliss earnestly. "He's not fit for a lady to talk to. Call the little demon back!

He'll---"

"They're out of 'earing now," said Mrs. Bliss, shutting the door. "Per'aps she've took 'im on to see the Doctor. She 'as a

great admiration for Doctor Venables, 'as

Mrs. Honeyblow!"

"She's hard up for something to admire, then!" growled the temporary Mr. Bliss, grinding the leg of his chair savagely into the brick floor. "What any woman can see in that long, veal-faced, dab-handed, tow-haired apothecary, I never could understand."

"Your memory's clearin' by degrees," said Mrs. Bliss pleasantly. The stout seaman

instantly relapsed.

"Its odd, ain't it," observed Mrs. Bliss after a short pause, "that Mrs. Honeyblow don't

take and marry again."

"She can't legally unless she can prove her first husband, Captain Honeyblow, is dead or has deserted her; and then the shortest time she can marry again in is seven years," the stout seaman replied glibly.

"She proved 'is will a year ago!" said

Mrs. Bliss, bustling about.

"Did she?" The stout seaman turned

bright purple.

"An' she gave a lot o' money—'underds, they say—to found the 'Seamen's Temperance 'Ome—and Mr. Venables is paid Medical Officer to the foundation," went on Mrs. Bliss.

"Is he?" jerked out the stout seaman apoplectically. "The hound! The sneaking

hound!"

"Lor', Ben! I thought you was always so partial to 'im!" giggled Mrs. Bliss, as she set on the kettle and placed a hospitable bloater on the gridiron. Its searching perfume reached the nose of the listening Mr. Limbird, for whose supper it had been intended, and the night-watchman ground his teeth with rage. "Ah, I see you astarin' at that corner," Mrs. Bliss continued. "You miss—and well you may!—somethink out o' there. Your second look 'as always bin for that when you've come 'ome from a v'yage. Your first was—""

"For you, I suppose you mean?" said the

stout seaman.

"For the beer-barrel, Ben," said Mrs. Bliss. "There you go again, lookin' in the corner. Your Aunt Sarah left it you, and well might you prize it. I've seen you move it—ah!—ten times in a day, you've miv it, an' got up out o' your bed an' muv it again! But, o' course, you know what I mean?"

"You're talking about the clock," said the stout seaman quite pleasantly. Mrs. Bliss, horrified at the ill-boding accuracy of his memory, broke a dish, and Mr. Limbird broke

into a cold perspiration.

"It's 'im! It's 'im!" he muttered feebly. The paper-covered door creaked under his

lapsing weight, and Mrs. Bliss summoned all

her energies for the final effort.

"There's other things besides the clock," she said, "an' it's nearly time for you to see Turn the bloater, Ben, while I run out for 'arf a sec'." She was gone in a moment, and the temporary Mr. Bliss, to the great detriment of the bloater, leaned back in his chair and drew a long breath of relief.

"I was a fool to come here," he pondered,

the paper-covered door in the party-wall opened, and the square head of Mr. Limbird, its features corrugated into a most uninviting scowl, was inserted through the aperture.

"No, you don't," said Mr. Limbird warn-

"Don't what?" said the detected fugitive nervously.

"Cut an' run," said Mr. Limbird.



"and I'd be a worse fool to stay. Newspapers tell stories about men who've lived double lives for years! I've only led one since yesterday, and I defy ordinary flesh and blood to stand it over a week. Bliss I can manage, and Daniel Honeyblow comes naturally enough, but Ben Bliss and Daniel Honeyblow at the same time—" He shook his head. "I ought never to have disappeared in the beginning," he sighed; "but the only thing left me, as far as I can see, is to disappear again." He crossed the kitchen softly and laid his hand upon the latch. Then it dropped to his side. For

"I seem to know your face," said the stout seaman, trying to smile; "but faces change with years, don't they?"

"I should like to alter yours a bit," said Mr. Limbird. "'Alf a minute it 'ud take—not longer. What do you mean by comin' back? Why didn't you stay drowned if you was drowned? But some people are never content. Thev—

"Now, then!" cried Mrs. Bliss, as the kitchen door, thrown open, disclosed her as the centre of a group of youthful faces. "Here's father. Polly!"

"Yes, mother," said a long-legged girl of

fourteen, with a bristling head of papers surmounted by a battered straw hat.

"Wha—wha—what?" gasped Mr. Lim-

bird.

"Kiss your father, Polly!" ordered Mrs. Bliss, and the stout seaman submitted to the ordeal.

"She's more like you than ever," stated Mrs. Bliss. "Bill!"

"Yes, mother," yelled a chubby-faced boy of twelve, who held a top, a whip, and a partly consumed hunch of bread-and-treacle.

"Kiss your father, Bill," commanded Mrs. Bliss. "Jubilee, take your finger out o' your mouth, an' kiss 'im too. Elfred, blow your nose and do the same as Jubilee. 'Arriet, 'ave I got to tell you twice? Eddard Rex, I don't want to smack you again unless I'm forced to it. That's your little lot, Ben, an' I'm glad you've come 'ome to 'elp me keep 'em. I've 'ad enough of it!"

Surrounded by his surging family, the alleged Mr. Bliss looked the picture of misery. Mr. Limbird, his handkerchief jammed into his mouth, regarded the picture

from a distant corner.

"Look well, don't 'em?" demanded Mrs.

"Picture of health!" murmured the miserable victim.

"And grown?" inquired the laundress.

"Grown out of knowledge," stammered the victim.

"But you'd 'ave recognised their sweet faces anywheres, wouldn't you?" cried Mrs. Bliss.

The person appealed to snatched his cap and started for the door.

"Where are you going to, Ben?" Mrs. Bliss demanded.

"To buy the children sugarsticks," was the

mumbled reply.

"You'd forget to come back," said Mrs. Bliss, "for nine years, per'aps, this time. 'Aven't you already took an' stopped away for two? I'm ashamed of you!" She darted through the paper-covered door of communication as she spoke, and returned instantly, carrying a vocal bundle. "Look at that!" she exclaimed, holding it up to the inspection of the unhappy stout seaman.

Mr. Limbird could restrain himself no longer. "That's my legal child, 'Annah Limbird, aged eight months!" he bellowed, "an' you're an impostor, Cap'n Honeyblow!"

"an' you're an impostor, Cap'n Honeyblow!"
"Prove it!" said the other heavily.

"Prove it!"

"You've owned all these other kids as yourn, 'aven't you?" yelled Mr. Limbird.

"You heard me!" said the other sourly.

"Well, they all belong to the neighbours, from the baker's Polly down," said Mrs. Bliss "I borrowed 'em to unmask cheerfully. you with, Cap'n 'Oneyblow, an' I've done it. Run along 'ome now, Polly, an' you others. I'll give you a penny each to-morrow," she added, as her impromptu family trooped out at the door. "As for me an' Bliss, ourn was wot the books call a childless union: but I've bin married to Limbird, there, goin' on twelve months." She dandled the baby with legally justifiable pride, as she added: "As to this game wot you've been playin', Cap'n 'Oneyblow, it won't wash no more than a fancy zephyr. Give it up, an' me and Limbird'll 'elp you all we can. that you deserve 'elp, goin' away an' leavin' pore Miss 'Arriet a widow for close on two years, and now that you've come back denying of 'er to 'er face. But she's a kind 'art, an' maybe she'll forgive you all the sorrow you've caused 'er an' take you back again.'

"I don't want her forgiveness!" said Captain Honeyblow stubbornly. "She ought to be begging mine on her bended knees, if the truth was known. And as for corrow, she's had the Doctor to dry her tears. He seemed willing enough last time I set eyes

on him!"

"We can't always trust to our eyes," said Mrs. Bliss. "If I 'ad, where would Limbird 'a' been by now? An' if Mrs. Honeyblow's as fond of Doctor Venables as you say, why didn't they risk it an' get married? I'm goin' up to The Vineyard presently with some linen, an' you'd best come, too. You can carry the baby—she wants a bit o' fresh air—an' Limbird can carry the basket."

Captain Honeyblow, to give him the proper title he had so persistently abjured, gave in, and after some smartening on the part of Mrs. Bliss, who had made up her mind as to her plan of campaign, the trio set out. It was a fine evening early in May, the hawthorn-hedges were in blossom, and Mrs. Honeyblow, in a most attractive dovecoloured tea-gown trimmed with lace, was sitting on the verandah with a novel in her lap.

"She must 'a' had all them light-coloured things made ready an' waitin'," said Mrs.

Bliss incautiously.

"Why, Hannah!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeyblow, coming down the verandah steps as the party emerged from the yew avenue and approached the house.

"We're mixin' bis'ness with pleasure, 'm,"

said Mrs. Bliss, indicating her three companions. "Lor'! what's the use of nursin' a grudge! An' the baby's quite took to Ben. 'E carries 'er beautiful, don't 'e?"

And she proudly indicated the shrinking form of the supposed Mr. Bliss, whose flaming beard and redder countenance were partly concealed behind the draperies of his infant burden.

"I'm exceedingly—I hope—oh! wouldn't they?—I mean your husband and—the other —round to the kitchen door—beer—?"

stammered Mrs. Honeyblow.

"They're much be'olden, Miss 'Arriet," said the washerwoman, translating the invitation. "Ain't it pretty to see 'em!" she continued, as the supposed Mr. Bliss and his companion withdrew. "Him an' Limbird's like brothers."

"But does he know-have you broken the awful news?" cried Mrs. Honeyblow. "How did he—how did he take it?" she continued,

as Mrs. Bliss nodded in reply.

"Not a cuss!" said Mrs. Bliss, wiping her eyes. "An' then 'is be'avviour at meals! 'E's that refined with 'is knife, it fair frightens me. O' course, 'aving bin brought up by a good mother, I wipes me mouth on the tablecloth; but on'y fancy Ben askin' for a serviette!"

"Impossible!" choked Mrs. Honeyblow.

"They're things I wash," said Mrs. Bliss, "but should scorn to use—an' I thought I'd 'ave dropped when 'e did it. An' worse an' worse, he've borrered the money from Limbird to buy a tooth-brush—says it's one o' the indispensable necessities o' life. Fancy Ben!"

"Hannah!" hissed Mrs. Honeyblow, clutching the laundress's arm. "Suppose it

isn't—it isn't Ben, after all?"

"That's what I keep on a-sayin' to myself," said Mrs. Bliss with a sigh; "but use is everythink. If Cap'n Honeyblow had seen Doctor Venables take a cockchafer out o' your 'air every day for a year, 'e wouldn't 'ave let a thing like that drive 'im from 'is 'ome. Per'aps, if 'e could see it done agin, an' realise 'ow little there reely was in it, it 'ud bring 'im back to 'is right That is, supposin' Ben is 'im."

"Oh, Hannah, when I remember some of the things that boy said to-day, I begin to believe it! No, he isn't here; I sent him over to the Doctor's to be questioned-Why-why," cried Mrs. Honeyblow, "here is Dr. Venables, and the boy with him! The Doctor has dropped in to tea as-

"Usual," volunteered Mrs. Bliss.

"As a little change," amended Mrs. Honeyblow.

"It's too early for cockchafers," said Mrs. Bliss, "or you might 'ave the 'ole thing 'appen again, an' put it fairly to the test whether my Ben is your 'usband or your 'usband is my Ben? Would a cockroach do? There's 'eaps in your kitchen."

Mrs. Honeyblow gave a little scream. "Cockehafer an' cockroach," said Mrs. Bliss encouragingly. "It begins the same."

"But it wouldn't end the same," said Mrs. Honeyblow, "for I should die of it."

"Pretend, then," said Mrs. Bliss, illuminated by an idea. "Let on as you 'ave a wasp or a beadle or a caterpillar in your 'air, an' ask Doctor Venables to take it out for An' I'll manage so as my Ben an' your Cap'n 'Oneyblow sees the 'ole thing. If he's Ben, he'll take it smilin', an' if he's Cap'n 'Oneyblow, he'll take it ravin'. Now I'm goin' to fetch them both round from the kitchen."

And Mrs. Bliss disappeared upon this errand, as Mrs. Honeyblow went nervously to meet the Doctor, with whose long shadow Tommy's shorter and stumpier adumbration

moved in unison across the lawn.

"My dear lady," Doctor Venables said as he greeted Mrs. Honeyblow, "I have put a series of the most searching questions to the boy, and came over thinking you would be anxious to learn the results of my informal cross-examination as speedily as possible. I have ascertained from the boy. . . By the way, I have always understood from you that Mrs. Bliss was a most estimable woman?"

"Quite so. Oh—undoubtedly!" mur-

mured Mrs. Honeyblow.

"I grieve to have to tell you," said the Doctor gravely, "that her conduct has been, in some respects, most blamable. real reason of her husband's sudden departure from home was-I blush to say itthat, on returning unexpectedly one day, he saw her being kissed by another man in the Reprehensible!" garden.

"Did—did the boy describe the—the other man?" stammered Mrs. Honeyblow.

"No," said the Doctor. "My dear lady, what—what has occurred?"

For Mrs. Honeyblow screamed aloud, and putting both hands over her ears, commenced to run in a jerky, aimless fashion, round and round the lawn. "Oh!" she screamed: "Oh! Take it out! take it out! The cockchafer—ugh! Caught in my hair!"

"Don't be alarmed! Certainly—with

pleasure," said the Doctor, "if you could manage to stand still." But Mrs. Honeyblow kept on running, and the Doctor was obliged to run after her. "Where is it? I don't see it—where is it?" The medical gentleman panted as he gained on and overtook the quarry. "Why—why—you don't mean to say——"

"There isn't any cockchafer!" said Mrs. Honeyblow. Her eyes sparkled, her flushed cheeks became her, her roguish smile was irresistible. The Doctor lost his head and kissed her. And as the bashful salute took effect on the lady's ear, a blood-curdling roar reverberated in the ears of the couple, and the Doctor, turning hastily, beheld a stout, 'red-bearded seaman who foamed with indignation, held back from wreaking violence on his own dignified person by a squareheaded man who smiled from ear to ear, and a small boy who manifested equal enjoyment of the situation, while the culpable Mrs. Bliss, whose supposed lapse from propriety he had just dealt with so severely, clapped her hands in the background.

"You villain—you sneaking, tallow-faced villain!" bellowed Captain Honeyblow,

"have I caught you at it again?"

"Not again, Daniel!" cried Mrs. Honeyblow, hanging on her husband's upraised arm, as Mrs. Bliss, overcome by the success of her ruse, relapsed into hysterics. "There really was a cockchafer before, and you were a jealous, hasty-tempered man to go off like that—without asking any questions!" "I'll ask one now," said the unmasked Captain, turning a truth-compelling glare upon the Doctor. "Have you ever kissed my wife before?"

"Captain Honeyblow," replied Dr. Venables, "upon my honour, I have never kissed your wife. The lady whom you saw me—ahem!—kiss just now has been a widow—a widow, sir, for two years, and the salute was—a—the first I have ventured to offer. Did I do it, I ask you, as if I were used to it?"

"No," admitted Captain Honeyblow. "To do you justice, it was a dashed bad shot. Somebody, kick that infernal boy and find out what he's dancing for!"

"Because I've saved a real skipper, after

all!" crowed Tommy.

The heads of four seamen rose up on the other side of the garden fence. Three faces wore expressions of great joy, the sentiments written upon the fourth were more ambiguous.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Mr. Wimper.
"Ain't this a joyful day, Cap'n 'Oneyblow,

sir?" said Mr. Mix.

"With respecs to that reward, lady, for

findin' your dear 'usban'?"

"Don't yer make no mistake, ole man," said Tommy. "The bloke what found Cap'n 'Oneyblow—found 'im an' brought 'im 'ome—was me, an' don't yer make no mistake about it."

"Boy speaks the truth," said the Captain

gruffly.

DAFFODILS.

WHEN daffodils, all wet with Spring
And shy with beauty, gemmed the
hill,

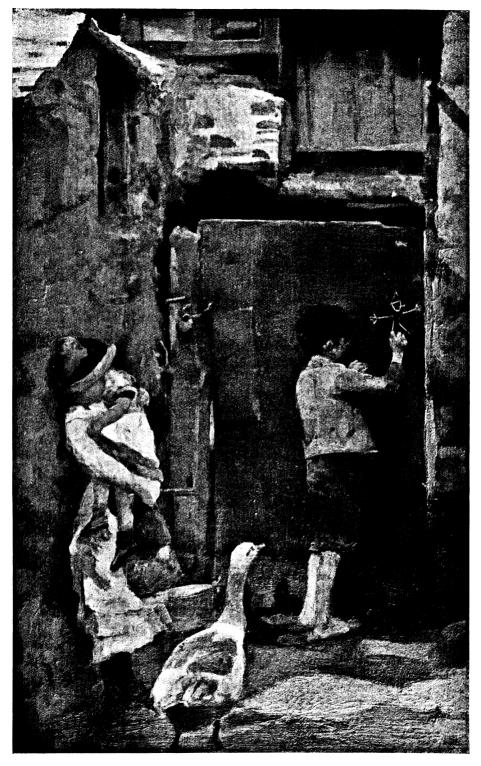
You closed your eyes to everything, And lay down, and were still.

The sun shone on, the wind blew past With breaths of hope, and sighs of fear.

The daffodils found joy at last, And sang; you could not hear.

Dear, if all life for you were past, If go you must, and in that hour,—
I'm glad the Spring was with you last,
The daffodil your flower.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON,



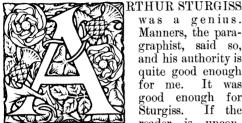
"THE CRITICS." BY MRS. STANHOPE FORBES.

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. .

A CURE FOR GENIUS.

By B. A. CLARKE.



was a genius.

Manners, the paragraphist, said so, and his authority is quite good enough for me. It was good enough for Sturgiss. If the reader is unconvinced, it is because

the amenities of journalism have necessitated

a change of name.

Ten years before the opening of this story, Hubert Manners had come up to London to make his way in journalism. He had no friends upon the Press, and no qualifications for his calling beyond grit and a determination to allow no discouragements to drive him into literature. For an outsider it is ten times easier to place a novel than a critique Men start full of journalistic ambition and, finding no employment, drift into creative work. Necessity is the mother of literary invention. But Manners was not an ordinary beginner. He would not add to the number of disappointed critics who turn "Rather," he said, with boyish hyperbole, "starvation than original work." When his critiques and leaders streamed back upon him, he set his teeth and aimed higher still. He wrote paragraphs about authors. Until a man is in a position to write paragraphs about himself, it is nearly hopeless writing them about other people. It is not wonderful, therefore, that this attempt failed. Editors thought it almost comic that one who had not been compared to Thackeray or Stanley Weyman—who, in a word, had not mounted the very first rung of the ladder—should be so daring. But the "I have novice would not strike his flag. been too diffuse," he said. "I must specialise. Until I can make a start I will devote myself exclusively to one celebrity." He selected the poet X., feeling that the choice gave his work permanence. Facts gathered concerning X. will be treasured so long as there remains in England a remnant that reads. And now

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Fortune smiled. The very first time he shadowed the poet there was an accident. X. was knocked down by a cyclist, and the wheel of a brewer's dray passed within six inches of the finest head in three kingdoms. Manners wrote a description of the incident and took it to the editor of the Penwiper. The editor handed the manuscript back. remarking that the incident was of no public interest.

"When you are able to write like that," he said, showing a paragraph in his current issue, "you will be of use to us."

Manners read: "I was dining yesterday with X., and in the course of conversation he told me that he was born in 1821."

"But that is in the Literary Primers."

"Yes, but not the fact of X. saying so at his own dinner-table—that is the interesting point. The public don't care a cent what happens to X. or to any other author. What they enjoy is being taken behind the scenes. Your accident might have been witnessed by a butcher-boy."

Then Manners had an inspiration. "Do you know," he asked, "the work of Knock,

the Birmingham Balzac?"

The editor replied mechanically that he knew it well, although, as a matter of fact, this was the first time he had heard his

Knock, it may be mentioned, was an old chum of Manners'. Five years before, he had written a novel that both the young men had thought would make a literary epoch. no one had bought it, and the author was now earning his bread, quite contentedly, by letting out bicycles.

"Yes," said the editor, "I am well

acquainted with Blow's work."

" Knock's."

"I mean Knock's. Have you the honour of his acquaintance?"

"I could give you an inventory of his

furniture."

"That," said the editor, "would be information that could be placed before the readers of a high-class journal. some 'pars' about your friend; but I implore you, do not waste my time with street accidents."

Manners wrote down some incidents of his friend's domestic life (he did not describe the furniture), and the editor asked for more. Then offers came from other editors, who were getting alarmed at the monopoly the Penwiper was establishing in the Midland Balzac. Manners became known in Fleet Street as a young man who could be relied upon to turn out a Knock paragraph at short notice. In the course of time some of these came to the novelist's notice. Manners had tried to keep their existence a secret from his old friend, fearing a dangerous rivalry. But the cycle-dealer was not an ambitious man, and finding that the public was interested in him, his aim went no higher than to turn out a second novel that should be the best in the language. Now, Knock, for all his bicycle dealing, was a genius; and when his work appeared properly heralded, it conquered at once. He became one of the first men of the day, and as he publicly attributed his success to the journalism of his friend, the latter became a celebrity also; indeed, in the public eye he bulked (and justly so) as the greater man of the two. The king or the kingmaker? Can we hesitate in our choice? As for Knock, he not only came out, but kept out. His new book was always better than the old. His sales increased so greatly that he anticipated a day when he should earn as much as Manners did by writing about him. In the meantime, having acquired the knack, Manners, had built other literary reputations, not so great or so stable as his first creation (he never again had quite as good material to work with), but useful secondary reputations notwithstanding. Anyhow, the public hungered for paragraphs about these young phenomena, and would feed from no hand but Manners'. He made it a rule to discover four new geniuses every publishing Casual efforts are fruitless. If he had left these discoveries to come spontaneously, often there would have been none to chronicle. It was hard work. He could never have done it if he had not had a means of relaxation, a hobby that provided him with a complete change of thought and environment. He was interested in literature.

Never had it been harder to make up the quota than during the season that marks the opening of this story. Some anonymous tales attracted notice, but they were (it transpired) the work of an old hand. One or two first efforts gave promise, but the writers were already appropriated. Manners was quite pleased to find that the writer of

an occasional verse that had pleased him was a novice.

"His name is Sturgiss," said the editor of the evening journal in which the lines had appeared. "I don't fancy that he will suit

your purpose."

But Manners wrote to Arthur Sturgiss suggesting an interview, and the following morning the young man called upon him. Manners worked at home. The contrast between the two men was very striking. The poet, who stood five feet eleven in his stockings, and turned the scale at twelve stone, was an enlarged schoolbov. The journalist, with head all forehead, seemed an embodied mind. There are no workers that look so clever as journalists. The great novelist may look like a market gardener, the statesman like a gentleman farmer; but the journalist (even the veriest hack) bears the words "brain worker" stamped all over him.

"My name is Sturgiss," said the visitor.
"My dear sir, I am delighted to make

your acquaintance. Do you know that you are a genius?"

"A what?"

"A genius most undoubtedly."

The young man sank into an armchair and wiped his forehead. Being fresh coloured, he flushed easily and now was quite crimson. He had a sense of humour (remember that if he was a poet, he was also on the Stock Exchange, where humour is cultivated), and it maddened him to present such a target. And yet, at the back of his mind, this gross flattery tickled him. There was a smile at the corner of his mouth. He tried to check it, and made matters worse. The smile forced its way across his cheek (he could feel it) and became a grin—the grin of a gratified bucolic. A genius! He knew that he was none. What right had this stranger to make him appear a fool? He stammered out some sentences of self-disparagement.

Then they got to business and struck a one-sided bargain. Sturgiss was to turn out verses as fast as possible, and Manners (at the same speed) paragraphs calling attention to them.

"We must strike while the iron is hot. You will bring out a volume of poems immediately."

"Of course," said the poet, inwardly wondering whence they were to come.

"You must have a lot of things by you. Bring them round and let me look at them. Even if they are not more ambitious than the lines I have seen, bring them round."

No better than the occasional verse. To

Sturgiss this had seemed an inspiration, so superior was it to his run. On a lower plane came four sonnets that had appeared in the Balmoral Magazine. The rest, a half-dozen unpublished odes, were too bad for words. He could not possibly show them. No; he must go straight home and produce something great. He would sit up all night. The ideas would come—they must. He would dig his teeth into the task and hold on until the fight was won.

"Let me see, Mr. Sturgiss—to-day is Monday. How will Saturday suit you for our next talk?"

" Admirably."

"Come to dinner. I must let you know the time. My sister spends her Saturday afternoons watching the Greenwich football matches; and if it is an out game, our dinner-time suffers."

"I think I can tell you, as I happen to belong to the Greenwich Club. The match is with the London Scottish, on our ground. By the by, do you think that Miss Manners would care for tickets to the members' enclosure?"

"I will go and ask her."

In a minute the journalist returned, accompanied by his sister. She was a dark-eyed, merry child, with a curiously earnest way of talking. Sturgiss judged her to be about twenty. Looking at her, he realised that Manners was a singularly fine-looking man. There are men like that. Their good points are not recognisable until seen repeated in female relatives.

"Oh, thank you! There is always such a crowd at the Scottish match."

"If they are of the slightest use to you," said Sturgiss humbly. A minute before he had been rather proud of his tickets.

"If you are both going to the match," said the journalist, "you might meet and come back together. Ethel, Mr. Sturgiss is coming to dine with us on Saturday."

Sturgiss would have liked to suggest calling for her, but he feared a snub. On the whole, he was well satisfied with things

as they were.

The next few days were the most miserable in the young man's life. A great career lay immediately before him, and he was hourly imperilling it by his lethargy. There was but one thing wanting to establish him as a poet—poems—and these he would not write. It was ridiculous to say could not. What would Manners, who had so unreservedly recognised his talent, say to such a plea? No, the defect must be in the will. He sat

up half the night and spent his time drawing faces on his writing-paper. Why would not the great thoughts come? Then he took down his "Golden Treasury," to see what kind of thoughts the great men uttered. What prevented him from equalling some of these lyrics? Not the "West Wind," of course, nor the "Grecian Urn" (he was not mad enough to dream of equalling these). but some of the lesser ones. The thoughts were within his compass, and the technique (technique was Sturgiss's strong point) in no way remarkable. Nothing prevented him but the fact that he would not. In many cases it was but a trifle that had suggested them. From that they had followed quite naturally. Now the trifle was lacking, but what of that? If one gave the proper attention, there was poetic suggestion everywhere. Look at the "London Voluntaries." Sturgiss found himself gazing in rapt wonder at hansom-cabmen, at ready-made tailoring, at his own office-boy eating mutton sandwiches; but the harvests of his quiet eye were not worth garnering. There were moments when he felt his brain softening. And his conscience played such tricks: "You are failing," it shrieked, "through sheer indolence." Then the nerves had a say. The poet could not finish his midday steak. A physical tingling beset him to leap up and do something great. The happiest hours were those spent in the rush of the market. A feeling of horror came upon him turning towards home. He turned out a number of lines, but by an expedient of which he was not proud. He would read a lyric in the "Golden Treasury," and refuse to go to bed until, upon the basis of a suggestion therein contained, he had built something of his own. The suggestion was of idea, not of rhythm or language; he was above the ruck of mere parodists. The poems were not bad—on the whole. He felt, however, that the writer of the occasional verse had occupied a higher

On Saturday morning he put his new work in a foolscap envelope, together with the Bulmoral sonnets and the rejected odes "too bad for words." He could not afford to omit anything. His approaching interview with the journalist blackened his horizon like an oncoming thunderstorm. There was, however, between him and it a stretch of blue sky—his afternoon appointment with the sister. Nothing shows so strikingly the reality of his sufferings as the fact that they had, for four days, crowded it entirely out of his mind. He went to the football ground



"They left the stricken field and turned their faces towards the girl's home,"

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absurdly early and met Miss Manners at the gate. Of course it was not a matter of any importance, but, in a small way, it was gratifying to notice that she was genuinely pleased to see him. Without affectation no one can pretend to be indifferent to the good opinion of others.

"I am afraid," said the girl, as they walked towards the pavilion, "that you must have thought me very forward on Monday, rushing in to see you. I thought, when Hubert said a member of the Greenwich Club, that you

were one of the fifteen."

"And you would have thought him a hero?"

"Rather. Wouldn't you?"

Sturgiss was as modest as other young men, but he could not allow such a faculty for hero-worship to rust unused. He told her of his own football achievements, and bragged with a simplicity that was honourable to them Beauty has always had the Desdemona quality of calling forth such confessions. She turns her soft, truthful eyes upon a man, and Sturgiss the mock modesty in him shrivels. had been captain of a public school fifteen; and when there was talk of his going up to Oxford, the Sporting Press had discussed his chances of a Blue. When, instead of going to the 'Varsity, he came to town, Greenwich had offered him a place, and this in a year when they claimed to have the finest pack in England. Just then an accident to his knee compelled his retirement from the game.

"You can play tricks with most things,

but not with the knee."

"My! You are a swell! I am glad Hubert introduced us."

"You have not met many athletes, then?"

"No. Our friends are all geniuses."

She said this with an inflection so hopeless that Sturgiss roared.

"Oh, it's very well to laugh, but I am sick to death of stroking undersized lions. One could respect them as dogs."

"I expect you know a good many literary

celebrities."

The girl made a grimace.

"The best fun is when Hubert's little authors take me to Lord's. They rave about the players, but you can see that in their secret hearts they feel there is something magnanimous in their doing so. There is not an authorette that, as such, does not fancy himself superior to W. G. Grace."

They settled themselves to watch the football, which went steadily against the home

side.

"Don't you positively hate the Scotch?"

said Miss Manners, when the final whistle blew. Sturgiss surveyed the Scotch demonstration gloomily.

"They are certainly bad winners," he said; and they ought not to be. They have had

plenty of practice."

They left the stricken field and turned their faces towards the girl's home.

"Let us forget about football," she said, "and talk about something cheerful."

The walk was over two miles, and in the course of it the conversation touched nearly every subject under the sun. Sturgiss never acquitted himself better. He spoke modestly and with heart. His companion spoke about her brother. Since she had been a small child she had had no other relation. It was wonderful the way he had supported and looked after her.

"Nobody ever had a happier childhood. I scarcely remember a want or a tear."

"And how did he manage it?"

"Oh, by paragraphs, and an entomological eye for genius in the chrysalis. I ought not to laugh at his calling, considering how much I have benefited by it; but Hubert seems made for so much more. You know he is ten times cleverer than the little men he praises."

They were quite old friends when they reached their destination; but when Sturgiss left, they were only acquaintances. The change came during dinner, when Manners questioned the poet about his work, and read aloud two paragraphs about it, both adulatory,

from that day's Paper Knife.

"You see, Sturgiss, that I have been doing

my part of the contract."

Miss Manners looked up. The brown eyes gave Sturgiss one look of surprised reproach; for the rest of the meal, were fastened to the tablecloth. At times, when Manners was developing his plans for the joint campaign, the girl's lower lip would be sucked under, as though she kept to herself some excellent joke. It might have been anger that was concealed; Sturgiss hoped it was that. He held the door open when she quitted the room, but she did not meet his eye.

"Thank you, Mr. Sturgiss," she said. Nothing could be inferred from her tone.

"And now I will have a look at what you

have brought with you."

The author was not a proud man, displaying his harvests. Manners was not so disappointed as might have been expected.

"If he does not see they are bad, the

public may be equally blind."

Miss Manners did not appear again that

evening, but during the following weeks Sturgiss saw a good deal of her. They met every Saturday at the football-field, and, although he did not always go in, he invariably accompanied her to her door. She seemed to expect this. Otherwise her manner was not encouraging. It was not always even polite. She would question him about his work, and on such occasion she was frankly detestable, giving back to him the information she had received in a burlesque of "chatty" notes. Sometimes, with mock deference, she would appeal to his literary judgment. The crisis came when she asked him if he thought that Shakespeare's reputation would remain. Putting a strong curb on himself, he treated the question as though it had been asked in good faith.

"I am so glad to hear from you that there is still a future for the poor man. But it is like genius to be generous, and you are a

genius, aren't you?"

"I am afraid, Miss Manners, that, in some way I do not understand, I have earned your contempt."

She did not speak.

"Or, at least, your disfavour?"

She raised her eyes to his and shook her head.

"If my actions annoy you," he went on relentlessly, "there is no reason why we should continue to meet."

"I don't despise you nor dislike you. Oh! believe it. Only—why do you want to be an undersized lion?"

"But your brother?"

"Oh! I know it is my brother. That is what has made it so difficult for me to speak."

"He sees in me the makings of a real

poet

"Believe me, he doesn't. He sees the makings of a celebrity. And he can make you that. But you will be a smaller man to yourself."

"Since I have known him I have not

found myself dwindling."

The girl shook her head.

"It is only lately that you have knowingly turned out bad work, hoping that the public will be cudgelled into thinking it first-rate."

"And supposing I do not repent?"

"You will end by taking yourself quite seriously. At the last the only person imposed upon will be yourself. You will come to worship your own bad work. And your price is—paragraphs. There will be no other payment, not even money."

They walked along in silence. At last the young man stopped and put out his hand.

"Miss Manners, you are a brick! You have given me the very worst sort of half-hour; but you are a brick! I am less in my own eyes than before I had this dream of capturing a public. But you must hear how it came about. When your brother told me that I was a genius, I really thought for a moment that he might be right. I tried to write a work of genius. When I found out my mistake, it seemed ignominious turning back, and I wrote pretentiously, hoping that your brother and his friends could—would—"

"I understand."

"I shall still write (if I have ideas), but it will be to please myself. The public and the journalists can go hang! By the way, if the former, as you say, would never buy my books, why should they want to read about me?"

"Heaven knows, but they would. It is If your volume one of life's mysteries. appeared, my brother would write about it and you until the public eye got to recognise your name. Then, until the day of your death, if you lived to be eighty and never wrote another line, everything concerning you would be copy—and, mind, good copy. Literary clerks would let their own dinners cool to read that you attended the 'Vagabonds'.' The working man, spending his Sunday morning in bed, would be interested in the same piece of news. Last winter we had a small 'at home.' Two paragraphs about the guests, contributed by one of them, appeared in an evening halfpenny. I was sitting next to a gasfitter on the top of an omnibus. He read them straight through (and he was a slow reader) without missing a line. It is wonderful!"

"But to return to myself. Would your

brother write all the paragraphs?"

"A great proportion of them. The editor would regard you as his property. In the circumstances it would be good form for you to contradict all notes about yourself from other pens."

"Oh, oh!"

"Of course, I have exaggerated. I can't help it. I breathe exaggeration; but most of what I have said my brother would confirm if he got angry and started telling the truth."

"Is he often exasperated to that pitch?"
"The last time was with a miniature inling—a horrid box who asked parmission

Kipling—a horrid boy who asked permission to propose to me. My brother, naturally enough, asked what were his prospects. He replied that he must prosper, as his art was as searching as Rudyard Kipling's, and truer in that, with the tragedy, it failed not to observe the lovelier aspects of life. They were Hubert's own words; but of course he was furious, and soon showed the young donkey where he stood."

"It must have been a great interview. Do you mind my trying an experiment? It is very important to me to hear the truth. I want to imitate your Kipling friend."

"Very well; but of course you will make it clear that you speak without authority from me. Come some time when I am out—say Tuesday evening; and of course you won't mention your income on the Stock Exchange. Hubert might say 'Yes.'"

Sturgiss carried out his intention and, emerging flushed from a great contest, met

Miss Manners at the gate.

In her odd way she drew down her lower lip.

"I see my brother has been speaking the

truth."

"He has developed a perfect passion for it. He put my sale at a hundred copies, with another hundred (if I was tremendously boomed) on sale with up-to-date country booksellers. At the end of the season these latter would come back."

"Yes; what then?"

"I said that money was not everything: that you would esteem the poverty of genius honourable."

"That made him truthful, I know."

"Rather; he attacked my poor poems, particularly the ones written to his order, with both hands. An ear for rhythm, and a lack of self-respect, were the only qualifications for such verse-making. He wound up by saying that what had occurred need not affect our business relations. I replied by snatching up my poems from his desk and flinging them into the fire. Then I said that if he ever wrote another word of praise

about them, I would punch his head. never heard a man laugh more heartily."

"And how did you leave?"

"Promising to dine with him at his club. After what had happened, he could scarcely welcome my visits here."

"And so I have seen the last of you?"

"Only in your brother's columns. We can still meet at the football-ground and elsewhere. I attach great importance to the elsewhere."

"I am not sure that you have made your last appearance in my brother's columns," said the girl, from which it has been argued that the trick she played a fortnight later was even then in her mind.

At Hubert's dictation she had been writing a page of notes for the *Penwiper*. When he read them over, he paused at the

following:—

"To-day I met Mr. Arthur Sturgiss, whose sonnets in the Balmoral Magazine have been one of the events of a singularly uneventful season. He was radiant about his engagement to Miss Ethel Manners, the charming sister of Mr. Hubert Manners, the journalist. (Mr. Manners, it will be recollected, was the first to recognise the genius of Clarence Knock.) Mr. Sturgiss is twentyfour years old and is partner in a prosperous firm of stockjobbers."

"Is this true, Ethel?"

"Or it would not be in your column." Hubert put the MS. into an envelope and

sent it to press.

"I am not sure, Ethel," he said reflectively, "that you chose the best way of breaking your news. There was nothing in the paragraph to show that the information was exclusive, or even that it was first-hand."

Then the journalist gave place to the

brother.

"I fancy, little one, that you have made a wise choice."

And the brother and sister sat talking far into the night.

SPRING'S HERALDS.

SPRING'S heralds have gone forth to-day,
The softest, sweetest airs a-blowing:
She surely will not long delay,
Spring's heralds have gone forth to-day:
They fluttered through my garden-way,
And set the green things all a-growing.
Spring's heralds have gone forth to-day

The softest, sweetest airs a-blowing.



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WARRIORS OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION, DUCK LAKE, 1885.

A FAMOUS RED INDIAN RISING.

A FRAGMENT OF MODERN CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON.

OUR hundred miles east of that great continental backbone of North America, the Rocky Mountain range, there existed on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, in the year 1885, a collection of primitive wooden buildings, comprising what was known as the settlement of Frog Lake. The Saskatchewan is the grand river of the North-West Territories of Canada. Rising in the Rockies, it flows toward the east, draining most of that immense sweep of hill and plain, forest, lake and muskeg, through its connections, into the broad arctic reservoir of Hudson Bay. Mississippi (Great - River), Saskatchewan is a Cree or Algonquin word, and means Swift-Running. During many years steamboats freighted with merchandise pushed their way slowly for fifteen hundred miles up the tortuous channels of the main stream and its two chief branches, the North and South Saskatchewans, and slipped back quickly on its hurrying floods to the outposts of civilisation with peltries in rich packs on their way to the world's fur market in London.

Frog Lake, as a place of human abode, no longer exists. It has fallen back into the embrace of that wilderness from which it

was once in part wrested. The mystery of silence broods over it. The pilots of its first faltering steps toward regeneration sleep beneath its grass-topped hillsides, and ashes cover the ground whereon they reared their habitations. The traveller passes quickly along the trail leading through it, while even the savage author of its desolation shuns a spot where, in the dark, his unquiet fancy conjures up the accusing shades of his shricking victims. For, on the morning of April 2nd, in that year of 1885, the red man, whose home this wilderness was, arose with his fierce blood galloping in his ears and, with a rush swift and terrible as that of the baited tiger, struck to earth the intruder upon his heritage.

That pale-skinned stranger had come boldly upon the land as though it had belonged to him. He did not regard the gods, the traditions, or the customs of its people. He scoffed at the wisdom of their chiefs and prophets. He had treated them not as equals and brothers, but as children, foolish, untaught; and he would have shown them a new manner of life of which they did not approve. At first they had made him welcome, sharing with him their meat and their camp-fire, according to the

ancient usages of the red peoples. Then for a season they had marvelled and endured and spoken in secret council. And at length, when the opportunity arose, they had thrown off the mask of submission to the new order of things which had come uninvited upon them, and, rifle and torch in hand, had sped to the work of vengeance and destruction.

It is the story of the Frog Lake massacre that I have to tell. It is not a pleasant story. It is a stain, deep, red, and foul, on the page of Canadian history, yet as history it is worth preserving. I lived at Frog Lake, was present at that massacre, and narrowly escaped the fate which overtook

many of my hapless fellows.

The settlement of Frog Lake consisted of Government buildings, a Roman Catholic mission, the Hudson's Bay Company's post, the store of a trader named Dill, and a mill in course of construction. The Government buildings comprised the dwellings of an Indian agent, a farming instructor, an interpreter, and the North-West Mounted Police, stores, blacksmith's shop, stables and outhouses; the mission included a chapel, two dwellings, and a storehouse; the Company's post a trading shop, store, dwelling, and stables.

The territory occupied by the settlement was in the centre of a reservation belonging to three bands of Wood Cree Indians. Feathered game, rabbits, and fish abound in the district, while deer, moose, and fur-bearing animals are also plentiful. It was on account of these natural advantages, combined with the richness of its soil and herbage, that the land had been selected by these Indians as their home.

The Cree nation is divided into two branches, which, while speaking practically the same language, differ widely in character and habits. The Plain Crees are better orators, more active and warlike, and though, perhaps, not so fierce as the Blackfeet and other tribes to the south, more crafty and savage than their brethren, the Wood Crees. Big Bear and Poundmaker were both Plain Cree chiefs. The former. who bore the reputation of having been, as a young man, the bravest warrior of the Cree nation, was rather short of stature for an Indian, and of stronger and more compact build than the ordinary red man. His chest was enormous. He had a large head, a thick neck, a broad forehead, and small, cunning, deep-set, twinkling black eyes. His nose was long and prominent, the nostrils thick and strong, his lips were thin and straight, and his chin and jaw square and powerful. His general appearance was that of a resolute, politic savage and a born leader of men.

The Plain Crees were the hereditary enemies of the Blackfeet. Their territory comprised the Great Plains between the North and South Saskatchewans, where they hunted the buffalo, fought their battles, and whence they made predatory excursions into the

countries of neighbouring tribes.

The Wood Crees, on the other hand, were a race of solitary hunters and trappers on foot—peaceful, susceptible to civilising influences, and well disposed to white men, either traders or missionaries. Their home was in the wooded country to the north of the Saskatchewan, while still further north lay the territory of the Chippewyan,

or Athabascan family.

When, in the year 1875, the Saskatchewan Indians met the Commissioners appointed by the Canadian Government to treat with them for the cession of their title in the lands of the North-West, the only chief of importance to refuse to accept the proposals made by the Government was Big Bear. He gave as a reason for his opposition to the treaty his objection to the white man's law, which permitted hanging. He also wished, he said, to see how the promises made to the tribes should be fulfilled by the Government.

The action of Big Bear, in thus declining to subscribe to the document surrendering his country and his liberties to the white man's dominion, gathered about him the independent spirits among his people, and he soon came to be recognised as the most

powerful chief of the Cree nation.

While the buffalo continued plentiful, the band lived much as they had done before emissaries had come among them from the Great White Mother with offers to purchase their heritage. They became nomads and drifted south, across the Line, and into Montana. But the buffalo, mercilessly hunted by white men, soon disappeared, and Big Bear and his followers, becoming a menace to the ranchmen of the Treasure State, were driven back into Canadian territory. Reduced to the extremity of want and wretchedness, in 1883, at Fort Walsh, Big Bear at length affixed his mark to the treaty.

But though they had come into treaty, Big Bear's band obstinately deferred following the example of the others in selecting a reservation. Thus, while reservation Indians received assistance from the Government when in need (as frequently happened), for Big Bear there was no such provision. During the first winter after their removal to the Saskatchewan (1883-4), they did procure some supplies from the Indian agent, but this was in payment for work done. However, the advances they secured from the Hudson's Bay Company, and the furs and game they killed, enabled them to subsist throughout that winter.

During the spring of 1884 I had spent

Indian agent, Quinn. The old chief himself often had dinner with me, and I had frequent opportunities of studying his deeply lined, intelligent face. Big Bear was then, perhaps, sixty years of age. He had a voice of amazing depth and volume, and when he talked, as he often did, with his right arm free and the left across his broad chest holding his blanket folded about him, with the dramatic gestures and inflections natural to him, he reminded me of an imperial Cæsar,



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A TALE OF PROWESS.

some time at Frog Lake while trading on my own account among the Saskatchewan reservations; I was, therefore, no stranger to these Indians upon returning the following New Year to take up my residence in their territory. The months of January and February passed uneventfully enough. Big Bear and his band were encamped in the timber along Frog Creek, not far from the mill. They cut fuel for the mounted police detachments stationed at Frog Lake, freighted for the Hudson's Bay Company, and also received assistance occasionally from the

and was one of the most eloquent and impressive speakers I have ever listened to.

About the 1st of March rumours reached us of impending trouble between the Government and the French half-breeds at Duck Lake. Louis Riel, who had incited a rebellion among these people in Manitoba in 1870, and had been outlawed for his action, was again their leader. We had, in fact, known earlier that half-breed runners from Duck Lake had visited Big Bear's band, but we had not anticipated anything serious. The half-breeds claimed that their title in the

country had never been extinguished, and they professed to believe that the Government meant to dispossess them of their holdings They were ripe for hostilities and sought the co-operation of the Indians.

One night at eleven o'clock I walked into the police barracks and found Constable Anderson just arrived with a report of the half-breed rising at Duck Lake. brought news that the mounted police at Carlton, and the Prince Albert volunteers had met the half-breeds under Riel, and, after a sharp engagement, had been compelled to It was suggested that the Indian agent and the other white settlers at Frog Lake should come in to Fort Pitt. the settlers acquiesced in this suggestion, and just before daybreak on the following morning a double police sleigh slipped quietly out of Frog Lake settlement and disappeared among the hills across the chain of lakes I, however, in company with the Indian agent Quinn, Père Fafard the local missionary, and some few others, decided to remain on the ground. The missionary, whom we had urged to join the other whites and quit Frog Lake, was strongly opposed to the idea of flight. We should, he said, show that we had confidence in the Indians now that trouble had come.

That night I was sleeping soundly in my room at the Hudson's Bay Company's post. when I was awakened just at sunrise by Walking Horse, a Wood Cree Indian employed about the post. His eyes were ablaze with excitement.

"Wanaska! Wanaska!" ("Get up! Get up!") he cried, shaking me roughly until my eyes opened. "Maskootch miatin anoch kah keesikawk!" ("I think it will be 'bad' this day!")
"Why?" I asked.

"They have taken the horses out of the Government stables," he replied.

"Whom do you mean by they?"

"They say the half-breeds, but I believe it is Big Bear's band."

This looked serious.

I hurried up and was at the store in a There I found the situation few minutes. grave. The Indians already seemed conscious of their power, and were practically keeping the whites prisoners. Almost all the morning I remained at my post, and about ten o'clock was serving an Indian with some tea, when a rifle shot rang out a short distance away. It was followed by two others in quick succession. I rushed out of the store, locking the door behind me.

On the hill before the police barracks lay the form of a man. It was the lifeless body of poor Quinn. The air was thick with smoke and dust. It rang with whoops. shrieks, and the clatter of galloping hoofs. High over all swelled the deadly war-chant of the Plain Crees, bursting from a hundred brown, sinewy throats. I heard Wandering Spirit, war-chief of the band, shout to his braves to kill the whites, and report after report told of the death of one or other of my friends. Then for a moment there was a pause, and Big Bear rushed out of a door towards his followers, waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice: "Tesqua! Tesqua!" ("Stop! Stop!")

He was too late: the smouldering fire of inherent savagery had burst into flame, and even the chief was powerless to quench it. A friendly Indian approached me. "Come this way," he said, and seized me by the "Go quickly to the camp, to my lodge." I accepted his advice and reached it in safety, though I saw armed Indians running on the ridges near, while two, uttering sharp war-cries, passed quite close to me.

Later in the day my friendly Indian came and told me that they would not kill me, but that I must neither go out at night nor attempt to escape; so I found myself a prisoner in the camp of savages, and, as I thought, alone. Subsequently, however, I learned that two women, the widows of two of my companions, had been spared, and we resigned ourselves to endure for a time, as best we might, the life of an Indian camp.

The first few days after the massacre were occupied by the Indians mainly in feasting and dancing. Provisions and other goods had been obtained from trading posts, while the dwellings of missionaries, Government officials, and settlers in Frog Lake and the surrounding districts had been looted. Indians, indeed, revelled in a new-found, unwonted season of plenty, though to the prisoners, as may be imagined, these were days of supreme wretchedness and anxiety.

A week later the camp-crier went up and down one morning among the lodges to call the warriors to a council. They were going, he said, to Fort Pitt on the following morning, to take it, and they wanted, before they left, to talk over the best plans for accomplishing their purpose. I and my fellow prisoners walked over and found the old chief and his warriors forming a double circle in the dancing-tent, a large lodge formed of several small ones. Big Bear sat in state at one side within the circle. Beside him, on the right,



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A YOUNG CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.

[Underwood & Underwood.

sat Wandering Spirit, wearing his war-hat with the five glistening eagle plumes, for each one of which, as he often boasted, he meant to have a white man's life; he was filling an old stone pipe belonging to the head chief with tobacco and red-willow bark. Big Bear was in an amiable mood; he grew reminiscent as the pipe was handed to him, and said—

"This pipe is very dear to me; it was smoked by all my wives in turn. They have gone from my lodge, one by one; they have crossed the Sand Hills, and this is all I have to remember them by." Then followed the ceremony of lighting the pipe of peace

in council. Placing the stem between his lips, Big Bear applied a lighted match to the bowl. He took a long draught, and, tightly closing his mouth so that none of the smoke should escape, turned the stem in order to the four cardinal points of the compass, then toward the ground, and finally, bowing his head, he raised it straight up before him, so that Great Spirit might be the first to smoke. After this he blew the first draught of smoke from his own lips, muttered an incantation, and, after taking a few draws at the pipe himself, passed it to the man on his left. This man also took

a few pulls and passed it to the man next on his left, and so it went on around the circle, the purpose of this ceremony being to conciliate the Kitse Manito (Great Spirit) and to ask his guidance and supervision of the matter before the council.

When all had smoked, including ourselves, Big Bear rose and made a speech, announcing his reason for calling the council. He asked those present to state their views, inviting the whites to speak first, as having knowledge of how such matters were managed among civilised nations. Fitzpatrick, who was an American ex-soldier, Simpson, and I all spoke, urging the advisability of allowing the

inhabitants of Fort Pitt to capitulate, and telling them that it was customary among civilised nations for a superior force to permit a small garrison to surrender and march off unharmed, rather than attack them.

Several Indians followed us and supported our One man plan. thanked us for the suggestion. would be much easier to entice the police out of the fort with fair promises, and then surround and kill them in the open, than to attack them under cover

of the buildings. Wandering Spirit said they had not spared our lives thus far for the purpose of having us dictate to them what they should do in time of war. Big Bear's son, Imasees, said Riel's orders were to kill the police. As far as the Plain Crees were concerned, they were for fighting. They had men enough to capture and burn the fort and kill everyone in it. If the police went, they would take with them their guns and ammunition, which were what the Indians most needed.

The council broke up, and we went back to our tents, saddened and disheartened. Our efforts had apparently accomplished nothing, and there was little promise that our suggestions would further any purpose except a plot treacherously to destroy the garrison of Fort Pitt instead of by open attack. Big Bear, however, promised to endeavour to get the police away in safety, and the sequel shows that the old chief was not unmindful of his plighted word.

Almost the whole band went to Fort Pitt, a few old men, women and children only being left at Frog Lake. The warriors, all mounted, assembled at the lower end of the camp. They, as well as the ponies, were decked in all their finery. With their feathers and paint, bright weapons, gaudy blankets, beaded leggings, and moccasins,

they made a picturesque foreground against the setting of green grass and delicate aspens, the distant hills, the glint of blue waters in the lakes below, and, immediately hind, the white canvas lodges with their smokebrowned tops and poles. ${
m crossed}$ They came riding slowly around the camp, their dolorous war-chant rising weirdly on the fresh, warm, spring air, while their ponies pranced proudly under their flashy trappings. sun poured its rich light upon



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AN INDIAN CAMP.

the tall plumes which tossed and nodded in their black plaited hair and from the tails and foretops of the horses. They reached the end of the camp again, and with a chorus of wild cries and a volley from their guns, the band broke into a gallop and clattered away in the direction of Fort Pitt.

Halpin, one of our number, went with them. He was the only white man. The rest of us might easily have escaped in their absence; but there were two white women in the camp whom we could not desert. We knew, too, that almost all the bands for three hundred miles east along both Saskatchewans had risen, and that the whites in the country had taken shelter in the police forts

and towns which had been fortified. Battleford, the nearest fort or settlement, was
more than one hundred miles away, and
was surrounded by hostiles who had murdered and pillaged as had those in whose
hands we were; so that we had no prospect
of being able to bring relief to the other
prisoners even if we reached that town in
safety. Moreover, the Indians had said that
if one of the prisoners escaped, they would
kill all the others. This threat alone was
sufficient to detain us. So we sat down to

along. Nearly swamped in crossing, scow leaking badly. General idea prevailed that we would be attacked going down river.

"April 16th.—Up at 4.30, after passing a wretched night of heavy snow and wind. Several men frost-bitten, clothing frozen on our backs. 17th.—Ice running very strong. Had some narrow escapes in ice jams. 18th. — Day dull and cold. Much ice running. 19th.—Left Slap Jack Island at 7.13 a.m. Ran for eight hours and camped on Pine Island for the night.



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wait with what patience we might for their return from Fort Pitt.

Later I learned something of the siege. The Crees were for a time unable to accomplish anything against the little garrison, but at last, on April 15th, to quote from the diary of one of the survivors: "The Hudson's Bay Company employees, twenty-eight in number, gave themselves up to Big Bear. Impossible to hold fort now, so had to retire gracefully across the river in scow and camp for the night, not forgetting to bring colours

"April 20th.—Here all day. Barricaded scow. Inspected arms. Rough-looking parade. Wounded man better.

"April 21st.—Left island at 7 a.m. Hailed half-breed scout and two policemen on south bank carrying despatches for us. Report Battleford safe and troops expected daily, All slept on board scow. Two men on picket.

"April 22nd.—Started 5.45 a.m. and reached Battleford at 9 a.m. Garrison turned out and presented arms. Police band played

us into fort. Enthusiastic greeting. Ladies

gave us a grand dinner."

Once the fort had been evacuated, a scene of the wildest disorder followed. The Indians crowded into stores and other buildings and gutted them. Furs, provisions, calico, blankets, shawls, canned goods, clothing, and personal effects were eagerly seized upon and appropriated, and furniture and other things useless to savages were smashed. The whites were able to carry very little away with them, and

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A WARRIOR CHIEF.

most of their effects fell into the hands of their captors. Louis Patnaude, a friendly half-breed, subsequently gave me an amusing account of the looting of Fort Pitt. As soon as the doors of the Hudson's Bay Company's stores had been forced, the Indians rushed in. Each seized the first thing he could place his hands upon. It might be a cask of sugar, a chest of tea, a princely pelt, a bale of calico, a caddy of tobacco, or a keg of nails-it made no difference. He rushed off with it, set it

down outside, and went in for more. When he returned again, his first capture was certain to be gone; another had appropriated it, a weaker brother. A woman might get hold of a fine wool shawl. Some buck would fancy it for his wife, and it would be forcibly taken from her. It was a strife for the spoils, and Indian expletives mingled with blows and outcries. Tins of Yarmouth bloaters, kippered herrings, and jars of pickles and pâté de

foie gras, imported at great expense all the way from slashed open with hospital stores were got at. The red man evidently believed that all medicines in "comforts"; they drank them, until one old man nearly succumbed to the effects, and then decided that the enemy had tried to poison them. They were afraid to use the sacks of flour which had been piled in tiers for the defence of the fort, for fear the police had mixedstrychnine with it.

Next day the Indians all reached Frog Lake with their captives, and we felt better, for now we had other

prisoners to share our troubles, and misery always loved company. Our total number was thirty-three, including nine children. Besides these there were a number of halfbreeds, ostensibly prisoners, but some of whom, at least, I should not place in that category.

[Underwood & Underwood,

It was about a week later that five Indian runners arrived from Poundmaker's reserve, near Battleford, with messages from Riel. The rebel chief sent his compliments to Big

London, were knives, sniffed at. and flung on the ground. The police use by the police were Bear, asked him to go on and effect a junction with Poundmaker, and then attack and capture Battleford. The stories told by the runners differed somewhat in detail; they brought no direct message from Poundmaker, and Big Bear's band therefore doubted them. A council was called, and the messengers were seated in the open space in the centre. All the white men were ordered to attend, and, with the half-breeds, they occupied one segment of the circle.

Imasees was the first to speak. adjured the messengers as they valued their lives to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, referring to the conflicting stories told by them. Dressy Man argued that the men should be received as friends and without suspicion. Wandering Spirit, seated apart from the others, at the lower end of the circle, listened with illconcealed disgust to Dressy Man's pacific words. His rifle rested against his shoulder, and he dug viciously in the soil with the long hunting-knife in his left hand. As usual, my gaze was drawn to him, and as he glanced up frequently and our eyes met, a black scowl settled upon his face. As Dressy Man finished, the war chief sprang to his feet. He cast doubt on the professions of the messengers. Who knew but that they were emissaries of the whites, and wished to lead the band into a trap? Why had no message come from Poundmaker? For his part, he preferred to go direct to Duck Lake and join Riel.

"There is another thing of which I want to speak," he went on, his soft voice rising into its ominous ring; and here the true purport of his speech revealed itself. "When I began this war over there" raising his arm towards the ruins of the settlement—"I made a vow that I should never again look upon a white man except to kill him." He strode rapidly up and down before the council with his rifle on his arm. "Now I look about me in the camp and see white faces everywhere. They begin to go together in groups and talk, and the next thing we know one of them will get away and bring trouble upon us all. My blood grows hot, it sings in my ears, when I remember that I have not kept that vow!

"It's not the half-breeds I mean. They're our friends, our relations. It's these white people I'm talking about." He stopped and, bending over, swept his arm in the faces of the group of white men—faces not the less white because of his words. But as Wander-

ing Spirit's voice died away, Big Bear rose and stretched his hands out over our heads. "I pity every white man we have saved!" he exclaimed in a voice which trembled with emotion. "Instead of speaking bad about them, you should be returning some of the things you have taken from them. See! they are poor, naked. They are not, like us, accustomed to know hunger and the want of warm clothing against the cold. Have pity! Have pity!" Then, to our infinite relief, another chief got up and supported Big Bear, and shortly afterwards the council broke up and we were allowed to go back to our tents in safety. But had Wandering Spirit found one or two to speak in support of his incendiary utterances, we



Photo by] [Steele & Wing, Winnipeg.

MR. WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON.

should never have been allowed to quit our seats alive.

For some weeks after this nothing of importance occurred, the Indians spending their time in feasting, the dancing of war-dances, and in gaming. Your North American Indian is an incorrigible gambler: the passion for play seems to be born with him. Yet as time went on we grew daily more anxious, and our hearts grew heavier at the helplessness of our position. At last, however, the change we had been expecting came

On the 26th of May, just as we were in the depth of despair, an Indian crier arrived at our camp. He had been posted on the hill at the foot of which we were encamped, and as dawn came he had sighted a group of white tents on the ground above Fort Pitt, fifteen miles away.

Immediately all was excitement. The Indians came tumbling out of their lodges,

caught up their horses, and began to prepare for flight and battle. A thirst-dance, which was in progress, was broken up. Wandering Spirit appeared riding the big grey mare he had taken from the Government farm at Onion Lake, near Fort Pitt, her sides streaked with paint, and bunches of eagle plumes floating from her tail and fore-top. He came round the circle formed by the two hundred lodges at a hard gallop, shouting the sinister war-cry of the Crees; except for his breechclout and moccasins, he were no clothing, his long, curling black hair tossed in the wind, and his eyes flashed with excitement. About his waist was a belt of cartridges; another hung, like the sash of a military order, over his shoulder and across his chest. In his hand he carried the Winchester rifle without which he never left his lodge.

The Indians did not wait for breakfast, but hurriedly struck their tents, loaded their effects into the carts and on the backs of ponies, and moved away to the east. Wandering Spirit came around with another Indian during the excitement, and took some of the white prisoners over to the dancing-lodge. I was concerned for their safety, but the war chief had only feared they might escape, and left them there under a guard. He did not approach me.

We moved in a great hurry to Frenchman's Butte Creek, a wide and deep coulee two miles from the Butte, and, descending to the bottom, camped and cooked a meal. It was nearly noon. An Indian of Big Bear's band came for me to fix his buckboard. I mended it. It was not of much service to him afterwards! Just as we had finished eating, some of the Indians reported a red-coat scout upon the brow of the coulee, and pandemonium reigned again. Patnaude, a half-breed with whom I had been quartered, ordered me to get his horses, which had wandered off some little distance I went, though I did not like it. Indians, including Wandering Spirit, rushed past me, naked and shouting war-cries; they acted very much upon impulse in moments However, they did not of excitement. molest me. We harnessed up again, crossed the swamp or muskeg in the bottom, moved down the coulee to some timber along a

creek or slough which trickled through its centre, and camped for the day.

The Indians made ready to fight here. They looked to their rifles and selected a position on the brow of the bank above us, opposite to where we had entered the coulee. It was a thrilling and fateful time for the prisoners. We felt happy, though we did not dare to show our joy. Help was at last near after two months of anxiety, hardship, and that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. We had many times despaired of getting away with our lives, but now we knew that unless our captors should decide to take vengeance upon us at the last moment, our release was at hand.

At this juncture we thought well to attempt to persuade certain Wood Crees, who had all along been the more peacefully inclined, to leave the Plain Crees, and to our intense joy they at length consented. We, of course, promised to let the troops know that they had done no harm, and on the first of June, I and two others walked into a detail of scouts under Major Dale, General Strange's brigade officer. to say, we received a cordial welcome. Major detailed two of his men to accompany us to Strange's Camp. The scouts dismounted and made us ride, walking beside the horses. They asked us endless questions on the way. The challenges of the pickets were satisfactorily answered, and at eleven o'clock we were ushered into the presence of General Strange, who shook us warmly by the hand. He had marched five hundred miles to liberate us, and he looked the satisfaction he doubtless felt at the attainment of his purpose.

A party went out that night, and before daylight the next morning they had brought in the remainder of our company. I do not know exactly how we felt just then. There are moments in most men's lives which, on their looking back to them, seem delirious with supreme joy or supreme horror. The latter emotion I experienced at Frog Lake on April 2nd, 1885; the former at Frenchman's Butte on the night of June 1st in the same year, when I felt at last that I had left my two months' captivity in an Indian camp

behind me.





"White Lucy looked over the fence with a wise and disapproving eye."

WHITE LUCY.

By EDITH RICKERT.

F all the top-heavy, crook-backed, knobbly-boned, bow-shanked, shaghaired, ugly-mugged old mares in the world, give the prize to White Lucy; but as to her horse-sense—listen!

It is now some twenty years ago that she conveyed the belongings of Miss Thwaite to Underfell; and since then she has been horse-of-all-work on the place, having only lately attained the degree of an honourable pension and freedom to nibble at all the short, sweet grass on the rocks above Hubblethwaite Water.

Now, Miss Thwaite's removal from Thwaite House to Underfell was a tragedy. Never until her day had any other than a Thwaite set foot on the threshold save in the way of hospitality, and never had any Thwaite woman left the homestead save in the way of marriage. And yet, through slow decay of means, Thomas, fifteenth of that name since the first Thomas Thwaite, who carved

his name over the door, fell at Solway Moss, had married his wife to keep the auctioneer from the door; and Helena, unable to endure the aureole of sovereigns about her sister-in-law's vulgarly pretty face, had retired to the ruined farmhouse of Underfell, built it up in the old manner, and there kept hermitage.

One hope she had, one fear and one demand. "The children," she said to herself daily and nightly, "God grant that they be of the old stock!" With the two boys she felt increasingly helpless. She could only pray for them, and embroider with all the art of an exquisite needle the family motto: "Be that thou art," and send it to them in as many Christmas and birthday shapes as she could devise, and talk seriously to Thomas whenever brother and sister met.

But the case of the girl was different. Helena watched the upgrowing of her namesake with an eye that apprehended in her at every turn the essential commonness of her mother. She trembled the more in that

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the girl was pretty with a beauty that no Thwaite had ever possessed, and her insistent demand was that little Helena should spend several months of every year at Underfell, hoping thus to garner up and save whatso excellent Thwaite qualities might be found in her character. And herein Lucy

played her part, as you shall see.

From the days of her first toddling, Helena had a considerable respect for White Lucy, who was even then dignified beyond her years, being not more than sixteen or so. Everything else at Underfell was completely subject to the caprices of the little miss. Her aunt, theoretical taskmistress, who built upon the possible effects of spacious Tudor surroundings on a young mind fostered chiefly in mid-Victorian gilding, who hoped that the influence of old-fashioned flowers might counteract a growing love of finery, and who desired that the homely pursuits of bee-keeping, the embroidering of linens, and the distilling of cordial waters, might balance the giddiness of piano-tinkling and trilling (no Thwaite was ever known to be musical) and up-to-date dancing—this same aunt became the humble purveyor of fairy tales, when she should have been talking French or discoursing upon Jane Austen. The elder Helena, then, the farmer and his wife, the garden, the orchard where apples plumped among the sweet cicely and nasturtiums overran the broken walls, the herb-garden, the dogs, the cat, the chickens young and old—over all these the child's sceptre was triumphant. White Lucy, on the other hand, looked over the fence with a wise and disapproving eye, and nibbled a straw in some perplexity as to how the danger of spoiling the infant might be averted. But she never found her chance until the year of Helena's coming-out, when, her beauty ripe, her education finished, her dowry invested, she awaited but opportunity to determine the setting and mission of her life.

It was in some tribulation of mind that Miss Helena the elder made an expedition to Thwaite House. She felt that the end of her influence was near, that when Helena had blossomed in London, as she was expected to do the following winter, thenceforth there would be no effective working against that coarse and gilded strain in her character. She was eager with her invitation, but the mother was reluctant. Still she persisted, and sent Helena away to fetch a book while she pleaded for her last chance. The girl was fatally pretty, and had been

apt in absorbing polish. "Oh, manner—manner!" sighed the poor lady.

She would never have prevailed but for the appearance of Thomas with the evening

paper.

"Hum!" said he, "I see Sir Henry is unexpectedly ordered abroad for his health, and Lord Orrin's visit is postponed. He is to spend next month with the Pynners at Riverdale."

"Your neighbours," said the brazen Augusta. "You see much of them?"

Miss Thwaite looked at her very sadly. She had married the descendant of a man who fell at Flodden Field, and she actually wanted to marry her daughter to the son of a titled soapmaker. To be sure, Royalty had approved the soap, was the proud lady's ironical inward comment. But for the girl's sake she forced herself to say quietly: "Yes, and it might be pleasant for Helena."

All the way home she actively despised herself for having stooped to get her way. But the young Helena, by no means reluctant,

was with her.

For the first few days she seemed to lose her air and graces, and to become again the simple child Miss Thwaite had loved. She was genuinely fond of Underfell, and she roamed over every inch of it, with the two collies, worshippers from childish days, up and down the mossy steps that led from the by-road to the court, through the creaking gate into the orchard where sweet cicely still flourished under the apple-trees, and nasturtiums still flung ruddy banners and trails over the grey walls; she played at bowls on the close-woven turf, she studied the sundial, she read in the little arbour, she hovered over the great, tangled flower-borders, she watched the bees, she plundered the fruitgarden, and she strayed along the rocky bank of the tumultuous little river that plunges headlong into Hubblethwaite Water, she spent long hours out in the heather above the lake. And when the two women were together within doors, she showed appreciation of Tudor furniture, of Lowestoft, of Chelsea, of Crown Derby; she did not demur at the proposal of needlework and Jane Austen; she did not once offer to go to the piano or sing her atrocious modern music. And, perhaps best of all, she showed genuine appreciation of old White Lucy, when the mare came up and snuffled in her elbow. Miss Thwaite held that the friendship of a wise horse is an excellent thing for girl or bov.

But a single visit to the Pynners, where



"Rattled like a racehorse down the silent street."

young Lord Orrin was expected daily, scattered the old lady's hopes like chaff. She came home and went a-pruning in such sore distress that she would have ruined utterly her best vine, had not her housekeeper seen the havoc and rescued it.

"Ah," thought Miss Thwaite, "when once the gold has been alloyed! She is far too pretty to be a true Thwaite, and when her mother's comeliness has faded and crumpled with age, all the coarse grain of the metal may come out. What can I do? What can I do?"

She was so like her mother in physical fairness—the changeful, blue eyes, the

delicate flush that came and went with every emotion—what if she had inherited Augusta's nature?

The elder Helena perplexed her gentle soul with problems of psychology and physiology and metaphysics; and the more that she considered, the more it seemed to her that she should never know, until she was dead and understood everything, how far the mischief had gone. There were times when the girl seemed genuine, lovable, and other times when one could not but condemn as an affected minx, even approaching—Heaven defend!—the stage of pertness. She watched —how she watched!—to see when the finer

and when the coarser element prevailed; but she said nothing, not even when the girl's laugh was too loud, trusting and praying that time and good influences might do something to her heal. And, indeed, it is perfectly true that, as far as the laugh is concerned, young Helena came to notice the pained levelling of her aunt's eyebrows, and learned to exercise moderation.

The day came, the thrice-brilliant, rainbowcoloured day in young Helena's eyes, that brought from the Pynners an invitation to a

garden-party to meet Lord Orrin.

Miss Thwaite sat, rather grim and still, while Helena's joy effervesced until it bubbled out in a complicated and effectively managed skirt-dance, to the tune of: "I shall wear—my white, embroidered—chiffon —and my big—chip hat, la, la!—and my buckled—shoes, la, la!"

Miss Thwaite's face cleared a little; it

seemed an innocent sort of vanity.

Then Helena was grave: "Oh, auntie, I do wish you had a carriage! That old, hired thing is so shabby. Couldn't we just write and ask father to lend us ours? I'm sure mother wouldn't want me to look ridiculous. And that thing is nearly as bad as Farmer Handlev's gig.

"A Thwaite," said the elder Helena quietly, "is never ridiculous. To feel so is——" She abruptly curetain. clusion. It would not do to tell Helena that it was a sign of commonness. The statement would follow too closely the child's expression

of her mother's opinion.

I do solemnly assure you that it was not of considered malice, but through sheer anxiety over her niece's spiritual state, that Miss Helena completely forgot to order the

The day of the *fête* proved so superb that in the middle of the morning, the younger Helena burst out with a wistful: "I'd almost rather walk than go in that shabby cab." Whereupon the elder with a startled face confessed her sin of omission, and sent the one farm-hand on a hasty mission to bring back anything in the way of a vehicle that could be got.

Brunton was long away.

"He will bring something," said Miss Thwaite hopefully. "He is a man of resources."

And her niece: "Auntie, you couldn't

ask me to stay at home!"

They had begun to dress when the sound of wheels on the rutty road drew them both to the window. Brunton stood at the head of the steps leading down to the courtyard. wiping a hot forehead with his wrist, but no vehicle was to be seen.

"I scoored the country, Miss Thwaite," said he, addressing the modestly drawn shutters of that lady. But from the other window he was abashed to see emerge a pink dressing-jacket and a cloud of black

"And have you brought nothing, then?" was the tragic note of despair. aggerated was this emotion when one considers seven and a half miles of dusty road in high-heeled, buckled shoes and a trained

"What was I to bring, miss?"

avoided her gaze.

"If only Farmer Handley's gig——" she began, but sobs checked further utterance.

"Farmer Handley were a-wantin' of his gig," said Brunton, with recovered briskness, "but he come down with a handsome offer of the cart and his compliments."

"Capital!" cried Miss Thwaite, with one

of her rare laughs.

"And so, as he couldn't spare a horse, I rode Lucy down to fetch it up—not to trouble you, miss; and she's ready and waiting, when you like."

"I don't see her," observed Miss Thwaite.

"No, they're just round the corner of the big rose-bush," answered Brunton, who had obviously planned to spare them the shock of a sudden vision.

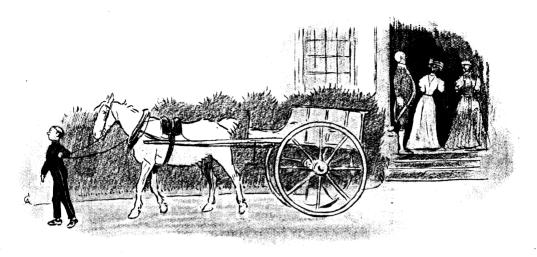
"She's not much to look at, is Lucy," was Brunton's parting word, "but she'll get you there—in her own way."

But there was trouble at the other window, and for a time it seemed as if neither Miss Thwaite would be seen at Riverdale that afternoon. At length the elder, after vain attempts at administering comfort, spoke her mind: "Well, dear, as we have no sufficient excuse for staying away, and as we are expected, I certainly am going. You may do as you like; but if you decline to come, I shall feel bound to tell Mrs. Pynner the reason why."

Here was a choice of evils. For all that the girl needed a lesson, Miss Thwaite felt rather cruel in thus abetting relentless Fate.

Finally, young Helena gave a great gulp and said: "There! I'll swallow my pride. But we must leave her in the village, and walk up to the house. And we'll take the by-roads — oh, dear! If anybody should see us?"

"Very well," said the elder. And we'll take haste and dry your eyes.



"White Lucy smiled as a page led her contemptuously away."

mackintoshes and umbrellas. I'm weatherwise, and I smell rain."

"But you might have afforded just a pony and a dog-cart!" was the girl's parting reproach.

"When I do, you shall be the first to ride in it," was the serene answer.

When they came downstairs and across the court, and up into the meadow where the road begins, they found Brunton surveying his handiwork with approval. He had groomed White Lucy, and braided her coarse locks and her tail with bits of pink ribbon that he must have begged or stolen from his wife. The farm-cart had been newly painted, as it happened, blue with red wheels, and with the other end of the rope that served to mend the harness, Brunton had lashed a board securely into place, to serve as a seat.

White Lucy, a little surprised, and not a little self-complacent and gratified, held up her head with such a spirited air of fashion that Helena longed to beat her or to throw stones at her, when gratitude was clearly the emotion that should have been uppermost in this young person's mind. But Miss Thwaite, serene and dignified, with her dainty bonnet, her elegant voile gown pinned high under her dust-cloak, and a pair of old drivinggloves, admonished the girl that the later they arrived, the more attention they would attract.

Now, at this point, White Lucy took matters into her own hands. She had followed the proceedings with a wise and benevolent expression, and she doubtless drew her own conclusions, So when

Brunton had helped up the elder lady, and fairly lifted the younger, in all her finery, over the big red wheel, and had laid the mackintoshes and umbrellas ready to hand. White Lucy gave a coquettish toss of her great head, and, with a motion between a skip and an amble, got fairly out of Miss Thwaite's hands from the very beginning. It must be admitted that she was safe enough, and that she knew (after twenty years' acquaintance) her hill; but from the first step, Miss Thwaite, who was not a skilled driver, had no influence whatever over the pace she set for herself.

At the foot of the hill she assumed a step that she considered suited to the dignity of the occasion.

"Oh, get along, Lucy, do!" fretted Helena; and her aunt murmured with amiable intention: "Clk-clk!"

The mare stopped short and turned a reproachful head as far as she could reach: "Am I conducting this expedition, or am I not?" And she clearly was.

"It might be a funeral," sighed Helena. "Oh, auntie, you're not turning off into the

by-road!"

Miss Thwaite attempted a manipulation of the reins, and again Lucy stopped and faced "Do I know the road to Riverdale or do I not?" And she clearly did.

A funeral? Not at all. White Lucy's model was rather a procession of state. Perhaps she viewed herself in the light of one of the cream-coloured ponies of the late Queen. Certainly she went so slowly that everyone who passed along the road could note the details of the two ladies' costumes; and Miss Thwaite had several animated conversations, in which she made no allusion whatever to their peculiar equipage. From time to time she clucked cheerfully at the relentless mare, and appeared to be enjoying herself, while her niece, burning with shame, dared not lift her eyes from the ground.

But as they drew near the village where Helena proposed to tie up the equipage and proceed on foot, the unmanageable beast straightway mended her pace, and rattled like a racehorse down the silent street, so that the cottagers gathered at their doors, and the two victims could only cling as best they might. She trusted them, it seems, not to roll off into the dust.

Leg over leg the creature plunged on, never pausing to draw breath until she was safe within the stone lions that guard the park gates at Riverdale; but from that point she resumed her processional gait, and maintained it until she drew up with a flourish before the stately and hospitable door.

As the footman disentangled her from her rugs and helped her to descend by the wheel, Helena, although her eyes were on the ground, had a vivid image of the groups of people interested in their arrival, and of a good-looking young man standing by Mrs. Pynner, who surveyed her coolly, then said: "By Jove!"

Another footman, who had been helping Miss Thwaite, covered a smirk as he asked: "When will you require your—carriage, ma'am?"

Miss Thwaite looked over his head—he was about eighteen inches taller than herself—and said sweetly: "The cart? Oh, at six o'clock."

And White Lucy smiled as a page led her

contemptuously away.

I am afraid the garden party, for all its cakes and cream, its clock-golf and young men in flannels, its gossip and music and boating on the river, was not, in Helena's mind, a success; she was even rude enough to call it a nightmare. Her double grain of comfort lay in the double fact that the good-looking youth turned out to be the son of a curate named Squiggs, and that Lord Orrin never turned up at all.

Mrs. Pynner was an unhappy woman. All she could say was: "He left us this morning to walk across the moors to the Wells, to lunch with a friend who turned up unexpectedly there. He expected to be back at three. I can't think what has delayed him. I expect him every moment."

But she expected in vain, and everybody

was very unhappy except Helena, who flirted unmercifully with young Squiggs and several others of his type; and when White Lucy appeared, with a wisp of hay hanging in a dissolute fashion from a corner of her mouth, the girl was so far from explaining the peculiarities of her chariot that she sauntered over, patted Lucy's nose and pulled her braided locks, thus making herself needlessly conspicuous, before Miss Thwaite upstairs had completed her preparations for driving. And as they were conveyed thence, at Lucy's pace, the one looked as much a Thwaite as the other, so that not even the footmen smiled when their backs were turned.

After a long silence: "Has it been a very hard lesson, dear?" asked Miss Helena.

The girl was slow to speak. At last: "I felt what it was to be a Thwaite. But if I had been a Squiggs, auntie? Could I have done the same?"

But Squiggses formed no part of Miss Thwaite's philosophy. "I wonder how you would have come off if the soapmaker's son had been there?"

Helena wondered too; but she only said: "Don't speak that way, auntie, dear. He can't help his family, any more than we can help ours—"

Miss Helena could have embraced her for that "we" that showed she felt the pride of race; but the rain came between them. She would not have been so pleased with the conclusion which the storm swept out of her hearing: "—or those poor Squiggses."

They saved their frocks and their headgear, while old Lucy's frame of mind was such that the rain drew from her a great steam of self-satisfaction. She snorted and puffed along, so utterly pleased with herself that Helena forgot her vexation in laughter.

High on the moors the heather was drenched, but the sky was all a red flare of sunset, when Lucy, for no reason in the world, stopped and became a petrified horse, although repeatedly urged to proceed.

"It's going to rain again. What shall we do?" said Miss Thwaite, clucking and flapping the reins as much as she could.

"I'll get out and lead her," began Helena, with a great sigh for her frock; then she laid a trembling hand on the other woman's sleeve: "Look at her ears, auntie. She's listening—she's turning towards the moors. Ah, now I hear it! It's somebody calling for help."

White Lucy shook her head and beat her left forefoot impatiently in the puddle; and

in that second both women understood, and the younger was over the wheel and running along the muddy road, with never a thought for the ruined gown.

Straight as a bird she flew to the rough steps made by the jutting stones of the wall; and straight as a bird, scarcely brushing the heather tops, her skirts about her knees, the chip hat about her neck, her hair in the wind, she flew towards the cry for help.

"Coo-ee!" she answered shrill and sweet.

"Coo-ee!" and again "Coo-ee!"

She came upon a man lying against a wall a young gamekeeper evidently—rather twisted and white with pain. He managed to drag himself up on one foot as she came flying towards him, stirring the grouse from their

"I can walk," he assured her, "but I can't get over the wall, you see. . . . No, it's t'other way round. I'm a little mizzy in my head. I did crawl up and down those steps, but I can't hop far without a crutch.

"Come along," says she, stooping to give him both hands. "I'm your crutch, and there's a cart out in the road. Steady, now."

They wasted no more words then, but advanced by painful degrees to the wall, over which showed Miss Thwaite's anxious eyes and the compassionate nose of White Lucy.

"Quick—the rugs, auntie!" called Helena; and when she had steered her charge to the top of the last wall, Lucy herself slowly and intelligently backed into it, so that the young gamekeeper had but to fall forward in a dead faint. And this he did promptly.

"I think we'd better run for home," said young Helena; but Lucy needed no ad-Almost before Miss Thwaite could pick up the reins, she was off with a mighty chartle as of laughter, and she fairly stampeded up that stony road.

When the injured man was jolted back into consciousness, he found his head on a pillow of fluffy white stuff, which he, of course, did not recognise as chiffon.

"Are you better?" asked the angel to

whom the chiffon was attached.

"I'm in heaven!" was the obvious

"You won't think so when it pours in a minute," said the angel, preparing to raise an umbrella. "I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. You're a gamekeeper, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, if you'll let me stop where I am," was his curious, if feeble, answer. But he seemed to have some regard for



the truth: "My grandfather was, anyway; as for me, I'm only a poacher, at best."

They arrived at Underfell before she ask for an explanation; and Brunton and his wife came running out to their assistance.

I spare you all the to-do in the household: how Brunton rode White Lucy, still indefatigable, to fetch the doctor, and how the three women hovered and fluttered and got in one another's way until the physician came and turned them all out. Then first Helena looked down at the muddy rags of what had been her prettiest gown. But she would not go and change it, not for all Miss Thwaite's entreaties, until she heard how her patient was.

She was sitting at the head of the stairway when the doctor came out and bent his brows upon her. "Go in and see. I give you three minutes by my watch; and then you get out of those chilly rags and into bed with a dose of rum, which I shall see about. . . ." She left him still muttering.

The gamekeeper insisted upon taking her hand to thank her; she thought him rather forward.

"It's nothing. Are you more comfortable?"

"In bliss for three minutes." (So he had

been timed, too.) "But there's to-morrow. I know who you are. I asked while the old chap was binding me up. The finest old race in the country—ashamed of nothing—stick at nothing. Heavens! I envy you your breed." (Queer talk for a gamekeeper, this.) "You—oh, you're no end of a brick!" said he, and he fairly turned his face away on the pillow to hide some sudden emotion.

"Time's up!" called the doctor from the

doorway.

"Coming," said Helena, and whispered: "Who are you?"

His eyes laughed at her again: "I was to have met you to-day. The soapmaker's son."

"Good night," says she sweetly. "We shall do our best to make you comfortable."

But he looked as if he did not need this assurance.

Helena went straight to Miss Thwaite's room.

"My dear," said that sweet lady, "I am proud of you and ashamed of my fears. Blood will tell in the end."

"And how," answered Helena, "about the soapmaker's son, whose grandfather was a gamekeeper? And what is the pedigree of White Lucy? To-morrow I shall go out and beg her pardon."

WESTMINSTER.

THE streets, aroar with boisterous noise Of rattling carts, of motor-gas exploding, Of ugly horns, tooting pneumatically, Of cog-wheeled, grating cranes, And the hoarse chant of newsboys, Hide half their business in veils of dust. An ancient square receives us, And din and turmoil quietly subside, Dving away in reverence, below dark arches. Westminster! Dim half-light, then behold-A cloistered court, a plashing fountain, A plane tree, spreading naked arms, And dangling spikey fruit of yesteryear From off its March-swept fingers 'Gainst the pale, temper'd blue of England's sky. Stillness of ages! Hark! A choral song, Boys' seraph notes, men's sombre harmonies. Weaving a hymn like dew-kissed gossamer Around and in and out this cloister'd court . . . Take off your hat, my friend, and bow your head: Here past is present, and the present—dead.



AT THE RISING ARTIST'S RECEPTION.

"You know, he is quite wedded to his art."

"Well, judging by some of his pictures, he ought to be divorced from it."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A SHOCKING STORY.

"Now—I think—" began our genial host, who had promised us a story as we sat round the fire after supper, "that the ladies had better go to bed, for I am afraid this story will make them rather nervous."

"Nonsense!" cried the ladies in chorus. "You can't make us nervous!"

"Oh, ladies, it's horrible, and you'll dream about it. Take my advice, now, and don't stop and listen to it."

"Oh, but we love horrors!" they cried. "You

can't frighten us. Do begin!"

"Very well, then," said the old gentleman, "don't say I didn't warn you. Some years ago a young girl, who came from the country—close to my own native village, in fact—went to Manchester as a domestic servant. She was strong and willing, but quite simple and inexperienced, and for a time her place suited her very well. There were only her master and mistress in family, and though she had not much liberty and was kept below stairs, she was kindly treated, and she sent good money home to her parents every month. After a time, however, she began

to think there was something queer about her place, for she noticed that though on several occasions nicely dressed ladies came to see her master and mistress, she never saw them go away again, and her suspicions were strengthened when she found that there was a certain room upstairs that was always locked whenever her master and mistress went out. One day, when they had both accepted an invitation to take tea with a neighbour, the girl crept upstairs, and found that by some oversight the key had been left in the door. It was some time before she could bring herself to open the door and look in. When she did, she turned tail with a screech of terror, and pulling the door to after her, ran down into the basement and covered her head with her apron. But she could not blot out the awful sight, for in that dreadful room lay the decapitated heads of women, the hair still attached to some, lying hacked and strewn about the floor. Suddenly she heard her mistress return and hurry upstairs, evidently coming back for the incriminating key, which she had forgotten. Creeping into the passage, the maid heard her lock the awful door, come down-



"I say, my lad, can I see over this house?"
"Oh, I dessay—if you get up that there ladder."

stairs, and once more leave the house to rejoin her friends. No sooner had she gone, than the pale and trembling girl tied her belongings into a bundle and hurried out into the street, where she wandered about till she met a policeman, to whom she told her tale. She repeated it at the station to the inspector, and also showed the house where the wretched couple were having tea with their friends. The house was surrounded, while the inspector and two constables and a detective accompanied the girl back to her place. She led them up to the locked door. They burst it open, and found they had broken into a ladies' hairdressing establishment, where customers went in at one door and out at another."



SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (who has been pointing out to her inattentive class that the stings of conscience, on a sick-bed, are like the bites of a serpent): Now, what is it that bites us on a bed of sickness?

INATTENTIVE CLASS: Fleas!



ARDENT NATURALIST (who has taken some slum-children to the Zoo): Now, children, which animal do you like the best?

YOUNGEST SLUM CHILD (emphatically): Please, miss, I don't like nuffink what eats yer.

A BALLADE.

Let the great fire sink ruddy-red
On the wide hearth, while you and I
Sit by the shadows fancy-led
Idly to talk of days gone by.
Could they from out their canvases hie,
These men and women around the wall,
Could but the centuries backward fly,
Which into life would we choose to call?

Would it be she just over your head, The Stuart lady who ought to sigh, If all the stories be true we've read Caused by her merry, treacherous eye? Or would you rather speak with the shy, Pretty Puritan, lithe and tall, With never a lace or a ribbon tie? Which into life would we choose to call?

Perhaps, though, your favourite out of the hall, Is Glainsborough's lady, hat awry, From her smooth, white shoulder, ready to fall, A gossamer scarf of some Eastern dye? You smile in the dusk without reply, You the fairest among them all, Smile at the question I ceaseless ply, Which into life would we choose to call?

L'Envoi.

Ladies of long ago, when all's said, Prithee! pardon me one and all, My lady is fairest, she shakes her head, None into life would I choose to call!

Edith C. M. Dart.



THE LIMIT.

"You never 'eard sich langwidge, and the names she called me! Well, even me own 'usband don't call me sich names!"



LITERARY HEREDITY,

THE OLDEST INHABITANT: Aye, maister, that be old Gaffer Brown in t'doorway yonder, and a fine pictur' he do make, to be sure. They do say he be like Will'um Shakespeare, and maybe 'tis true, for sure enough he allers did have a nateral gift o' rhymin'!

ELIZA JANE.

An Appreciation.

Though others dedicate to Phyllis
That tribute, due to beauty's fame,
Which always has been paid, and still is,
To her romantic-sounding name;
Be mine to sing a new refrain—
The praises of Eliza Jane.

What though she has to dust the hall mat And purify the kitchen stairs?—
Work unromantic, but for all that One which successfully compares With Phyllis's less ardent zeal For furthering the common weal.

Now, just for argument, consider
What would your dainty Phyllis say
If anyone should dare to bid her
To gather nightly, on a tray,
The remnants scorned of they who dine,
And bear them forth to feed the swine.

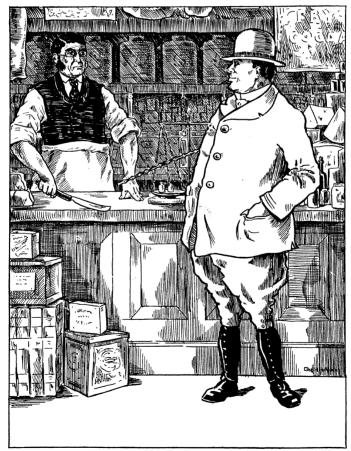
A profitable undertaking—
Since (1) it clears the board o' nights,
And (2) conduces to the slaking
Of sundry swinish appetites.
A doubly useful task, and so
"Opus pro bono publico."

Nevertheless, it is undoubted
That Phyllis would have tossed her head,
And, most indignantly, have scouted
The thought with scorn unlimited.
Why should she soil her dainty hand
When 'Liza Jane is in the land?

Wherefore I take it that Eliza,
Although she wears no Bond Street frocks,
Has no "Society" to prize her,
And fewer halfpennies than knocks,
Can, notwithstanding, claim to be
A boon to the community.

And, consequently, may be worthy
A tribute of the poet's pen,
Even although she cannot stir the
Hearts—like fair Phyllis can—of men.
And that is why myself would fain
Pay tribute to Eliza Jane.

Rupert Thorold.

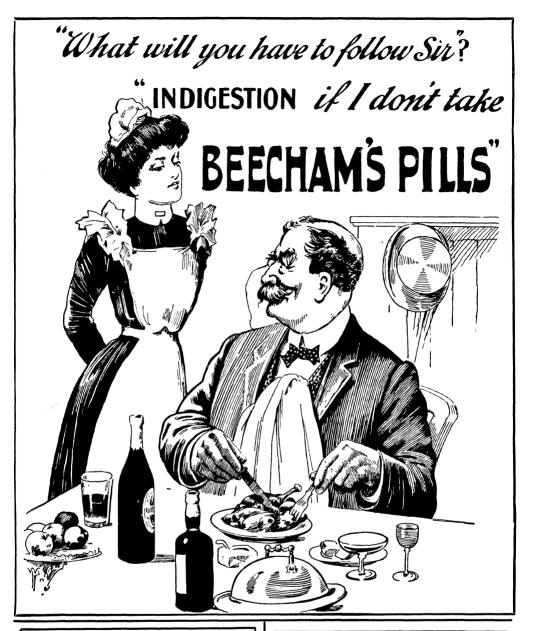


A SPORTING OFFER.

Horsey Gentleman: Half-a-pound of cheese, please.

GROCER: Gorgonzola or Stilton, sir?

HORSEY GENTLEMAN: Start 'em across the counter, mister. I'll take the winner.



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IT IS A VERY LONG TIME

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gives exema'' instant relief. Your cure begins the instant you use "Antexema." You soon see a change in the appearance of your skin. If you have been unable to sleep for months All skin ailments of children are cured by marvellous "Antexema." owing to terrible irritation all this

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IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF YOUR DEAFNESS (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this appliance. It is equally efficacious in the case of a child as it is with an aged person. There is absolutely case of a child as it is with an aged person. There is absolutely no discomfort, no metal and no possibility of any harm arising, and it can be worn day and night without causing the slightest inconvenience.

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The Beautiful White Devil. Guy Boothby.
The Conscience of a King. A. C. Gunter. 13 Pharos, the Egyptian. Guy Boothby.
14 Saddle and Sabre. Hawkey SMART.
16 The Dorrington Deed-Box. ARTHUR MORRISON. 118 The Custodian. Archibald Eyre.
119 The Beautiful White Devil, Guy Boothby.
120 The Conscience of a King. A. C. Gunter.
121 A Prince of Sinners. E. P. Optenheim.
122 Dr. Nikola. Guy Boothby.
123 Millions of Mischief. Headon Hill.
124 The Jackal. Coulson Kernahan.
125 The Lust of Hate. Guy Boothby.
126 Phil Conway. A. C. Gunter.
127 The Crimson Blind, Fred M. White.
128 A Twofold Inheritance. Guy Boothby.
129 The Fortuna Filly. Howell Scratton.
130 Count Zarka. Sir Wm. Magnay.
131 The Pillar of Light. Louis Tracy.
132 A Queer Affair. Guy Boothby.
134 The Yellow Crayon. E. P. Oppenheim.
135 Tommy Carteret, Justus M. Forman.
136 The Cardinal Moth. Fred M. White.
137 Farewell, Nikola! Guy Boothby.
138 A Prince in the Garret. A. C. Gunter.
139 Long Odds. Hawley Smart.
140 The Childerbridge Mystery. Guy Boothby.
141 Weight of the Crown. Fred M. White.
142 Anna, the Adventuress. E. P. Oppenheim.
143 A Bid for Freedom. Guy Boothby.
144 Bad to Beat. Hawley Smart.
145 A Bid for Freedom. Guy Boothby.
147 Hearts Delight. Louis Tracy.
148 The Girl in Waiting. Archibald Eyre.
149 My Japanese Prince. A. C. Gunter.
150 Black Business. Hawley Smart.
151 Pro Patria, Max Pemberton. 16 The Dorrington Deed-Box. ARTHUR MORRISON.
18 A Monk of Cruta. E. P. OPPENHEIM.
23 An Old Fogey. Max Adeler.
24 A Maker of Nations. Guy Boothby.
25 In Full Cry. Richard Marsh.
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34 A False Start. Hawley Smart.
35 Broken Bonds. Hawley Smart.
37 At Fault. Hawley Smart. At Fault. HAWLEY SMART.
The World's Great Snare. E. P. OPPENHEIM. 37 At Fault. Hawley SMART.
38 The World's Great Snare. E. P. Oppenheim.
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43 Aventures of Martin Hewitt. Arthur Morrison.
44 A Prince of Swindlers. Guy Boothby.
45 A Race for a Wife. Hawley Smart.
46 A Race for a Wife. Hawley Smart.
47 Satanella, G. J. Whyte-Melville.
48 The Temptress, William Le Queux.
49 A Race for a Wife.
40 A Millionaire of Yesterday. E. P. Oppenheim.
50 The Red Rat's Daughter. Guy Boothby.
51 The Red Rat's Daughter. Guy Boothby.
52 For the Religion. Hamlton Drummond.
53 The Red Rat's Daughter. Whyth-Melville.
54 Cecile. Hawley Smart.
55 Cecile. Hawley Smart.
56 Long Live the King! Guy Boothby.
67 Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown. Oppenheim.
68 Homby House. G. J. Whyte-Melville.
63 The Whirligig. Mayne Lindsay.
64 Jan Oxber. Orme AGNUS.
65 Stolen Souls. William Le Queux.
66 Two Kisses. Hawley Smart.
67 The Red Chancellor. Sir William Magnay.
68 Ravenshoe. Henry Kingsley. 149 My Japanese Prince. A. C. Gunter.
150 Black Business. Hawley Smart.
151 Pro Patria, Max Pemberton.
152 Jarwick the Prodigal. Tom Gallon.
153 Race of Life, Guy Boothby.
154 Racing Rubber. Hawley Smart.
155 The Betrayal. E. P. Oppenheim.
156 Unmasked at Last. Headon Hill.
157 An Ocean Secret. Guy Boothby.
158 The Corner House. Fred M. White.
160 A Study in Scarlet. Sir A. Conan Doyle.
161 Thrice Past the Post. Hawley Smart.
162 Dr. Nikola's Experiment. Guy Boothby. 55 Stolen Souls. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
66 TWO KISSES. HAWLEY SMART.
67 The Red Chancellor. SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY.
68 RAVENSHOE. HENRY KINGSLEY.
79 My Indian Queen. GUV BOOTHBY.
71 Zoraida. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
72 As a Man Lives. E. P. OPTENHEIM.
73 Belles and Ringers. HAWLEY SMART.
74 Sarchedon. G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.
75 The Shadow of the Czar. J. R. CARLING.
76 Half a Hero. Anthony Hove.
77 Across the World for a Wife. Guy BOOTHBY.
78 Courtship. HAWLEY SMART.
79 Tilbury Nogo. G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.
83 The Fighting Troubadour. A. C. GUNTER.
84 A Woman of Wiles, ALICK MUNRO.
85 A Sailor's Bride. Guy BOOTHBY.
85 Lady Barbarity. J. C. SNAITH.
84 Uncle John. G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.
85 The Empty Hotel. A. C. GUNTER.
86 The Man of the Hour. SIR W. MAGNAY.
87 The Survivor. E. P. OPPENHEIM.
88 From Post to Finish. HAWLEY SMART.
89 The Channings. Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
90 The Induna's Wife. BERTRAM MITFORD.
91 Sheilah McLeod. Guy BOOTHBY.
92 The Great Awakening. E. P. OppENHEIM.
93 The Spy Company. A. C. GUNTER.
94 The Ruby Sword. BERTRAM MITFORD.
95 The Marriage of Esther. Guy BOOTHBY.
96 Rainbow Island. LOUIS TRACY.
97 Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles. Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
98 In Strange Company. Guy BOOTHBY.
99 Rainbow Island. LOUIS TRACY.
90 The Sword in the Air. A. C. GUNTER.
100 Mysterious Mr. Sabin. E. P. OppENHEIM.
101 The Trifler. ARCHIBALD EYRE.
102 A Race with Ruin, HEADON HILL.
103 The Kidnapped President. Guy BOOTHBY.
105 The City of Mystery. A. C. GUNTER. 161 Thrice Past the Post. HANLEY SMART.
162 Dr. Nikola's Experiment, Guy Boothey.
163 Buchanan's Wife. Justus Miles Forman.
164 The Master Spirit. Sir Wm. Magnay.
165 The Gold Wolf. Max Pemberton.
166 The Outsider. Hawley Smart.
167 A Consummate Scoundrel. Guy Boothey.
168 The Edge of the Sword. Freed M. White.
169 The King's Messenger. Louis Tracy.
170 The Impostor. Harold Bindloss.
171 The Master Mummer. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
172 The Man Behind the Door. A. C. Gunter.
173 Fauconberg. Sir Wm. Magnay.
174 First it was Ordained. Guy Thorne.
175 Frost and Friendship. Geo. F. Turner.
176 Whoso Findeth a Wife. Wm. Le Queux.
177 Lightly Lost. Hawley Smart.
178 Dr. Silex. Harris Burland.
179 The King of Dimonds. Louis Tracy. 177 Lightly Lost. Hawley Smart.
178 Dr. Silex. Harris Borland.
179 The King of Diamonds. Louis Tracy.
180 The Slave of Silence. Fred M. White.
181 Crime of the Under Seas. Guy Boothby.
182 'Twixt Sword and Glove. A. C. Guyter.
183 Cleverly Won. Hawley Smart.
184 The Mystery of the Unicorn. Sir Wm. Magnay.
185 The Hidden Victim. Headon Hull.
186 The Lord of the Manor. Fred M. White.
187 The Curse of the Snake. Guy Boothby.
188 The Wiles of the Wicked. Wm. Le Queux.
189 Hope, My Wife. L. G. Moberly.
190 Dr. Burton. A. C. Gunter.
191 The Plunger. Hawley Smart.
192 Princess Kate. Louis Tracy.
193 A Brighton Tragedy. Guy Boothby.
194 A Fatal Dose. Fred M. White.
195 The Master of Rathkelly. Hawley Smart.
196 A Morganatic Wife. Louis Tracy.
197 A Maker of Millions. F. M. White.
198 Dr. Burton's Success. A. C. Gunter. 102 A Race With Ruin, Headon Hill.
103 The Kidnapped President. Guy Booti
104 Sarah Tuldon. Orme Agnus.
105 The City of Mystery. A. C. Gunter.
106 The Albert Gate Affair. Louis Tracy.
107 A Fatal Legacy. Louis Tracy.

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"ST. JOHN BRINGING HOME HIS ADOPTED MOTHER." BY WILLIAM DYCE, B.A.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art. Reproduced from a photograph by J. W. McClellan.



"JACOB AND RACHEL." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

From the original in the collection of H. S. Leon, Esq.

THE ART OF WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

ILLIAM DYCE, whose fine contribution to our mural paintings is recalled by the present debate as to the best method of renovating some of them, was born one hundred and four years ago, and was the pioneer of Pre-Raphaelitism. He was the first English painter, albeit he was a Scotchman, to revolt from the aims and methods of crude, historical painting, by which men sought to "point a moral or adorn a tale," that had succeeded to those used by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner, by whom, on English art, a high, national stamp had been placed. The Raeburn breadth of treatment in his own country was in danger of being lost when, by his independent stand, Dyce was in some measure able to retrieve it. He had the power possessed by his predecessor of producing telling and forcible likeness; his execution was of the same resolute knowledgeableness; the same intimate observation of his subject characterises the work of both men.

William Dyce, the son of a doctor in Aber-

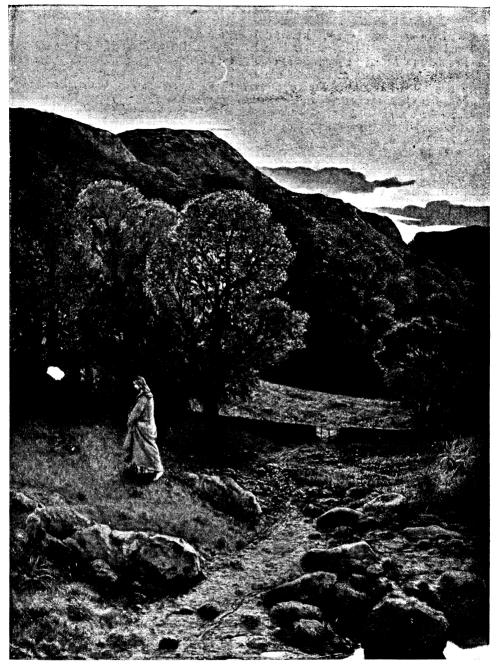
1909. No. 172.

deen, a physician of considerable repute. was educated at Marischall College, where, at the early age of sixteen, he took his M.A. degree, and was destined for his father's profession. At this time he had, however, ideas of his own as to the career he should follow, and, as he revealed a considerable ability for design, was allowed to enter the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh. Here he remained at work for some two years, then, as a probationer, not a full student, entered the schools of the Royal Academy, in London. He was but nineteen, however, when he went to Rome, remaining there for some nine months, and fell at once under the influence of Johann Friedrich Overbeck—that artist who was the reviver and leader of "Christian Art" in the nineteenth century; whose extraordinary personality exercised so large an influence over the career of so many of his contemporaries; who took for his guides the early "Pre-Raphaelite" painters of Italy.

Overbeck, when, in 1827, Dyce reached



Reproduced from the original in the Birmingham Art Gallery, by permission of the Trustees, from a photograph by Byre and Spottiswoode. "CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.



"GETHSEMANE." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.
From the original in the collection of George Holt, Esq.

Rome, had been working there for seventeen years, and had already gained that large following which included Cornelius, Phillip Veit, and Wilhelm Schadow, a following which was known to both partisans and detractors variously as "The Nazarenes,"

"The New Old School," "The German Roman Artists," "The German Patriotic and Religious Painters," "The Church Romantic Painters," and "The Pre-Raphaelites."

It is interesting to note the likeness that

existed between both the talents and the aims of Dyce and Overbeck—how each did hard and honest work; how each eschewed the Renaissance as false; and how each endeavoured to build up in his own art a severe revival on Nature, on Franccia, and on Perugino—the master of the young Raphael—the characteristics of the styles of these painters being perspicuity, precision, and grandness of ideas.

Like Overbeck, Dyce set himself to the task of recovering the neglected art of fresco;

relating to his own art, but an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with a dissertation on Gregorian music and its adaptation to English words; he composed a "Non Nobis" which has, appropriately, been several times heard at Academy banquets; he founded the Motett Society for the Revival of English Church Music; and he owed an appointment which, unfortunately, checked the practical output of his pictorial art, from 1837, for eight years, to an admirable pamphlet he wrote suggesting improvements



Photo by ["The vision of Sir Galahad." By William Dyce, R.A.

Bolas & Co.

and whilst to Overbeck was entrusted the painting of the frescoes which cover the walls and ceiling of Prince Massimo's pavilion near St. John, Lateran — which are illustrative of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and "The Meeting of Godfrey de Bouillon and Peter the Hermit"—Dyce was entrusted with the carrying out of the great frescoes in the Robing Room of the House of Lords.

Like Overbeck, again—who was a voluminous writer and a minor poet, whose pen was hardly less busy than was his pencil—Dyce was an elegant scholar. He published not only a considerable amount of writing

in the Schools of Design then recently established.

How greatly Dyce was influenced by his sojourn in Rome is revealed, indirectly, by yet another instance.

Schnorr, the poet-painter of Bavaria, where he clothed five halls of the King's Palace with frescoes illustrative of the Niebelungenleid, was one of the band which surrounded Overbeck, and it was admiration for his designs for church windows which led Dyce to follow in his footsteps and make those excellent cartoons for stained glass from which were executed the Choristers'



"THE ADMISSION OF SIR TRISTRAM TO THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROUND TABLE." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

Window, in Ely Cathedral, on the theme, " Praise ye the Lord, ye angels of

a "Virgin and Child"—a picture in which he first shows his strong sympathy with

> the Pre-Raphaelites.

> This work

was much

approved by

Overbeck

and other artists. This

approval, we

learn from

Mr.McKav's

book, "The

Scottish

School of

Painting."

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His; young men and maidens, old men and children. praise the Lord": and the window Alna t wick - in memory of a Duke of Newcastle the subject of which is "Paul's Rejection by the Jews."

These developments of designs for stainedglass and fresco-painting belong, however, to a later period of Dyce's life, foralthough, on his return to Aberdeen, in 1826, we learn of his decorating a room in his father's house in the Arabesque manner -- it was to pictures of classic subjects that he turned: and the first of these. " Bacchus Nursed by the Nymphs of Nysa," was exhibited in the Royal Aca-



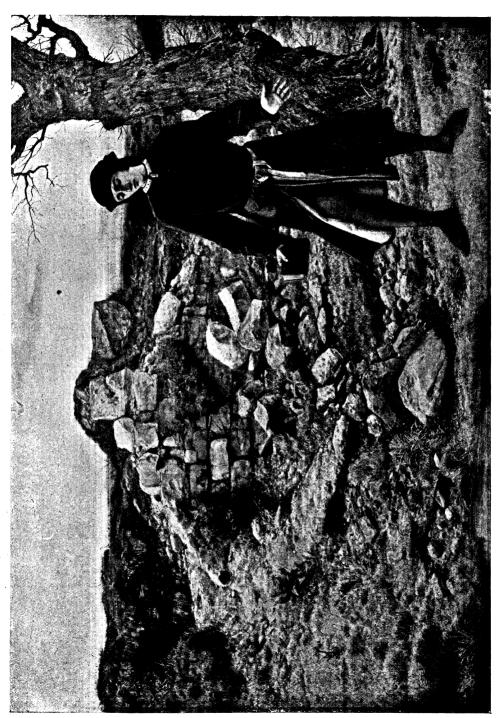
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"SIR TRISTRAM HARPING." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

demy in 1827. In the autumn of this year we find him back again in Rome, and here he painted

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chagrined at his want of success, threw aside his brushes and turned to the pursuit of science. This



"THE SOLIDOGUY OF HENRY VI. DURING THE BATTLE OF TOWTON." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. From the original in the collection of Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G.

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he did to so much purpose that his *alma mater* awarded him the Blackwell prize for an essay

on electromagnetism. He was only some twentythree years of age, and the nature of his future career seemed to lie in the balance. when --drawn, no doubt, by some rumour of the art movement there — Dyce came south to Edinburgh."

This was in 1829. In Edinburgh he was at onceaccorded proper rank in his art, and, whilst showing considerable versatility in subject pictures, he occupied much of his time in portraiture.

He remained for eight vears in the Scottish capital, and, amongst his intermost esting work, produced, in 1829, "The Daughters of Jethro Defended by Moses," and "Puck." In 1830, "The Infant Hercules." now

greater expectation, and the admirable quality of which was repeated by his "Christ



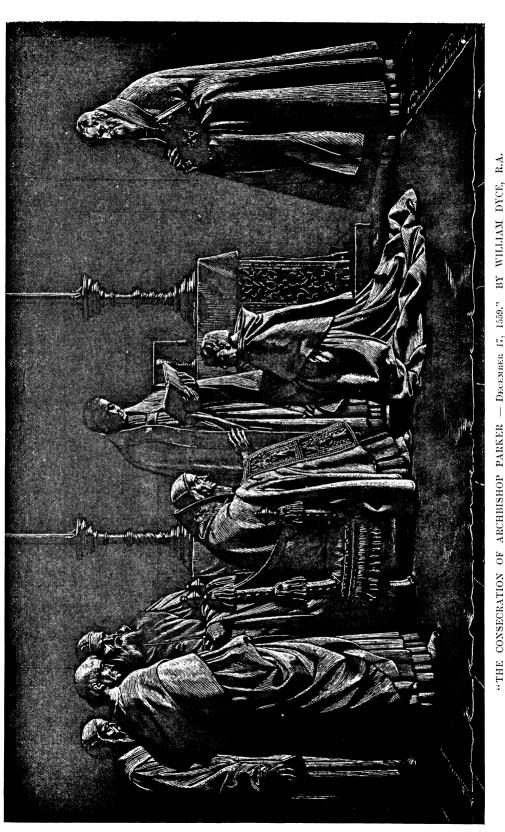
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"KING ARTHUR SPARED BY SIR LANCELOT."

in the Scottish National Gallery—a picture which roused great enthusiasm, and even

with knees drawn up and clasped hands resting on her lap, is seen full face.

Crowned with Thorns.' The Royal Academy of 1831 - held two portraits - one of Miss Levien, and that of the Rev. Edward Irving, which, in the next year's exhibition, were followed by a subject picture called, "No! Guess Again!" and portraits of Master Lindsay Bethune and of the infant daughter of Lord Meadowbank. little Harriet Maconochie. This portrait is, as Mr. McKay truly savs, a masterpiece. "Sõme special inspiration has surely guided the hand of the artist in this delineation of childhood, worthy almost of a place beside The Age of Innocence' or 'Penelope Boothby.' A girl of five or six, seated on the ground,



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"SIR GAWAINE SWEARING TO BE MERCIFUL." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

The blue-grey eyes hold the spectator with their half-amused, half-serious regard, the large pupils and the shadowy folds of brown hair causing them to tell dark on a rather pale complexion. The lower features have a dimpled softness, and the Cupid's-bow mouth has a touch of light on the lower lip." The portrait of the artist's son, painted much later, is one of the few works of his later life which approaches in brilliancy of execution and is a fitting companion to Harriet Maconochie.

In 1835, Dyce painted a large lunette altarpiece of the dead Christ. Next he turned to a classical subject and painted "The Descent of Venus," taking his theme from Ben Jonson's "Triumph of Love" "Here, here I present ame, both in my girdle and my flame." In "The Judgment of Solomon," a cartoon in tempera for tapestry, now in the National Gallery of Edinburgh, he took up the decorative work which had occupied him in his own home on his first return from Italy; then the theme of Francesca—also in his country's national collection—employed him, and he returned to this subject, immortalised by Dante, ten years later. In 1844 he was represented at the Royal Academy by "King Joash Shooting the Arrow of Deliverance," which was perhaps of all his oil pictures the finest, and, in consequence of this, he was elected



CONOIS HENDENI AT DEMENTON. BI WILLIAM DICE, IN: Pron the original in the collection of Charles Gassiot, Esq.



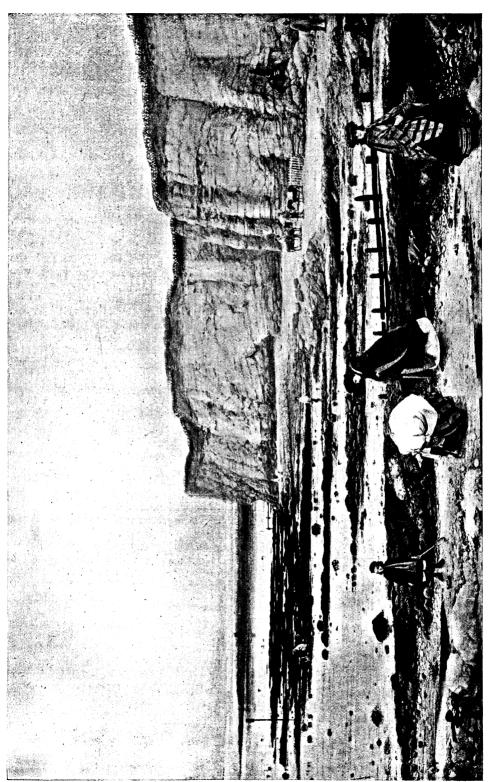
Photo by] [W. S. Campbell. "Fred dyce." by William dyce, R.A.

Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Benson Rathbone.

an Associate of the Royal Academy, of which body he was, two years later, made a full Member; but until this picture was painted, he had practically relinquished painting since 1837, for in that year he had been made Master of the School of Design of the Board of Manufacturers, Edinburgh. That same year, having published the notable pamphlet to which we have already referred, on the management of schools of this description, he was transferred from Edinburgh to London, and

made superintendent and secretary to the Government School of Design at Somerset House. After this he was sent by the Board of Trade on a mission of inquiry into the conduct of similar schools in Prussia, France, and Bavaria, and his reports on these led to the remodelling of those in London.

In 1842 he was made a member of the Council, and inspector of provincial schools, a post which he resigned in 1844. In this year he was appointed Professor of Fine



"PEGWELL BAY." BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. From the original in the Guidhall collection. Reproduced from a photograph by J. W. McClellan.

Arts in King's College, London, and delivered a very notable lecture on the theory of the Fine Arts.

The loss to William Dyce of these years was incalculable, and when once more he was free to take up his brush, it was to find himself so rusty in its use that "along with the veteran, William Etty, he returns to Mr. Taylor's Life school in St. Martin's Lane. But neither this exemplary course nor the association with the great English brushmen can bring back the William Dyce of former days," says Mr. McKay; and this is true enough of his pictures generally, with the two exceptions of "The Arrow of Deliverance" and "The Painter's Son," and his finest productions, the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, which were not begun till 1848, and these, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti truly says, "may rightly be called great and an honour to the country and time which produced them." It was the remark of the great German fresco-painter, Cornelius, who, having been, at the dictate of the Prince Consort, brought over to England to advise on the pictorial scheme then designed for the Houses of Parliament, that "with such a painter as Dyce in the nation no other adviser was necessary," which led to his being employed. His undertaking was never completed, but he has left six magnificent specimens of his work; the first, the cartoon of which was approved, and led to the commission of the other frescoes, was "The Baptism of Ethelbert"; the second was "St. Dunstan Separating Edwy and Elgiva." The other four important frescoes are subjects of chivalric virtue, which the artist selected from the legend of King Arthur. The largest of these, depicting "Hospitality," shows the admission of Sir Tristram into the fellowship of the Round Table; "Religion," illustrated by the vision of Christ and the saints to Sir Galahad and his companions; "Generosity," showing King Arthur unhorsed and spared by his victor, Sir Lancelot; "Courtesy," which reveals Sir Tristram harping to La belle Yseult; and "Mercy," representing Sir Gawain taking his vow before the queen that he would "never be against ladies." So successful was Dyce in these and in yet another fresco in the Hall of the Poets, "The Death of Lara," that he was commissioned to execute mural paintings for Her late Majesty, at Osborne and Buckingham Palace. At the first the subject is of Neptune and Britannia, and, in the summerhouse at the latter, that of Comus.

In 1850, the year of his marriage with

Jane, daughter of Mr. Brand, of Bedford Hill, Surrey, Dyce exhibited his "Jacob and Rachel," a subject which, with slight alterations, he repeated several times, and followed this up by "King Lear and the Fool in the Storm"; "Titian's First Essay in Colouring"; "The Good Shepherd"; "He shall carry the lambs in His bosom"; "St. John Bringing Home his Adopted Mother," now in the Tate Gallery; "Pegwell Bay"; and "George Herbert at Bemerton"; both of which last are at the Guildhall.

In 1852-3, Dyce, a leader in the High Church movement, was employed upon the cartoons of the frescoes afterwards painted above the altar in All Saints' church, Margaret Street, then in course of erection from Butterfield's design. Of these frescoes, which represent the Crucifixion and the Twelve Apostles, Mr. Armitage, R.A., who was called, in 1864, in consultation as to their renovation, a question which to-day is exercising the mind of the vicar, wrote in The Times: "The figures which are immediately under the roof are as carefully studied as if they were intended for the line at the Academy Exhibition; indeed, for correct and careful drawing, for taste and style in the arrangement of drapery, and for honest and conscientious labour, I know of nothing in England to equal them. In common with the general public, I deplored the death of Mr. Dyce as a great national loss. I now think it was an irreparable one."

"There was," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in writing of this learned and accomplished painter of high aims, "more of earnestness, right conception, and grave, sensitive, but rather restricted powers of realisation, than of authentic greatness. He has elevation, draughtsmanship, expression, and on occasion fine colour: along with all these, a certain leaning on precedent and castigated semi-conventionalised type of form and treatment, which bespeak rather the scholar than the originating mind in art."

In 1835, William Dyce had been created an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, but he relinquished this honour for that of Honorary Membership on settling in London. He was also made a Member of the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia. Of the Royal Academy he was an indefatigable and industrious Member, and it is on record that his keen tongue was the dread of the then President, Sir Charles Eastlake. He took an active part in the deliberations of that body, and it was at his suggestion that the class of retired Academicians was established.

THE QUEST.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.-Ste. Marie, an aristocratic young Frenchman, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a picture sque and popular figure in the best Parisian society; but his volatile temperament, which he owes to a mixture of French and Irish ancestry, leads his more serious friends to doubt whether he will ever turn his brilliant gifts to any real account, or carve for himself a career of any importance. On his way to a dinner-party in Paris, he learns from his English friend, Richard Hartley, that he is that evening for the first time to meet Miss Helen Benham, a member of an American family long resident in Paris, and Hartley reminds him that the whole family has been living in some seclusion of late owing to grief and suspense caused by the sudden disappearance of Miss Benham's younger brother, a headstrong boy, but one with no faults sufficient to account for his mysterious absence. On attaining his majority in a few months' time, young Arthur Benham will come into a considerable amount of money from his dead father's estate, and a still larger fortune will be his if he survives his grandfather, once a distinguished diplomatist and now the venerable autocrat of his own family, so that the boy has everything to lose by quarrelling with the old man. Therefore it is argued that he cannot be wilfully absenting himself, a course of folly which the grandfather protests that he would never forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this informatorgive, and the tear of four play keeps the whole family in suspense. While flattery is impating this information on the way to the dinner-party, the two young men are spectators of a slight motor accident, the occupants of the car being a girl of extraordinary beauty and an Irish-looking man, whose face Ste. Marie vaguely recalls without recollecting his name, while the girl's eyes "seem to call him" with some inexplicable mute appeal. Once at the dinner-party, however, he realises the beauty and nobility of Helen Benham, and the appeal. Once at the dinner-party, however, he realises the beauty and nobility of Helen Benham, and the two are mutually attracted into a great friendship. Yet when Ste. Marie, some weeks later, proposes marriage, Helen, strongly swayed by her own lofty ideals of life and its responsibilities, doubts herself, and fears to let the man's mere charm blind her to his lack of serious purpose. Then Ste. Marie, with fine fervour, dedicates himself to the mission of finding her lost brother. If he succeeds, he will claim her love. Deeply moved by his devotion, Helen sends him forth on his quest, saying: "Oh, find him quickly, my dear! Find him quickly, and come back to me!" And in this moment of parting, neither of them notices that a man who has been for some moments standing just outside the partieurs of the decreasy has berely time to ston said into the shadow. some moments standing just outside the portières of the doorway has barely time to step aside into the shadows of the dim hall. Yet from the outset Ste. Marie has wondered why Helen's middle-aged uncle, a Captain Stewart, has not made more use of certain clues in the search for the missing man. However, the Quest goes on, and in an interval Ste. Marie finds himself a guest at a somewhat Bohemian gathering at Captain Stewart's flat. In the excitement of a quarrel with Olga Nilssen, who points a pistol at him, Captain Stewart falls to the ground in a fit; and in attending to him, Ste. Marie sees in his room a portrait of the beautiful girl whose eyes "seemed to call him" when he saw her with the Irishman of the motor-car mishap. He ascertains her address from Olga Nilssen, and goes to Clamart in search of her. There, in an old-world garden, he finds her, and Arthur Benham at her side, but as he descends from a tree into the garden he is shot and falls senseless to the ground. When he comes to his senses again, he is lying in a bedroom in a lonely country house, and while the severity of the wound in his leg keeps him prisoner there he is visited by the Irishman O'Hara and his beautiful daughter Coira, who both indignantly disown an attempt to poison him, yet the cat that drinks his coffee dies in agony a few moments afterwards. O'Hara tells Captain Stewart he will have nothing of foul play beyond the detention of young Benham's would-be rescuer, and presently the invalid overhears a conversation between Benham and Coira, from which he realises that Benham has been tricked into staying hidden there. Even Ste. Marie's own motives have apparently been misrepresented, for he hears young Benham say: "I never thought he'd take on a piece of dirty work like this." What is it these three conspirators are making him think, and how can this "queen among goddesses" be one of them? at her side, but as he descends from a tree into the garden he is shot and falls senseless to the ground. When

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INVALID TAKES THE AIR.

HEN O'Hara, the next morning, went through the formality of looking in upon his patient, and after a taciturn nod was about to go away again, Ste. Marie called him back. He said—

"Would you mind waiting a moment?" and the Irishman halted inside the door.

"I made an experiment yesterday," said Ste. Marie, "and I find that, after a poor fashion, I can walk—that is to say, I can drag myself about a little without any great pain, if I don't bend the left leg." O'Hara returned to the bed and made a silent examination of the bullet wound, which, it was plain to see, was doing very well indeed.

"You'll be all right in a few days," said he, "but you'll be lame for a week yet maybe two. As a matter of fact, I've known men to march half a day with a hole in the leg worse than yours, though it probably was not quite pleasant."

"I'm afraid I couldn't march very far," said Ste. Marie, "but I can hobble a bit. The point is, I'm going mad from confinement in this room. Do you think I might be allowed to stagger about the garden for an hour, or sit there under one of the trees? I don't like to ask favours, but—so far as I can see, it could do no harm. I couldn't possibly escape, you see. I couldn't climb a

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fifteen-foot wall even if I had two good legs; as it is, with a leg and a half, I couldn't climb anything."

The Irishman looked at him sharply, and was silent for a time, as if considering.

at last he said—

"Of course, there is no reason whatever for granting you any favours here. You're on the footing of a spy—a captured spy, and you're very lucky not to have got what you deserved instead of a trumpery flesh The man's face twisted into a heavy scowl.

"Unfortunately," said he, "an—accident has put me-put us in as unpleasant a position towards you as you had put yourself towards us. We seem to stand in the position of having tried to poison you, and —well, we owe you something for that. Still, I'd meant to keep you locked up in this room so long as it was necessary to have you at La Lierre." He scowled once more in an intimidating fashion at Ste. Marie, and it was evident that he found himself embarrassed.

"And," he said awkwardly, "I suppose I owe something to your father's son. . . . Look here! if you're to be allowed in the garden, you must understand that it's at fixed hours and not alone. Somebody will always be with you, and old Michel will be on hand to shoot you down if you try to run for it, or if you try to communicate with Arthur Benham. Is that understood?"

"Quite!" said Ste. Marie gaily.

"Quite understood and agreed to. many thanks for your courtesy. I shan't forget it. We differ rather widely on some rather important subjects, you and I, but I must confess that you're very generous, and I thank you. The old Michel has my full permission to shoot at me if he sees me trying to fly over a fifteen-foot wall."

"He'll shoot without asking your permission," said the Irishman grimly, "if you try that on; but I don't think you'll be apt to try it for the present—not with a crippled leg." He pulled out his watch and looked

"Nine o'clock," said he. "If you care to begin to-day, you can go out at eleven for an hour. I'll see that old Michel is ready at that time.'

"Eleven will suit me perfectly," said Ste. Marie. "You're very good. Thanks once more!" The Irishman did not seem to hear. He replaced the watch in his pocket and turned away in silence. But before he left the room he stood a moment beside one

of the windows, staring out into the morning sunshine, and the other man could see that his face had once more settled into the still and melancholic gloom which was characteristic of it. Ste. Marie watched, and, for the first time, the man began to interest him as a human being. He had thought of O'Hara before merely as a rather shady adventurer of a not very rare type, but he looked at the adventurer's face now, and he saw that it was the face of a man of unspeakable sorrows. When O'Hara looked at one. one saw only a pair of singularly keen and hard, blue eyes set under a bony brow. When those eves were turned away, the man's attention relaxed, the face became a battleground furrowed and scarred with wrecked pride and with bitterness and with shame and with agony. Most soldiers of fortune have faces like that, for the world has used them very ill, and they have lost one precious thing after another until all are gone; and they have tasted everything that there is in life, and the flavour which remains is a very bitter flavour—dry like ashes.

It came to Ste. Marie, as he lay watching this man, that the story of the man's life, if he could be made to tell it, would doubtless be one of the most interesting stories in the world, as must be the tale of the adventurous career of anyone who has slipped down the ladder of respectability rung by rung into shadowy no-man's-land where the furtive birds of prey forgather and hatch their plots. It was plain enough that O'Hara had, as the phrase goes, seen better Without question he was a villain, but, after all, a generous villain. He had been very decent about making amends for that poisoning affair. A cheaper rascal would have behaved otherwise. Ste. Marie suddenly remembered what a friend of his had once said of this mysterious Irishman. The two had been sitting on the terrace of a cafe, and, as O'Hara passed by, Ste. Marie's friend pointed after him and said: "There goes some of the best blood that ever came out of See what it has fallen to!" Ireland.

Seemingly it had fallen pretty low. He would have liked very much to know about the downward stages, but he knew that he would never hear anything of them from the man himself, for O'Hara was clad, as it were, in an armour of taciturnity. He was incredibly He were mail that nothing could silent.

The Irishman turned abruptly away and left the room, and Ste. Marie, with all the gay excitement of a little girl preparing for her first nursery party, began to get himself ready to go out. The old Michel had already been there to help him bathe and shave, so that he had only to dress himself and attend to his one conspicuous vanity—the painstaking arrangement of his hair, which he wore, according to the fashion of the day, parted a little at one side and brushed almost straight back, so that it looked rather like a close-fitting and incredibly glossy skullcap. Richard Hartley, who was inclined to joke at his friend's grave interest in the matter, said that it reminded him of patent leather.

When he was dressed—and he found that putting on his left boot was no mean feat—Ste. Marie sat down in a chair by the window and lighted a cigarette. He had half an hour to wait, and so he picked up the volume of Bayard, which Coira O'Hara had not yet taken away from him, and began to read in it at random. He became so absorbed that the old Michel, come to summon him, took him by surprise. But it was a pleasant surprise and very welcome. He followed the old man out of the room with a heart that beat fast with eagerness.

The descent of the stairs offered difficulties, for the wounded leg protested sharply against being bent more than a very little at the knee. But, by aid of Michel's shoulder, he made the passage in safety, and so came to the lower storey. At the foot of the stairs someone opened a door almost in their faces, but closed it again with great haste, and Ste. Marie gave a chuckle of laughter, for, though it was almost dark there, he thought he had recognised Captain Stewart.

"So old Charlie's with us to-day, is he?" he said aloud, and Michel queried: "Comment, monsieur?" because Ste. Marie

had spoken in English.

They came out upon the terrace before the house, and the fresh, sweet air bore against their faces, and little flecks of live gold danced and shivered about their feet upon the moss-stained tiles. The gardener stepped back for an instant into the doorway and reappeared, bearing across his arms the short carbine with which Ste. Marie had already made acquaintance. The victim looked at this weapon with a laugh, and the old Michel's gnome-like countenance distorted itself suddenly, and a weird cackle came from it.

"It is my old friend?" demanded Ste. Marie, and the gardener cackled once more, stroking the barrel of the weapon as if it were a faithful dog.

"The same, monsieur," said he. "But she apologises for not doing better."

"Beg her for me," said the young man, "to cheer up. She may get another chance." Old Michel's face froze into an expression of anxious and rather frightened solicitude, but he waved his arm for the prisoner to precede him, and Ste. Marie began to limp down across the littered and unkempt sweep of Behind him, at the distance of a dozen paces, he heard the shambling footfalls of his guard, but he had expected that, and it could not rob him of his swelling and exultant joy at treading once more upon green grass and looking up into blue sky. He was like a man newly released from a dungeon rather than from a sunny and by no means uncomfortable upper chamber. He would have liked to dance and sing, to run at full speed like a child until he was breathless and red in the face. Instead of that he had to drag himself with slow pains and some discomfort, but his spirit ran ahead, dancing and singing, and he thought that it even halted now and then to roll on the grass.

As he had observed, a week before from the top of his wall, a double row of larches led straight down away from the front of the house, making a wide and long vista interrupted, halfway to its end, by a rond point, in the centre of which was a pool and a fountain. The double row of trees was sadly broken now, and the trees were untrimmed and uncared for. One of them had fallen, probably in a wind-storm, and lay dead Ste. Marie turned aside across the way. towards the west, and found himself presently among chestnuts, planted in close rows, whose tops grew in so thick a canopy above that but little sunshine came through, and there was no turf under foot, only black earth hard trodden, mossy here and there.

From beyond, in the direction he had chanced to take and a little towards the west, a soft morning breeze bore to him the scent of roses, so constant and so sweet despite its delicacy that to breathe it was like an intoxication. He felt it begin to take hold upon and to sway his senses like an exquisite, an

insidious wine.

"The flower gardens, Michel?" he asked over his shoulder. "They are before us?"

"Ahead and to the left, monsieur," said the old man, and he took up once more his slow and difficult progress. But again, before he had gone many steps, he was halted. There began to reach his ears a rich but slender strain of sound, a golden thread of melody. At first he thought that it was a

'cello or the lower notes of a violin, but presently he became aware that it was a woman singing in a half-voice without thought of what she sang—as women croon to a child, or over their work, or when they are idle and their thoughts are far wandering.

The mistake was not as absurd as it may seem, for it is a fact that the voice which is called a contralto, if it is a good and clear and fairly resonant voice, sounds at a distance very much indeed like a 'cello or the lower register of a violin. And that is especially true when the voice is hushed to a half-articulate murmur. Indeed, this is but one of the many strange peculiarities of that most beautiful of all human organs. contralto can rarely express the lighter things, and it is quite impossible for it to express merriment or gaiety, but it can thrill the heart as can no other sound emitted by a human throat, and it can shake the soul to its very innermost hidden deeps. It is the soft, yellow gold of singing—the wine of sound: it is mystery: it is shadowy, unknown beautiful places: it is enchantment.

Ste. Marie stood still and listened. The sound of low singing came from the right. Without realising that he had moved, he began to make his way in that direction, and the old Michel, carbine upon arm, followed behind him. He had no doubt of the singer. He knew well who it was, for the girl's speaking voice had thrilled him long before He came to the eastern margin of the grove of chestnuts, and found that he was beside the open rond point where the pool lay within its stone circumference, unclean and choked with lily pads, and the fountain, a naked lady holding aloft a shell, stood above. The rond point was not in reality round; it was an oval with its greater axis at right angles to the long, straight avenue of larches. At the two ends of the oval there were stone benches with backs, and behind these tall shrubs grew close and overhung so that even at noonday the spots were shaded.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STONE BENCH AT THE ROND POINT.

MLLE. COIRA O'HARA sat alone upon the stone bench at the hither end of the rond *point.* With a leisurely hand she put fine stitches into a mysterious garment of white, with lace on it, and over her not too arduous toil she sang à demi-voix, a little German song all about the tender passions.

Ste. Marie halted his dragging steps a little

way off, but the girl heard him and turned to After that she rose hurriedly and stood as if poised for flight, but Ste. Marie took his hat in his hands and came forward.

"If you go away, mademoiselle," said he. "if you let me drive you from your place, I shall limp across to that pool and fall in and drown myself, or I shall try to climb the wall yonder, and Michel will have to shoot me." He came forward another step.

"If it is impossible," he said, "that you and I should stay here together for a few little moments, and talk about what a beautiful day it is—if that is impossible, why, then I must apologise for intruding upon you and go on my way, inexorably pursued by the would-be murderer who now stands six paces to the rear.

"Is it impossible, mademoiselle?" said Ste. Marie.

The girl's face was flushed with that deep and splendid understain. She looked down upon the white garment in her hand and away across the broad rond point, and, in the end, she looked up very gravely into the face of the man who stood leaning upon his stick before her.

"I don't know," she said in her deep voice, "what my father would wish. I did not know that you were coming into the garden this morning, or-"

"Or else," said Ste. Marie, with a little touch of bitterness in his tone—" or else you would not have been here. You would have remained in the house."

He made a bow.

"To-morrow, mademoiselle," said he, "and for the remainder of the days that I may be at La Lierre, I shall stay in my room. You need have no fear of me." All the man's life he had been spoilt. The girl's bearing hurt him absurdly, and a little of the hurt may have betrayed itself in his face as he turned away, for she came towards him with a swift movement, saying-

"No! no! Wait!

"I have hurt you," she said, with a sort of wondering distress. "You have let me hurt you. . . . And yet surely you must see . . . you must realise on what terms . . . Do you forget that you are not among your friends . . . outside? . . . This is so very different!"

"I had forgotten," said he. "Incredible as it sounds, I had for a moment forgotten. Will you grant me your pardon for that?

"And yet," he persisted, after a moment's pause-"yet, mademoiselle, consider a little! It is likely that — circumstances have so



"Mlle. Coira O'Hara sat alone upon the stone bench."

fallen that it seems I shall be here within your walls for a time, perhaps a long time. I am able to walk a little now. Day by day I shall be stronger, better able to get about. Is there not some way—are there not some terms under which we could meet without embarrassment? Must we for ever glare at each other and pass by warily, just because we-well, hold different views about-something?" It was not a premeditated speech It had never until this moment occurred to him to suggest any such arrangement with any member of the household at La Lierre. At another time he would doubtless have considered it undignified, if not downright unwise, to hold intercourse of any friendly sort with this band of contemptible adventurers. The sudden impulse may have been born of his long week of almost intolerable loneliness, or it may have come of the warm exhibitation of this first breath of sweet outdoor air, or perhaps it needed neither of these things, for the girl was very beautiful—enchantment breathed from her, and though he knew what she was, in what despicable plot she was engaged, he was too much Ste. Marie to be quite indifferent to her. Though he looked upon her sorrowfully and with pain and vicarious shame, he could not have denied the spell she yielded. After all, he was Ste. Marie.

Once more the girl looked up very gravely under her brows, and her eyes met the man's

"I don't know," she said. "Truly I don't know. I think I should have to ask my father about it.

"I wish," she said, "that we might do that. I should like it. I should like to be able to talk to someone—about the things I like—and care for. I used to talk with my father about things, but not lately. There is no one now." Her eyes searched him.

"Would it be possible, I wonder?" said she. "Could we two put everything else aside—forget altogether who we are and why we are here? Is that possible?"

"We could only try, mademoiselle," said Ste. Marie. "If we found it a failure, we could give it up." He broke into a little laugh.

"And besides," he said, "I can't help thinking that two people ought to be with me all the time I am in the garden here—for safety's sake. I might catch the old Michel napping one day, you know, throttle him, take his rifle away, and escape. If there were two, I couldn't do that."

For an instant she met his laugh with an

answering smile, and the smile came upon her sombre beauty like a moment of golden light upon darkness. But afterwards she

was grave again and thoughtful.

"Is it not rather foolish," she asked, "to warn us—to warn me of possibilities like that? You might quite easily do what you have said. You are putting us on our guard against you."

"I meant to, mademoiselle," said Ste. Marie—"I meant to. Consider my reasons. Consider what I was pleading for!" And he gave a little laugh when the colour began

again to rise in the girl's cheeks.

She turned away from him, shaking her head, and he thought that he had said too much and that she was offended; but after a moment the girl looked up, and when she

met his eyes, she laughed outright.

"I cannot for ever be scowling and snarling at you," said she. "It is quite too absurd. Will you sit down for a little while? I don't know whether or not my father would approve, but we have met here by accident, and there can be no harm surely in our exchanging a few civil words. If you try to bring up forbidden topics, I can simply go away—and, besides, Michel stands ready to murder you if it should become necessary. I think his failure of a week ago is very heavy on his conscience."

Ste. Marie sat down in one corner of the long, stone bench, and he was very glad to do it, for his leg was beginning to cause him some discomfort. It felt hot and as if there were a very tight band round it above the The relief must have been apparent in his face, for Mlle. O'Hara looked at him in silence for a moment, and she gave a little, troubled, anxious frown. Men can be quite indifferent to suffering in each other if the suffering is not extreme, and women can be, too; but men are quite miserable in the presence of a woman who is in pain, and women, before a suffering man, while they are not miserable, are always full of a desire to do something that will help. And that might be a small additional proof (if any more proof were necessary) that they are much the more practical of the two sexes.

The girl's sharp glance seemed to assure her that Ste. Marie was comfortable now that he was sitting down, for the frown went from her brows, and she began to arrange the mysterious white garment in her lap in preparation to go on with her work.

Ste. Marie watched her for a while in a contented silence. The leaves overhead stirred under a puff of air, and a single

yellow beam of sunlight came down and shivered upon the girl's dark head and played about the bundle of white over which her hands were busy. She moved aside to avoid it, but it followed her, and when she moved back, it followed again and danced in her lap, as if it were a live thing with a malicious sense of humour, It might have been Tinker Bell out of "Peter Pan," only it Mlle. O'Hara uttered an did not jingle. exclamation of annoyance, and Ste. Marie laughed at her; but in a moment the leaves overhead were still again, and the sunbeam with a sense of humour was gone to torment someone else.

Still, neither of the two spoke, and Ste. Marie continued to watch the girl bent above her sewing. He was thinking of what she had said to him when he asked her if she read Spanish—that her mother had been Spanish. That would account, then, for her dark eyes. It would account for the darkness of her skin, too, but not for its extraordinary clearness and delicacy, for Spanish women are apt to have dull skins of an opaque texture. This was, he said to himself, an Irish skin with a darker stain, and he was quite sure that he had never before seen anything at all like it.

Apart from colouring, she was all Irish, of the type which has become famous the world over, and which, in the opinion of men who have seen women in all countries, and have studied them, is the most beautiful type that exists in our time.

Ste. Marie was dark himself, and, in the ordinary nature of things, he should have preferred a fair type in women. In theory, for that matter, he did prefer it; but it was impossible for him to sit near Coira O'Hara, and watch her bent head and busy, hovering hands, and remain unstirred by her splendid beauty. He found himself wondering why one kind of loveliness more than another should exert a potent and mysterious spell by virtue of mere proximity, and when the woman who bore it was entirely passive. this girl had been looking at him, the matter would have been easy to understand, for an eye-glance is often downright hypnotic; but she was looking at the work in her hands, and, so far as could be judged, she had altogether forgotten his presence; yet the mysterious spell, the potent enchantment, breathed from her like a vapour, and he could not be insensible to it. It was like sorcery.

The girl looked up so suddenly that Ste. Marie jumped. She said—

"You are not a very talkative person. Are you always as silent as this?"

"No," said he, "I am not. I offer my humblest apologies. It seems as if I were not being properly grateful for being allowed to sit here with you, but, to tell the truth, I was buried in thought." They had begun to talk in French, but, midway of Ste. Marie's speech, the girl glanced towards the old Michel, who stood a short distance away, and so he changed to English.

"In that case," she said, regarding her work with her head on one side like a bird—"in that case you might at least tell me what your thoughts were. They might be interesting." Ste. Marie gave a little, em-

barrassed laugh.

"I'm sorry," said he, "but I'm afraid they were too personal. I'm afraid, if I told you, you'd get up and go away, and be frigidly polite to me when next we passed each other in the garden here.

"But there's no harm," he said, "in telling you one thing that occurred to me. It occurred to me that, as far as a young girl can be said to resemble an elderly woman, you bear a most remarkable resemblance to a very dear old friend of mine who lives near Dublin—Lady Margaret Craith. She's a widow, and almost all of her family are dead, I believe (I didn't know any of them), and she lives there in a huge old house with a park, quite alone, with her army of servants. I go to see her whenever I'm in Ireland, because she is one of the sweetest souls I have ever known."

He became aware suddenly that Mlle. O'Hara's head was bent very low over her sewing, and that her face, or as much of it as he could see, was crimson.

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon!" cried Ste. Marie. "I've done something dreadful. I don't know what it is, but I'm very, very sorry. Please forgive me if you can!"

"It is nothing," she said, in a low voice, and after a moment she looked up for the swiftest possible glance and down again.

"That is my—aunt," she said. "Only—please, let us talk about something else! Of course, you couldn't possibly have known."

"No," said Ste. Marie gravely—"no, of course. You are very good to forgive me." He was silent a little while, for what the girl had told him surprised him very much indeed, and touched him, too. He remembered again the remark of his friend when O'Hara had passed them on the boulevard—

"There goes some of the best blood that

ever came out of Ireland. See what it has fallen to!"

"It is a curious fact," said he, "that you and I are very close compatriots in the matter of blood—if 'compatriots' is the word. You are Irish and Spanish. My mother was Irish and my people were Bearnais, which is about as much Spanish as French—and, indeed, there was a great deal of blood from across the mountains in them, for they often married Spanish wives." He pulled the Bayard out of his pocket.

"The Ste. Marie in here married a Spanish

lady, didn't he?"

The girl looked up to him once more.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I remember. He was a brave man, monsieur. He had a great soul and he died nobly."

"Well, as for that," he said, flushing a little, "the Ste. Maries have all died rather

well." He gave a short laugh.

"Though I must admit," said he, "that the last of them came precious near falling below the family standard a week ago. I should think that probably none of my respected forefathers was killed in climbing over a garden wall. Autres temps autres mæurs."

He burst out laughing again at what seemed to him rather comic, but Mlle. O'Hara did not smile. She looked very gravely into his eyes, and there seemed to be something like sorrow in her look. Ste. Marie wondered at it, but after a moment it occurred to him that he was very near forbidden ground, and that doubtless the girl was trying to give him a silent warning of it. He began to turn over the leaves of the book in his hand.

"You have marked a great many pages

here," said he, and she said—

"It is my best of all books. I read in it very often. I am so thankful for it that there are no words to say how thankful I am—how glad I am that I have such a world as that to—take refuge in sometimes when this world is a little too unbearable. It does for me now what the fairy stories did when I was little. And to think that it's true, true! To think that once there truly were men like that—sans peur et sans reproche! It makes life worth while to think that those men lived, even if it was long ago."

Ste. Marie bent his head over the little book, for he could not look at Mlle. O'Hara just then. It seemed to him well nigh the most pathetic speech that he had ever heard. His heart bled for her. Out of what mean shadows had the girl to turn her weary eyes upward to this sunlight of ancient heroism!

"And yet, mademoiselle," said he gently, "I think there are such men alive to-day, if only one will look for them. Remember, they were not common even in Bayard's time. Oh, yes, I think there are preux chevaliers nowadays—only perhaps they don't go about things in quite the same fashion.

"Other times, other manners!" he said

again.

"Do you know any such men?" she demanded, facing him with shadowy eyes. And he said—

"Yes, I know men who are in all ways as honourable and as high-hearted as Bayard was. In his place they would have acted as he did, but nowadays one has to practise heroism much less conspicuously—in the little things that few people see and that no one applauds or writes books about. It is much harder to do brave little acts than brave big ones."

"Yes," she agreed slowly. "Oh, yes, of course." But there was no spirit in her tone, rather a sort of apathy. Once more the leaves overhead swayed in the breeze, opened a tiny rift, and the little, trembling rays of sunshine shot down to her where she sat. She stretched out one hand cupwise, and the sunbeam, after a circling gyration, darted into it and lay there like a small golden bird panting, as it were, from flight.

"If I were a painter," said Ste. Marie, "I should be in torture and anguish of soul until I had painted you sitting there on a stone bench and holding a sunbeam in your hand. I don't know what I should call the picture, but I think it would be something figurative—symbolic. Can you think of a name?"

Coira O'Hara looked up at him with a slight smile, but her eyes were gloomy and full of dark shadows.

"It might be called any one of a great number of things, I should think," said she. "Happiness—belief—illusion.

"See! The sunbeam is gone!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A MIST DIMS THE SHINING STAR.

Ste. Marie remained in his room all the rest of that day, and he did not see Mlle. O'Hara again, for Michel brought him his lunch and the old Justine his dinner. For the greater part of the time he sat in bed reading, but rose now and then and moved

about the room. His wound seemed to have suffered no great inconvenience from the morning's outing. If he stood or walked too long, it burned somewhat, and he had the sensation of a tight band round the leg; but this passed after he had lain down for a little while, or even sat in a chair with the leg straight out before him, so he knew that he was not to be crippled very much longer, and his thoughts began to turn more and more keenly upon the matter of escape.

He realised, of course, that now, since he was once more able to walk, he would be guarded with unremitting care every moment of the day, and quite possibly every moment of the night as well, though the simple bolting of his door on the outside would seem to answer the purpose, save when he was out of doors. Once he went to the two east windows and hung out of them, testing, as well as he could with his hands, the strength and tenacity of the ivy which covered that side of the house. He thought it seemed strong enough to give hand and foothold without being torn loose, but he was afraid it would make an atrocious amount of noise if he should try to climb down it, and, besides, he would need two very active legs for that.

At another time a fresh idea struck him. and he put it at once into action. might be just a chance, when out one day with Michel, of getting near enough to the wall which ran along the Clamart road to throw something over it when the old man was not looking. In one of his pockets he had a card-case with a little pencil fitted into a loop at one edge, and in the case it was his custom to carry postage-stamps. investigated, found pencil and stamps. course, he had nothing but cards to write upon, and they were useless. He looked about the room, and went through an empty chest of drawers in vain, but at last, on some shelves in the closet where his clothes had hung, he found several large sheets of coarse, white paper: the shelves were covered with it loosely for the sake of cleanliness. abstracted one of these sheets and cut it into squares of the ordinary notepaper size, and he sat down and wrote a brief letter to Richard Hartley, stating where he was, that Arthur Benham was there, the O'Haras, and, he thought, Captain Stewart. He did not write the names out, but put instead the initial letters of each name, knowing that Hartley would understand. He gave careful directions as to how the place was to be reached, and he asked Hartley to come as

soon as possible by night to that wall where he himself had made his entrance, to climb up by the cedar-tree, and to drop his answer into the thick leaves of the lilac bushes immediately beneath—an answer naming a day and hour, preferably by night, when he could return with three or four to help him, surprise the household at La Lierre, and carry off young Benham.

Ste. Marie wrote this letter four times, and each of the four copies he enclosed in an awkwardly fashioned envelope, made with infinite pains so that its flaps folded in together, for he had no gum. He addressed and stamped the four envelopes, and put them all in his pocket to await the first

opportunity.

Afterwards he lay down for awhile, and, as one after another the books he had in the room failed to interest him, his thoughts began to turn back to Mlle. Coira O'Hara and his hour with her upon the old stone bench in the garden. He realised all at once that he had been putting off this reflection as one puts off a reckoning that one a little dreads to face, and rather vaguely he realised why.

The spell that the girl wielded—quite without being conscious of it: he granted her that grace—was too potent. It was dangerous, and he knew it. Even imaginative and very unpractical people can be in some things surprisingly matter-of-fact, and Ste. Marie was matter-of-fact about this. The girl had made a mysterious and unprecedented appeal to him at his very first sight of her, long before, and ever since that time she had continued, intermittently, at least, to haunt his dreams. Now he was in the very house with her. It was quite possible that he might see her and speak with her every day, and he knew there was peril in that.

He closed his eyes and she came to him, dark and beautiful, magnetically vital, spreading enchantment about her like a fragrance. She sat beside him on the mossstained bench in the garden, holding out her hand cupwise, and a sunbeam lay in the hand like a little, golden, fluttering bird. His thoughts ran back to that first morning when he had narrowly escaped death by He remembered the girl's agony of fear and horror. He felt her hands once more upon his shoulders, and he was aware that his breath was coming faster and that his heart beat quickly. He got to his feet and went across to one of the windows, and he stood there for a long time frowning out into the summer day. If ever in his life, he said to himself with some deliberation, he was to need a cool and clear head, faculties unclouded and unimpaired by emotion, it was now in these next few days. more than his own well-being depended upon him now. The fates of a whole family, and quite possibly the lives of some of them, were in his hands. He must not fail and he must not, in any least way, falter.

For enemies he had a band of desperate adventurers, and the very boy himself, the centre and reason for the whole plot, had been, in some incomprehensible way, so played upon that he too was against him.

The man standing by the window forced himself quite deliberately to look the plain facts in the face. He compelled himself to envisage this beautiful girl with her tragic eyes for just what his reason knew her to be —an adventuress, a decoy, a lure to a callow, impressionable, foolish lad, the tool of that arch-villain Stewart and of the lesser villain her father. It was like standing by and watching something lovely and pitiful vilely befouled. It turned his heart sick within him, but he held himself to the task. brought to aid him the vision of his lady, in whose cause he was pursuing this adventure. For strength and determination he reached eye and hand to her where she sat enthroned, calm-browed, serene.

For the first time since the beginning of all things his lady failed him, and Ste. Marie turned cold with fear.

Where was that splendid frenzy that had been wont to sweep him all in an instant into upper air—set his feet upon the stars? Where was it? The man gave a sudden voiceless cry of horror. The wings that had such countless times upborne him fluttered weakly near the earth and could not mount. His lady was there—through infinite space he was aware of her—but she was cold and aloof, and her eyes gazed very serenely beyond, at something he could not see.

He knew well enough that the fault lay somewhere within himself. She was as she had ever been, but he lacked the strength to Why? Why? rise to her. He searched himself with a desperate earnestness, but he could find no answer to his questioning. himself, as in her, there had come no change. She was still to him all that she ever had been—the star of his destiny, the pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day, to guide him on his path. Where, then, the fine, pure fervour that should, at thought of her, whirl him on high and make a god of him?

He stood wrapped in bewilderment and despair, for he could find no answer.

In plain words, in commonplace black and white, the man's anguish has an overfanciful, a well-nigh absurd look, but to Ste. Marie the thing was very real and terrible—as real and as terrible as, to a half-starved monk in his lonely cell, the sudden failure of the customary exaltation

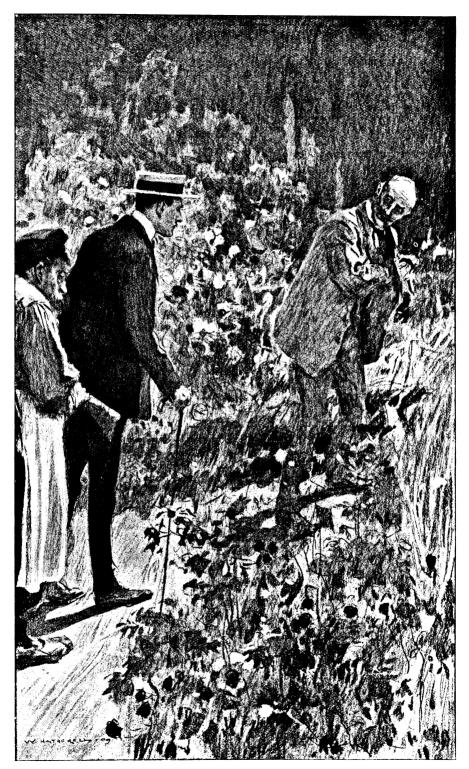
of spirit after a night's long prayer.

He went after a time back to the bed and lay down there, with one upflung arm across his eyes to shut out the light. He was filled with a profound dejection and a sense of hopelessness. Through all the long week of his imprisonment he had been cheerful, at times even gay. However evil his case might have looked, his elastic spirits had mounted above all difficulties and cares, confident in the face of apparent defeat. Now at last he lay still, bruised, as it were, The flame of and battered and weary. courage burnt very low in him. From sheer exhaustion he fell after a time into a troubled sleep, but even there the enemy followed him and would not let him rest. He seemed to himself to be in a place of shadows and He strained his eyes to make out above him the bright, clear star of guidance, for so long as that shone he was safe; but something had come between—cloud or mist —and his star shone dimly in fitful glimpses.

On the next morning he went out once more with old Michel into the garden. He went with a stronger heart, for the morning had renewed his courage, as bright, fresh mornings do. From the anguish of the day before he held himself carefully aloof. He kept his mind away from all thought of it, and gave his attention to the things about him. It would return, doubtless, in the slow, idle hours; he would have to face it again, and yet again; he would have to contend with it; but for the present he put it out of his thoughts, for there were things to do.

It was no more than human of him—and certainly it was very characteristic of Ste. Marie—that he should be half glad and half disappointed at not finding Coira O'Hara in her place at the rond point. It left him free to do what he wished to do—make a careful reconnaissance of the whole garden enclosure; but it left him empty of something he had, without conscious thought, looked forward to.

His wounded leg was stronger and more flexible than on the day before; it burnt and prickled less, and could be bent a little



"His hand went swiftly to his coat pocket."

at the knee with small distress, so he led the old Michel at a good pace down the length of the enclosure, past the rose gardens—a tangle of unkempt sweetness-and so to the opposite wall. He found the gates there, very formidable-looking, made of vertical iron bars connected by cross-pieces and an They were fastened ornamental scroll. together by a heavy chain and a padlock. The lock was covered with rust, as were the gates themselves, and Ste. Marie observed that the lane outside upon which they gave was overgrown with turf and moss and even with seedling shrubs, so he felt sure that this entrance was never used. The lane, he noted, swept away to the right, towards Fort d'Issy and not towards the Clamart road. He heard, as he stood there, the whirr of a tram from far away at the left—a tram bound to or from Clamart—and the sound brought to his mind what he wished to do. He turned about and began to make his way round the rose gardens, which were partly enclosed by a low, brick wall some two or three feet high. Beyond them the trees and shrubbery were not set out in orderly rows, as they were near the house, but grew at will without hindrance or care. It was like a bit of the Meudon wood.

He found the going more difficult here for his bad leg, but he pressed on, and in a little while saw before him that wall which skirted the Clamart road. He felt in his pocket for the four sealed and stamped letters, but just then the old Michel spoke behind him.

"Pardon, monsieur! Il n'est pas permis."
"What is not permitted?" demanded

Ste. Marie, wheeling about.

"To approach that wall, monsieur," said the old man, with an incredibly gnome-like and applogetic grin.

Ste. Marie gave an exclamation of disgust. "Is it believed that I could leap over it?" he asked. "A matter of five metres? *Merci, non!* I am not so agile. You flatter me."

The old Michel spread out his two gnarled

"Pas de ma faute. I have orders, monsieur. It will be my painful duty to shoot if monsieur approaches that wall." He turned his strange head on one side and regarded Ste. Marie with his sharp and bead-like eye. The smile of apology still distorted his face, and he looked exactly like the Punchinello in a street show.

Ste. Marie slowly withdrew from his pocket two louis d'or, and held them before him in the palm of his hand. He looked down upon them, and Michel looked too, with a gaze so intense that his solitary eye seemed to project a very little from his withered face. He was like a hypnotised old bird.

"Mon vieux," said Ste. Marie. "I am a

man of honour."

"Surement! Surement, monsieur!" said the old Michel politely, but his hypnotised gaze did not stir so much as a hair's-breadth. "Ca va sans le dire."

"A man of honour," repeated Ste. Marie. "When I give my word, I keep it. Voilà!

I keep it.

"And," said he, "I have here forty francs—two louis—a large sum. It is yours, my brave Michel, for the mere trouble of turning your back just thirty seconds."

"Monsieur," whispered the old man, "it is impossible. He would kill me — by

rture."

"He will never know," said Ste. Marie, "for I do not mean to try to escape. I give you my word of honour that I shall not try to escape. Besides, I could not climb over that wall, as you see.

"Two louis, Michel! Forty francs!"

The old man's hands twisted and trembled round the barrel of the carbine, and he swallowed once with some difficulty. He seemed to hesitate, but in the end he shook his head. It was as if he shook it in grief over the grave of his first-born.

"It is impossible," he said again—"impossible." He tore the bead-like eye away from those two beautiful, glowing, golden things, and Ste. Marie saw that there was nothing to be done with him just now. He slipped the money back into his pocket with a little sigh, and turned away towards the rose gardens.

"Ah, well," said he, "another time, perhaps—another time. And there are more louis still, mon vieux. Perhaps three or four. Who knows?" Michel emitted a groan of extreme anguish, and they

moved on.

But a few moments later Ste. Marie gave a sudden low exclamation and then a soundless laugh, for he caught sight of a very familiar figure seated in apparent dejection upon a fallen tree-trunk and staring across the tangled splendour of the roses.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SETTLEMENT REFUSED.

CAPTAIN STEWART had good reason to look depressed on that fresh and beautiful morning when Ste. Marie happened upon him

beside the rose gardens. Matters had not gone well with him of late. He was ill and he was frightened, and he was much nearer than is agreeable to a complete nervous breakdown.

It seemed to him that perils beset him upon every side—perils both seen and unseen. He felt like a man who is hunted in the dark, hard pressed until his strength is gone and he can go no farther. He imagined himself to be that man, shivering in the gloom in a strange place, hiding eyes and ears lest he see or hear something from which he cannot escape. He imagined the morning light to come very slow and cold and grey, and in it he saw round about him a silent ring of enemies, the men who had pursued him and run him down. He saw them standing there in the pale dawn, motionless, waiting for the day, and he knew that at last the chase was over and he was done for.

Crouching alone in the garden, with the scent of roses in his nostrils, he wondered with a great and bitter amazement at that madman—himself of only a few months ago —who had sat down deliberately, in his proper senses, to play at cards with Fate, the great winner of all games. He wondered if, after all, he had been in his proper senses, for the deed now loomed before him gigantic and hideous in its criminal folly. His mind went drearily back to the beginning of it all to the tremendous debts which had hounded him day and night; to his fear to speak of them with his father, who had never had the least mercy upon gamblers. He remembered, as if it were vesterday, the afternoon upon which he learnt of young Arthur's quarrel with his grandfather, old David's senile anger, and the boy's tempestuous exit from the house, vowing never to return. remembered his talk with old David later on about the will, in which he learnt that he was now to have Arthur's share under certain conditions. He remembered how that very evening, three days after his disappearance, the lad had come secretly to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, begging his uncle to take him in for a few days, and how, in a single instant that was like a lightning flash, the Great Idea had come to

What gigantic and appalling madness it had all been, and yet, for a time, how easy of execution—for a time! Now . . . He gave another quick shiver, for his mind came back to what beset him and compassed him round about—perils seen and hidden.

The peril seen was ever before his eyes. Against the light of day it loomed, a gigantic and portentous shadow, and it threatened him—the figure of Ste. Marie, who knew. His reason told him that, if due care were used, this danger need not be too formidable, and, indeed, in his heart he rather despised Ste. Marie as an individual; but the man's nerve was broken, and, in these days, fear swept wave-like over reason and had its way with him. Fear looked up to this looming, portentous shadow, and saw there youth and health and strength, courage and hopefulness, and, best of all armours, a righteous cause. How was an ill and tired and wicked old man to fight against these? It became an obsession, the figure of this youth; it darkened the sun at noonday, and at night it stood beside Captain Stewart's bed in the darkness and watched him and waited, and the very air he breathed came chill and dark from its silent presence there.

But there were perils unseen as well as He felt invisible threads drawing round him, weaving closer and closer, and he dared not even try how strong they were, lest they prove to be cables of steel. was almost certain that his niece knew something, or, at the least, suspected. has already been pointed out, the two saw very little of each other, but on the occasions of their last few meetings, it had seemed to him that the girl watched him with a strange stare, and tried always to be in her grandfather's chamber when he called to make his Once, stirred by a moment's bravado, he asked her if M. Ste. Marie had returned from his mysterious absence, and the girl said—

"No. He has not come back yet, but I expect him soon now—with news of Arthur. We shall all be very glad to see him, grandfather and Richard Hartley and I."

It was not a very consequential speech, and, to tell the truth, it was what, in the girl's own country, would be termed pure "bluff," but to Captain Stewart it rang harsh and loud with evil significance, and he went out of that room cold at heart. What plans were they perfecting among them—what invisible nets for his feet?

And there was another thing still. Within the past two or three days he had become convinced that his movements were being watched. (And that would be Richard Hartley at work, he said to himself.) Faces vaguely familiar began to confront him in the street, in restaurants and cafés. Once he thought his rooms had been ransacked

during his absence at La Lierre, though his servant stoutly maintained that they had never been left unoccupied save for a half-Finally, on the day hour's marketing. before this morning by the rose gardens, he was sure that as he came out from the city in his car, he was followed at a long distance by another motor. He saw it behind him after he had left the city gate, the Porte de Versailles, and he saw it again after he had left the main route at Issy and entered the little Rue Barbés, which led to La Lierre. course, he promptly did the only possible thing under the circumstances. dashed on past the long stretch of wall, swung into the main avenue beyond, and continued, through Clamart, to the Meudon wood, as if he were going to St. Cloud. the labyrinth of roads and lanes there he came to a halt, and, after a half-hour's wait, ran slowly back to La Lierre.

There was no further sign of the other car, the pursuer, if so it had been, but he passed two or three men on bicycles and others walking, and what one of these might not be a spy paid to track him down?

It had frightened him badly, that hour of suspense and flight, and he determined to remain at La Lierre for at least a few days, and wrote to his servant in the Rue du Faubourg to forward his letters there under the false name by which he had hired the

He was thinking very wearily of all these things as he sat on the fallen tree-trunk in the garden and stared unseeing across tangled ranks of roses. And after a while his thoughts, as they were wont to do, returned to Ste. Marie—that looming shadow which darkened the sunlight, that incubus of fear which clung to him night and day. was so absorbed that he did not hear sounds which might otherwise have roused him. He heard nothing, saw nothing, save that which his fevered mind projected, until a voice spoke his name.

He looked over his shoulder, thinking that O'Hara had sought him out. He turned a little on the tree-trunk to see more easily, and the image of his dread stood there a living and very literal shadow against the

daylight.

Captain Stewart's overstrained nerves were in no state to bear a sudden shock. a voiceless, whispering cry, and he began to tremble very violently, so that his teeth chattered. All at once he got to his feet and began to stumble away backwards, but a projecting limb of the fallen tree caught him

and held him fast. It must be that the man was in a sort of frenzy. He must have seen through a red mist just then, for when he found that he could not escape, his hand went swiftly to his coat pocket, and in his white and contorted face there was murder. plain and unmistakable.

Ste. Marie was too lame to spring aside or to dash upon the man across intervening obstacles, and defend himself. He stood still in his place and waited. And it was characteristic of him that at that moment he felt no fear, only a fine sense of exhibitantion. Open danger had no terrors for him; it was secret peril that unnerved him, as in the matter of the poison a week before.

Captain Stewart's hand fell away empty,

and Ste. Marie laughed.

"Left it at the house?" said he. seem to have no luck, Stewart. First, the cat drinks the poison, and then you leave your pistol at home! Dear! dear! I'm afraid you're careless!"

Captain Stewart stared at the younger man under his brows. His face was grey and he was still shivering, but the sudden agony of fear, which had been, after all, only a jangle of nerves, was gone away. He looked upon Ste. Marie's gay and untroubled face with a dull wonder, and he began to feel a grudging admiration for the man who could face death without even turning pale. pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"I did not know," he said, "that this was your hour out of doors." As a matter of fact, he had quite forgotten that the arrangement existed. When he had first heard of it, he had protested vigorously, but had been overborne by O'Hara with the plea that they owed their prisoner something for having come near to poisoning him, and Stewart did not care to have any further attention called to that matter; it had already put a severe strain upon the relations at La Lierre.

"Well," observed Ste. Marie, "I told you vou were careless. That proves it. Come! Can't we sit down for a little chat? I haven't seen you since I was your guest at the other address—the town address. It seems to have become a habit of mine, doesn't it, being your guest?" He laughed cheerfully, but Captain Stewart continued to regard him without smiling.

"If you imagine," said the elder man, "that this place belongs to me, you are mistaken. I came here to-day to make a visit." But Ste. Marie sat down at one end of the tree-trunk and shook his head.

"Oh, come, come!" said he. "Why keep up the pretence? You must know that I know all about the whole affair. Why, bless you, I know it all—even to the provisions of the will. Did you think I stumbled in here by accident? Well, I didn't, though I don't mind admitting to you that I remained by accident." He glanced over his shoulder towards the one-eyed Michel, who stood near by regarding the two with some alarm.

Captain Stewart looked up sharply at the mention of the will, and he wetted his dry lips with his tongue. But after a moment's hesitation, he sat down upon the tree-trunk, and he seemed to shrink a little together, when his limbs and shoulders had relaxed, so that he looked small and feeble, like a very tired, old man. He remained silent for a few moments, but at last he spoke without raising his eyes. He said—

"And now that you—imagine yourself to know so very much, what do you expect to do about it?" Ste. Marie laughed

again.

"Ah, that would be telling!" he cried.
"You see, in one way I have the advantage—though outwardly all the advantage seems to be with your side—I know all about your game. I may call it a game? Yes? But you don't know mine. You don't know what I—what we may do at any moment. That's where we have the better of you."

"It would seem to me," said Captain Stewart wearily, "that since you are a prisoner here, and very unlikely to escape, we know with great accuracy what you will

do-and what you will not."

"Yes," admitted Ste. Marie, "it would seem so—it certainly would seem so. But you never can tell, can you?" And at that the elder man frowned and looked away. Thereafter another brief silence fell between the two, but at its end Ste. Marie spoke in a new tone, a very serious tone. He said—

"Stewart, listen a moment!" and the

other turned a sharp gaze upon him.

"You mustn't forget," said Ste. Marie, speaking slowly, as if to choose his words with care—"you mustn't forget that I am not alone in this matter. You mustn't forget that there's Richarl Hartley—and that there are others, too. I'm a prisoner yes, I'm helpless here for the present—perhaps—perhaps, but they are not, and they know, Stewart—they know!"

Captain Stewart's face remained grey and still, but his hands twisted and shook upon

his knees until he hid them.

"I know well enough what you're waiting

for," continued Ste. Marie. "You're waiting—you've got to wait—for Arthur Benham to come of age, or, better yet, for your father to die." He paused and shook his head.

"It's no good. You can't hold out as long as that—not by half. We shall have won the game long before. Listen to me! Do you know what would occur if your father should take a serious turn for the worse to-night—or at any time? Do you? Well, I'll tell you. A piece of information would be given him that would make another change in that will just as quickly as a pen could write the words. That's what would

happen."

"That is a lie," said Captain Stewart, in a dry whisper—"a lie!" And Ste. Marie contented himself with a slight smile by way of answer. He was by no means sure that what he said was true, but he argued that since Hartley suspected or, perhaps, by this time knew so much, he would certainly not allow old David to die without doing what he could do in an effort to save young Arthur's fortune from a rascal. In any event, true or false, the words had had the desired effect. Captain Stewart was plainly frightened by them.

"May I make a suggestion?" asked the younger man. The other did not answer

him, and he made it.

"Give it up!" said he. "You're riding for a tremendous fall, you know. We shall smash you completely in the end. It'll mean worse than ruin—much worse. Give it up now, before you're too late. Help me to send for Hartley, and we'll take the boy back to his home. Some story can be managed that will leave you out of the thing altogether, and those who know will hold their tongues. It's your last chance, Stewart. I advise you to take it."

Captain Stewart turned his grey face slowly and looked at the other man with a sort of dull and apathetic wonder.

"Are you mad?" he asked in a voice which was altogether without feeling of any kind. "Are you quite mad?"

"On the contrary," said Ste. Marie, "I am quite sane, and I'm offering you a chance

to save yourself before it's too late.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I am not urging this out of any sympathy for you. I urge it because it will bring about what I wish a little more quickly, also because it will save your family from the disgrace of your smash-up. That's why I'm making my suggestion."

Captain Stewart was silent for a little

while, but after that he got heavily to his feet.

"I think you must be quite mad," said he, as before, in a voice altogether devoid of expression. "I cannot talk with madmen." He beckoned to the old Michel, who stood near by leaning upon his carbine, and when the gardener had approached, he said—

"Take this—prisoner back to his room!"
Ste. Marie rose with a little sigh. He

"I'm sorry, but you'll admit I have done my best for you. I've warned you. I shan't do it again. We shall smash you now without mercy!"

"Take him away!" cried Captain Stewart, in a sudden loud voice, and the old Michel touched his charge upon the shoulder. So Ste. Marie went without further words. From a little distance he looked back, and the other man still stood by the fallen treetrunk, bent a little, his arms hanging lax beside him, and his face, Ste. Marie thought fancifully, was like the face of a man damned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST ARROW.

The one bird-like eye of the old Michel regarded Ste. Marie with a glance of mingled cunning and humour. It might have been said to twinkle.

"To the east, monsieur?" inquired the old Michel.

"Precisely!" said Ste. Marie. "To the east, mon vieux." It was the morning of the fourth day after that talk with Captain Stewart beside the rose gardens.

The two bore to the eastward, down among the trees, and presently came to the spot where a certain trespasser had once leapt down from the top of the high wall, and had been shot for his pains. The old Michel halted and leant upon the barrel of his carbine. With an air of complete detachment, an air vague and aloof as of one in a reverie, he gazed away over the tree-tops of the ragged park; but Ste. Marie went in under the row of lilac shrubs which stood close against the wall, and a passer-by might have thought the man looking for figs on thistles-for lilacs in late July. He had gone there with eagerness, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes; he emerged, after some moments, moving slowly, with downcast head.

"There are no lilac blooms now, monsieur,"

observed the old Michel, and his prisoner said, in a low voice—

"No, mon vieux—no; there are none." He sighed and drew a long breath. So the two stood for some time silent, Ste. Marie a little pale, his eyes fixed upon the ground, his hands chafing together behind him, the gardener with his one bright eye upon his charge. But in the end Ste. Marie sighed again and began to move away, followed by the gardener. They went across the broad park, past the double row of larches, through that space where the chestnut trees stood in straight, close rows, and so came to the west wall which skirted the road to Clamart. Ste. Marie felt in his pocket and withdrew the last of the four letters—the last there could be, for he had no more stamps. The others he had thrown over the wall, one each morning, beginning with the day after he had made the first attempt to bribe old As he had expected, twenty-four hours of avaricious reflection had proved too much for that gnome-like being.

One each day he had thrown over the wall, weighted with a pebble tucked loosely under the flap of the improvised envelope in such a manner that it would drop out when the letter struck the ground beyond. And each following day he had gone with high hopes to the appointed place under the cedar-tree to pick figs of thistles, lilac blooms in late July; but there had been nothing there.

"Turn your back, Michel!" said Ste. Marie. And the old man said, from a little distance—

"It is turned, monsieur; I see nothing. Monsieur throws little stones at the birds to amuse himself. It does not concern me."

Ste. Marie slipped a pebble under the flap of the envelope and threw his letter over the wall. It went like a soaring bird, whirling horizontally, and it must have fallen far out in the middle of the road near the tramway. For the third time that morning the prisoner drew a sigh. He said—

"You may turn round now, my friend";

and the old Michel faced him.

"We have shot our last arrow," said he. "If this also fails, I think—well, I think the bon Dieu will have to help us then.

"Michel," he inquired, "do you know

how to pray?"

"Sacred thousand swine, no!" cried the ancient gnome, in something between astonishment and horror. "No, monsieur. Pas mon mètier, ça!" He shook his head rapidly from side to side, like one of those toys in a shop window whose heads oscillate upon a



"Threw his letter over the wall."

pivot. But all at once a gleam of inspiration sparkled in his lone eye.

"There is the old Justine!" he suggested.

"Toujours sur les genoux, cette imbécile-la."

"In that case," said Ste. Marie, "you might ask the lady to say one little extra prayer for—the pebble I threw at the birds just now. Hein?" He withdrew from his pocket the last two louis d'or, and Michel

took them in a trembling hand. There remained but the note of fifty francs and some silver.

"The prayer shall be said, monsieur," declared the gardener. "It shall be said. She shall pray all night, or I will kill her!"

"Thank you!" said Ste. Marie. "You are kindness itself—a gentle soul!"

They turned away to retrace their steps,

and Michel rubbed the side of his head with a reflective air.

"The old one is a madman," said he—the "old one" meant Captain Stewart—"a madman. Each day he is madder, and this morning he struck me—here on the head, because I was too slow. Eh! a little more of that, and—who knows? Just a little more, a small little! Am I a dog, to be beaten? Hein? Je ne le crois pas. He!" He called Captain Stewart two unprintable names, and, after a moment's thought, he called him an animal, which is not so much of an anti-climax as it may seem, because to call anybody an animal in French is a serious matter.

The gardener was working himself up into something of a quiet passion, and Ste. Marie said—

"Softly, my friend, softly!" It occurred to him that the man's resentment might be of use later on, and he said—

"You speak the truth. The old one is an animal, and he is also a great rascal." But Michel betrayed the makings of a philosopher. He said with profound conviction—

"Monsieur, all men are great rascals. It is I who say it." And at that Ste. Marie had to laugh.

He had not consciously directed his feet, but without direction they led him round the corner of the rose gardens and towards the rond point. He knew well whom he would find there. She had not failed him during the past three days. Each morning he had found her in her place, and for his allotted hour—which more than once stretched itself out to nearly two hours, if he had but known—they had sat together on the stone bench, or, tiring of that, had walked under the trees beyond.

been related, many flirtations and not a few so-called love affairs; but neither of these two sorts of intimacies at all; men often feel varying degrees of love for women without the least true understanding or sympathy or real companionship.

He was wondering, as he bore round the corner of the rose gardens on this day, in just what mood he would find her. It seemed to him that in their brief acquaint-ance he had seen her in almost all the moods

Long afterwards Ste. Marie looked back upon these hours with, among other emotions, a great wonder at himself and at her. It seemed to him then one of the strangest relationships—intimacies, for it might well be so called—that ever existed between a man and a woman, and he was amazed at the ease, the unconsciousness with which it had come about.

But during this time he did not allow himself to wonder or to examine, scarcely even to think. The hours were golden hours, unrelated, he told himself, to anything else in his life or in his interest. They were like pleasant dreams, very sweet while they endured, but to be put away and forgotten upon the waking. Only, in that long afterwards, he knew that they had not been put away, that they had been with him always, that the morning hour had remained in his thoughts all the rest of the long day, and that he had waked upon the morrow with a keen and exquisite sense of something sweet to come.

It was a strange fool's paradise that the man dwelt in, and in some small, vague measure he must even at the time have known it, for it is certain that he deliberately held himself away from thought—realisation; that he deliberately shut his eyes, held his ears, lest he should hear or see.

That he was not faithless to his duty has been shown. He did his utmost there, but he was for the time helpless, save for efforts to communicate with Richard Hartley, and those efforts could consume no more than ten minutes out of the weary day.

So he drifted, wilfully blind to bearings, wilfully deaf to sound of warning or peril, and he found a companionship sweeter and fuller and more perfect than he had ever before known in all his life, though that is not to say very much, because sympathetic companionships between men and women are very rare indeed, and Ste. Marie had never experienced anything which could fairly be called by that name. He had had, as has been related, many flirtations and not a few so-called love affairs; but neither of these intimacies at all; men often feel varying degrees of love for women without the least true understanding or sympathy or real companionship.

He was wondering, as he bore round the corner of the rose gardens on this day, in just what mood he would find her. It seemed to him that in their brief acquaintance he had seen her in almost all the moods there are, from bitter gloom to the irrepressible gaiety of a little child. He had told her once that she was like an organ, and she had laughed at him for being pretentious and high-flown, though she could upon occasion be quite high-flown enough herself for all ordinary purposes.

He reached the cleared margin of the rond point, and a little cold fear stirred in him when he did not hear her singing under her breath, as she was wont to do when alone; but he went forward, and she was there in her place upon the stone bench. She had been reading, but the book lay forgotten beside her, and she sat idle, her head laid back against the thick stems of shrubbery which grew behind, her hands in her lap.

It was a warm, still morning, with the promise of a hot afternoon, and the girl was dressed in something very thin and transparent and cool-looking, open in a little square at the throat and with sleeves which came only to her elbows. The material was pale and dull yellow, with very vaguely defined green leaves in it, and against it the girl's dark and clear skin glowed rich and warm and living, as pearls glow and seem to throb against the dead tints of the fabric upon which they are laid.

She did not move when he came before her, but looked up to him gravely without

stirring her head.

"I didn't hear you come," said she. "You don't drag your left leg any more. You walk almost as well as if you had never been wounded."

"I'm almost all right again," he answered.
"I suppose I couldn't run or jump, but I certainly can walk yery much like a human

being. May I sit down?"

Mile. O'Hara put out one hand and drew the book closer to make a place for him on the stone bench, and he settled himself comfortably there, turned a little so that he was

facing towards her.

It was indicative of the state of intimacy into which the two had grown that they did not make polite conversation with each other, but indeed were silent for some little time after Ste. Marie had seated himself. It was he who spoke first. He said—

"You look vaguely classical to-day. I have been trying to guess why, and I cannot. Perhaps it's because your—what does one say—frock, dress, gown?—because it is cut

out square at the throat."

"If you mean by classical, Greek," said she, "it wouldn't be square at the neck at all; it would be pointed—V-shaped. And it would be very different in other ways, too. You are not an observing person, after all."

"For all that," insisted Ste. Marie, "you look classical. You look like some lady one reads about in Greek poems—Helen or

Iphigenia or Medea or somebody."

"Helen had yellow hair, hadn't she?" objected Mlle. O'Hara. "I should think I probably look more like Medea—Medea in Colchis before Jason——" She seemed suddenly to realise that she had hit upon an unfortunate example, for she stopped short in the middle of her sentence, and a wave of colour swept up over her throat and face. For a moment Ste. Marie did not understand, then he gave a low exclamation, for Medea certainly had been an unhappy name. He

remembered something that Richard Hartley had said about that lady a long time before.

He made another mistake, for, to lessen the moment's embarrassment, he gave speech to the first thought which entered his mind. He said—

"Someone once remarked that you looked like the young Juno—before marriage. I expect it's true, too."

She turned upon him swiftly.

"Who said that?" she demanded. "Who

has ever talked to you about me?"

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "I seem to be singularly stupid this morning — a mild lunacy. You must forgive me, if you can. To tell you what you ask would be to enter upon forbidden ground, and I mustn't do that."

"Still, I should like to know," said the

girl, watching him with sombre eyes.

"Well, then," said he, "it was a little Jewish photographer in the Boulevard de la Madeleine." And she said—

"Oh!" in a rather disappointed tone, and

looked away.

"We seem to be making conversation chiefly about my personal appearance," she said presently. "There must be other topics, if one should try hard to find them. Tell me stories! You told me stories yesterday; tell me more! You seem to be in a classical mood. You shall be Odysseus, and I will be Nausicaa, the interesting laundress. Tell me about wanderings and things! Have you any more islands for me?"

"Yes," said Ste. Marie, nodding at her slowly—"yes, Nausicaa, I have more islands for you. The seas are full of islands. What

kind do you want?"

"A warm one," said the girl. "Even on a hot day like this I choose a warm one, because I hate the cold." She settled herself more comfortably, with a little sigh of content that was exactly like a child's happy sigh when stories are going to be told before the fire.

"I know an island," said Ste. Marie, "that I think you would like because it is warm and beautiful and very far away from troubles of all kinds. As well as I could make out when I went there, nobody on the island had ever even heard of trouble. Oh, yes, you'd like it! The people there are brown, and they're as beautiful as their own island. They wear hibiscus flowers stuck in their hair, and they very seldom do any work."

"I want to go there!" cried Mlle. Coira 'Hara. "I want to go there now, this

afternoon, at once! Where is it?"

"It's in the South Pacific," said he, "not so very far from Samoa and Fiji and other groups that you will have heard about, and it's name is Vavau. It's one of the Tongans. It's a high, volcanic island, not a flat, coral one like the southern Tongans. I came to it one evening, sailing north from Nukualofa and Haapai, and it looked to me like a single big mountain jutting up out of the sea, black-green against the sunset. It was very impressive. But it isn't a single mountain; it's a lot of high, broken hills covered with a tangle of vegetation and set round a narrow bay, a sort of fjord, three or four miles long, and at the inner end of this are the village and the stores of the few white traders.

"I'm afraid," said Ste. Marie, shaking his head—"I'm afraid I can't tell you about it, after all. I can't seem to find the words. You can't put into language—at least, I can't—those slow, hot island days that are never too hot, because the trades blow fresh and strong, or the island nights that are more like black velvet with pearls sewed on it than anything else. You can't describe the smell of orange-groves and the look of palm-trees against the sky. You can't tell about the sweet, simple, natural hospitality of the natives. They're like little unsuspicious children.

"In short," said he, "I shall have to give it up, after all, just because it's too big for me. I can only say that it's beautiful and unspeakably remote from the world, and that I think I should like to go back to Vavau and stay a long time, and let the rest of the world go hang."

Mlle. O'Hara stared across the park of La Lierre with wide and shadowy eyes, and

her lips trembled a little.

"Oh, I want to go there!" she cried again. "I want to go there—and rest—and forget everything!"

She turned upon him with a sudden bitter

resentment.

"Why do you tell me things like that?" she cried. "Oh, yes, I know I asked you,

but—— Can't you see?

"To hide oneself away in a place like that!" she said. "To let the sun warm you and the trade winds blow away—all that had ever tortured you! Just to rest and be at peace!"

She turned her eyes to him once more.

"You needn't be afraid that you have failed to make me see your island! I see it—I feel it. It doesn't need many words. I can shut my eyes, and I am there. But it was a little cruel. Oh, I know I asked for it.

"It's like the garden of the Hesperides,

isn't it?'

"Very like it," said Ste. Marie, "because there are oranges—groves of them. (And they were the golden apples, I take it.) Also it is very far away from the world, and the people live in complete and careless ignorance of how the world goes on. Emperors and kings die, wars come and go, but they hear only a little, faint echo of it all, long afterwards, and even that doesn't interest them."

"I know," she said. "I understand.

Didn't you know I'd understand?"

"Yes," said he, nodding, "I suppose I did. We—feel things rather alike, I suppose. We don't have to say them all out."

"I wonder," she said, in a low voice, "if I'm glad or sorry." She stared under her

brows at the man beside her.

"For it is very probable that when we have left La Lierre, you and I shall never meet again. I wonder if I'm——" some obscure reason she broke off there and turned her eyes away, and she remained without speaking for a long time. mind, as she sat there, seemed to go back to that southern island and to its peace and loveliness, for Ste. Marie, who watched her, saw a little smile come to her lips, and he saw her eyes half close and grow soft and tender, as if what they saw were very sweet to her. He watched many different expressions come upon the girl's face and go again, but at last he seemed to see the old bitterness return there and struggle with something wistful and eager.

"I envy you your wide wanderings," she said presently. "Oh, I envy you more than I can find any words for! Your will is the wind's will. You go where your fancy leads

you, and you're free-free.

"We have wandered, you know," said she, "my father and I. I can't remember when we ever had a home to live in. But that is —that is different—a different kind of wandering."

"Yes," said Ste. Marie—"yes, perhaps." And within himself he said, with sorrow and

pity: "Different indeed!"

As if at some sudden thought, the girl

looked up at him quickly.

"Did that sound regretful?" she asked.

"Did what I say sound—disloyal to my father? I didn't mean it to. I don't want you to think that I regret it. I don't. It has meant being with my father. Wherever he has gone, I have gone with him, and if anything ever has been—unpleasant, I was willing, oh, I was glad—glad to put up with

it for his sake and because I could be with him. If I have made his life a little happier by sharing it, I am glad of everything. I don't regret."

"And yet," said Ste. Marie gently, "it must have been hard sometimes." He pictured to himself that roving existence lived among Lady Margaret Craith. I suppose I ought not to ask you more about her, for my father quarrelled with his people very long ago, and he broke with them altogether. But—surely it can do no harm—just for a moment—just a very little! Could you tell me a little about her, M. Ste. Marie? What she is



"She did not move when he came before her."

such people as O'Hara must have known, and it sent a hot wave of anger and distress over him from head to foot. But the girl said—

him from head to foot. But the girl said—"I had my father. The rest of it didn't matter in the face of that."

After a little silence, she said—

"M. Ste. Marie!" And the man said—

"What is it, mademoiselle?"

"You spoke the other day," she said, hesitating over her words, "about my aunt,

like, and—and how she lives—and things like that?"

So Ste. Marie told her all that he could of the old Irishwoman who lived alone in her great house and ruled with a slack Irish hand, a sweet Irish heart, over tenants and dependents. And when he had come to an end, the girl drew a little sigh and said—

"Thank you! I am so glad to hear of her. I—wish everything were different, so that—— I think I should love her very much, if I might."

"Mademoiselle," said Ste. Marie, "will you promise me something?"

She looked at him with her sombre eyes,

and after a little she said—

"I am afraid you must tell me first what it is. I cannot promise blindly." He said—

"I want you to promise me that if anything ever should happen—any difficulty, trouble—anything to put you in the position of needing care or help or sympathy——"

But she broke in upon him with a swift

alarm, crying--

"What do you mean? You're trying to hint at something that I don't know. What difficulty or trouble could happen to me?

Please tell me just what you mean."

"I'm not hinting at any mystery," said Ste. Marie. "I don't know of anything that is going to happen to you, but—will you forgive me for saying it?—your father is, I take it, often exposed to danger of various sorts. I'm afraid I can't quite express myself, only, if any trouble should come to you, mademoiselle, will you promise me to go to Lady Margaret, your aunt, and tell her who you are, and let her care for you?"

"There was an absolute break," she said—
complete." But the man shook his head,

saying-

"Lady Margaret won't think of that. She'll think only of you—that she can mother you, perhaps save you grief—and of herself, that in her old age she has a daughter. It would make a lonely old woman very happy, mademoiselle."

The girl bent her head away from him, and Ste. Marie saw, for the first time since he had known her, tears in her eyes. After

a long time, she said "I promise, then.

"But," she said, "it is very unlikely that it should ever come about—for more than

one reason—very unlikely."

"Still, mademoiselle," said he, "I am glad you have promised. This is an uncertain world. One never can tell what will come with the to-morrows."

"I can," the girl said, with a tired little smile that Ste. Marie did not understand—"I can tell. I can see all the to-morrows—a long, long row of them. I know just what they're going to be like—to the very end."

But the man rose to his feet and looked down upon her as she sat before him, and

he shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he said. "Pardon me, but you are mistaken. No one can see to-morrow—or the end of anything. The end may surprise you very much."

"I wish it would!" cried Mlle. O'Hara.

"Oh, I wish it would!"

(To be concluded.)

INTIMATIONS.

L ONG ere a leaf unfolds or emerald spear
Pushes its way through dun grass or dead leaves,
Or ere, through surge of rain, the throstle calls,
Or there are any flutings 'neath the eaves:

While still wan mists make magic in the woods; Nor yet the blue weaves wonder-canopies: There are, to ears attuned, strange whisperings, And soft airs wand'ring and dim prophecies!

There is a rumour of the effluence Outwelling, palpitant; the rhythmic swing Of the long cadence of that ecstasy— That divine uplift of the year—the Spring.

IN CAMP WITH THE INDIAN CIVILIAN.

BY LEONARD EATON SMITH.

O most Englishmen the Indian civilian who has retired, more or less grizzled and more or less full of honours, is a person to be treated with respect, as having administered vast areas of country with powers vaguely comprehended, but understood to be splendidly despotic. But just what his powers were, what his final position, and what the steps by which he attained it,

are questions that few could answer. From the time he first sailed for India to the time he last saw the smoke of the Bombay mills fade into the east, he is understood to have been conducting the civil administration of India, which is, after all, only a synonym and not a definition.

As a matter of fact, the duties of the civilian are so varied and so comprehensive that they do not admit of any precise definition. They include the assessment of taxes and the superintendence of their collection, magisterial work civil and criminal, the maintenance of law and order, and generally—and here the attempt at definition breaks down—the administration of every branch of a modern government except the With regard to some duties, the service is specialised, especially in the higher grades. This is notably the case with the judicial work and with the political work which deals with our relations with the Native States. The tendency is also, I think, towards further specialisation.

If the traveller is in Calcutta during the time of its winter glories, he will meet the great ones of the Indian hierarchy, and, seated meekly at their feet—an attitude not entirely distasteful to some of them—he will receive much information as to the broad lines on which the great Government machine works. But as the intelligent foreigner would do well, after dining with Cabinet ministers for a week, to supplement his information by a few visits to a parish council or a county bench, so the intelligent

globe-trotter — are there any others?—should leave the broad generalisations of Calcutta, and, with some *chota sahib* or junior officer, go and see even for a few days the multitudinous and elementary details of the administration.

The cold weather, when the stranger is naturally in India, is also, happily, the best time for this sort of expedition, for then

most of the civil officers are travelling slowly through the districts under their charge, literally working their way round. therefore possible for their guests to see much more of the life of the people, and how it is affected by our rule, than during the other times of the year, when the officers stick more closely to their headquarters. I think myself fortunate that I was able, thanks to the linked kindness of several people. to spend a few days in camp with a joint-magistrate near Lucknow who was just finishing his winter

In the Province of Oudh there are two divisions, each under a commissioner, and each division is parcelled out into six districts under deputy-commissioners. Lucknow is the headquarters both of a commissioner and of a deputy-commissioner, the latter magistrate having the direct responsibility for the city. His district is again cut up into subdivisions, of one of which my joint-magistrate had charge. Further to complicate matters, the entire Province is divided, on a different system, into

tahsils for revenue purposes. Each tahsil is under a tahsildar, who is almost invariably a native. He has the powers of a third-class magistrate, but is primarily concerned with the collection of the taxes. As it happened, the subdivision into which we went coincided with a tahsil, but this was accidental.

My host had been back at headquarters for a few days, and together we took the twelve o'clock train, one Friday in the middle of January, from Lucknow for Malihabad,



"COLD WEATHER."

A sketch at Lucknow

Station.

fifteen miles away. There we found, quite close to the station, the tents and a little rest-house. Such rest-houses are available for the casual traveller, but are primarily designed for the use of Government officials on tour, to whom all others must give way. But they

are naturally only to be found at the more important villages, and in any case their accommodation is very limited, so that it is necessary for any magistrate to have tents as well. rest-house, indeed, had only three rooms—a bedroom on each side, and in the middle a plainly furnished livingroom, with a proper complement of bathrooms and verandahs. On a shelf was a row of bound volumes of the North American Review. which seemed to have strayed far from their home. Outside, under a pleasant grove of trees, was a good-sized square tent, made with a double roof and sides, so that there was a passage-way all round between the two On one side the outer flaps were raised on poles, to make a flat roof, and bamboo curtains hung from the outer edge. The room so formed was carpeted and furnished with a large desk, chairs, tables, books

of reference, and many official boxes, till it looked much too solid a court-room or office to be transported hither and thither on bulled

and thither on bullock carts, but such was its frequent fate.

Soon after we arrived, various officials came to make reports or to receive orders. First came the sub-inspector of police—a small, bearded, pock-marked, intelligent

native—then the sub-tahsildar, in a long, black coat and little cap, with curls and an unctuous manner; and, finally, the tahsildar, bearded and turbaned, looking both able and resolute. Their business did not take very long, and in the cool of the afternoon we

rode out to see the little town. We found near the station a long bazaar nearly deserted. This was due in part to a recent visitation of the plague, as it has been found that one way to check the ravages of this disease is for the people to leave their mud-built

houses and live in thatched huts in the fields, and in part to the coming of the railway, which has destroyed much of the trade of the town. Formerly the village bunyas, or grain merchants, sent the grain of the countryside in to the larger merchants of Malihabad, who sold it again to the Lucknow merchant, who distributed it through the country or sent it overseas. Now the Lucknow houses send their agents into the villages to negotiate with the local bunya, and the grain is carried direct to the railway and shipped to Lucknow or elsewhere as ordered. Thus the middlemen in the subsidiary collecting bazaars, such as Malihabad, are eliminated by the greater radius of attraction that the railway has given to the big towns.

At a little distance from the bazaar lay the larger part of the town, divided by plots of cultivated land into a series of hamlets. hamlet gave at first the impression of a maze of high walls of mud with tiled tops, arranged with little attempt at order, so as to leave dusty lanes or alleys almost too narrow to admit a man on horseback. These walls surrounded the forecourts of the houses, whose roofs could just be seen beyond, and, together with the stoutly barred double doors, gave a semi-fortified look to these Oudh villages. Sometimes in

the centre was a little, dusty, open space with a slimy pond shrinking down in its cracked mud bed. Here lean pariah dogs dozed, oblivious of all passers-by, dejected bullocks and buffaloes stood tied by the horns, and little donkeys limped about in rope hobbles.



HOLIDAY ATTIRE IN OUDH.

There were one or two little shops with open verandahs supported by carved pillars. At one of these we stopped to look at some black, oily-looking stuff heaped in round baskets. It was native tobacco, which is mixed with a good deal of sugar, and looked fatally strong.

Our arrival had created some excitement in the village, and we were soon at the head of a small company of villagers in draperies that were only to be called the colour of snow if London snow is understood. Many of them were also short, wadded coats of flowered cotton. They had nearly all some



THE OUDH POLICEMAN.

request to make, and if they found the magistrate already occupied, would turn to me. thinking I must also be some sort of official. or I should not be visiting their village. I did not know a word of the language, these attempted conversations ended in embarrassment on my side. and on theirs in a look of perplexity, as though they were trying to decide whether I was a person merely of incredible stupidity or of unapproachable dignity, who should only have been addressed through regular official channels. They ran beside us out of the town till we came to a little gutter across the The magisroad. trate's attention had to

be called to this, as they wanted a culvert built, which they said would do the necessary drainage more effectively. A long discussion followed as to the advisability of the change and its cost, and finally a promise was made that the matter should be referred to the proper authorities to be dealt with. This was just one of the thousand matters that the district officer can investigate, when on tour, with a directness and a speed which would be impossible if he never left his headquarters.

Near the village we stopped at the tahsildar's office, where there was a pile of old books and papers to be gone through

either for destruction or for preservation. His court-room was large and bare of furniture save for a couple of chairs and a desk on a little, raised daïs, and another desk for

the clerk, which was only about a foot high, as this official sits upon the floor. Near by was the local treasury, a strongly built little, circular house, in which the money collected as taxes is kept. It is guarded night and day, and periodically examined by an English official who certifies its safety. actual payment of the taxes is also made here under a most elaborate system of checks and safeguards, necessitating the use of three separate clerks. treasury guard is furnished by armed and khaki-clad police, who used to occupy part of this



A LUCKNOW LOAFER.

same building. Their gong was still hanging there, on which the hours were struck with a sound that carried to our camp a peculiar suggestion of unsleeping vigilance, like a ship's bell on a stormy night. As the police

are now housed in a substantial new brick building, the tahsildar thought their old quarters would suitably accommodate his dignity. Whether this has yet appeared in the same light to the powers that be, I cannot say.

Around the village were many groves of mangoes, for which fruit this district has some reputation. There were also a good many scattered trees, and the great high road that passed close by ran through a shady avenue. Much of the land was lying fallow, and in this condition showed a monotonous vellow-brown, and seemed hard enough baked to defy any future attempts at tillage. The fields under cultivation were covered with young poppy, dal, and mixed crops of barley

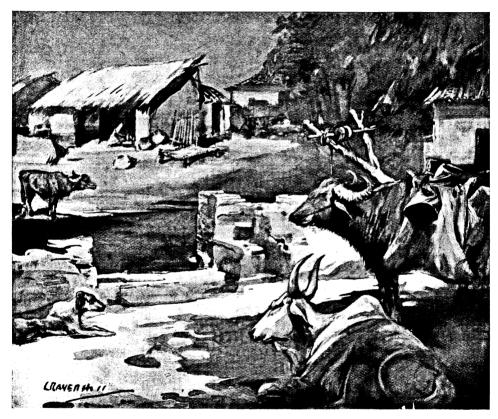


THE SUB-TAHSILDAR.

and mustard. Low, straight banks of hard earth, intersecting at right angles, were the only form of division. Sometimes these were used as footpaths, but more

commonly they were trenched to form irrigating channels, of which a regular network spreads all about the village. But in spite of this, all the land seemed parched under the tyranny of the sun. Even under the crops it was bare and hard, as though each individual plant had been separately inserted in a specially bored hole. There was no undergrowth, no casual greenness, only iron-bound soil or dust, dust or hard-baked earth, houses, roads, or fallow, all of the same drab colour. In the mass and at a distance, the landscape

to 1856, when the dynasty ended. Those which were painted in the first quarter of the nineteenth century are, as far as possible, on the same lines as pictures of European monarchs of the time, whose "well-beloved friends and brothers" these kings probably described themselves. Each poses in a crown and ermine-trimmed robes, while on a chair behind lie the collars of I know not what orders of chivalry; and the conventional glimpse of landscape at the back displays the particular atrocity in architecture with



AN OUDH VILLAGE.

was beautiful; in detail and at close quarters, it was singularly uncomfortable, if the word is permissible in such a connection. There was never a green and shady lane to linger in, never an inviting bank to rest on. On every square foot was the mark of an incessant struggle with a sun of tropical heat that yet brought no tropical luxuriance.

But it must be now a smiling paradise of well-rewarded toil compared with the same scene fifty years ago. The portraits of the kings of Oudh hang in the Taluqdars' Hall at Lucknow. They range from about 1700

which the monarch adorned his capital. The faces that stare from these pompous canvases grow, generation by generation, more fat, more sensual, more vacant of any gleam of intelligence. The busts of the later Medici themselves cannot show such a line of faces utterly incapable of rule. And the last king, painted by a native artist in the effeminate costume he made fashionable, fitly closes the series. His face alone would be sufficient justification for the annexation of Oudh. The descriptions of his life as king, for it could hardly be called a reign, do not belie

the promise of his portrait. As he lived, a king among fiddlers and courtesans, making his menials ministers and his ministers prisoners, farming his taxes, and neglecting all departments of government, so he died, an exile in Calcutta, where his manner of life helped to drive all decent people from what had been before one of the most

favoured quarters of the city.

And to what condition the kingdom had come under the feeble hands of himself and of his predecessors can be read in Colonel Sleeman's "Journal." which, though written only fifty years ago, describes a state of things one would have thought possible only in the Middle Ages. It cannot, indeed, be better summed up than in the words used by the old chronicles about the reign of King Stephen in England: "There were . . . as many kings, tyrants rather, as there were lords of castles. as everyone sought for himself such pre-eminence that some would endure no superior, some not even an equal, they fought amongst themselves with deadly hatred, they spoiled the fairest regions with fire and rapine, and in the country, which had been once most fertile, they destroyed almost all the provision of bread." So says one old writer, and another uses words almost

more applicable in every detail: "All became forsworn and broke their allegiance; for every rich man built his castles, and defended them against the king, and they filled the land with their castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they

took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable . . . And when the wretched inhabitants had nothing more to give, then plundered they and burned all the towns, so that thou mightest well walk a

whole day's journey nor ever shouldest thou find a man seated in a town, or its land tilled."

In just such terms might the condition of the kingdom of Oudh have been described when we assumed the government. On the one hand were the rapacious nobles, or taluqdars, on the other the farmers of the taxes, exacting money nominally for the king's use, really to satisfy their own insatiable greed. The central government we replaced by a well-regulated administration, the powers of the nobles we curtailed and subdued. The taluqdars of Oudh alone, among the classes loosely spoken of in India as nobles, have a real right to be so described, if such a status depends on a patent of nobility. They held sanads, or patents, from the kings of Oudh, and these we confirmed, confirming also their possession of any land to which they could prove a proper title.

The land about Malihabad was mainly in the hands of a

powerful family which has now split into branches. The estates of the senior branch have been subdivided among numerous descendants, but the present representative of the junior branch received his portion almost unimpaired. When we got back to camp, soon after dusk, we found that the head of the senior branch had come to call. He had arrived in a palki with his



THE HEADMAN OF THE VILLAGE.

son and four or five other people, all of whom were grouped about him during the short interview in the office that followed. He was stout, with a broad, fat face and soft, carefully brushed beard, dressed in a fez and a long silk coat. He looked a gentleman but better suited to these modern, reposeful days than to the strenuous times of an earlier

generation. That this was indeed was S 0 shown by the purely formal and polite character of his visit. If he had been attempting to hark back to the days and methods of his ancestors, as some of his class still do. hisreception would have been colder and his withdrawal less cheerful.

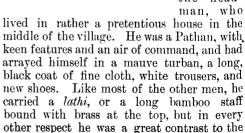
That the old, lawless habits still linger, in spite of our watchfulness. the next day's work proved. A village some miles away belonged to a collateral relation of the main

family. The present owner, on succeeding to his inheritance at the death of an uncle, found much of the village held on leases that he considered unduly favourable to the tenants. It was not possible to break the leases, which were for long terms, and the holders would not surrender them. The landlord was, therefore, commonly reported to have taken the reso-

lution of making his tenants' occupancy so uncomfortable that they would agree to vacate their holdings, which he would then be able to re-grant either to them or to others on his own terms. In order to bring such pressure effectively to bear, he was said to employ a gang of hired ruffians, who burnt the thatches and broke into the houses of his

unwelcome tenants, and generally made their lives a burden to them.

Report had just come in of a burglary committed in the village, which was supposed to be the work of this gang, and early on Saturday morning my host rode over to investigate. The village was a remote one. at some distance even from a road, and we had some difficulty in finding it. When we did arrive, several men met us, who were shortly ioined by the head-





A NATIVE CLERK.



"UNDER THE TREES AT A LITTLE DISTANCE SQUATTED THE PARTIES TO THE CASE."

somewhat dingy and labour-worn peasants about him. A voluble discussion followed, in which most of the men joined with some vehemence.

After a prolonged debate near the village pond, we adjourned to the scene of the burglary. Here was to be seen the fresh patch of mud in the wall where the thieves had broken in. Housebreaking is, of course, simple in a country of mud houses. All that is necessary is to choose a dark night and to lie down close to the wall of the doomed house, and then with a sharp knife silently

and gently scrape at the baked mud till a hole is made. Then we saw the spot where the desperadoes were supposed to meet to concoct their lawless plans of persuasion. It was the inner courtyard of a house whose owner received us with anything but a warm welcome. Here an old woman, who had followed us in, came forward and, closely veiling herself, proceeded to croon out an interminable complaint. My host went afterwards to her house, but could not quite make out what she wanted, but I do not think it had to do with the matter in hand.

As to that, the result of all the talking was that the villagers were convinced that their landlord was at the bottom of this outrage, as of others; but they would not testify against him, for if he should not be found guilty, their last position would be much worse than their first. So there was nothing to do but to promise increased vigilance and ride home to breakfast.

After this was over, my host had his office work to do. His clerk sat beside him on the floor, reading aloud at top speed, and from the verandah of the rest-house I could hear his rapid, monotonous voice marking the end of each sentence by a rising inflexion and a sudden gasp. At the end of each document came a moment's pause, perhaps a few questions, and then some order, and the reader was off again at full gallop. Later in the day came the court work. The bamboo curtains were rolled up; my host sat at his desk with his clerk near at hand; policemen and chaprassies stood in front, and the tahsildar hovered about within call in case he was wanted. Under the trees at a little distance squatted the parties to the case and the witnesses. As each was called up, he rose and, shuffling off his shoes, took his stand before the magistrate. One case, which occupied nearly the whole of the afternoon, concerned the partition of land and proper boundaries, one of the most fertile causes of dispute. All these conversations, both in the villages and in the court, were carried on in Urdu, as no one seemed to know a word of English.

On Sunday we made a short expedition to a village of rather more importance than its neighbours. It had once been inhabited by retainers or employés of some sort of the kings of Oudh, and could still boast of several fair-sized houses with two storeys and some pretensions to architecture. They were built of brick, and the use of this material instead of the ordinary mud is in itself a sign of some wealth, and also insures some degree of permanence. Mud-built houses, unless constantly repaired, will, after a very few seasons' rain, vanish again into the This is why so many of the old cities of India that once were famous and populous are now represented by almost perfect rings of outer walls built of stone, enclosing only a few buildings constructed of some permanent material in the centre of large empty spaces. Often even these enduring buildings have been ruthlessly despoiled either by a conqueror or, as in the case of the cities outside Deini, by a new king who needed their stones for the new capital he was building to perpetuate his own name and eclipse that of his predecessor. These reasons give to the ruins of India a quite fictitious aspect of antiquity. India is ancient, and her civilisation dates from the earliest ages, but most English parish churches are far older than her famous buildings. Except for infrequent Buddhist and Bactrian remains, mostly enshrined in museums, and for some buildings in old Delhi of the thirteenth century, it is difficult to find any noteworthy building older than the time of Queen Elizabeth. The town of Fattehpur Sikri, which now looks incredibly ancient, is of about the same age as the Middle Temple Hall, and the Taj coeval with the Bodleian. In fact, in India the traveller soon begins to think work of the time of Queen Elizabeth ancient, of Edward the First almost prehistoric, and of Julius Cæsar This entire rearrangement of mythical. historical standards must be particularly confusing to the many tourists who come direct to India from Egypt, where anything dated in the Christian era seems contemporary.

There was nothing to record about our visit to this village except long, unintelligible conversation. Soon after we got back to camp, the gentleman called whose village we had been to the day before, and whose conduct had been painted in such black colours by his tenants. He was a handsome man, with a yellow turban, a nose like a hawk, and a black beard. When he was leaving, he noticed that the sun was setting, and, as he has lately adopted a pose of extreme orthodoxy, he somewhat ostentatiously knelt to say his evening prayers under a tree very close to the magistrate's That finished, he departed with a most lordly swagger, and his horse led behind him, talking to some friend he chanced to meet.

That evening we went back to Lucknow after a visit, very brief certainly, but just long enough to give some inkling of the sort of duties performed day by day by the Indian civilian, and to show into what close touch he is brought with the affairs and with the people of every little town and every remote hamlet under his control. Here was the administrative unit. Multiply that indefinitely, and you have the great, broad, lowest course of the pyramid that culminates in Simla.

THE COCKEREL.

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE AND FORTUNES OF DICK RYDER, OTHERWISE "GALLOPING DICK," SOMETIME GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

Ву Н. В. MARRIOTT WATSON.



HAD ever the name upon the road of one that would lend a civil ear to a fellow - creature in distress, and I did not belie my repute, as I challenge any man to prove. Add to that, I was ever

agog to give my aid to a wench when she was in trouble. 'Tis the part of a man to stand by the weaker sex, if so be he sees the chance; and as for their tricks and their whimseys, and all the little devilments, why, it belongs to their armament, and there's an end of it. They go into battle in such array, and a man must abide his chances. As for me, I have been worsted in the encounters once or twice, but I bear no grudge. 'Tis only a nagging woman that I cannot digest, a hell-cat spit-fire she. All others are welcome in their bravery of lace and frill.

But there was naught of Miss Pussy about the girl I met at the "Grey Mare" by Highlow Marshes. 'Twas a mild day in September, of what year I cannot recall, but 'twas when there was a number of conspiracies and rebellions and plots and Heaven knows what, against His Gracious Majesty —that was old Rowley. The affair began, as one might say, the moment I entered the inn, pretty tired and hot; for 'twas fallen dark in the passage-way, and I joggled against someone at the foot of the stairway.

"Hold up!" said I in a friendly manner, for 'twas clear who was at fault; and all I got for my politeness was an oath snapped out in my face.

"Rip me!" said I. "If I was not in haste for meat and drink, I'd run something down your throat."

The man said nothing, but, extricating himself, sheered off in a surly fashion, and the light streamed in through the open door upon him. I saw him to be a lanky youth, full, I took it, of his own importance. He was dressed in fine raiment, sharp and suspicious of face, and his chin was as bare as twigs in winter. I thought no more of him as I swung upstairs, where I was presently waited on by mine host. I was very thirsty, and I ordered a big jug of ale the while my dinner was preparing. 'Twas something about four of the afternoon, and 'twas fair weather, with the apples turning on the trees, and I looked forth of the window, musing very pleasantly. In the midst of my thoughts comes to me a voice at the back, which brought me round.

"Sir, is a young gentleman arrived here yet from Sparshot?"

'Twas a girl in a green riding costume that met my eye, mighty pretty in a babyish way, her mouth a cherub's, dimples in her cheeks, and a scared and anxious look in her eyes.

I made a leg to her. "Faith, mistress, there was one here a moment since — a mettlesome, handsome youth," said I, speaking as I would to a child.

"'Tis he," she said eagerly; and then: "But I beg your pardon. 'Twas my error. I mistook you for the landlord. I see you are a soldier, sir."

'Twas a common mistake to suppose me a soldier, the which I favour in my bearing. And seeing the sort of girl I had to deal with, I bowed again.

"You have sharp wits, young mistress," I said, adding: "The gentleman went forth upon my entrance. Doubtless the innkeeper will acquaint you further."

And, the host coming in just then with my dishes, she questioned him, learning that the young man had gone, but would return to dine.

She stood awhile as if embarrassed and not knowing what to do; so that I pressed her to be seated.

"The wings of affection will fetch your brother to you," said I smiling.

She blushed a little at that and looked down, but presently spoke.

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"I would not have you to think 'tis my brother, sir," said she. Bless the simpleton! What mattered it to me if 'twere her brother or her lover? But I answered civilly enough, and, the landlord being gone, was falling to on the viands.

"Soldiers," says Miss again in a little, but hesitatingly, as though she must maintain the conversation for politeness, "soldiers

have hard fare in camp, sir?"

"Lord!" said I. "'Tis no word to me. Hard fare! I have dined off my bootstrings in Holland."

"Holland!" says she, pricking up her ears. "You have been in Flanders?"

"You may say so," said I, nodding.

She gazed at me wonderingly, and I could almost have sworn I knew what she was thinking of; so innocent of face was she.

"Have you—have you seen the Duke of

Monmouth?" she asked breathlessly.

I winked at her, but just for merriment, to play with the child. "You ply me hard, mistress!" I said; for the Duke was in bad odour with his father, and had fled to Holland.

She looked confused, but, recovering herself, said quickly: "I-I am interested in

His Grace," says she.

I could have laughed outright at this pretty conspirator, and to humour her said I: "And so, faith, am I."

She leaned forward, staring at me.

are—you are one of those who—

I nodded, and she said "Oh!" with a gasp, and glanced at the door.

"Yes, 'tis you and I and the Duke together," says I.

"No, no!" she cried out. "You mistake. 'Tis not I. My father—" she paused. "We are loyal to His Majesty, and to the Duke of York, his brother." She sighed. "But others are not," and then, while I puzzled over her, she went on as if unwilling to offend: "But I have no doubt 'tis your conscience urges you—as others. But I fear——" She rose and looked out of the "'Tis ill to mix in such perilous window. affairs."

"Aye, we run a risk," said I recklessly. As I ate I was aware that she was watching me, eyeing me as if she wanted something but knew not how to get it.

"'Tis well enough for grown men who know all about such matters," she said next. "But not for youths who know little."

"You say truly," I answered. " Youth should keep its nose out of plots."

She came back and sat down, as if she

had suddenly made up her mind. "I know one such," she said. "And he will mingle with such hazards, and oh, I fear he will endanger himself!

I could spy through her as if she were glass, and I guessed 'twas the sour youth of

whom she spoke.

I nodded. "He would be a fool to put his head in a noose without due thought,

replied. "He should be warned."

"I have warned him," she said eagerly, now forgetting all her innocent caution, "but he pays no heed. He will keep his way. And he has despatches entrusted to him which would ruin him," she said, and then she wept, crying through her tears: "And now I have learned that he is suspected, and that there is a posse to pursue him—and, oh, why does he not come?"

I dropped my knife and fork. "You are here to warn him, mistress?" I asked in

another tone.

She nodded, sobbing. "He will not give up. But you, who are of his opinions, and his party—maybe you could persuade him, sir. Oh, sir, I entreat you!"

Well, what was I to do with this poor weeping innocent clinging to my arm, and soliciting my aid, and calling to witness the difference 'twixt a seasoned soldier such as

I and her callow stripling?

"Dry those pearls," said I to her, patting her shoulder. "Faith, I'll do my best with the lad. If he have any spirit at all, he'll jump down my throat; but if he have any heart, he will yield. Come, my pretty, drink a health," and I poured her out a glass of the wine the man had brought. "Here's to His Majesty!"

"You say that!" she cried.

I saw my blunder, but I retrieved it. "'Tis the next Majesty we would alter, not old Rowley, bless him!"

And, being a little cheered by my promise, she sipped the wine and blinked away the

After that there was nothing more to do but to comfort her, which I did in a lofty manner, vowing I would send her lover back to her safe and sound. Presently she gave a start and glanced at the clock on the wall.

"They will miss me," she said.

cannot tarry."

"Indeed," said I, "you have started the ball, and 'twill roll of itself, or call me Dutchman. Best mount and trot"; for I could see she was anxious.

"But you know not Mr. Cassilis," she

said.

"By your leave, I'll take leave to make his acquaintance," I answered. "I can scrape acquaintance with Dukes and Marshals—aye, and with more honourable company than either, and have done so in my time."

At that she seemed content, for any promise would have soothed that baby, so trustful was she. And so she got to the door, I following, and when she was set in

the saddle she gave a pretty smile.

"You have been kind to one in sore distress," she said; "and I pray God to bless you and have mercy on you, and may He protect you all your life!" says she

earnestly.

"Faith, He will wipe off some offences against me for that pleading, I'll warrant," I replied pretty roughly, for the little piece touched me so. And so it came that I did not notice that the young man was approaching from t'other side as she rode off. The first news I had of him was his voice raised in a surly fashion.

"Would you keep the door, sir?" he

demanded.

I moved aside to let him pass, but he stopped and stared after the girl, who was cantering lightly in the distance; and then he gave me his eyes truculently. I said nothing, but went in; and presently he, too, entered the inn and sat down to his dinner.

Now you will see what was before me, to make friends with a snarling whelp that had not the civility to say "Thank you" for a common courtesy; but what I had vowed that I would do. Galloping Dick is ever a man of his word. So I broke through the silence at the table.

"'Tis fair weather for the saddle," said I. He threw me a glance and made no answer; at which I was nettled. "Tis a fair day," said I, "to wear jack-boots."

He muttered something about jack-fools,

and my gorge rose.

"I did you the honour, sir, to make a

remark," I said sharply.

"Landlord!" he called, rapping loudly. "Why is there no privacy in this byre of yours?"

"Maybe 'tis a kennel would suit puppies

better," said I.

"How now?" he said, aflame.

you wish to quarrel?"

"Not a bit," said I. "I am a man of peace. Not but what I can use a skewer on occasion. But, to say the truth, I have no stomach for a fight. The sight of blood makes me whimper."

He eyed me uneasily, as if he knew not what to make of this, for I spoke in a lordly, indifferent manner; but, saying no more, he went on plying his knife.

Yet this was not to get any closer to him, and it seemed I had a formidable task.

I made another essay.

"What's the news of Town?" I asked. "Is it true Lord Shaftesbury is gone to Holland?"

He made a start, and glanced at me suspiciously, but I was looking innocent

"I know nothing of Town," he replied shortly, "and I am hungry. If you have no appetite yourself, you will have the goodness to leave me to mine."

Here he was, the cub, hedged about like Jericho, but I would have those walls go down with all the trumpets and shawms.

"Ah, you are wise," I said knowingly, "to drink good liquor and to eat good victualsthere's all a young man may desire, along of a pretty wench maybe. What wants he more? If I were a boy, I would snap my fingers at other concerns!"

He seemed to be brooding over something, and paid little heed to this, but burst out

"What know you of that lady, sir?" "What lady?" said I, opening my eyes.

"'Tis ill to play with me," he said, fingering his sword. "'Tis plain there was only one lady here."

This was jealousy, sure enough, and I should like to have dallied with it, but I remembered what I had promised, and answered civilly—

"I never clapped eyes on her before."

He sat with a frown, thinking.

"And yet you talked with her?" he said next.

"I gave to her the time of day," I answered, and again he was silent.

I began to see that if I were to accomplish

anything, 'twas necessary to bestir myself; and so I thought to lure him on much as Miss had lured me, with talk of Flanders.

"A brave youth such as you would do well in the wars," says I. He glanced askew "I have seen fighting myself," I I am come from the Low went on. Countries."

At that he got up, manifestly in agitation. and called for the innkeeper, who came post The youth demanded his bill, but said no word to me. 'Twas clear he was in a taking, and I guessed he had some suspicion of me. Well, I had done all that I

could, and 'twas of no avail; but all of a sudden a thought came to me that put me in a better temper. And I cursed myself for a fool to have wasted my time and temper on a raw fledgling when the way with him was to my hand. So I made no more ado, but with indifference watched him prepare to resume his journey. He flung out of the inn, and, going to the window, I saw him mount and ride off, throwing back an uneasy glance at the house. He took the London road.

I finished my wine in comfort, for I knew Calypso's mettle, and a quarter of an hour later I, too, was on the road in pursuit of my

fine gentleman.

I drew in sight of him on the other side of the marsh, and, hearing the mare's hoofs. he looked back and urged forward his horse. But I soon came up with him and gave him good evening.

"Young sir," said I in a cheerful voice.

"stand and deliver!"

He made no answer, but cocked a pistol swiftly and shot at me. The ball whistled

by my shoulder.

"Oh!" said I, "you go heavily armed and all prepared for any encounter, like a buck of spirit. But 'twill avail you not. Disgorge, puppy; disgorge!"

With an oath he drew another barker, but I ran the mare up to his cruppers, and his aim was shaken. Nevertheless, the bullet scraped my arm and flipped my temple.

"The devil you would!" I exclaimed, and presented a barker in turn at him. But he was a lad of courage, as it proved, and, dropping his useless weapon, slipped to the ground and drew out his bodkin. Heaven, I could have peppered him where he stood, but naturally that was not my design; and so, following his example, I came to earth and drew my sword. We had several exchanges, but he knew his guards; and I perceived that it would take my best efforts to worst him, particularly as I did not wish to pink him.

At it we went, clash and clank, he growing breathless, but as fiery as ever, and I maintaining an even attack, looking for him to weary. After a time he did so, leaving me the chance to get underneath his guard, and

so I dropped my point.

"My bantam, I have you," said I, "and 'tis needless to spill blood. So let's cry quits, and strip your pockets." For I was resolved, as you may have guessed, to have his papers that the girl spoke of. If he would not be dissuaded from his folly, he would thus at least lose his dangerous luggage.

"Hang you for a rogue!" cries this young tiger, and falls on me briskly again; so that I was forced to defend myself. once again there was naught but the noise of steel on steel and our hard breathing. And then I saw he was fighting for more than life, for he supposed me to be after the papers, and 'twas that had made him fly from the inn. He thrust with the courage of desperation, but, of course, he could make no impression on Dick Ryder's fence, and so he began once more to flag. I could have pinked him in a score of places, and I had almost the mind to do so and end it, but I refrained with the picture of that pretty Miss in my eye, and her a-weeping over his blood and wounds. And so I made an appeal again.

"Give up, concede, my cockerel," I called. "You have fought well, but you can no longer. I would not stretch so handsome a youth as

cold clay. Yield, my buck!"

He had not the breath for an oath, but his eyes were flaming red, and he made a last

effort, getting home on my shoulder.
"I will spit you!" I called, and I ran But he, going back, gave and struck out wildly, and I had not the heart for all the stinging in my flesh. "Look you," said I, dropping the point, "you can see how I have spared you. I want not to hurt you, only what you carry. And if I may not have it one way, I will have it another. See you. I will toss you for it."

"You are an impudent knave," he managed

to stutter.

"Very well," said I good-humouredly, "call me what you will. I have a grudge against your iron, for my shoulder smarts like a busting. You young wasp, I'll give ye another chance. But I vow 'twill be the last. Prime and load your pistol, and if so be you can hit the mark on yonder tree more accurately than I, I will take off my hat to But if you be beaten," says I, "you shall deliver what you have into my charge. 'Tis better than a man's heart," said I, " and 'tis plain he who gets nighest would have killed t'other in a duello."

He looked at me, puffing, and, "Will you

swear it?" he said.

"That I will," said I, for there is none in the kingdom that goes closer to a mark

"Very well," said he, after a pause; and he picked up his barker and began to charge

Now, if I had not been so anxious to settle the business, I would have given more thought $I_{-1} = I_{-1} = I_{-1}$



"As I ate I was aware that she was watching me, eyeing me as if she wanted something but knew not how to get it."

to him; but the fact is, 'twas growing dark, and I was more than usual careless. it came as somewhat of a surprise when I saw his weapon levelled at my head from six

paces away.

"The traitorous young whelp!" thought I, and lurching, I dropped to earth like a struck heron. His pistol cracked, but I rolled over and got him by the knees; and in a trice he was on his back and underneath I knelt with my knees in his midriff.

"You dirty puppy!" said I. "I have a mind to riddle you thoroughly myself; but maybe another way will serve. I will roast

the bantam in his proper gravy."

Now, as I have said, 'twas on the verge of the marshes we had encountered, and by this the dusk was fallen, and the ground underfoot was lumpy, the black peat showing through in protrusions. And about were little marish pools, reflecting the glow of the evening sky. But we had for some time strayed off the road, where the nags stood quiet enough, as if wondering on this pother. And so, seeing whither we had drifted, and how near one of the pools was, I unstrapped his coat, wrenched out the stiff packet of papers from his pocket, and for a parting rolled him down the slope of peat into the water.

He went in with a splash, but presently got to his feet, and stood up in the black mud of it to his middle, storming like a tinker. But I had what I wanted now, and I paid him but the tribute of laughter. And so I left him; and, mounting the mare, continued on the London road. I had done what I had promised for Miss, and at some trouble and temper; but now 'twas over I thought no more of that, but trotted merrily along in the twilight. There was a young moon in the west, and shone like silver; and the chill in the autumn air was pleasant enough, so that I rode easily, and with my thoughts warming me comfortably. And it must have been about two miles on the further side of Bymere that I first caught the sound of horses.

It came along the lane, sharp and quick, and I reined in to listen. Plainly enough 'twas a party of horsemen coming up at a gallop. But it gave me no concern, and I continued steadily on my way, singing of a Then the riders became louder, and I knew they were in the rear; and next they had overtaken me, and were passing by upon either side to a cheerful clank of swords and oaths, when one cries out loudly, and the party drew rein,

"This should be he," says a voice, and one

put a hand on my bridle.

"Hang!" said I, striking at him with my fist; but the leader of the party forced his horse through the knot. The moon shone thinly on us all.

"Edward Cassilis," said he, "I arrest you

in the King's name!"

So soon as the words were out of his mouth my wits were flying. If it had been my own name he had given, I would have tried a bout with the posse, for there were one or two things against me that I knew of, and, besides, the repute of Dick Ryder was pretty well spread over the kingdom. But this was another business, as I saw. So I drew myself up.

"Hands off!" I cried. "Who be you to stop a peaceable man on the highway?"

"We are on His Majesty's business, Edward Cassilis," he replied, "and you are my prisoner."

"Tis not my name," I answered. "I am

plain John Spencer."

"You may travel as Spencer," he said with a laugh, "but 'tis as Edward Cassilis you come along with us. And I should advise you to take it easily," he says.

"Sure," said I, "a loyal subject of His Majesty may ask leave to know why he is

thus maltreated."

"I doubt 'twill do you no harm to know what is already best known to you, sir," he made answer. "You are taken on a warrant of Sir Charles Pomfret as suspect of treasonable practices."

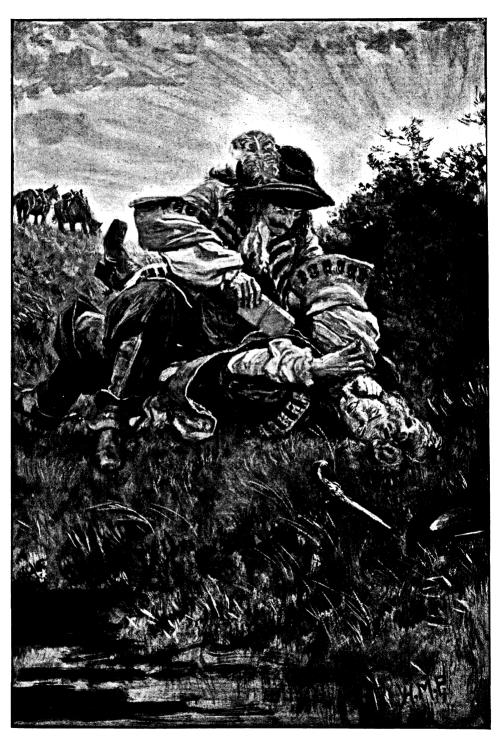
"Treasonable practices!" I cried. "What stinking fish is this? I am not the man you name, and you arrest me at your peril."

At that he turned and spoke in a lower voice with one of his companions, and I heard some words that passed.

"Tis his size . . . but I had a notion he was a younger man. . . . Best search

him for the papers."

Now, up till then 'twas with some sense of entertainment I had endured their usage, for at the worst, thought I, I should be fed and lodged free till one was fetched that testified I was not the man they wanted. But now all of a sudden I was struck with dismay, and that at the word of those papers. For I saw the situation in a flash. This was the posse that the girl had spoken of, and they were after her lover; and, more by token, the very papers they were in search of lay in my own pockets. I was silent, revolving this ugly thought for a while, and presently they finished their whispering. By



"Wrenched out the stiff packet of papers from his pocket."

this time the troop was about me on all sides, and I recognised that it was impossible to break away. There seemed indeed no hope for me in that desperate predicament. And so I did what was ever my custom when run to earth—I sat mum and stirred not, but began to be busy with things ahead. I made no remonstrance when they opened my coat, nor said I a word when one of the troopers tore out the packet from my pocket and handed it to the captain.

"Tis the documents, I'll wager a guinea," he said, and examined them closely in the moonlight. And then I opened my mouth.

"'Tis a wonder," said I coolly, "how wise a head is here! Sure, there is enough in that innocent-looking packet to hang a score of fine fellows and to send reverend beards to the block. Well-a-day, there's promotion for someone, I doubt not, and for a certain zealous captain, to be sure!"

"Enough 1" he said, somewhat disconcerted at this and my sarcasm. "We will let Sir Charles see this and the prisoner. On

the road for Thurston Grange 1."

You can conceive my feelings as we rode back along the way I had come, and how I cursed my ill-luck and folly that had precipitated me into this plight. Here was I, than whom no more loyal subject of old Rowley bestrode a horse, accused of carrying treasonable papers, and caught in the act too; and all along of taking pity on tears and dimity and pretty cheeks. It made me wild to see myself so done by a trick of fortune.

As we passed by the marsh in the twilight I cast a glance about for the young cockerel that had been the source of my undoing, but there was no sign of him or his horse; and so, in a mighty bad temper, but exercising all my wits, I jogged along in their midst for Thurston Grange, whatever

that might be.

"Twas full night when the posse drew rein by a big white house set in the thick of a park, and the captain dismounted and entered. And presently he emerged again and gave orders that I was to be brought in. I will admit that there was no plan in my head at that moment, nor did I see how 'twas possible for me to make good an escape from all these hands. But I put the best face on that I might, and was fetched between two troopers into a lighted chamber, where a stern-faced, grey-looking man was seated in a chair. So soon as he saw me he stared, and turned over some papers before him.

"So," he said drily, "it seems, Captain Pearson, you have struck better than you knew. These are the papers, but this is not Edward Cassilis."

"Is it not?" said the soldier in surprise, and then laughed carelessly. "Well, by the favour of Heaven we have missed our quarry

to advantage," he said.

The other mused. "I could have sworn Cassilis was in it," he said. "There was evidence—" He broke off. "But we need go no further. We have the fox. I will alter the warrant to fit."

"He said his name was John Spencer,"

observed the captain.

"Spencer will serve," says Sir Charles, and

dipped his quill.

I had never a word to say, for there was no word that would save me, and I was not one to waste my breath.

"It may be of some service to you, young man," said Sir Charles, "if you will reveal the names of those who were associated with you in this enterprise. I mean not these—tall poppies," he said with a sinister grin, laying his hand on the papers, "but your immediate associates. We fly at all game in

this business."

"I know naught," said I, breaking silence at last. "If there be any treachery, and the rats' names be there, why, old Rowley is welcome to them. I have no taste for vermin. But as for myself——"

And here I came to a pause, for at the doorway, newly entered, my eyes lighted on Miss of the inn. I stared at her in amazement, and her face was white as a lily.

"Father—!" she began, with a little rush forward, and drew her breath in a sob.

"This is no place for you, Cicely," said Sir Charles sharply. "This is business for men, not women and children. Get you gone!"

She hesitated, still with her eyes wavering on me out of her pale face, while I smiled at

her across the room.

"You will give no news of your associates!" says Sir Charles.

"I have none to give," said I indifferently, and whistled to show them I cared not.

Sir Charles rose. "Captain Pearson," said he, "you will give me the pleasure of your company at supper ere you start on your ride. And no doubt your men would be glad of some refreshment in the kitchen. This is a satisfactory business which His Majesty will much appreciate."

I had one glimpse of Miss at the doorway ere she vanished, and then I was marched from the room, along a stone passage to the rear of the house, where the kitchen quarters lay. By this time they had secured me with a rope, and I was trussed like a fowl, and helpless. Yet I'll warrant I would have been equal to them all, had the occasion required it, even without—but you shall hear.

There was much talk and excitement in the kitchen over my capture, all the servants coming to have a peep at me while the troopers were drinking. But I sat quiet, considering a way. Now, the way I had was as sure a way as you might ask, but I will say nothing of it more, but come to the entrance of Miss, who entered the kitchen timidly, asking for the cook, and shrank back when she saw me.

"Is that the rebel?" she said in a fear-some, loud whisper, and one of the men

answered her.

"He looks a desperate man," said she, and inquired if I had fought.

"'Twas of no avail, mistress," says the fellow; "we had him in a trap prettily."

"Oh," says she, shuddering, "I am afraid of him. He should be put in a prison."

"He can do no harm," says another.

"He might escape," says she, and turned to the cook. "Have you not a lock to your pantry?" she asked. "He would be safe there." The troopers looked at her. "And you would be freer," she added.

"To be sure, the pantry has walls like a prison," said the cook. "Put the ugly

fellow there."

At first there was some demur, but Miss made as if 'twas settled, and bustled about, sending the cook to prepare for my reception. But I said nothing, simply following her with my eyes.

And after a little, the chief of the troopers having inspected the pantry, it

seemed they fell in with the notion, and I was stood on my feet, and led out of the kitchen and into a further room that was a scullery. Here was the pantry, a dark, square hole with never a window to light it. Miss hung about, and the door was locked on me.

"There," says she, "now he is secure, and

you had best keep the key."

I heard the feet withdrawing, and presently all was still. But in a little there was a tiny sound, as of another key grating in the lock, and then I was aware the door was ajar. But the darkness was so thick I could see naught. Then a soft, small voice called to me gently.

"Sir, I have brought a knife; the door to the garden lies on the left and is on the latch, and your horse is without, tied in the

shrubbery."

I shuffled along to the entrance, and my hands met hers. I took the knife, and then to my amazement I felt my hand raised, and the touch of soft lips on my fingers. But she said no word more, and in another instant she was gone.

"There's heart and courage and sweetness there," thought I, "and 'tis wasted on

the cockerel."

In thirty seconds I had the door open to the garden, and, sure enough, Calypso was awaiting me under the trees, and whinnied low as I greeted her. I mounted and made for the back of the garden, taking the wall that fenced the park, and as the mare got into her stride I looked back at the lighted house settling into the night. Miss had saved me, though 'twas true I could have done it myself.

"Well," thinks I, "I'm glad I saved the cockerel for her, if she wants him, bless

her!"

FROM EXILE

LOVE of mine, the April sunlight falling
Through the silver of this olive tree,
Tells my heart that English birds are calling
In my land beside the Northern Sea!

Love of mine, this almond blossom drifting
To the flower-sown grass before my eyes,
Whispers that the primroses are lifting
Fair sweet faces to my English skies!

Love of mine, the radiant Spring returning
To this sunlit land, 'neath Heaven's own blue,
Only fills my inmost soul with yearning
For an English Springtime—and—for you!

THE GIZA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, CAIRO.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HADDEN, F.Z.S. NELLIE

"They called the place 'Gan Eden,' the garden of delight."-Noureddin and the Fair Persian.

FTER spending three weeks in the beautiful Zoological Gardens of Giza, near Cairo, not as an unwilling inmate of one of the cages, but as a guest of

the Director, in a comfortable bungalow, receiving much kind attention, and having ample opportunity for painting and studying the various beasts and birds under his care, I propose here to tell the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, who have not had the good

fortune to

visit Egypt, something about this charming resort, which is in some respects unique among the zoological gardens of the world.

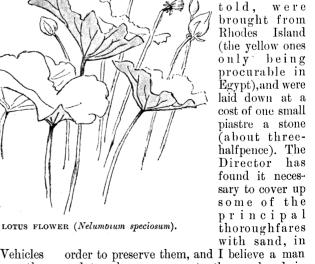
The Gardens, over fifty-two acres in extent, are situated on the road to the Pyramids. with a good tram service, and within an easy drive of Cairo, and, thanks to the capital way they are managed, have become one of the most popular resorts of the Caireens. Towards sunset the Pyramids road is a wonderful sight, thronged with the rank and fashion

taking their evening drive. Vehicles of every description go past, from the barouche with its fast-trotting horses, in which lolls some Turkish pasha, and the latest and most up-to-date motor-car, to the long native cart, drawn by a donkey, and packed with Arab women returning to their villages in the desert.

Though founded as a zoological garden in 1891, the Gardens themselves date their origin from the time of H.H. the Khedive Ismail Pasha, who planted and laid them out regardless of cost, one of his many extravagances for which the present generation owe him all thanks.

The part which still goes by the name of "The Haremlik Gardens" is famed for its mosaic and marble pavements, and the whole place is intersected by five

miles of winding paths, inlaid in various patterns with small round pebbles. black. white, and The vellow. black and white stones, we are told, were brought from Rhodes Island (the yellow ones only being procurable in Egypt), and were laid down at a cost of one small piastre a stone (about threehalfpence). The Director has found it necessary to cover up some of the principal thoroughfares



and two boys are constantly employed in repairing and relaying the paths still exposed. In the centre of the grounds is a huge



THE MUDIR (DIRECTOR), CAPTAIN STANLEY FLOWER, F.Z.S., AND HIS HEAD KEEPER.

banyan tree (*Ficus bengalensis*), planted about 1871, which, with its many-rooted branches, makes a grateful and far-reaching shelter from the sun. Numerous beautiful

flowering trees and shrubs afford welcome shade all over the garden, and in the spring, covered as they are with masses of gorgeous blossoms, are a feast of colour to the eye.

Great wreaths of purple Bougainvillea festoon the rustic bridges which span the many watercourses, where, later on in June, may be seen the sacred lotus flower (*Nelumbium speciosum*) found in Asia and Australia, which was cultivated by the ancient Egyptians, and is still seen in Asiatic Buddhist temple enclosures.

But quite two months before this, the foolish tourists have hurried back to the nipping blasts of an English spring, and so have missed a fine sight—the lotus in full

Here also may be seen the celebrated *Papyrus antiquorum* especially associated with Egypt; and the bulrush, which brings to mind the story of the finding of Moses.

As far as is possible, the collection of animals is a representative one of the fauna of Africa, and, favoured by the climate, most of the animals struck me as looking sleeker, and certainly more spirited, than those in Europe, further away from their natural homes. Certain other types which the natives of Egypt are always anxious to see—



HEAD OF MALE KUDU

bloom. It flowers in these Gardens from May to October; a large, creamy blossom with a golden heart, on a long, upstanding stalk, with graceful buds and big, shapely leaves, growing high out of the water. The lawns, instead of grass, are made of a creeping verbena (Lippia nodiflora), a pretty little plant which keeps green throughout the year in Egypt. Another verbena largely used in these Gardens is Lantana mixta, known in Ceylon as "Lady Horton's Curse," which forms thick bushes with cheerful masses of many-coloured little flowers.

namely, the Bear, Two-humped Camel, and Kangaroo—are not excluded, however.

Perhaps the beauty and the great variety of the Antelopes strike one most on a first visit to these Gardens, and of all the many species exhibited at Giza most people would give the palm to the Kudu, especially as we can see him here with his family, two young Kudus having been born in 1907, one in January and one in November—the only instances, as far as has been ascertained, of Kudus having been bred in captivity. The male and female are both from Kordofan,



Two young ones bred in the Giza Gardens.

having been presented by Major J. R. O'Connell, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, for some years Governor of that province, and, with their offspring, in their fine large paddock, form a most attractive group, which I have tried to represent.

THE ORYX ANTELOPE.

The Oryx Antelope also breeds here, and there is quite a herd consisting of two bulls,

six cows, and several calves. I found them most difficult to draw, they are such restless animals, always on the move; and even when they were settled down in a shady corner of their paddock, forming a most attractive study, and I thought: "Now is my time," before I had put in a dozen strokes one of the party would rise and at once proceed to prod his neighbour with his horns, and in a moment the whole herd was in motion again.

Except for their wonderful taper horns, which are common to both male and female,

and give to this species the name of the "Sabre" antelope, the Orvx is not by any beautiful means so as the Kudu, being rather ungainly in shape, and it is difficult to do justice to it in a black-andwhite drawing. Seen in brilliant sunlight. the white and chestnut of their coats has a most dazzling effect, and they form most picturesque groups against the background of tropical foliage in these Gardens.

THE BONTEBOK.

The Bontebok, another beautiful Antelope, one of the Hartebeest group, is unfortunately extinct in a wild state. For the last century a herd has been pre-

served by private enterprise in a large estate in the extreme south of Africa, near Cape

Agulhas. Except for this herd, it is believed there are only five individuals now in exist-



PIANG.

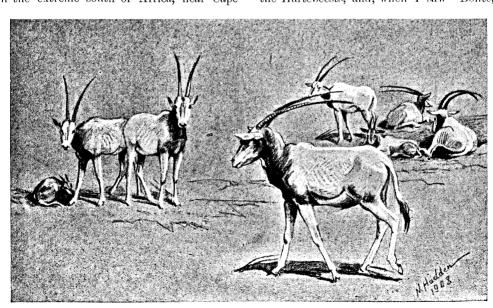
First living example exhibited in any Zoological Gardens.

ence—namely, a pair belonging to Mr. Falz Fein on his estate, Ascaria Nora, in South Russia, a pair in the Berlin Zoological Gardens, and the solitary bull in the Giza Gardens, which is here represented.

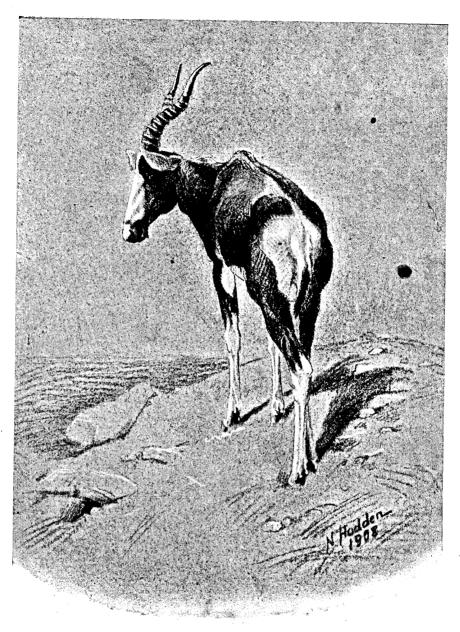
All these five specimens were imported by Herr C. Reiche, the great animal-dealer of Alfeld-on-the-Leine, Hanover.

"Bonte," as he is called, is very sociable and always ready for a game, and will, if invited, bound along in the most absurd capers and gambols, ending by pinning some object with his strong, sharp horns. I have seen him strike the fence with such force that the stout timbers quivered. I had often heard of

the extraordinary leaps and bounds made by the Hartebeests, and, when I saw "Bonte,"



ORYX LEUCORYX ANTELOPES.



BONTEBOK ANTELOPE.

I felt the accounts had not been exaggerated. He can jump into the air, at the same time flinging his heels much higher than his head, and only requires a little inciting to make him show off his accomplishments. "Bonte" seems quite aware of the fact that he is a very fine fellow and one of the "show pieces" of these Zoological Gardens.

In colour these Antelopes remind me of the "Okape" (stuffed specimen in the Natural History Museum), having the same rich, glossy, dark bay coat and strongly contrasted white patches.

THE TIANG.

In the adjoining paddock is to be seen a smaller and plainer Hartebeest. Look well at him, however. Though you may think there is nothing very remarkable about him, except perhaps the length of his eyelashes,

he is, in reality, one of the "lions" of the Giza Gardens, being, as far as is known, the only living example of a Tiang to be exhibited, and as such is famous all the world over.

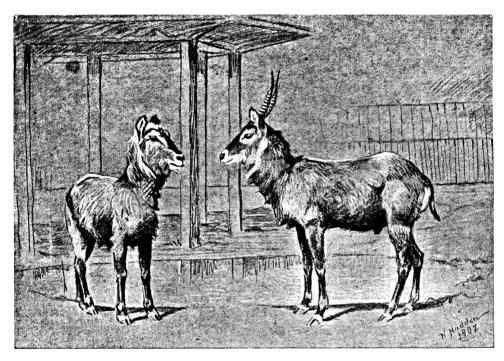
It was owing to the travels and exertions of the celebrated Van Wenglin that this species of Hartebeest was made known to zoological science. Vast herds of these animals exist in many parts of the Egyptian Sudan, but it has seemed impossible to secure one alive. For seven years a specimen was one of the principal desiderata of the Giza Gardens. At last, through the kind inter-

large, quiet, peaceful beasts, with a peculiarly gentle appearance.

In the Egyptian Sudan the graceful, sweeping horns of the male are at times as much as thirty-three inches in length. The one shown in my sketch is not a full-grown animal. Later, the horns take a more decided turn forward.

This does not, by any means, include all the Antelopes constituting the especially good collection of Giza, but these five are the only ones who "sat" for their portraits.

No account of the Giza Gardens would be complete without mention of the Citadel



WATERBUCK.

vention of Mr. F. D. Murphy, late R.N., a young calf was obtained at Sherif Hassabulla on the Blue Nile, which eventually reached Giza safely on the 17th of October, 1907. Long may he continue to flourish there!

THE WATERBUCK.

The Waterbuck (Cobus defussa) is little known in Europe, and seldom, if ever, exhibited in menageries there. The Western Waterbuck (Cobus unctuosa) is numerously represented and breeds freely both in England and on the Continent.

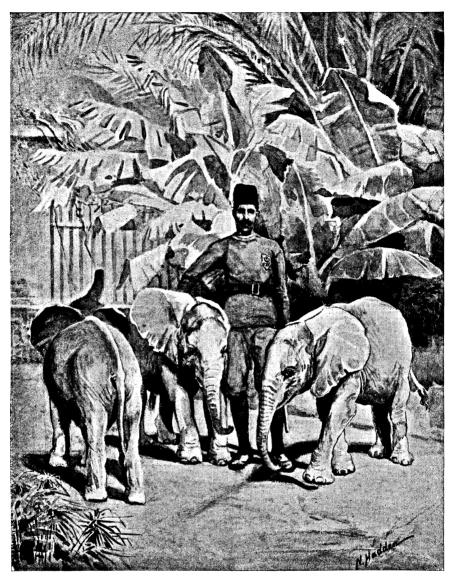
Those at Giza of the former species are

Grotto, from the hanging garden on the highest point of which a fine view may be obtained of the surrounding country.

The intricate paths of this wonderful rock garden are worth exploring; in the water-channels are very fine gold fish, and the ferns and mosses are an unusual sight in Egypt. The coral so lavishly used for the barbaric decoration of the interior is said to have been brought from the Red Sea. Being more curious than beautiful, the effect does not appeal to our European taste. Below this grotto and surrounded by tropical vegetation, is a large pond containing two Alligators, and of all my sitters these were the most difficult



THE ELEPHANTS' POND.



THE THREE GRACES.

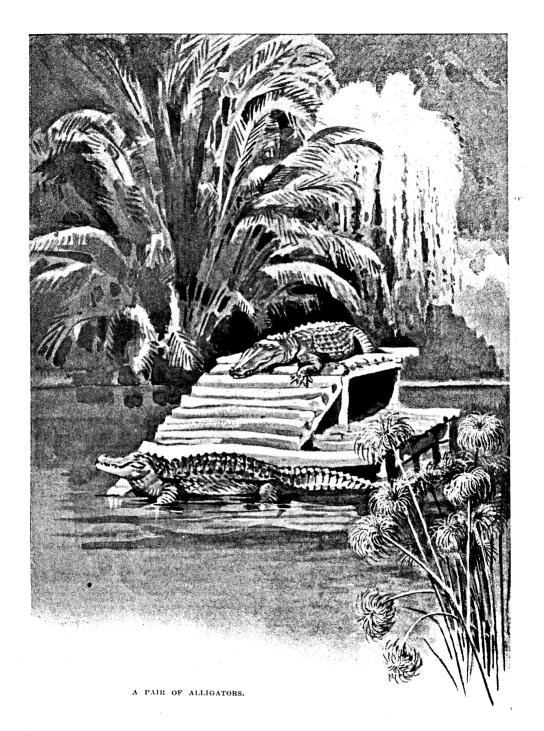
to interview. They were nearly always half or wholly under water, and there seemed no means of tempting them to step up on to the rostrum.

By dint of frequent calls I succeeded at last in finding the huge, ugly creatures "at home," and certainly I could not complain of restlessness on their part when once they agreed to sit for their portraits.

"Dick" and "Mrs. Ippi," as they are called, were received in exchange from our own Zoological Gardens in 1889. They were very small at that time, and I have seen and

measured the box (fifteen inches) in which they travelled out from London to Giza under the Director's care and sharing his cabin. They now measure over nine feet and are "fat and well-liking," a credit to all the care that has been lavished upon them.

A flock of Pelicans interested me much. Their proud and commanding manner of sailing about the lake, scattering the lesser fry of Teal, Shovellers, and Wild Duck, etc., which resort here in winter in large numbers, seemed to proclaim the fact that they considered themselves the only legitimate inhabitants of



these waters, and that other water-fowl were here on sufferance only.

These Pelicans are most methodical birds. Regularly, towards sunset, they arrange themselves in a row along the stone coping at the brink of the lake, and busy themselves in preening their feathers, disclosing the lovely, soft pink beneath turned quite rosy in the last rays of the sun. This was my opportunity for painting them, but often a small Arab boy or girl would wantonly disturb the birds, causing them to tumble hurriedly into the water in a most undignified way, and I was left bereft of my "sitters" and without enough Arabic at my command to tell the

offender what I thought of his or her conduct.

Pelicans have nested here and laid eggs, and four chicks have been successfully hatched out, and though two of the number came to grief some months afterwards, two may be seen swimming about the lake with the parent birds at the present time.

The enclosure where the Flamingos disport themselves is ideal, and I wish I could do justice to the picture formed by a group of these graceful birds against a rich background of russetcoloured bamboos. Favoured by climate, the Flamingos

here retain the brilliant scarlet under the wing which peeps out from time to time beneath the snowy whiteness of their upper feathers, and their curiously shaped bills have a tinge of shell-like pink, which, combined with the

darker shade of red of the legs and feet, makes them a delightful colour study.

The Flamingos and Pelicans in Regent's Park look pale and colourless compared to the radiant creatures seen at Giza, which, besides more colour. seem also to have more life in their happier surroundings.



enclosure had been prepared for them, which had taken many months to complete.

When the youngsters arrived and were turned out into their water-park, they looked insignificant and quite out of keeping with

their large surroundings. Only about a year old, and much resembling fat pink pigs, these water-babies were at first quite on the defensive, and snapped at everyone who came near them; they soon settled down, however, and for the first few days both seemed to prosper. Then, for no reason that could be discovered, one of them died. As they had survived the journey from Zanzibar, to which several of the young Hippos brought at the same time succumbed, it was doubly disappointing to lose one of the pair, but it is to be

hoped the other may live for many years and become an ornament to the Giza Gardens.

In the evening—the Gardens closed, and only the night watchmen patrolling the grounds—I have been allowed to stroll around

by myself. Listening the weird noises of the captives the cries of numerous wild birds overhead, one could imagine oneself in the very heart of the jungle.

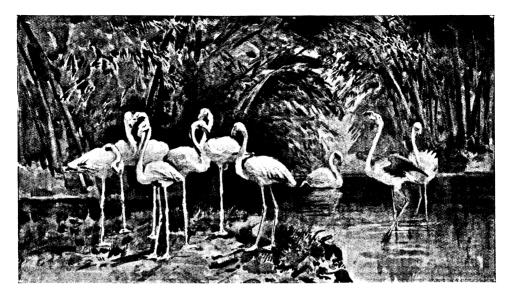
Atsunset, innumerable Night Herons, which during the day have the occupied trees surrounding the Pelicans' lake, take

wing, and with their strange, croaking cry start on their nightly round in search of A Norfolk Plover flies swiftly to and fro, making its musical call, which is answered by the captive bird; large Fruiteating Bats snarl and rustle in the mish-mish trees, flitting about, the very incarnation of



HIPPOPOTAMUS, called in Arabic Gamoos-el-Bahr.

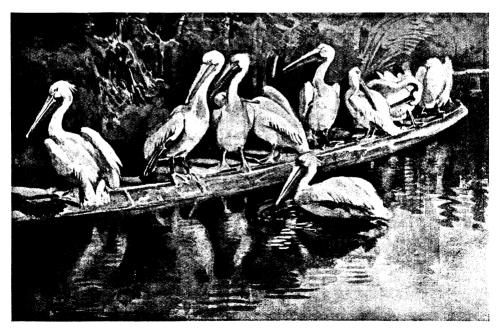
During my stay at Giza, we had the excitement of the arrival of two young Hippopotami (acquired in exchange) from German East Africa. A most sumptuous



GROUP OF FLAMINGOS.

evil. These great Bats (Roussettus egyptiacus) will strip a whole tree of small apricots in the course of one night. They travel many miles in search of food, and I was told that probably these particular Bats return to the Mokattum Hills, four or five miles distant, and spend their days in the old stone quarries with which these hills are riddled.

At intervals, there is a regular chorus among the beasts. Started by the Jackals' whining and yelping, it is immediately taken up by the wild laughter of the Hyænas, and the sound passes from cage to cage, increasing in volume till the resonant, grunting roar of the Lions puts the finish, for the time being, to this "song without words."



PELICANS SUNNING THEMSELVES.

A LAD O' WITS.

By NORMAN DUNCAN.



HEY shipped young Andy Frampton aboard the schooner Wigwam — eightythree tons, trading the lower Labrador ports for dried fish —because he was a steady, merry lad, willing for sport or labour, free from

the spirit of discontent. He was pallid and thin, ill-grown, with that look of frailty which a tendency towards the lung trouble imparts; but there lay a light in his eyes which spoke better words of the spirit For quick, indomitable nerve, for readiness of resource in an emergency, there was not a lad in Ruddy Cove, where emergencies are frequent—not a lad of them all who could compare with him. skipper looked him up and down, and laughed, and shipped him for the voyage.

"You're not much t' speak of for muscle," said he, spanning the lean right arm, "but I'll ship you, Andy b'y, for your wits."

The Wigwam was caught in the first gale of that year. Just before dawn she broke her main anchor chain and drove ashore at Jolly Harbour. It was a wild, black night, with the lee shore foaming. She went over the bar, by mere chance, in three leaps, her decks in a smother of frothy water, and her crew, all helpless and terrified, clinging to their handholds for dear life; had she been laden deep, she would have broken her back. Then a great sea, which chased her in from the open, caught her, lifted her, swept her on, and, as with a last malignant effort, cast her up on Blow-me-Down Rock, where she hung, hard and

"Well, b'ys," said Skipper Job West, when he had been forward, aft and below, with a lantern, eyes and ears wide open, "we've been swep' fair into the harbour. How it happened I don't know, but we're safe enough from the weather, an', so far as I can tell, she's as tight as a salmon tierce."

"'Tis bad enough," said the clerk, with a shake of his head. "Here she lies, high an' dry on Blow-Me-Down, with a wonderful temptin' lot o' pork an' flour in her hold an' a great worth o' goods in her cabin. She's gone aground at high tide in a gale o' wind. Sure, the harbour is as full o' water as wind an' tide will ever fill it. 'Twill be a job t' get her off."

"I knows how t' get her off," said the skipper. "Tis the wreckers I'm afeared of. 'Tis likely they'll be thick as black flies hereabouts when the news goes up an' down

the coast."

"Wreckers, sir?" said Andy.

"Aye, b'y," said the skipper; "wreckers the good folk o' this coast, from Boot Cove t' Cape Rock. They'll come swarmin' in punts, an' skiffs, an' rodneys when they hears there's a vessel gone ashore."
"Twill be fine t' have their help," said

Andy.

"Help!" the clerk exclaimed. "Tis little help they'll give us. Why, b'y, when they've got her cargo, they'll chop off her standin' riggin' an' draw the nails from her deck planks.

"Tis a mean, sinful thing t' do!" cried

Andy.

"They lives up to their lights, b'y," the "They're an honest, goodskipper said. hearted, God-fearin' folk in the main, but they believes that what the sea casts up belongs t' men who can get it, an neither judge nor preacher can teach them any better. Here lies the Wigwam stranded, with a wonderful list t' starboard; they'll think it no sin t' wreck her. I knows them 'Twill be hard t' keep them off once they sees that she's high an' dry."

The dawn, now breaking, disclosed the situation of the schooner. She was aground on a submerged rock some distance off shore in a wide harbour. It was a wild, isolated spot, with spruce-clad hills, which here and there showed their rocky ribs, rising from the water's edge. There was a cluster of cottages in a ravine at the head of the harbour; but there was no other sign of habitation. Evidently the schooner's deep list betrayed her distress, for when the day had fully broken, a boat was pushed off from

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the landing-place and rowed rapidly towards her.

"Here's the first," muttered the skipper. "I'll warn him well."

The occupant, a fisherman with a simple, good-humoured face, hung on his oars and

surveyed the ship.

"Keep off there!" shouted the skipper. "We need no man's help. I warn you an' your mates fair not t' come aboard. You've no right here under the law so long as there's a man o' the crew left on the ship, an' I'll use force t' keep you off."

"You're not able t' get her off, sir," said the fisherman, rowing on, as though bent on

boarding. "She's a wreck."

"Andy," the skipper ordered, "get forward with a gaff an' keep him off."

With that the fisherman turned his punt

about and made off for the shore.

"Aye, aye, Andy," he called, grinning good-naturedly. "I'll give you no call to strike me."

"He'll come back with others," the clerk remarked gloomily. "'Tis a bad look out."

"Let's try t' haul her off with the punt,"

suggested the cook.

"With the punt!" the skipper laughed. "Twould be as easy t' haul Blow-Me-Down out by the roots. But if we can keep the wreckers off, by trick or by force, we'll not lose her. The *Grand Lake* passed up the coast o' Monday. She'll be steamin' into Hook-an'-Line again o' Thursday. We can run over in the punt an' fetch her. 'Tis a matter o' gettin' there an' back before the schooner's torn t' pieces."

At dawn of the next day the skipper determined to set out for Hook-and-Line to intercept the steamer. In the meantime there had been no sign of life ashore. Doubtless, the crew thought, the news of the wreck was on its way to neighbouring settlements. The gale had blown itself out; but the sea was still running high, and four men were needed to row the heavy schooner's punt through the lop.

The Wigwam was manned by a crew of five, including the skipper, the cook and the clerk. Muscle was needed for the punt—stout, seasoned muscle. Nothing but wit could save the schooner. There was but one man to leave behind. Who should it

be?

"It'll be you, Andy b'y," said the skipper. "But you've never been t' sea afore, an' I fear you've never read the chapter on 'Wreck an' Salvage' in the 'Consolidated Statutes o' Newfoundland.' So I'm goin'

t' tell you some things you don't know. Now, listen careful! By law, b'y," tapping the boy on the breast with a thick, tarry finger, "if there's nobody aboard a stranded vessel—if she's abandoned, as they says in court—the men who find her can have her an' all that's in her. That's pretty near the law o' the land—near enough for you, anyway. Contrary, by law, b'y," with another impressive tap, "if there is one o' the crew aboard, he's a right t' shoot down any man who comes over the side against his will. That's exactly the law. Do you follow?"

"But I've no mind for shootin' at so goodnatured a man," said Andy, calling to mind

the fisherman's broad grin.

"An' I hopes you won't have to," said the skipper. "But there's no harm in aimin' an empty gun anywhere you've a mind to. So far as I knows, there's no harm in firin' away a blast or two o' powder if you forgets t' put in the shot. In either case, I rather thinks 'twould be enough."

Andy laughed.

"'Tis all very well, what the skipper says," said the clerk, who was responsible for the cargo, as the skipper was for the ship; "but there's three thousand dollars in goods aboard this schooner. If 'tis lost, 'twill be a sad blow t' the business. Andy b'y, there's an old man at home who pays you your wages. Do you take care o' what's here for him."

"I'll do it, Mr. Jocks," said Andy soberly.

"Sure, I'll do it as well as I can."

"There's just two things t' remember," said the skipper from the bow of the punt, before casting off. "The first is t' stay aboard; the second is t'let nobody else come aboard if you can help it. 'Tis all very simple."

Save for the flutter of an apron or skirt, when the women went to the well for water, there was no sign of life at the cottages the livelong day. No boats ran out to the fishing-grounds; no men were on the flakes; the salmon-nets and lobster-traps were not hauled.

Andy prepared a spirited defence with the guns, which he charged heavily with powder, forgetting the bullets; this done, he awaited the attack, meaning to let his wits or his arms deal with the situation, as seemed best when it presented itself. The responsibility was heavy, the duty anxious; the clerk had said that the loss of the cargo would be a mortal blow to the fortune of the man who "paid him his wages."

"I 'low there was nothin' for it but t' leave me in charge," he thought, as he paced the deck that night; "but 'twill be a job, now,

t' save her if they comes."

Andy fancied, from time to time, that he heard the splash of oars; but the night was dark, and, though he peered long and listened intently, he could discover no boat in the shadows. And when the day came, with the comparative security of light, he was inclined to think that his fancy had been tricking him.

"But it might have been the punts slippin' in from the harbours above an' below," he thought suddenly. "I wonder if 'twas."

He spent most of that sunny day lying on a coil of rope on the deck of the cabindozing and delighting himself with long daydreams. When the night fell, it fell dark and foggy. An easterly wind overcast the sky and blew a thick mist from the open. Lights twinkled in the cottages ashore, somewhat blurred by the mist, but elsewhere it was dark; the nearer rocks were vaguely outlined by their deeper black.

"'Twill be now," Andy thought, "or 'twill be never. Skipper Job will sure to be back with the Grand Lake the morrow."

Some time after midnight, while Andy was pacing the deck to keep himself warm and awake, he was hailed from the shore.

"'Tis from the point at the narrows," he "Sure, 'tis Skipper Job come thought. back.

Again he heard the hail—his own name, clearly spoken, coming from that point at the narrows.

"Andy b'y! Andy!"
"Aye, sir! Who are you?"

"Skipper Job, b'y! Fetch the quarterboat. We're aground an' leakin'."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Quick, lad! I wants t' get aboard."

Andy leaped from the rail to the quarter-He was ready to cast off when he heard a splash in the darkness behind him. That splash and a straining of a with—he could mistake neither—gave him pause. "The first thing," Skipper Job had said, "is t' stay aboard." Were the wreckers trying to decoy him from the ship? They had a legal right to salve an abandoned vessel.

He clambered aboard, determined, until he had better assurance of the safety of his charge, to let Skipper Job and his crew, if it were indeed they, make a shift for comfort

on the rocks until morning.

"Skipper Job, sir!" he called. you swim?"

"Aye, b'y! But make haste."

"I'll show a light for you, sir, if you wants t' swim out, but I'll not leave the schooner."

At that there was a laugh—an unmistakable chuckle-sounding whence the boy had heard the splash of an oar. It was echoed to right and left. Then a splash or two, a creak or two and a whisper; after that, all was still again.

"'Tis lucky, now, I didn't go," Andy "Twas a trick, for sure. But

how did they know my name?"

That was simple enough, when he came to think about it. When the skipper had warned the first fisherman off, he had ordered Andy forward by name. Wreckers they were, then, and bent on "salving" what they could, but evidently seeking to avoid a violent seizure of the cargo.

Andy appreciated this feeling; he had himself no wish to meet an assault in force. whether in the persons of such good-natured fellows as the man who had grinned at him on the morning of the wreck, or in those of a more villainous cast. He hoped it was to be a game of wits; and now the lad smiled. "'Tis likely," he thought, "that I'll keep

it safe."

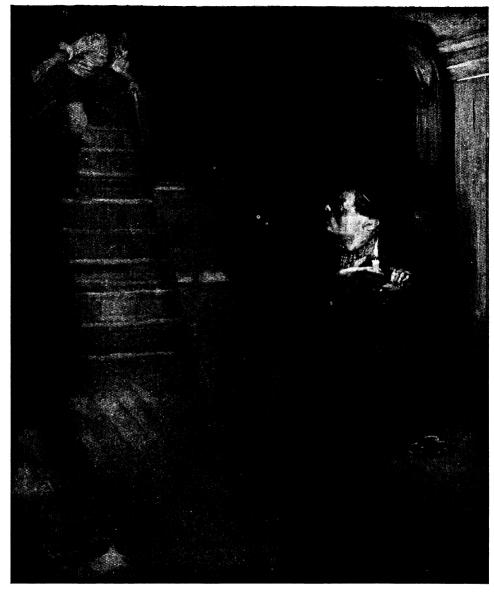
For an hour or more there was no return of the alarm. The harbour water rippled under the wind, the rigging softly rattled and sung aloft, the swish of breakers drifted in from the narrows. Andy sat full in the light of the deck lamps, with a gun in his hands, that all the eyes, which he felt sure were peering at him from the darkness round about, might see that he was alive to duty.

As his weariness increased he began to think that the wreckers had drawn off, discouraged. Once he nodded; again he nodded, and awoke with a start; but he was all alone on the deck, as he had been.

Then, to occupy himself, he went below to light the cabin candle. For a moment, before making ready to go on deck again, he sat on the bench, lost in thought. He did not hear the prow of a punt strike the schooner amidships, did not hear whispers and soft laughter of men coming over the side by stealth, did not hear the tramp of feet coming aft. What startled him was a rough, hearty voice and a burst of laughter.

"Come aboard, skipper, sir!"

The companionway framed six weatherbeaten, bearded faces. There was a grin on each, from the first, which was clear to its smallest wrinkle in the candle-light, to those which were vanishing and reappearing in the shadows behind. Andy seemed to be incapable of word or action.



""Stand back!""

"Come to report, sir," said the nearest wrecker. "We seed you was aground, young skipper, an' we thought we'd help you ashore with the cargo."

Andy rested his left hand on the head of a powder-keg, which stood on end on the bench beside him. His right stole towards the candlestick. There was a light in his grey eyes—a glitter or a twinkle—which might have warned the wreckers had they known him better.

"I orders you ashore," he said slowly.
"I orders you all ashore. You've no right aboard this ship. If I had my gun——"

"Sure, you left it on deck."

"If I had my gun," Andy pursued, "I'd have the right t' shoot you down."

The manner of this speech-the fierce intensity of it-impressed the wreckers. They perceived that the boy's face had turned pale, that his eyes were flashing strangely. They were unused to such a

depth of passion. It may be that they were reminded of a black bear at bay.

"I believes he'd do it," said one.

An uneasy quiet followed; and in that silence Andy heard the prow of another punt strike the ship. More footfalls came shuffling aft—other faces peered down the companionway. One man pushed his way through the group and made as though to come down the ladder.

"Stand back!" Andy cried.

The threat in that shrill cry brought the man to a stop. He turned, and that which he saw caused him to fall back upon his fellows. There was an outcry and a general falling away from the cabin door. Some men ran forward to the punts.

"The lad's gone mad!" said one. "Let's

get ashore."

Andy had whipped the stopper out of the hole in the head of the powder keg, had snatched the candle from the socket, carefully guarding its flame, and now sat, triumphantly gazing up, with the butt of the candle through the hole in the keg and

the flame dangling above its depths.

"Men," said he, when they had gathered again at the door, "if I lets that candle slip through my fingers, you knows what'll happen." He paused; then he went on, speaking in a low, quivering tone: "Skipper Job West left me in charge o' this here schooner, an' I been caught nappin'. If I'd been on deck, you wouldn't 'a' got aboard. But now you is aboard, an' 'tis all because I didn't do my duty. Does you think I cares what becomes o' me now? Does you think I wants t' go home an' hear the ol' man what owns this schooner say he wouldn't 'a' lost her if I'd done my duty? Does you think I don't care whether I does my duty or not? I tells you fair that if you don't go ashore, I'll drop the candle in the keg. If one o' you dares come down that ladder, I'll drop it. If I hears you lift the hatches o' the hold, I'll drop it. If I hears you strike a blow at the ship, I'll drop it. Hear me?" he cried. "If you don't go, I'll drop it!"

The candle trembled between Andy's fingers. He seemed to lose his hold of it. It slipped, fell an inch or more, but his fingers gripped it again before he lost it. The mishap and escape served him well. The wreckers recoiled, now convinced that

the lad meant no less than he said.

"I guess you'd do it, b'y," said the man

who had attempted to descend. "Sure," he repeated, with a glance of admiration for the boy's pluck, "I guess you would."

"'Tis not comfortable here," said another.
"Sure, he might drop it by accident. Make

haste, b'ys! Let's get ashore."

"Good night, skipper, sir," said the first.
"Good night, sir," said Andy grimly.

With that they went over the side. Andy heard them leap into the punts, push off, and row away. Then silence fell-broken only by the ripple of the water, the noise of the wind in the rigging, the swish of breakers, drifting in. The boy waited a long time, not daring to venture on deck, lest they should be lying in wait for him at the head of the ladder. He listened for a footfall, a noise in the hold, the shifting of the deck cargo; but he heard nothing. When the candle had burned low, he lighted another, put the butt through the hole and jammed it. At last, when it was near dawn, he fell asleep, with his head resting on a pile of dress-goods; and the candle was burning unattended. He was awakened by a hail from the deck.

"Andy b'y, where is you?"

It was Skipper Job's hearty voice; and before Andy could tumble up the ladder, the skipper's bulky body closed the exit.

"She's all safe, sir," said the boy

triumphantly.

Skipper Job at that moment caught sight of the lighted candle. He snatched it from its place, dropped it on the floor, and stamped on it. He was a-tremble from head to foot.

"What's this foolery?" he demanded

angrily.

Andy explained.

"It was plucky, b'y," said the skipper, but 'twas wonderful risky."

"Sure, there was no call t' be afraid,"

said Andy.

"No call t' be afraid!" cried the skipper.
"No, sir—no," said Andy.
"There's nar a grain o' powder in the keg."

"Empty—an empty keg?" the skipper

oared

"Does you think," said Andy indignantly, "that I'd have risked the schooner that way if 'twas a full keg?"

Skipper Job stared; and for a long time after the schooner was off the rock and about her business he could not look at Andy without staring.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

By FRED M. WHITE.



HE true story of the loss of the great pearl necklace has yet to be written. Of course, at the time it occupied the gossipy Society papers almost to the exclusion of everything else. Many journalists of the

paragraphic type professed to give the authentic details, but as every paper varied in these matters, the general public felt that it had yet a good deal to learn. And the general public was right, because in no instance had a single one of those veracious journals come anywhere near the truth.

Of course, everybody knows the parties concerned in the story. For instance, there were Sir David Cordy and his daughter, together with Mr. George Goldsack, the wealthy American who subsequently married Miss Maud Cordy, but of Peter Prouse no mention was made. And as he was practically the hero of the romance, it will be seen at once that any true history of the missing necklace must be incomplete without him. But it was to Peter Prouse and nobody else that the whole merit of the scheme was due. But it will be just as well at this point, perhaps, to recapitulate the main facts, for the public has a short memory in these matters, and is apt to forget one sensation in the presence of another.

As everybody knows, Sir David Cordy is an exceedingly rich man. It really doesn't matter very much how he got his money, seeing that he was in absolute possession of it, and that he was the owner of one of the most magnificent houses in London. He was the owner, too, of many houses elsewhere, which embraced some of the finest partridge and grouse shooting in the country. He also possesses a steam-yacht which is a perfect dream in its way, and as he is inclined to lavish hospitality, he has a large and increasing circle of friends. In public, at

any rate, nobody would venture to speak of Sir David as an unscrupulous and coldblooded scoundrel, but there are a good many hard business men in the City of London who would not have the slightest hesitation in applying that epithet to him. Still, he has always managed to keep within the limits of the law; in fact, he employs halfa-dozen tame lawyers whose business it is to find out exactly how far he can go without bringing himself within reach of the lasso of the law. He is an exceedingly rich man, he gives great entertainments, and therefore he has no trouble whatever in finding himself welcome everywhere. There are a score of such men to-day, and some of them are not without honours, parliamentary and otherwise.

It was about this time that the announcement of the engagement between Miss Mand Cordy and Mr. George Goldsack was announced. Apart from the importance of the affair and the prominent position of the engaged couple, there were novel features which appealed to the Society press. instance, Mr. Goldsack was one of the richest men in America, and for once he was reversing the programme. He was the rich American who was seeking a wife in England. He had just pulled off some big scheme of a corner in food of some sort; in fact, he had been successful in one of those rascally operations in which a certain type of American business man seems to delight. But as he had been successful, instead of emerging with disgraceful bankruptcy, Society clutched him to its bosom, and he found himself made much of. This was going to be the plutocratic marriage of the Season, and Sir David expanded accordingly. It was his bounden duty to give his daughter a present the like of which had never been seen before. There was no doubt from the first as to what form the present would take, seeing that a man of Sir David's antecedents instincts can never possibly outside the regions of costly jewellery. Finally it was decided that the gift should take the shape of a pearl necklate. David had been dealing in pearls lately, and by means of a peculiarly sharp "spec" he had managed to get possession of some sixty

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pearls of remarkable purity far below their market value. They were honestly worth a thousand pounds apiece, even at their wholesale price, which fact Sir David did not conceal from such journalists as came along and asked personal questions. Long before the wedding-day everybody knew that Miss Cordy was going to have this unique thing amongst necklaces, and, indeed, it had been exhibited in the window of a Bond Street jeweller. It had been photographed, too,

for some of the illustrated papers.

In his dingy lodgings out Soho way, Peter Prouse read all about these things. He was getting on in life now, and his prospects were not so good as they might have been. was a brilliantly clever man in his way, but like so many other brilliant men, he had managed to make a failure of his life. Incidentally he had been in jail, where he had served three years' penal servitude for a fraud in which he always argued he had been little or none to blame. One or two of his intimates were told that the real culprit was a man now rolling in wealth and luxury. And though he discreetly mentioned no names, there were certain people who knew quite well that Sir David Cordy was the man And though it doesn't matter for the purpose of this story how far this is correct, it may at once be said that this was substantially true, and that, but for Cordy and certain forgotten transactions, Prouse would have probably been moving in very different circles to-day. As it was, he had a precarious and doubtful existence, more or less connected with advertisements and the cheaper press. Sometimes these led to comparative affluence, sometimes they left Prouse stranded on a very barren shore indeed. These adventures necessitated a constant change of address and a modest concealment of name under initials and other aliases of But for the last ten years Prouse had managed to evade the police, and at the time the story opens he was in a position of comparative affluence.

He sat there reading the papers and smoking cigarettes and discussing matters generally with his wife. She was considerably younger than himself, rather dainty and refined and innocent-looking. But it must not be inferred from this that she suffered any pangs of conscience or passed sleepless nights thinking of the ill-spent life of the man whom she was supposed to love, honour and obey. On the contrary, she was proud of his talents, and on more than one occasion she had proved exceedingly useful in Prouse's

little schemes of relieving the general public of the necessity of looking after its superfluous cash.

"What a world it is!" Mr. Prouse "Now, if this chap had his deserts, he would be in jail long ago. Instead of which, he's got more than he knows how to do with, and now he's going to marry his daughter to a man richer than himself. And he's going to give her a present which will be worth £60,000. Like to have a look at it, Maria? Here's a photograph of it in The Looking Glass. There's going to be a big reception in Park Lane next week so that the girl's friends can inspect the presents. and I see about sixty favoured guests are dining afterwards. I should like to get hold of those pearls! Why, they'd sell for a thousand pounds apiece anywhere. I had that little lot, I could make at least £50,000, and then we could go and buy ourselves a little place in the country, same as you're always talking about. Upon my word, Maria, if I could do that man out of that necklace. I'd feel inclined almost to give it away. I'd like to get even with him. It's a different man I'd be if I had never come in contact with David Cordy."

Mrs. Prouse murmured her sympathy. She had heard this story a score of times before. But the prospect of comparative wealth and the little place in the country appealed to her. She recognised the fact that Peter was getting on in life, and that as yet he had made no provision for his old age.

"I'm afraid that's out of our reach," she said regretfully. "Besides, it's altogether too big a thing."

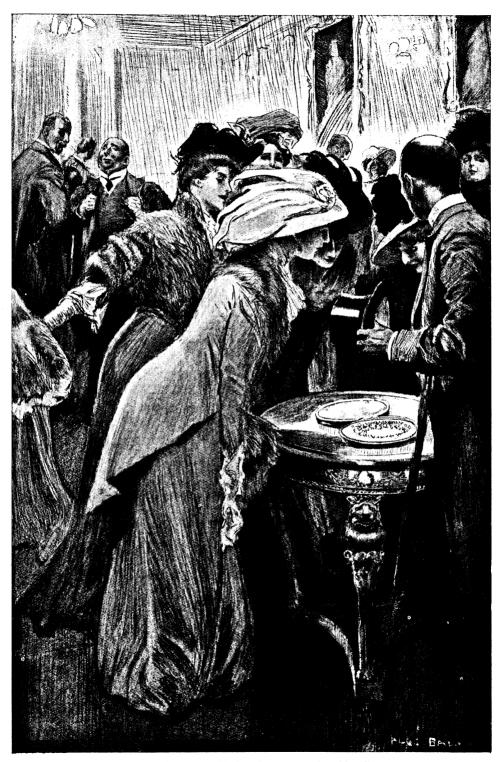
"I'm not altogether sure of that," Prouse said thoughtfully. "I was thinking about it last night. They say that hatred sharpens one's wits. Not that I am much of a fool at any time. How much money do we happen to have?"

"Oh, we haven't been lucky lately," Mrs. Prouse replied. "I suppose I've got a matter of about seventy pounds upstairs."

Prouse smiled approvingly.

"That's good enough," he said. "I suppose I can count upon you if you're wanted?"

Mrs. Prouse's pride was properly up in arms. She wanted to know if there had ever been a time when her husband could not count upon her. She reminded him pungently of the one or two occasions upon which her courage and resource had been the means of averting considerable trouble. Prouse duly apologised. He surveyed his



"On the centre table lay the great pearl necklace,"

wife's dainty prettiness and demure innocence with approval. Should he tell her his scheme or not? he asked himself. Perhaps it would be just as well not to trust her too far, for even the cleverest of women are apt to develop hysterical symptoms in moments of crises.

"All right," he said, "you shall know all about it later on. Meanwhile, I shall want about forty pounds of the money you've got upstairs, and if that forty pounds don't multiply itself by a thousand before the week's out, then my name isn't Peter Prouse. It's the right time of the year, too, and, so far as I can see, everything is in our favour. Now, don't ask a lot of questions, because I'm busy. All you've got to do is to act just as I tell you, and you shall have your little place in the country yet. As for me, I'm going down to St. Albans this evening, and I mayn't be back till to-morrow morning. Let's have the coin, old girl."

Mrs. Prouse fetched the money without protest, and discreetly refrained from asking unnecessary questions. Prouse duly returned from St. Albans the following day, apparently on the best of terms with himself. He asked if a big parcel had come for him, and Mrs. Prouse replied in the affirmative. She saw her husband leave the house presently neatly dressed and clean shaven. with his eyes smiling blandly behind gold-He looked for all the rimmed spectacles. world like a shopwalker or gentlemanly assistant in a West-end business, as his wife did not forget to inform him. The remark seemed to please him, for he muttered something to the effect that that was exactly what he meant to convey.

Sir David was busy, as usual, and he was slightly annoyed to be stopped in this way at the moment when he was leaving his house for the City. But possibly this smooth-spoken young man represented some West-end establishment, and Sir David was graciously pleased to give him five minutes of his time.

"Myname is Balin, sir; I represent the firm of Messrs. Larkspur and Son, of Paris," the discreet young man murmured. "No doubt, Sir David, you have heard of Larkspur. The famous Paris florists, you know. We've just opened a branch in London. I thought, perhaps, if you haven't given your orders for the flowers for Miss Cordy's reception next Thursday——"

"I can't be bothered with that," Cordy grunted.

"Pardon me just for the moment, sir. You see, we work on different lines to the English florists. We supply flowers of an infinitely superior quality, and we make arrangements to take them back again. can assure you, sir, that we can do you at half the price you paid Collins and Sons for the flowers for the big dance which you gave last week. I believe the scheme then, sir, was roses, was it not? For less money than that we will undertake a scheme which calls exclusively for the use of orchids. You see, sir, we could use the orchids again, as they are flowers which last a wonderfully long time, and nobody would be the least the wiser, if you care to favour us."

Sir David was just a little impressed. In spite of all his money, he dearly loved a bargain, and he would have gone a long way to save a sixpence. And the suggestion of the scheme of orchids appealed to him.

"I don't dislike your idea," Sir David said patronisingly, "but unfortunately my arrangements—"

"One moment, sir, just one moment. We are exceedingly anxious to get the custom of anyone like yourself. If you will permit me, I shall be exceedingly glad to decorate the tables where Miss Cordy's presents appear entirely with the green and gold orchids which created such a sensation last week in Paris, when the President was entertaining his royal visitors. orchids are quite new, and cannot be bought for money. If you will permit me, I will decorate the tables with these flowers, and subsequently they can be moved to the dining-room for your dinner-party. I will send one of the cleverest of floral designers in London, and we shall be only too pleased to send the flowers and fetch them away without any charge whatever. The advertisement will more than repay us for the trouble we are taking."

Sir David promptly closed with the offer. It was one that appealed to his business instincts. It would cost him nothing, and it would be quite a piquant little item for the newspapers afterwards. He stood there chatting on the steps with the gentlemanly representative of Larkspur and Son for quite a long time. It was arranged, at length, that the flowers should come in the following Thursday, the day before the wedding, about three o'clock, so that there would be plenty of time to get the scheme properly set out before Miss Cordy's guests began to

arrive for the inspection of the wedding presents. As it was cold March weather, the orchids would be sent in specially constructed vans which the firm always used for that

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," Mr. Balin said. "Perhaps you might be good enough to drop a hint to your detective. I mean, sir, to the man from the private inquiry agency who always attends these functions to

keep an eve on the presents."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten that, you may be sure," Sir David said. "Yes, my good man, you are quite right. My detectives on these occasions always come from Parker and Lee, of Charing Cross. I generally have the same man—a most reliable creature of the name of Taddy. Perhaps you have met him?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Balin said. "We have frequently met in great houses in the West End. And I am really most grateful to you, sir. You may rely upon my absolute atten-

tions."

Cordy went his way with the air of a man who has done a good stroke of business. He was not quite so pleased, however, when he reached home early on the following Thursday afternoon to find that as yet there was no sign of the gentleman from Messrs. Larkspur or the deft-fingered young lady whose business it would be to arrange the orchids. Sir David fretted and fumed, for a man in his position naturally resents these little pin-pricks on the part of Providence. As a rule, they do not come into the scheme. But as the guests were beginning to arrive, and the dainty Society butterflies began to hover round the Empire tables on which the presents were laid out, Sir David was forced to control himself. The huge drawing-room was one blaze of electric lights now, the room was gradually filling with a chattering mob, and on the centre table furthest from the door lay the great pearl neck-It was not much brighter than the many bright and envious eyes which were turned upon it, and as Sir David began to realise the importance of the occasion he expanded visibly. At the same moment half-a-dozen gorgeously attired footmen came in solemn procession bearing on silver salvers a really unique and beautiful collection There was something so fine of orchids. and distinguished about these gorgeous flowers that even the presents were forgotten for the moment. Behind the glittering cavalcade came the gentlemanly manager of Larkspur and Son, followed by a shrinking, modest-looking girl dressed in black, and apparently frightened and bewildered by the scheme of splendour in which she found herself.

"It is quite the fault of my assistant, Sir David," Mr. Balin said. "She foolishly forgot my instructions. Now, Miss Gordon,

please get to work at once."

With this explanation, Mr. Balin vanished, and the shrinking girl proceeded to lay out her lovely flowers to the best advantage. She was dexterous enough in her work, and with a deft touch here and there proceeded to beautify the tables beyond recognition.

Sir David looked on approvingly. So also did the dark, clean-shaven man in the frock-coat and black tie who hovered near the table with the air of a waiter who is not quite sure that his handiwork will meet with complete approval. He was disguised as a guest, of course, but obviously enough he was a man sent there by Parker and Lee for the purpose of keeping an eye on the presents.

"Yes, they really are marvellous flowers," Sir David said pompously to an admiring guest. "I understand they were imported by my people especially from Paris. The collection originally belonged to an Oriental monarch. They tell me that this lot is worth a fabulous sum; that mixture of green and gold is superb. I understand they look far better on the dining-table. But you will have an opportunity of seeing that for yourself, my dear fellow. I must confess, for my own part, that I like something out of the common. If these things don't run to too great an amount, I think I shall buy them."

The demure little assistant smiled. She quite appreciated the situation. It was so like the man there to boast that he had another collection of these famous orchids besides the glorious wealth of bloom on the table. At this moment the crowd surged back from the tables, for another set of gorgeous footmen came in with the tea. It was at this point, when the scene was at its best and brightest, that the light suddenly went out and the brilliant assembly was plunged in darkness.

"Shut the door, sir," a voice said. "It's Taddy speaking to you, Sir David. I don't say it isn't all right, sir, but it's just possible that this is an impudent dodge——"

Cordy waited to hear no more. He plunged headlong across the room and closed the door with a bang. Some man in the crowd produced a box of matches from his pocket, and one of the gorgeous footmen remembered the gas which was in the

drawing-room besides the electric light. It was never used, but still the brackets were retained in case of accidents. But it was a minute or more before the flickering lights faintly illuminated the big saloon, but in that moment the mischief was done. Taddy gasped in dismay as he pointed to the centre table, where the big pearl necklace was now conspicuous by its absence.

It is impossible adequately to convey the scene which followed. It was impossible too, to accuse anyone of the theft. For the next half-hour the bewildered guests huddled together, exchanging glances. And when the police, who had been frantically telephoned for, put in an appearance, they were equally at fault. As for Mr. Taddy, he could tell them nothing. The demure florist, standing by the table where she had been putting the finishing touches to the work, had seen and heard nothing whatever. Indeed, she seemed too utterly bewildered to understand what had happened. The sudden change from the brilliant light to the pitch darkness had had its effect on everybody there, but it was useless to stand idly discussing this great calamity. The thing was done, and there was an end of it, and the authorities were plainly of opinion that Miss Cordy would be lucky if she ever saw her necklace again. In the language of the paragraphists who pursued her so unceasingly, "she was utterly prostrate with grief." Ŏne or two intimates staved to administer what consolation they could, but save for the idea of immediate bed and eau-de-cologne, no practical balm for Miss Cordy's stricken feelings emanated from that frivolous crowd.

"What's the good of that?" the demented young woman asked. "Besides, we've got a dinner-party to-night, and if those dreadful people have taken my necklace, why, then, my father must buy me another one. But please tell that young woman to take those dreadful orchids away. I shall never see an orchid again without thinking about this

terrible afternoon."

The pretty little assistant stood there, blushing and trembling. She glanced appealingly to Sir David, who very naturally demurred to this exhibition of sentiment on his daughter's part. The orchids had cost him nothing, it is true, but then he had been looking forward to boasting and swaggering about them at his dinner-table later on, and this was one of the things which he enjoyed above everything. But for once in his life he had to give way.

"Better remove them," he muttered.

"At any rate, I suppose I can have them on another occasion. Here, one of you men, go and order a cab and bring this young woman's baskets back. Pack them up and get them away at once. I can call round to your shop in the morning and explain."

It took some little time to pack the flowers, for the room was mainly occupied now by the police force, who were searching everywhere for the missing pearls. The little florist appeared to watch them with dazed fascination. Presently she realised that her curiosity was out of place, so she proceeded to entwine the stems of her flowers with cotton-wool, and to place them in their mossy boxes with almost loving care. It was really marvellous to see in how small a space those long trails and clusters of blooms folded when they were handled by expert fingers. A detective, evidently with a passion for flowers, watched the work with frank admiration.

"I didn't think you could have possibly done it, miss," he said. "Why, when we came in, those tables were one mass of glorious blooms, and now you've got them all packed away so that they would go into a good-sized dressing-case. They are very light, too."

"Yes, aren't they?" the assistant said, with a shy smile. "And I wonder how I managed so well, because I've never known my hand shake so much as it did just now. And I do hope that pretty young lady will get her necklace back again. It seemed such a horrible trick to play upon her. Do you suppose it really was a planned affair? Isn't it just possible that some guest took advantage of the accident——?"

The speaker pulled up as if ashamed of her audacity in making such a suggestion. detective shook his head meaningly. was bound to admit, he said, that he had heard of such things. The little assistant sighed as she demurely left the room and made her way into the street. infinitely obliged to the gorgeous footman who had called her a cab, but really, she didn't want one, she had such a little distance to go, and she much preferred to walk. She disappeared down the street, and presently was crossing the Park in the westerly direction. Almost at the same moment one of the leading lights from Scotland Yard arrived at Park Lane with the demand to see Sir David at once.

"I am afraid it is a put-up thing, sir," he said. "I've been down to Parker and Lee's making inquiries. The man you had here just now was not their man at all. They couldn't send you Taddy, because he



"'From it I produce this pearl."

met with an accident, but they sent you another man equally reliable, who had instructions last night to be here at three o'clock. We have just found out that he never went home last evening at all. You may depend upon it that he has met with foul play. Probably he was lured into some den and heavily drugged. The man who came here and personated him, beyond all doubt was the thief. Of course, we can't tell quite how he managed it, and up to now we have found nothing wrong with the main switches of the electric light. But no

doubt he managed to establish a short circuit somewhere, and directly the light went out he popped the necklace in his pocket."

"The scoundrel!" Sir David groaned.
"I suppose you'll manage to get hold of him. He is sure to be some well-known criminal."

"Oh, of course," the inspector said soothingly. "We shall lay hands upon him right enough. I know it must have been intensely dark for the moment, but it's rather odd that the assistant from the florists didn't notice anything. She was

actually arranging the flowers at the time. I don't suppose she can give us any information, but I should like to speak to her."

"You don't mean to suggest," Sir David

cried, "that--"

"Oh, dear, no, sir. There's no shadow of doubt in my mind as to who the thief is, but one never knows."

"The girl's gone. I wanted her to rearrange the flowers in the dining-room for to-night's dinner, but my daughter wouldn't

hear of it."

The inspector murmured that the matter was of little importance, and meanwhile the innocent florist was making her way by the circuitous route to the obscure lodging in Soho where Mr. Peter Prouse lived. He smiled largely and blandly as he saw the parcel which she was carrying in her hand.

"This is better luck than I expected," he said. "I thought we should have had to wait for those flowers at least till to-morrow morning. I thought we should have had to

fetch them."

"Oh, the girl took a dislike to them," Mrs. Prouse explained. "She said she never wanted to see an orchid again, so Sir David told me to pack them up and take them back to the shop, and here I am. And now I am dying with curiosity——"

"Right you are," Prouse said immediately. "Unpack the flowers; do it carefully and

lay them on the table."

"Just as if I should do it carelessly. I am too fond of flowers for that . . . There, now. And now tell me what possible connection there can be between these blooms and the disappearance of Miss Cordy's

pearl necklace."

"That's quite easy enough," Prouse "Now, just pass me those three large sprays of blooms. Thank you. Now, I take this pair of tweezers and insert it in the gold and green cup at the base of this flower, which looks so exactly like a mouth—or, rather, like a glorified snap-And from it I produce this dragon. pearl, which is worth at least a thousand You see, I go on doing this with the tweezers till I remove all the pearls which you see before you. See how beautifully they fit into the receptacles and how utterly impossible it would be to guess where they were. My idea, of course, was that the flowers would be removed by you to the dining-table, and when all those swells were discussing the loss of the pearls, they would be under their very eyes all the time. Then you would have gone round to the house to-morrow morning to fetch the flowers away, just as if they really did belong to Larkspur and Son, and as if you were an assistant in the shop. It was a million to one against Cordy's suspecting that there was anything wrong as far as you and the orchids were concerned. Now, I didn't tell you what the game was as far as you were concerned, and what risks you had to run, because it would have made you too horribly nervous. You would never have got out of the house all right if you knew you had the pearls in your possession. I wanted you to think the flowers were only part of the blind."

"I did think so," Mrs. Prouse said.

"And you are quite right, Peter. I'm glad

I didn't know."

"Oh, that's all right," Prouse said. "The rest was quite easy. You see, I had to get that private detective out of the way, and that was no great trouble. I managed to drug him all right, and then of course I had to take his place. It was easy for me to pose as the representative of Larkspur and Son, but it was not quite so easy to take you into the drawing-room of Park Lane and then to slip out of the house again and come back five or ten minutes later freshly made up to take the part of the Parker and Lee's detective. But I had been there in that $r\hat{o}le$ in the morning, so that the servants might get familiar with Still, an old hand at the game like myself managed to slip into a lavatory when all the servants were busy and alter my make-up a little. When I came back into the drawing-room, I studied exactly how the land lay, and almost before the lights were out I had my hand upon that necklace. I had only to cut the string, and all the pearls slipped into my hands. It didn't take me long to feel for the orchids and slip the pearls into those little green and gold mouths."
"But the light?" Mrs. Prouse asked.

"Oh, that was the easiest of the lot. When I was in the drawing-room early in the afternoon, I took one of the lamps off from a cluster near the table. When the time came, I had only to take my knife out of my pocket and touch the negative and positive poles in the lamp-socket with the steel blade. That short circuited it at once, and blew out the fuse. The rest was quite easy. But it's a pretty little scheme altogether, and I am quite proud of it. At any rate, I'm even with Cordy now. The only thing I regret is that I can't tell him

whom he had to thank for the loss. But

you can't have everything."



"THROUGH THINE OWN HEART ALSO."

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

THE room was almost dark and very still. The man who came softly into the fragrant darkness moved with careful steps lest he should stumble or make even the faintest sound that could startle the two who lay in the big bed against the wall.

Two? Last night there had been only one lying there to receive his "Good night"

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kiss; this morning—this sweet spring morning, when the birds in the garden were calling softly to one another—there were two people waiting to receive his morning greeting: his wife and his first-born son. The downy head rested against her heart, her own face was bent over it, so that her lips could touch the crumpled rose-leaf face. There was a wonderful light in the eyes she lifted at the sound of her husband's soft footfall.

"I have borne my lord a son," she whispered, the proud quiver in her voice awakening a strange answering thrill in the young father's heart. "Jack-oh, Jack, he was worth it all! I am keeping him here with me, close in my arms, because he is worth it all!"

Jack stooped down and kissed the white, eager face on the pillow, then, with clumsy but not untender fingers, he touched the tiny, downy head nestling against her breast.

"I say, he is a funny little beggar, isn't he, Marjory? I never saw anything quite

like him before."

A faint, amused laugh broke from the woman in the bed.

"He is your son," she said, "your firstborn son. He is ours, Jack—yours and mine—and I know now what it means, 'for joy that a man is born into the world."

Again her lips pressed themselves against the wee, soft face; she gathered into her own hand the little groping hands that were stretching themselves out towards her. smiled up into her husband's eyes—reading, and reading rightly, the shy pride with which he stood watching his two treasures.

"You are glad I have given you a son?" she said, laying the baby's hands gently down and putting out her hand to her

husband, "you are glad?"

"By Jove, yes!" came the emphatic, boyish reply. "The little chap will be—will

Words failed the never very talkative man. The odd little thrill that had gone through him when he first saw his wife and son together, had been intensified when his fingers awkwardly touched that soft, small head; a queer, unaccustomed lump in his throat barred all further utterance. His first realisation of fatherhood seemed to have swept him off his feet.

"He will be everything to us, our best comfort and joy," the newly made mother ended her husband's sentence, in her weak, triumphant voice. "He-oh, Jack!-we shall have to decide what his profession is to be; and then some day, when we are old, he will take care of us, and—and—

She laughed again, and her laugh brought the watchful nurse from the dressing-room. an admonition on her lips, and a warning that her patient had talked enough for the present; that rest was imperative; that the baby would be better in his cradle.

"We are planning his future, nurse," the girl in the bed said softly, while her husband. after one long glance at mother and child, stole softly away; "we are thinking what a

prop he will be for our old age."

The nurse, kindly, middle-aged body, smiled and shook her head. It was difficult to think of old age, looking down at the girlish, lovely face on the pillow. It was difficult, too, to scold the sweet and gracious patient, but Nurse Thatcher knew her duty.

"You mustn't talk any more," she said; "vou may lie here and make plans to yourself, but you must not talk. And I think

Baby had better come with me now."

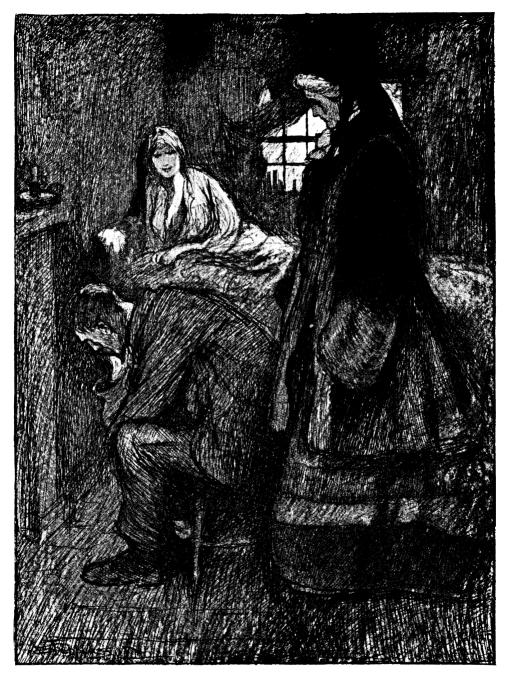
"Not yet—oh, not yet!" resist that pleading voice, the glance of those shining eyes? "Let me keep him a little while. He is so new, and sweet, and perfect. And soon he will be a boy, and then a man, and I want to keep him in my arms now, whilst I think what he shall do and be, and how he will love me-and I love him!"

Nurse Thatcher was discreet, and her rules were elastic. She went back to the dressingroom herself, but she left the sleeping baby in the arms that held him so closely; and, whilst day slowly broke over the outside world, the young mother dreamt dreams and saw visions of all that her first-born should be and do.

Through the chinks of the shutters the April sunlight filtered into the darkened room, and the soft spring air and the sweet spring sounds travelled up through the halfopen window. The clear call of the starlings and their busy chatterings mingled with the deeper voices of the rooks, busy over their nests in the elm trees. The song of the thrush was plainly audible. The girl in the bed knew just where he sat to sing his morning thanksgiving—on a branch of the gnarled apple tree, which was already breaking into a foam of delicate blossoms out yonder on the lawn. Down in the beds by the house the hyacinths were still in bloom. Their fragrant scent was wafted up to her, and she smiled.

"I am glad you came in springtime, my son," she whispered to the sleeping baby. "All the new, beautiful things begin in spring, and my son-my son "-she laughed softly over the new words in her vocabulary -" is the best and most beautiful thing in all God's world. Thank God you came!"

She lay silent for a while after that soft outburst of love and thankfulness, and then a shadow crossed her happy face, and she clutched the child more closely against her, putting her free arm about him almost as though she were protecting him from some coming evil.



"'My word, he's a beauty, your son is!""

"I wish I had not remembered those words just to-day," she murmured aloud, and, at the same moment, the nurse again drew near to her bedside and looked watchfully down at her troubled face.

"What words are worrying you, dear?"

the woman questioned, speaking as to a child, because of the young innocence and sweetness of the girl's face. "Which words did you remember?"

"They came—they came quite suddenly, almost as if somebody spoke them—' And a

sword shall pierce through thine own heart also.' Do all mothers have a sword in their hearts?"

The childishly pathetic question, the fear in the uplifted eyes, made Nurse Thatcher's heart contract. She stooped down and stroked her patient's dark hair with soothing, caressing touch.

"We won't discuss future problems now," she said. "You are tired. You must try and get to sleep, and be glad because your

boy has come to you."

"I am glad," was the answer, and the shadow slowly passed from her face, "and I am sure my son will never hurt his mother. And if there must be a sword," she went on drowsily, the lashes falling over her dark eyes, "let it hurt my heart and not his. Nothing must ever hurt my boy."

* * * * *

The room was the darkest and most squalid in a dark and squalid house. The woman who stood upon its threshold, looked round it with a sick aching of the heart and with eyes that could weep no more, because they had wept so much.

The landlady, who had admitted her into the house, surveyed her curiously, appraising the rich, soft garments she wore, not unobservant of the beauty of her face, and of the abiding sorrow in her eyes. She was not the type of visitor usual in this squalid

neighbourhood.

The room was very dark and very bare. Even by the dim light that filtered in through the dust-covered window-panes, it was possible to see how wretched and inadequate was the furniture—how grimy the walls, how black with dirt the uncarpeted The woman in the doorway instinctively lifted her black draperies a little higher off the filthy floor, but her action was purely an instinctive one. obvious that her whole soul was absorbed in the wretched inmates of the wretched room, for, after that one cursory glance round the apartment, her eyes rested only on the man and woman at its further end. The day was cold, but the most infinitesimal of fires burnt dully in the tiny grate, and the man who crouched beside it held his hands almost against the bars. His back was turned towards the door. He was not even conscious of the visitor's entrance, until the girl who was the other occupant of the room uttered a low exclamation, and pulled herself up into a sitting position in the bed that had been dragged as near as possible to the inadequate fire.

"My lawk, Jack, whoever is it?" she said, her eyes round with amazement, "whoever is it, and whatever does she want here?"

The man in the chair turned slowly and looked towards the door, and, looking, spoke

in quick dismay-

"Mother!" he gasped, "mother—here!" and saying the words, he crouched back into

his chair again and shivered.

The girl in the bed remained sitting upright, her eyes fixed curiously on the unexpected visitor, and one of her hands went out suddenly to grasp at a bundle that lay beneath the coverings by her side. She was very pretty—the lady who was crossing the room at once realised that she was pretty, with the fair and delicate prettiness often seen amongst London girls even of the very lowest class. The touzled untidiness of her hair could not spoil its brightness of hue; that her face was dirty did not detract from its purity of outline, its pink and white delicacy; though her eyes were underlined with dark shadows, their deep brown colour contrasted strikingly with her hair and com-They glanced now with defiant hardness at the woman who had reached the fireplace and was standing with her hand on the back of the man's chair, looking down upon the bed.

The visitor did not speak. Perhaps she found the articulation of any words an impossibility, for her lips quivered, and quietly as she stood beside the man's chair, she was

trembling from head to foot.

"Are you his mother?" the girl in the bed said, at last. "What made you come here? I s'pose you know I'm his wife; it's all straight. I'm his wife right enough," and she thrust out her left hand, and pointed with a mocking smile to her wedding-ring.

"Shut up!" the man said suddenly, following the words with an oath, utterly unintelligible to the sad-eyed woman by his chair, an oath which merely drew forth a little cackle of laughter from the girl in the bed.

"Was that the sort of way he used to talk to you?" she said, tossing back the untidy masses of her hair. "My word, he's a beauty, your son is! If I'd a-known as much about him before I married him, as I do now, I wouldn't never a-bin his wife."

"For Heaven's sake hold your tongue!" the man in the chair said fiercely, with another oath, and he lifted his down-bent head, and looked up at the silent figure by his side with haggard, miserable eyes.

Another long shiver went through her. Those eyes were so like his father's, he was so like her own dear Jack whose grey hairs had gone down in sorrow to the grave, because their son, their first-born son, had broken both their hearts!

They had agonised over him, they had striven over him; no stone had been left unturned to help and rescue him, but their

prodigal son had never come home. Не had never wanted to come home; he had lied to them, and drunk, and gambled, and sunk lower and lower into the mire which he preferred, until-until it had come to—this.

Her eyes, with their haunting look of sadness, wandered round the sordid, miserable room again, resting for an instant upon the defiant face of the girl in the bed, but coming back finally to the cowering form in the chair where her hand still rested.

His brown hair was thickly sown

with grey, and, looking at it, her heart contracted sharply, because of the downy head that long ago had rested against her breast. She thought of the tiny, clutching hands which her own had caught and held on one faraway April morning, and her heart contracted again. Those dimpled, baby hands made

too sharp a contrast with the hands of the man—the shapely hands, ill-kept, soiled, unwashed. Everything about him told the pitiful story of lost self-respect and of all for which self-respect stands. The unwashed, unshaven face, the red-rimmed, sunken eyes, the clothes that were not only

shabby, but ragged and unmended as well, the torn and dirty collar, the shoes badly needing to be patched, and caked with the mud of the r o a d-a 11 these told their own wretched story, that burnt itself into the watching woman's heart.

The girl in the bed broke the s ilence again. Perhaps those in finitely sadeyes had awed her at first, but her awe was of short duration.

"Whatever did you want to come here for?" she questioned in her shrill voice—"to see whether

"'Through thine own heart also,' she whispered brokenly."

your precious son's wife was respectable, or to take him away with you? This ain't much of a place for a gentleman like him."

"I came"—the soft, refined accents seemed like music after the high, petulant voice—"I came—to see whether anything could be done—to help—to save——"

A little laugh interrupted the broken words.

"Save!" the girl exclaimed. "He's past saving, and so am I. You've done your best—I'll say that for you and the old gentleman. You both did your best."

The visitor winced. She made no reply, but there rose before her eyes the vision of her young husband's proud face on their son's birthday morning. She saw again those tender, clumsy hands which had touched his first-born's soft little face—those tender hands which were still now for ever, because his son had broken his heart.

She and Jack had done their best for their boy. Oh, the girl in the bed spoke truly when she said that! They had given him of their best from his early boyhood until now, and he had squandered their money, wasted their substance and his own, wrecked his own life and theirs!

How often had he been lifted away from his evil surroundings, only to drop back amongst them again! What care, what love, what money had been poured out upon him! In vain—all in vain. He had wrecked his own life and theirs!

"You can't do much for us—we're past it," the voice broke in from the bed upon that train of saddest thought. "Maybe you can do something for the child."

"The—child?" Amazement rang in the soft accents, the visitor loosed her hold of the chair and stepped to the bedside, her face working with emotion. "I—did not know about the child."

The man lifted his head, and for the fraction of a second a gleam of something approaching to pride showed on his miserable face.

"It's a boy," he said, "our—son—but—he'd better go away from here, if he's ever to be—to be a decent chap."

Unwrapped from the bundle of rags in which he lay, a wizened baby, with a wrinkled face and pitifully old eyes, stretched out groping, claw-like hands that were seized and held in a warm clasp as the child was gathered into the tall lady's arms.

"My son's son!" she whispered, holding him closely against her; "my son's son!"

The man in the chair staggered to his feet. He put a trembling hand upon the child. A strange determination flashed over his haggard face.

"You had better take the boy, mother," he said hoarsely. "He—it's the only thing I care about in this miserable world, and—

I ask you to take him away."

Great sobs shook the man from head to foot, and tears rolled down his face. The hoarse, shaking voice shook his mother's heart.

"Take—him—away from me—away from her!" he whispered brokenly. "It's the best thing we can do for the poor little chap. Make a man of him—if you can—for the old dad's sake, but take him away from us—though he's all I've got—he's all I've got—to love! Take him away from us—and give him a chance!"

Do cabmen see so many strange phases of life that they no longer wonder about anything? If not, perhaps the cabman who drove a well-dressed lady from the far East to the far West of London on that January morning, wondered why she carried so tenderly a small bundle wrapped in a dirty, ragged shawl.

Perhaps he would have wondered yet more if he could have seen that same lady an hour later, sitting by the fire in her own room, holding close against her heart a shrivelled morsel of humanity who wailed feebly, putting out tiny, groping hands, which she caught and held in her own soft, white ones.

The tiny, wrinkled face was pressed close to hers; her kisses fell upon it gently. Something in her tender touch seemed to soothe and comfort the forlorn little one, its tired wailings ceased, it fell asleep against her breast.

But they were strange words which broke from her lips as she listened to the baby's peaceful breathing, strange words, of infinite sadness.

"Through thine own heart also," she whispered brokenly—"through thine—own heart also." Then, after a little silence, "A mother's crown—which is—a crown of thorns—of—thorns!"



LOVE AND THE JAMBISTE.

MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

∀ASTON D'HOLLECI clattered into the little country town on his black horse, looking curiously round him. How strange it all seemed now to the young lancer after his eight years of hard service! How the place appeared to have been laid under the spell of slumber! Not a thing had altered. There was the old market square, with its blue umbrellas and its busy peasants. There was the dear old church, with its zinc bell-tower shining a lovely green blue in the noon sun. There were the dear old crosses in the churchyard, on which, as a child, he had hung the wreaths which his godmother, Mme. Rosille, had woven on All Souls' Day for the graves of his father and mother, who had never survived the loss of their estates and the Great Terror of 1789. And there was the dear old house of his godmother standing at the end of a long alley of limes. The limes were in flower, and most wonderful their scent. They seemed to welcome him and to say: "Come back to us, weary warrior! Bathe your memories in our scent, forget your battles, forget your marches, your starvings, your hardships. Set your lance in rest; our branches are stretched out for it. Come home and rest. Forget the sorrows of France—forget all."

He opened the gate and rode briskly up the alley to the old green door, weatherstained as of old. All was the same, except that the creepers hung more thickly, and the plaster seemed even a little more blotted and stained than of yore with lovely colours which the sun brought out—such colours as painters love in walls and masonry. He dismounted and peeped into the yard. There was the old ramshackle stable—empty, as usual, except for stacks of wood and garden He tied his horse up and went to the back door. There was a loud scream,

and Mme. Rosille hurried out. "You, my child, and already? Your letter

said to-morrow."

"Yes, but the manœuvres were over sooner, so I came. Let me look at you, little mother.'

"Let me look at you, my child!"

"We will each review the other, little mother. Walk up and down now." His heels clicked together. "Eyes right! Turn! Attention!"

"You saucy boy! What a man you are! Twenty-six? You can't be, dear heart alive! Not that you don't look it. More, indeed. You might be a major."

"And you might be twenty! You've

grown younger."

"Rubbish! O-oh! You've hugged my lace lappets to pieces, just as you always did

when you were six, you darling!"

"Now come along—show me all round the garden. Tell me everything. I am so happy I can't sit still nor stand still. do things go?"

"I have a flourishing class of young

ladies."

"Young ladies?"

"Yes I teach dancing."

"That's news—and I don't like it. you mustn't do it any longer. You shan't! What have you done with the money I sent home?"

She pursed up her lips roguishly. "I must know, little mother."

"I've put it in the savings bank at Tours."

"How naughty!"

"'Naughty'? I said to myself: 'This is the child's money. I shall keep it till the right moment, and give it to . . . his wife."

"Ah! There's no chance of that."

"Why do you sigh? Look at your medals and your beautiful figure. You've no idea how well you look. You have a magnificent leg and carriage, too. What a jambiste you'd make!"

"Perhaps I shall come to that. knows? What's the use of glory when your

heart's gone from you?"

"Aha! So that's why you sighed. come-come and tell me all about it there by the fountain, and we will have dejeuner directly.

"Well I don't know her name, to begin with."

"That's no harm, anyway. It adds zest

and adorable romance."

"Then she is the daughter of a very rich man. I have discovered so much, at any rate, from a fellow-officer."

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"Gaston D'Holleci."

"Go on. When did you see her first—and last?"

"First and last at a garrison ball at Tours. She dropped her fan. I picked it up. I was engaged to dance with her friend, a Mlle. Demingues, who had hurt her foot, and this other lady gave me her excuses. I asked her to give me the waltz instead. She consented. We waltzed twice after that. And before I could clearly ascertain her name, her friends had hurried away from the ballroom."

"Courage! You must go in pursuit Come, now, and see my atelier. I have turned the whole drawing-room into a dancing-room. It answers superbly."

"And what does Mme. de Rosille do for a drawing-room?"

The little woman looked at him in pathetic

dignity, and her voice trembled.

"My godson, when one drops the 'de,' one has no more need of a withdrawing-room. But, sometimes, if one drops the 'de,' one picks up the pence instead!"

"That you should have come to this-

Mme. Rosille!"

"Come to this?" answered she with immense dignity. "I am the same as ever. I am not ashamed. Now we have a Court again, someone must teach the young ladies of France how to curtsy to princes, and how to walk across the room like great ladies. All

the wars in the world won't do away with the necessity for the grand manner such as we-in my set-knew it." She drew herself up. "They come to me gladly—these people who want to prance before the Emperor of France. They know well that I belong to the old school. I am no make-believe, newly made aristocrat. I have the proper poise of the head—I can detect it in others at many yards distance." She tossed back her pretty "Water will flow under my instep "-a dainty foot in a black velvet shoe slipped from under her grey skirts— "and I can back, curtsying, out of the presence of royalty without the smallest fear of catching in my train or losing my balance." She made him a deep obeisance and laughed. "I said to myself: 'Here is your chance. You can save and save, and the boy will be the richer."

"Dear little mother!"

"Madame, the soup, the soup is getting cold!" cried the femme de menage.

From the campanile of the church tolled three quarters after twelve, and Madame gave a little shriek.

"Only half an hour before my class!" she cried, "and I have yet to chalk the floor—unless my new *jambiste* turns up a little earlier and helps me. Go and eat, Gaston; I will dress for the class and join you."

She returned to the parlour presently in a frock of grey silk, with a fichu of old lace, for she would never desert the Marie Antoinette costume of her far-off girlhood. On her head were fresh lace lappets, and about her neck a miniature hanging from a row of pearls. A flush, born of haste and excitement, was on her cheeks.

"You look a darling," said Gaston, as he

helped her to salad.

"Inside I am a raging termagant," she wailed. "That stupid clothes-prop, that jambiste fellow, writes now that he has accepted a clerk's situation at Tours, and his legs are no longer at my service, so he must be excused. The idiot! The stupid! And just at the last moment, when I have two new pupils coming. One of them is very rich, and may bring her friends. And it adds so immensely to the importance of such an establishment as mine to have a jambiste on the premises."

"Never mind. I'll be your jambiste for

the afternoon."

"My child! But I cannot allow it. You, an officer with three medals! And you fought side by side with the Emperor! Ah, no! Think of your dignity as a soldier."

"And think of yours, little mother, and the honour of your enterprise. Come, tell

me what my duties are."

"All you want is to waltz well, to turn your toes out, and move with grace and gallantry. As for your figure and your legs—as I told you, just now, why, you are a born jambiste."

"How about the clothes?"

"I've a Court suit upstairs—my poor husband's old one, mulberry and silver, with a canary waistcoat. But the shoes. You've not pumps, I suppose?"

"Not a vestige. My baggage is coming on

from Tours by diligence."

She ran away and brought the shoes.

"Try on these. I got them for the new man, but his feet were too broad."

"An excellent fit!"

"Superb! Dress quickly and come down. I must set Marie to chalk the floor."

Very courtly did the young lancer look as he entered the long, white drawing-room, gay with flowers, where the class was to be held.

Monsieur Villette, the violinist, was tuning his fiddle at the other end of the room. Gaston plucked his godmother's sleeve.

"Don't betray me," he said. "See if I

convince the old man."

"Ahem! M. Villette! my new jambiste," said Madame, with a twinkle in her eye. "Play us a tune, and let us see how the floor is."

M. Villette put his fiddle to his chin and broke into the new waltz.

"Heavenly! Divine!" cried Madame, as they gyrated. "Why, you ought to be a Master of Court Ceremonies, Gaston!"

"Sh-sh!" he said, putting a warning finger to his laughing lips. "Your pupils are arriving. Now for the fun! Dear, dear, how pretty they are! I shall have my heart broken a hundred times. Don't betray me!"

"Of course not, you silly boy! But you must not be too impressionable. A jambiste must be very discreet. 'As wooden-faced as a chair and as polite as Apollo'—that's M. Villette's description of my last. And he was really splendid. Now go and sit over there, in the bay of the furthest window, till you are required. We do steps first and movements of the arms. Here they come" And the little lady floated forward on the tips of her velvet toes to greet her pupils.

"Ah! Clarice Gauthier, how charming of you to bring me roses! And what a day! Summer is indeed here. And I believe the Court balls will begin quite soon. You,

Mlle. de Falaise, will have to practise your quadrilles very hard, as you are to be pre-What is that, Mlle. Demingues? Mlle. Aimée, your elder sister, is ill? How too sad! But you have brought your cousin? Charmed to make your acquaintance, Mlle. de Chantry—for I knew your aunt—actually. yes it is a long time ago. And you are staying near here for some time? And you have already been to Court? Ah! that is most interesting. I am sure you need no lessons from me, then. But I am delighted to see you. Perhaps you were at the garrison ball at Tours! Yes. I hear it was wonder-Now, M. Villette - now, ladies - the slow curtsies first, and the steps and gestures, please"

From his retirement in the bay of the furthest window the young soldier saw the entrance of each damsel, and above all the arrival at the green door of a magnificent blue coach with liveried footmen. Out of it stepped a young girl with her hair in plaits, whom he did not recognise, and then his heart thumped and his eyes nearly fell out of his head, for the next to alight was the fair unknown of the garrison ball. She was very simply dressed in white, with a cherrycoloured girdle and a big white hat with a wreath of cherries, but as she stepped into the dancing-room it seemed to him that her very shoes trod his hopes under foot, and her proud eyes said: "I am rich and beautiful and inaccessible. I am not for poor lieutenants of the lancers -- even with three medals!" And then her name rang out! Such a name! Marguerite de Chantry. It was full of music and dignity. Would she deign to recognise him? If so, he would be covered with confusion and must explain the situation. He watched her covertly as she rose again and again from her swimming He watched her graceful arms curtsies. curve about her head, and her dainty feet execute the steps with the rest. Never had he encountered such a bewildering set of ankles—rose sandals, black sandals, green sandals, flowing muslins, sheeny silks, curly heads and smooth heads, eyes of all hues and mouths of the most entrancing—but always his gaze returned to the figure of Marguerite de Chantry, and his glance swept her figure tenderly from the cherry ribbon in her hair to the cherry sandals that played beneath her muslin flounces. All of a sudden he became aware that Madame was making signals to him.
"Here, Monsieur——" She looked blank,

trying to invent a name.

"Gaston," he supplied, with a twinkle.

"Yes.... Monsieur Gaston, I want you to give your arm to Mlle. Clarice and lead her through the schottische."

He composed his face to woodenness, and offered his arm with a bow. As they took the floor he saw a figure in white and cherrycolour in the row against the wall give a slight start. She had seen him, at any rate. Twice, thrice, he took Clarice Gauthier round the long room. Tongues buzzed, fans wagged, and heads were put together, as they passed the long lines of seats against the blank wall.

"And now with Mlle. Fanchette Rollet,"

commanded Madame, highly pleased.
"Mlle. Brigue next," and he took round Mlle. Brigue, a plump creature, who had no ear for time, and who made his arm ache terribly. Then came the new waltz, and the whole class was put through the steps first, leaving Gaston free to observe from his coign of vantage.

"It is enough," commanded Madame. "Monsieur le jambiste, will you now take each lady in turn Mlle. Marguerite first, perhaps?" Gaston stole a glance at the The colour in her cheeks was high. Her head was thrown back; she pleaded fatigue. "Presently, then. Mlle. Beaufort will oblige?" Adèle Beaufort was delighted. Madame tripped after them, criticising and commending. And so it went on till only two remained. "Now, Mlle. Marguerite!" Gaston waited and held his breath, staring hard at the opposite wall, as if he neither heard nor saw.

"If I might practise with a chair?" suggested Mlle. Marguerite quickly. "Monsieur le jambiste is very tall and, perhaps, I

might trip."

"But you cannot dance with a chair at Court," protested Madame. "If you are really nervous of your balance, it is time indeed you danced Monsieur—er—Gaston, your arm to Mlle. de Chantry, please. One, two, three—one, two, three—that's it Beautiful! I think Mlle. Brigue and the rest might take partners among themselves for practice . . . one, two, three—dance on your toes, ladies—tournez, glissez, c'est ça —one, two, three don't stop, M. Villette —one, two, three "

Round and round floated the lancer and his lady. Crimson was she, and her pretty mind like a very toyshop of squeaking, buzzing, whistling, disturbing and distressful thoughts, while he stared blankly at the white walls which went round with them, and his brain was more like an arena for

proud, contending gladiators.



"He danced as if he were not aware of having anything but an effigy or a cushion in his arms."

"Isn't the music very fast?" she murmured.

But he did not answer.

"I am growing giddy!" she gasped.

He made no sign of having heard. head, far above her, was erect, unconscious.

"My feet are aching so terribly!" she said again. "I will stop now."

But he danced on.

"I shall faint soon," she muttered. "This is terrible!"

He danced as if he were not aware of having anything but an effigy or a cushion in his arms. But he tightened his hold of her hand, and his arm was a steadier support than before about her waist. She made one more effort to free herself ere her lashes drooped

"Have a little mercy. Take me into the air, monsieur."

The door of the anteroom which looked out into the garden was open. In the anteroom there was a garden door. It was set wide to let in the breeze and the fragrance of the limes.

He danced into the anteroom, whirled her out through the garden door, and landed her in the corner of the great wooden seat under a tree. The fountain supported by dolphins

played gaily.

"Some water!" he said. He filled the old drinking-cup and carried it to Mlle. de Chantry. She received it, but when she had taken a sip, her hand trembled so violently that she spilt the greater part on her knees.

"A handkerchief!" he murmured, and tendered his own. Her fan slipped to the ground. He gave it back. She opened it and lay listlessly back, very white and silent.

He took it and fanned her slowly, till her

eyes opened.

"Thank you," she murmured. He put it

back beside her and bowed.

"You will now excuse me, mademoisellemy duties call me. Mme. Rosille's servant will attend you instantly." Again he bowed and turned towards the house. Marguerite de Chantry sat up with an effort and half rose.

"Monsieur," she said in a ringing voice,

" stay!"

"Oh but my duties, mademoiselle?"

He shrugged his shoulders politely.

"Your duties are light enough to give you plenty of time for masquerade, monsieur," she

Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh-mademoiselle, one has one's appointed time of leisure even in such a profession as mine. My employers have never imposed any conditions as to the nature of that amusement, within certain legal bounds. of course. There is an unwritten law of etiquette, of course, to which-"

"The unwritten law is a very elastic thing, it seems, if it can permit a mere jambiste to pass himself off in the uniform of a renowned corps as a member of a noble family of France!"

He was silent. His lips trembled with

some emotion he refused to betray.

"As to that, mademoiselle, it is surely a question for the authorities to settle-if, indeed, such a thing could even come to pass! The matter would certainly be placed before a very important court-martial. there is sometimes hocus-pocus—who knows? I do not trouble myself. My profession is too full of technical interest—and glory—for that."

"You do not 'trouble yourself'? But the ball you remember? The cotillon!"

"I have danced many cotillons," he replied coolly.

"Surely the cotillon at the garrison

ball? You can't have forgotten!"

"Possibly. One forgets these things. It is excusable. One forgets faces, even. Have you not found it so, mademoiselle especially when one dances so much?"

"I understand now why you danced so well at Tours!" she said low and angrily.

"Yes, I have had practice in my time," he returned suavely.

She bit her lips and rose.

"Monsieur have you got my cotillon favour? If you are the person I danced with under the name of Lieutenant d'Holleci, you must have it. You vowed to keep it. It was a little daisy in enamel on a scarf-pin."

"It is impossible for me to return any token of the kind unless you also render up the fellow-token to it—the little gilt heart on the chain, mademoiselle. But since we cannot have met before-for you steadily refused to recognise me this afternoonthere is no hope that you have the trinket which I wish to possess again."

She plucked at her dress and looked down.

"I have it, monsieur."

"Ah! then here is yours." He took out a gilt snuff-box, opened it, and put the pin in his palm. But he did not extend his hand

She looked at it with a brilliant blush and a haughty stare, and half rose from her seat to take it. He moved a step back, as if unconscious of her gesture,



"' Monsieur! Forgive me!"

"Monsieur!" she ejaculated indignantly. "Your servant, mademoiselle!"

"Aren't you....? Do you expect me to fetch it?"

"Certainly not I am waiting to see you produce the fellow-token."

Her head drooped very low.

"Mine is . . . at home."
"A thousand pities!" He put the pin into the snuff-box and repocketed it.

"Monsieur! You are not keeping your word!"

"A fair exchange is no robbery. If you

will send home for yours——"
"I shall do nothing of the kind—at your bidding!"

"Then, mademoiselle, it is no bargain, and no more remains to be said. My duties You will excuse me, I know."

"I will not excuse you. You owe me an

explanation...." Her foot tapped the sward-angrily.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle. That I do not. I am innocent of any slight or discourtesy."

"Once for all, are you Lieutenant d'Holleci?"

"That is the name by which I am known

in my troop—the Imperial Lancers."

"And yet you.... Oh! monsieur, how can you in your leisure follow this other.... profession? I.... I pray you not to misunderstand me. It is due to you....to your uniform.... to desist. I would rather you starved!"

Again his mouth twitched with emotion to

which he would not give vent.

"Well, mademoiselle, is it not better to dance than to slay? Look at it reasonably. Is it not better, more Christian really, to wag one's legs without hurting anyone, than to swing one's arms and dig holes in living people with a lance, or slash innocent heads, legs, and arms with a sabre? Now the country is at peace, may I not be permitted peaceful pastimes?"

"If it were only a pastime——"

"Yes-if?"

Her sandal tapped the green floor again. She bit her lips as before. Her breast rose and fell. She stole a glance at him, full of amazement, embarrassment, forgiveness, and deprecation. And then she tossed her head back and looked at him.

"If?" he repeated.

"Why, then I should be just as deeply—distressed," she said, blushing more than ever.

"What would you, mademoiselle? My head is the Emperor's, my arms are my country's, and my legs—are at the disposal of my charming godmother, Mme. de Rosille, whose family is known to the friends with whom you are staying."

"But you have also a heart, monsieur. It

will tell you that-"

"My heart, mademoiselle," interrupted Gaston, "is at this moment like a clock with a badly regulated pendulum. I have no more use for it. It served me a very bad trick at Tours by leaving me altogether. It has, to-day, returned to me in execrable order It is no wonder that I desire to forget it and wag my legs. At every step of that waltz you trod upon it. When you said your feet ached, it was really my heart which ached under your pretty sandals. When you cried that you were dizzy, and would faint, it was my heart that was bursting and breathless—if you had only known it! Now that is all. You have had the ex-

planation you did me the honour to demand, mademoiselle! You will go back to your rich father, your grand friends, and tell them anything you like. There is no need to tell them that you danced with the jambiste of Mme. de Rosille if you do not wish to to do so." He finished indignantly and made as if he would go—yet remained. She put out a quivering hand to him.

"Monsieur! Forgive me! I was struck dumb when I saw you. It is not that I was full of vulgar pride, as you think. It is not that I wouldn't bow because because I merely thought I had permitted myself to be paid attention to by by one who It was because I had formed for myself such an ideal of your honour and your position! Your colonel told me of all your gallantry, your medals. I saw in you a hero and then I found you here in this——"

"Masquerade, mademoiselle," he whispered, drawing her down to the garden seat and leaning over her. The emotion with which he had struggled escaped him now and expressed itself in roguish and tender

laughter.

"You are mocking me!" she said. The

tears dropped on to her clasped hands.

"Mocking, mademoiselle? I am rejoicing at your words. It is only masquerade, Mme. de Rosille will explain it all. It is only sport. But you will keep my secret till the class is over, for the sake of my little godmother who works so hard."

Her eyes made him radiant promises. "I will keep it for ever, monsieur."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. You who are rich and happy and——"

"I am not rich; I am an orphan, monsieur. It is my cousin Aimée who is the heiress."

"The heavens be thanked!"

She looked down and played with her cherry ribbons. Suddenly she fumbled with the lace at her throat.

"I have a confession to make," she said hurriedly. "I told you a fib just now, monsieur."

"Yes?" His voice was full of indulgent incredulity.

"My little cotillon token is not at home.

I am wearing it."

The little gilt heart on the chain, extricated by her trembling fingers, swung out of its concealment into the sunlight, and lay trembling on her bodice. "I hid it.... when I saw you, because"

She never finished the sentence, for he kissed her hands and knelt down by her.

"Look," he whispered, "I was wearing your cotillon pin in my lace cravat Marguerite, till the moment you stepped into the dancing-room. And then I hid it away also. So I forgive you Marguerite, though you have danced upon my heart, and I can do nothing with it. But, perhaps, if we were to dance gently round again, it would come back into order gradually. head is the Emperor's, my arm is my country's, my legs, for the time being, are lent to my dear godmother. But my heart —what about that, Marguerite? One can lend or hire out one's limbs and headpiece, but not the heart!"

She turned her face to him, tried to speak, shook her head and turned the face aside again.

Then, "One can sell it," she faltered low

and ironically.

"Mine is not for sale," he retorted. "What else can one do, Marguerite?"

"G-

She really did not whisper the verb. first consonant was all she managed to enunciate before he raised her laughing from the seat and looked her full in the face.

"What an inspiration!" he cried. what insight and genius you show, Marguerite! Now, most people, when their hearts go all wrong, cling to them and chastise them and preach to them, and exhort them to behave wisely and resume their orderly ways. But you—you say: 'Give that heart away.' I gladly give it. I give it a hundred times to you, Marguerite, hoping that you may be able to bring all the disorder out of it Do you know anything about the heart pendulum, Marguerite? Can anything be done with a thing that instead of going tick-tack goes sometimes tic-tic-tictic as fast as ever you can count, and at another tic-a-toc-toc-tac, and again tac-a-tictoc-tic? Do you know all the ridiculous things such a pendulum can do?"

"I know them all," whispered Marguerite "and so does your token M. d'Holleci." He drew her arm within his own.

"All the new physicians say that the only cure lies in antidote. Therefore, instead of resting here, Marguerite, let us dance, and see what happens to our poor hearts."

"Let us dance," she echoed.

The dolphins frisked their bronze tails uninterruptedly in the glancing spray of the fountain, the limes poured their rivers of fragrance into the channel of the ancient while \mathbf{M} . Villette scraped alley, and merrily, the jambiste of Mme. de Rosille and his lovely partner floated, as it seemed, on air over the golden parquet of the old white salon.

SPRING.

DETALS of an apple-blossom Pink and white, from April's bosom, Thread the grass like little footprints,

Thread the grass like scattered pearls. Streaming out from hill to meadow Fringed with daffodils, the shadow Of her robe of green and silver,

Of her skirt of silver swirls-

April, grey-blue-eyed and tender, White as new-blown buds, and slender, With the hair that meets and mingles

With the mist the marsh unfurls: All too frail and fleet for wooing, Vanishing ere the pursuing May hath caught the dewy fringes Of her robe the west wind whirls.

When he falls, the long race yielding, She will turn, no longer shielding Eyes, lest they be lit with loving, Lips, lest they might be caressed; Oh, the marvel of their mating, With the green world nodding, prating, Till a blossom nurse in waiting

Lays young June upon her breast!

EARLY FORMS OF SOME GREAT INVENTIONS.

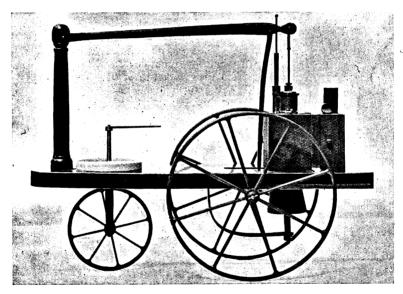
BY GEORGE A. WADE.

EW things are more interesting than to look back into the past years and trace out how things which seem absolutely necessary to our life and comfort to-day, first came into existence. The purpose of this article is to present in illustrated form the early form of many great factors and forces of importance in our epoch.

The nineteenth century was the age of science. In it the battle of the application of natural forces to man's use was fought and won, and a revolution in our methods of living established; but one of the most

did not come into being till 1825. By the courtesy of the North Eastern Company, whose system includes this part of our railways at the present time, I am enabled to give here two photographs of especial interest.

One of them shows the first railway-engine used for drawing passengers, the engine *Locomotion*, now to be seen at Darlington Station. Another shows the tender and first railway carriage for passengers, which, it will be noticed, is open to the weather. Another illustration shows the first locomotive ever made in England, invented and constructed



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE EVER MADE IN ENGLAND, INVENTED AND CONSTRUCTED AT REDRUTH, CORNWALL, BY WILLIAM MURDOCK, IN 1784.

noticeable things in this century of enterprise and achievement was that the ideas, before a few people were lucky enough to turn them to practical use, were in the air, and there was, as it were, a germ-efflorescence which inoculated several scientists at the same time, and it therefore becomes difficult, in many cases, exactly to fix upon the original inventor.

What should we do nowadays without railways? We cannot even guess. Yet it is little more than three-quarters of a century since our forefathers had to do without them; for the Stockton and Darlington line, which was the first to carry passengers in England,

at Redruth, Cornwall, by William Murdock, in 1784.

How different is the look of this engine and this carriage from those we are accustomed to to-day! There would be some grumbling were our present railway conveyance to be on this system. These photographs show us clearly how vast an improvement has taken place in the past eighty-four years. Yet if the engine *Locomotion* was the first to be attached to a train, it is to Richard Trevithick, who was born in the West of Cornwall in 1771, and who was known as the father of the locomotive engine, we must

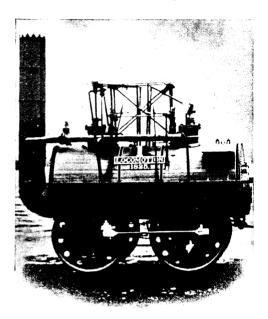
give the credit of having first applied steam to traction purposes. James Watt, in 1782, had "perfected," as he thought, the water-pressure engine, but when, in 1800, his patent ran out, improvements began to be made upon his methods, and Robert Trevithick built an ingenious, double-acting, high-pressure engine which was fitted to a crank at one of the mines in which he worked. In 1796 the idea came to him to utilise this power for locomotive purposes, and he made a model



EARLY RAILWAY TICKET—LEIGESTER AND SWANNINGTON RAILWAY, OPENED 17TH JULY, 1832.

—a toy engine—in which the boiler and engine were in one piece. Hot water was poured into the boiler, and into a tube underneath this was inserted a red-hot iron. This generated steam, and lo! the engine was set in motion. Following this idea up, he, in 1801, designed a steam carriage. It was known as the Puffing Devil or Captain Dick's Puffer. There is a model of it at the South Kensington Museum, and although, from the

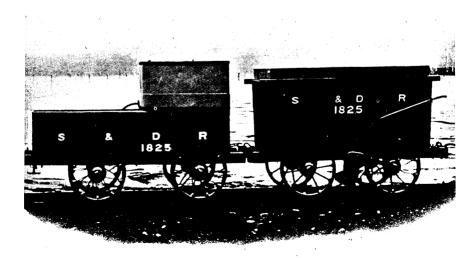
bad roads on which it was put, it can scarcely be considered a successful conveyance, it was, however, the first one which carried passengers by the agency of steam. Four years later he improved upon this, and



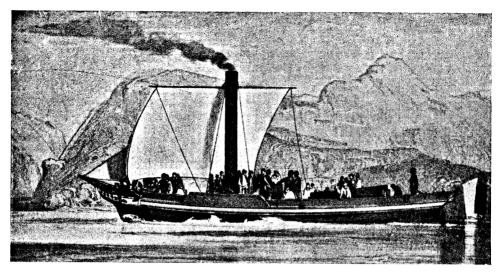
"LOCOMOTION."

The first engine.

showed at Euston Square, London, an engine which ran on a circular railway, and the public, on the payment of one shilling per head, had the opportunity of riding in what



THE FIRST RAILWAY CARRIAGES.



"THE COMET." THE FIRST STEAMBOAT BUILT ON THE CLYDE, 1811-12.

It ran between Glasgow and Helensburgh and thence to Greenock at a speed of five miles an hour. And thus began the practical commencement of steam navigation in Europe.

may therefore be considered as the first passenger train.

A not ungraceful type of steam road-

carriage did actually run on the public roads in 1835 for traffic passenger between Birmingham and London. But the carriage, although it ran a few miles at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, never accomplished the journey to London. Dr. Church's carriages were constantly improved and as constantly failed.

Yet, looking into time, behind Trevithick we see William Symington, in 1786, hard at work on a model of a steam road - carriage; and behind him again, in 1769, Cugnot, in France, occupying himself with the application of a similar idea, and constructing a steam-carriage for roads, using a pair of single, high - acting,

high-pressure cylinders to turn a drivingaxle step by step, by means of pawls and ratchet wheels. Dr. Robinson, in 1759,

THE ORIGINAL ENGINE OF HENRY BELL'S STEAM-BOAT, "THE COMET," WITH PORTRAIT OF THE ENGINEER, JOHN ROBERTSON.

suggested the notion to Watt; and in 1680 Sir Isaac Newton had perceived that steamcarriages could be propelled by the reaction of a jet of steam; and in 1650 we find the Marquis of Worcester constructing a pump which worked by aid of the same medium. These instances in modern times seem to be the first record we have of steam being used as a motive power; but in skipping the centuries to the time of Hero Alexandria, 130 B.C., we read that steam was applied as a means by which the doors of the ancient Egyptian temples were opened and shut. Hero knew that the condensation of steam in a closed chamber would produce a



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THE OLD LIFEBOAT AT REDCAR, FIRST USED IN 1802.

[T. H. Nelson.

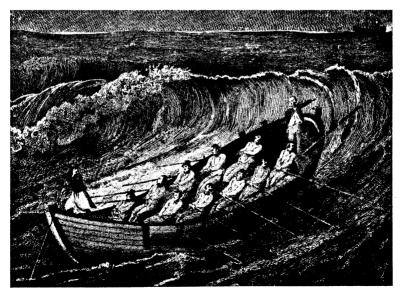
vacuum and suck up water from a lower level, and he applied this knowledge to the working of fountains.

When we receive the small, neat, if not very graceful railway ticket of to-day, it is difficult to realise a time when tickets were of a much more primitive design. The Leicester and Swannington railway—the first railway constructed in the Midlands—was the pioneer of railway tickets. These were at that time of metal—bronze—and about the size of half-a-crown, but octagonal in shape. Our illustration shows one of this type used on the first part of the Leicester and Swannington line which was opened to the public—Leicester to Bagworth. With ringing of bells, playing of bands, and

the firing of cannon, this was opened on July 17th, 1832.

Probably we ought next to consider the first steamer, for with the application of steam power to road-carriages came the notion of also applying it to the propulsion of boats.

In 1543, Blasco de Garay made an attempt to do this; the Marquis of Worcester, in 1653, was making similar experiments. James Ramsay, Benjamin Franklin, and Oliver Evans very nearly reached success at the end of the eighteenth century; but William Symington, who, working in conjunction with Patrick Millar, used a "Watt" engine, was, in 1788, the first successful man to launch a small boat. It was called the



THE GREATHEAD LIFEBOAT PROCEEDING TO A WRECK.

The first boat was made by Greathead to the order of a Committee for South Shields, and launched 30th January, 1790.

Charlotte Dundas, and travelled from Lock to Port Dundas, a distance of 19½ miles, in six hours, towing against a strong wind two barges. It was a boat constructed on the same principles as are used at the present day, and, as all its trials were successful, to Symington must be given the credit of devising the first steamboat fitted for practical use. But the idea, as we have said, was in the air, and in America, at the same time, Robert Fulton, Oliver Evans, and Colonel John Stevens were on the Hudson and the Delaware making equally successful essays.

financially, but in vain, and at last he took up the burden himself. He and his small craft may be considered as the true parents of British steam-shipping now the wide world over.

How badly our sailors would often fare nowadays in times of storm and danger without the protecting aid and the wonderful help of the lifeboat! Where did the first lifeboat come from, who built it, and where is it? This is scarcely an easy question to settle, but we can at any rate get very near the mark, if not absolutely there.

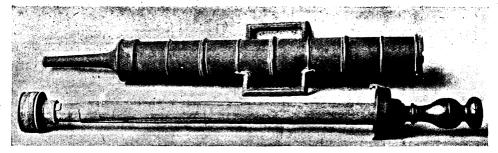


MR. WILLIAM CHURCH'S STEAM ROAD-CARRIAGE RUNNING BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM, 1835.

But the first passenger steamer to float in British waters was the *Comet*. It was built by Henry Bell about 1811–1812, and was launched from Wood's yard at Glasgow, in January of the latter year. It was forty-two feet by eleven feet, and it had a draught of five and a-half feet, with an engine of three horse-power. The *Comet* ran between Glasgow and Helensburgh, and thence to Greenock, at a speed of five miles an hour. Subsequently the little vessel was enlarged to meet increasing traffic.

Bell tried to get both the British and American Governments to aid his project It is believed that the first lifeboat, especially of the style of those adopted at the present time, more or less, is the old lifeboat at Redear, in North Yorkshire, called the Zeiland, a photograph of which we are enabled to give.

This boat was placed at Redear in the year 1802, to be used as a boat "for saving life in storms or other dangers to ships" coming into or near the mouth of the Tees. It was built by a shipwright of the neighbouring port of Sunderland from plans of his own invention, and Parliament considered his work so meritorious and advantageous

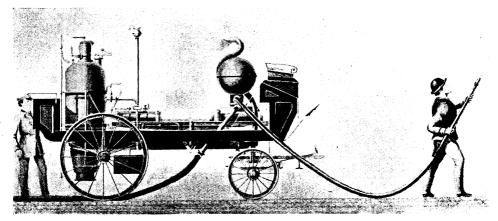


OLD FIRE SQUIRT OR SYRINGE USED ABOUT 1750-70 IN THE CITY OF LONDON FOR EXTINGUISHING FIRES. It is made of brass, and has two handles cast on, for slinging it during transport and for holding it when in use. The bore of the squirt is 2.5 in diameter, and of the nozzle .5 inches. A similar form of squirt was still in use in Japan as late as 1860.

that it voted him a sum of £1,200 as a reward for his time, trouble, and ingenuity. This fine old boat did excellent service for over seventy years, and then, owing to the introduction of newer types and better boats, it was placed upon the "retired list," and transferred to the shed where it now is. But the old salts of Redcar and district yet doubt if the newer boats are equal to this one for many things, and they shake their heads doubtfully if you tackle them on the subject. To them there can never be any other lifeboat like the Zetland, and it must be admitted that these Yorkshire fishermen are sailors who ought to know.

But credit to whom credit is due. If the Zetland was the first lifeboat put to practical use, it was Lionel Lukin, the coachbuilder of Long Acre, the favourite of the Prince Regent, the man of scientific taste and mechanical genius, to whom first occurred the idea of an unsubmergible boat. On November 2, 1785, he obtained a patent for

his improved method of construction of boats and small vessels for either sailing or rowing, which will neither overset in violent gales or sudden bursts of wind, nor sink if by any accident filled with water. The patent was completed December 1, 1785. He submitted his invention to the Prince of Wales (George IV.), to the Dukes of Portland and Northumberland, Admirals Sir Robert King and Schank, and to Admiral Lord Howe, who gave him strong verbal approbation, but could not be induced to take any official step to further his views. By the advice of Captain James, then Deputy Master of Trinity House, he lent his boat, which he named the Experiment, to a Ramsgate pilot to be tested in rough weather. He heard no more of her than that she had crossed the Channel several times when other boats would not venture out, and it was suggested that she had been confiscated as a smuggler in some foreign port. Lukin built another similar boat and called her



FIRST STEAM FIRE-ENGINE CONSTRUCTED IN ENGLAND, A.D. 1830.

Weight of machine, 2 tons, 1 qr. Quantity of water thrown out of a 14-inch nozzle, 14,933 lb. per minute, or 40 tons per hour, to a height of 90 feet.

The Witch. Her qualities were tested by Sir Sydney Smith and other naval officers, and at Margate she exhibited her superiority in sailing, owing to the spread of canvas she could safely carry. But Lukin had to contend with seafaring prejudices, and his unsubmergible boats, though they attracted attention, were little in request. Besides one built for the Bamborough Charity, only four were ordered, one of which proved very useful at Lowestoft. In 1790 he published a description of his lifeboat, with illustrations drawn to scale.

Some time after the date of Lukin's patent, Henry Greathead built a boat, but did not patent it, and was rewarded with a Parliamentary grant. Lukin declared this boat was, in all the essential principles of safety, precisely according to his patent, differing in no considerable respect except her curved head, which contributed nothing to general principles of safety, but rendered the boat unfit for sailing purposes. He proved his priority of claim to the invention, and he afterwards published in a pamphlet his justification.

Nowadays the motor-car is making its presence felt rather aggressively amongst us. Who made the first motor-car? There have been many aspirants for the distinction. But some of the claims set forth for this honour cannot be allowed. Road-carriages such as those of Trevithick and James in the early part of the century, when the idea was to use steam for drawing heavy loads, can hardly be considered the kind of thing we understand nowadays by the word "motor-car." These developed later into the steam-engine for railways; and such things as road-carriages of the present kind of motor-cars were absolutely unknown till much later.

It would almost seem as if the first really effective motor-car, in the style we know that form of conveyance to-day, was made by Sir Richard Tangye (then Mr. Tangye), in Birmingham. The weight was small, only 27 cwt., and the carriage could travel twenty miles an hour, carrying ten people. machinery was extremely simple, and this carriage was undoubtedly capable of going hundreds of miles without difficulty, thus proving itself the first really true motor-car of use for roads. Parliamentary regulations at that time, however, hindered its adoption and development for many years, and we had to wait until recently for the abrogation of the restrictions upon motor-cars. But to Sir Richard Tangye the credit for their

first truly successful initiation must be given.

There is in Messrs. Tangye's possession a yet earlier attempt at a motor-car made by William Murdock, the assistant to James Watt, in 1785. It was a quite small automobile, and was used by the inventor as a means of conveying fireirons round a room. Lord Northcliffe, when Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, wrote an interesting book on "Motors and Motor Driving," but he gives the credit of conception of the first motor-car to the Frenchman Cugnot, to whom we have already referred as occupying himself in the construction of steam road-carriages.

From motor-cars we, by easy transition, turn to the consideration of tramways. It is difficult to realise that at one time trams actually ran past the Marble Arch. Yet such is the case. The lines were laid down in various parts of the country, after much opposition, by Mr. G. F. Train, an American. But in London no special Parliamentary authority was secured, and their removal was decreed after a short trial by the different vestries. The broad flanges made it impossible for ordinary vehicles to cross the road except at right angles. Electric tramways are not yet as common in our islands as are railways, or even motorcars. But they have come, and they are rapidly extending their area. When such towns as Leeds and Newcastle go in for electric trams over all their routes, when Corporations all over the country begin to take them up as municipal enterprises, we may be sure that the near future will soon see a marvellous increase in the electric trams. They will create the same improvement upon the old horse-cars that the locomotive-engine did upon the stage-

To Blackpool, in Lancashire, belongs the honour of having owned the first electric tramway in England. A line of this kind was put down and commenced running in the year 1885.

In considering wheel-vehicles we must not omit the bicycle, and of its first beginning we can soon tell. Richard Lovell, of Edgeworth, had made what he called a "velocipede" in 1767, but it was simply a toy. In 1818 there came along Baron von Draise with his "hobby horse," or "dandy horse," and this had to be pushed along with each foot alternately touching the ground. This may be taken as the first real cycle, though it was a long time later, in 1846, that the old "boneshaker" came into swing,

"EDWARD IV. VISITING CAXTON'S PRINTING-OFFICE AT WESTMINSTER." FROM THE PICTURE BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

invented by Gavin Dalzall. We have travelled a long way since then, in more meanings than one, and the bicycle is now a

power in the land.

Some of the greatest inventions have been those which apply to our textile manufactures. The inventor of the spinning-mule was Samuel Crompton, a weaver of Bolton, in Lancashire, and he made known to the world his wonderful machine for spinning cotton in the year 1775. The revolution that this machine made in the cotton-trade and the cotton factories of Lancashire is almost too great for belief. Mills sprang up on every hand; cotton, which used to be spun at home in small quantities, now began to be made in tons at these mills. Bolton became in a very few years one of the foremost towns in the North



ELIAS HOWE'S LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE, MADE IN 1845.

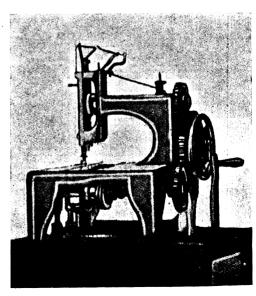
of England, though it had been previously a place little known.

Like most men who have given the world some great invention, Samuel Crompton was in poor circumstances. As a lad his very stern mother insisted on his spinning a certain amount of yarn as a daily task, and the constant breaking of the thread tried his temper to so great an extent that he set his very ingenious mind to work at the discovery of some method which would obviate this. He spent five years over a machine that would solve the problem, but, when in 1779 he invented the spinning-mule, he derived little advantage himself from his great work. He had no money to patent it, and the curiosity of people made his life so great a burden to him, for he was a shy, retiring young man, that he came to the conclusion he must either destroy his invention or give



A SINGER SEWING-MACHINE CONSTRUCTED IN 1854, AND STILL IN WORKING ORDER.

it to the nation. He took the latter course, and Parliament was inclined to do something for him, and Mr. Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister, interested himself in the matter; but when Percival was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812, Crompton's best friend died, and he himself never thenceforth got any reward. He went on till 1827, neglected by a country that was growing immensely rich from his invention, and then he died, after having



THE SEWING-MACHINE INVENTED BY I. M. SINGER IN 1850.

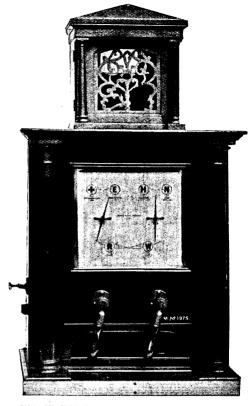
scarcely been able to get in his last years the necessaries of life!

His original spinning-mule is to-day in the Bolton Museum.

Here again we may say that the idea was in the air, for Richard Arkwright, who lived between 1732-92, struck by the waste of time and labour entailed by the use only of the wheel, invented a spinning-frame, and, while he was workman under bond to Smalley, his invention, by the aid of machinery and the employment of water-power, revolutionised the cotton trade. At the same time, James Hargreaves, somewhere about 1764, happening to watch the revolutions of a spindle and wheel, which were overturned, got the idea that if a number of spindles were set upright and supplied by a horizontal, revolving wheel, the various threads might be wound at once instead of separately. Thus, almost at the same time, we find the mule, the jinny, and the frame invented.

Strange though it seems to us now, many of us can yet recollect the time when we had no such piece of furniture in our houses as a sewing-machine. How our grandmothers would have stared to-day to see being done in an hour what used to take them a week! In the year 1850 there was not a cottage home in the whole length and breadth of these islands that knew what a sewing-machine was; now there is scarcely one home without one.

The first machine used for sewing was probably the bone needle, and in the sixteenth century in England came the steel one, and it was not until the eighteenth century that mechanical means were in this

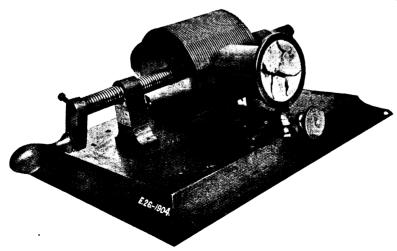


ONE OF THE DOUBLE-NEEDLE INSTRUMENTS OF 1837, WHICH WAS USED IN THE LINE BETWEEN PADDINGTON AND SLOUGH IN 1842.

In 1845 it created much interest through having prevented the escape of a murderer.

industry thought of as a method of lightening labour; then the idea occurred to Thomas

Saint, a London cabinet-maker, and he constructed a chain - stitch machine working with a single thread. A similar idea occurred to Charles Kyte, a native of Worcestershire, in the early part of the nineteenth century, and at the same time, Thir-monier in France and Waller Hunt in New York were perfecting similar inventions. It was, however, Elias Howe, of



THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPH INVENTED BY THOMAS ALVA EDISON IN 1877.

Cambridge, Massachussets, who mastered the art of making the needle vibrate in the direction of its length. But whilst full credit must be given to Howe as being the first man to do this, yet it was Isaac Singer, who in 1850 came forward with his special movement of shuttles, and his improvements upon Howe's ideas, who made the sewing-machine what it is to-day. There was much bad blood at first between three or four rival inventors, but in 1854 a combination was made of some of the chief

makers by which they all agreed upon certain mutual terms for using different patents, and since then the sewing - machine has forged ahead.

Printing, "the art preservative of arts," was invented in China many centuries before the Christian era: but movable type, in our Western hemisphere, was an invention ascribed to Gutenberg in 1436. Eight years later Caxton constructed in Westminster his famous printing-press, and although this was fitted with movable type, it was not until 1814 that cylinder machines, the invention of Frederick König, brought printing to a rate of speed which made the production of newspapers practi-

At the present time apparatus for extinguishing fires has been brought to a very high pitch of perfection, but a glance at the history of the means of fire extinction shows that it is not very long since methods were extremely crude. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the chief means of putting out a fire consisted in a fire-squirt, which held three or four quarts of water. It had handles on each side, and the fireman gripped these and pressed the piston-rod against his breast. Sometimes a third forced the piston while two men held the handles, one at each side.

A great advance upon this was reached when Braithwaite and Ericsson built the first steam fire-engine, and operated it at their own expense. But so great was the opposition the inventors met with, not only from the Press, but in the form of forcible interference from the firemen, that they abandoned the attempt. It was first used when the fire broke out at the Argyle Rooms in London in 1830.

One of the great branches of discovery in the nineteenth century was the bridging of

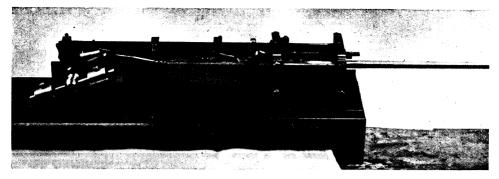
space by opening up lines of communication between distant υlaces. Several instances of inventions in this branch have been shown already. Another which is nowadays taken for granted is the electric telegraph. One of the earliest forms of the telegraph was patented by Cooke and Wheatstone in 1837. In this form of telegraph five vertical needles were made to point out letters on a dial. This instrument was soon displaced by the single-needle system, the motions to right and left of one end of the index corresponding to the dashes and dots of the Morse alphabet. To increase the speed of working, two single-needle instruments were used. But the system, requiring



THE BICYCLE IN 1818.

two lines of wire, soon passed out of use—not, however, before it had been so widely used on British and Belgian railways that it brought a fortune to its inventors.

Towards the end of 1877, Edison showed to a few privileged friends a small and simple - looking machine. He turned a handle, and to the astonishment of all it said: "Good morning! How do you do? How do you like the phonograph?" This was the original phonograph. The voice was slightly metallic, but here was a talking machine actually working. Talking machines before had attempted to reproduce

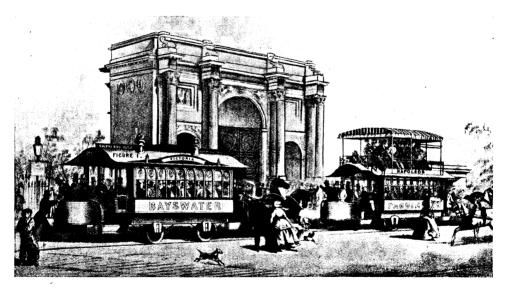


THE ORIGINAL MAXIM GUN IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

the complex organisation of the human throat. The Edison phonograph was simplicity itself, and recorded sound vibrations and then from the record reproduced them. The present-day phonograph has many improvements on the simpler and earlier type—one having been very soon added, a trumpet to concentrate the vibrations in recording and in giving forth.

Great—indeed, extraordinarily great—have been the improvements in late years in the design and manufacture of heavy guns. Up to the year 1880, machine guns

were worked by hand power applied to a lever or winch handle. By this means the cartridges were loaded, fired, extracted, and ejected, the cycle continuing as long as cartridges remained in the "hoppers" which feed the guns. In the modern "automatic" machine, all these actions—loading, firing, etc.—are performed by the gun itself. The idea of using the recoil or part of the explosion gases for this purpose was not new, but Sir Hiram Maxim was the first to produce a finished automatic gun of practical value. The patents date back to 1884.



THE FIRST TRAMS IN LONDON-LAID DOWN BY G. F. TRAIN, AN AMERICAN, IN 1861, FROM THE MARBLE ARCH TO SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

Owing to local opposition they were removed the following year.

MACPHAIRRSON'S HAPPY FAMILY.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



was over a little footbridge one had to pass to visit MacPhairrson and his family, a little, lofty, curiously constructed footbridge, spanning a narrow but very furious torrent. At the middle of the

bridge was a gate—or, rather, a door—of close and strong wire mesh; and at this point, door and bridge together were encircled by a chevaux-de-frise of woodwork with sharp, radiating points of heavy telegraph wire. With the gate shut, nothing less than a pair of wings in good working order could carry one over to the steep little island in midtorrent which was MacPhairrson's home and citadel.

Carried caressingly in the hollow of his left arm, the Boy held a brown burlap bag, which wriggled violently at times and had to be soothed into quiescence. When the Boy arrived at the door in the bridge, which he found locked, he was met by two strange hosts, who peered at him wisely through the meshes of the door. One of these was a large black-and-tan dog, with the long body, wavy hair, drooping silken ears, and richly feathered tail of a Gordon setter, most grotesquely supported, at a height of not more than eight inches from the ground, by the little bow-legs of a dachshund. This freakish and sinister-looking animal gazed at the visitor with eyes of sagacious welcome, tongue hanging half out amiably, and tail gently waving. He approved of this particular Boy, though boys in general he regarded as nuisances to be tolerated rather than en-The other host, standing close beside the dog as if on guard, and scrutinising the visitor with little, pale, shrewdly non-committal eyes, was a half-grown blackand-white pig.

Through the gate the Boy murmured familiar greetings to its warders while he pulled a wooden handle which set an old

brown cow-bell above the door jangling hoarsely. The summer air was full to briming over with sound—with the roar of the furious little torrent beneath, with the thunder of the sheet of cream-and-amber water falling over the face of the dam some fifty yards above, with the hiss and shriek of the saws in the big sawmill perched beside the dam. Yet through all the interwoven tissue of noise the note of the cow-bell made itself heard in the cabin. From behind the cabin arose a sonorous cry of hong-ka, honka-honk, and the snaky black head of a big Canada goose appeared inquiringly around the corner. On one end of the hewn log which served as doorstep a preternaturally large and fat woodchuck sat bolt upright and stared to see who was coming. A red fox. which had been curled up asleep under Mac-Phairrson's one rose bush, awoke and superciliously withdrew to the other side of the island, out of sight, disapproving of all visitors on principle. From the shade of a thick spruce bush near the bridge end a moose calf lumbered lazily to her feet, and stood staring, her head low down and her big ears waving in sleepy interrogation. From within the cabin came a series of harsh screeches mixed with discordant laughter and cries of "Ebenezer! Ebenezer! Oh, by Gee! Hullo!" Then the cabin door swung wide, and in the doorway appeared MacPhairrson, leaning on his crutches, a green parrot on his shoulder, and beside his crippled feet two big white cats.

MacPhairrson, the parrot, and the cats all together stared hard at the door on the bridge, striving to make out through the meshes who the visitor might be. parrot, scrutinising fiercely with her sinister black-and-orange eyes, was the first to dis-She proclaimed at once her discovery and her approval by screeching, "Boy! Oh, by Gee! Hullo!" and clambering head-first down the front of Mac-Phairrson's coat. As MacPhairrson hobbled hastily forward to admit the welcome guest, the parrot, reaching out with beak and claw, transferred herself to the moving crutch, whence she made a futile snap at one of the white cats. Foiled in this amiable attempt, she climbed hurriedly up the crutch again

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and resumed MacPhairrson's shoulder, in time to greet the Boy's entrance with a cordial "Oh, by Gee! Hullo!"

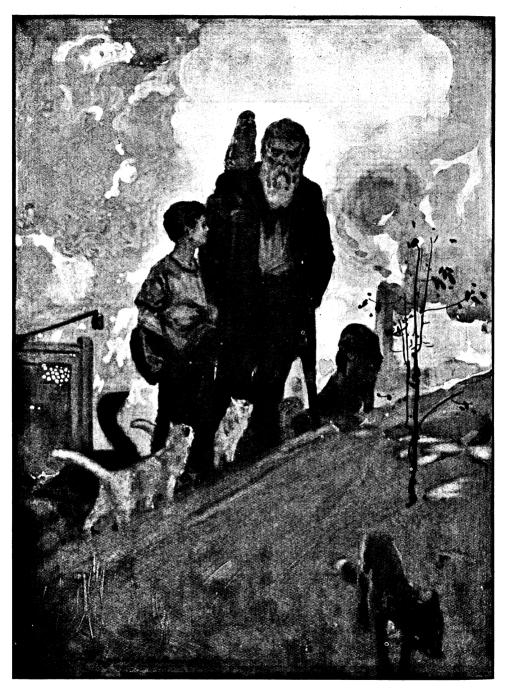
MacPhairrson (he spelled his name scrupulously MacPherson, but, like all the other dwellers in the Settlement, pronounced it MacPhairrson, with a punctilious rolling of the r) was an old lumberman. Rheumatism, brought on by years of toiling thigh-deep in the icy waters when the logs were running in the freshets, had gripped him so relentlessly that one of his legs was twisted to almost utter uselessness. With his crutches, however, he could get about after his fashion; and being handy with his fingers and versatile of wit, he managed to make a living well enough at the little odd jobs of mechanical repairing which the Settlement folk, and the mill hands in particular, brought to his cabin. His cabin, which was practically a citadel, stood on a steep cone of rock, upthrust from the bed of the wild little river which worked the mill. On the summit of a rock a few square rods of soil gave room for the cabin, half-a-dozen bushes, and some sandy, sun-warmed turf. In this retreat, within fifty yards of the busy mill, but fenced about by the foaming torrent and quite inaccessible except by the footbridge, MacPhairrson lived with the motley group of companions which men called his Happy Family.

Happy, no doubt, they were, in spite of the strait confines of their prison, for Mac-Phairrson ruled them by the joint forces of authority and love. He had, moreover, the mystic understanding which is essential if one would be really intimate with the kindreds we carelessly call dumb. So it was that he achieved a fair degree of concord in his Family. All the creatures were amiable towards him, because they loved him; and because they wholesomely feared him, they were amiable in the main towards each other. There were certain members of the Family who might be described as perennial. were of the nature of established institutions. Such were Stumpy freak-legged, the dachshund - setter; James Edward, the wild gander; Butters, the woodchuck; Melindy and Jim, the two white cats; Bones, the brown owl, who sat all day on the edge of a box in the darkest corner of the cabin; and Ananias-and-Sapphira, the green parrot, so named, as MacPhairrson was wont to explain, because she was so human and he never could quite make her out. Ebenezer, the pig, was still too young to be promoted to permanence; but he had already shown such character, intelligence, and self-respecting individuality that MacPhairrson had vowed he should never deteriorate into pork. Ebenezer should stay, even though he should grow so big as to be inconvenient.

But with Susan, the moose calf, and Carrots, the unsociable young fox, it was different. MacPhairrson realised that when Susan should come to her full heritage of stature. he would hardly have room for her on the He would then send to the Game Commissioner at Fredericton for a permit, and sell the good soul to the agent for some Zoological Garden, where she would be appreciated and cared for. As for Carrots, his conduct was irreproachable, absolutely without blot or blemish, but MacPhairrson knew that he was quite unregenerate at heart. The astute little beast understood well enough the fundamental law of the Family, "Live and let live," and he knew that if he should break that law, doom would descend upon him in an eye-wink. But into his narrowed, inscrutable eyes, as he lay with muzzle on dainty, outstretched black paws and watched the movements of James Edward, the gander, or Butters, the fat woodchuck, a savage glint would come, which MacPhairrson unerringly interpreted. Moreover, while his demeanour was impeccable, his reserve was impenetrable, and even the tolerant and kindly MacPhairrson could find nothing in him to The decree, therefore, had gone forth; that is, it had been announced by Mac-Phairrson himself, and apparently approved by the ever-attentive Stumpy and Ebenezer, that Carrots should be sold into exile at the very first opportunity.

When the Boy came through the little bridge gate, the greetings between him and MacPhairrson were brief and quiet. They were fellows both in the taciturn brother-hood of the woods. To Stumpy and Ebenezer, who nosed affectionately at his legs, he paid no attention beyond a careless touch of caress. Even to Ananias-and-Sapphira, who had hurriedly clambered from MacPhairrson's shoulder to his and begun softly nipping at his ear with her dreaded beak, he gave no heed whatever. He knew that the eviltempered bird loved him as she loved his master and would be scrupulously careful not to pinch too hard.

As the little procession moved gravely and silently up from the bridge to the cabin, their silence was in no way conspicuous, for the whole air throbbed with the rising and falling shriek of the saws, the trampling of the falls, and the obscurely rhythmic rush of the torrent around the island base. They



"The little procession moved gravely and silently up from the bridge to the cabin."

were presently joined by Susan, shambling on her ungainly legs, wagging her big ears, and stretching out her long, ugly, flexible, overhanging nose to sniff inquiringly at the Boy's jacket. A comparatively new member of MacPhairrson's family, she was still full of curiosity about everyone and everything, and obviously considered it her mission in life to acquire knowledge. It was her firm conviction that the only way to know a thing was to smell it.

A few steps from the door James Edward, the wild gander, came forward with dignity, slightly bowing his long, graceful, black neck and narrow, snaky head as he moved. Had the Boy been a stranger, he would now have met the first touch of hostility. Not all MacPhairrson's manifest favour would have prevented the uncompromising and dauntless gander from greeting the visitor with a savage hiss and uplifted wings of defiance. But towards the Boy, whom he knew well, his dark, sagacious eye expressed only tolerance, which from him was no small condescension.

On the doorstep, as austerely ungracious in his welcome as James Edward himself, sat Butters, the woodchuck, nursing some secret grudge against the world in general, or, possibly, against Ananias-and-Sapphira in particular, with whom he was on terms of vigilant neutrality. When the procession approached, he forsook the doorstep, turned his fat, brown back upon the visitor, and became engrossed in gnawing a big cabbage stalk. He was afraid that if he should seem good-natured and friendly, he might be called upon to show off some of the tricks which MacPhairrson, with inexhaustible patience, had taught him. He was not going to turn somersaults, or roll over backward, or walk like a dancing bear, for any Boy alive!

This ill humour of Butters, however, attracted no notice. It was accepted by both MacPhairrson and his visitor as a thing of Moreover, there were matters of more moment afoot. That lively, squirming bag which the Boy carried so carefully in the hollow of his left arm was exciting the old woodsman's curiosity. The lumbermen and mill-hands, as well as the farmer-folk of the Settlement for miles about, were given to bringing MacPhairrson all kinds of wild creatures as candidates for admission to his Happy Family. So whenever anyone came with something alive in a bag, MacPhairrson would regard the bag with that hopeful and eager anticipation with which a child regards its Christmas stocking.

When the two had entered the cabin and seated themselves, the Boy in the big barrel chair by the window, and MacPhairrson on the edge of his bunk, not three feet away, the rest of the company gathered in a semicircle of expectation in the middle of the That is, Stumpy and Ebenezer and the two white cats did so, their keen noses as well as their inquisitive eyes having been busied about the bundle. Even James Edward came a few steps inside the door, and with a fine assumption of unconcern kept himself in touch with the proceedings. Only Susan was really indifferent, lying down outside the door—Susan, and that big bunch of fluffy brown feathers on the barrel in the corner of the cabin.

The air fairly thrilled with expectation as the Boy took the wriggling bag on his knee and started to open it. The moment there was an opening, out came a sharp little black nose pushing and twisting eagerly for freedom. The nose was followed in an instant by a pair of dark, intelligent, mischievous eyes. Then a long-tailed young raccoon squirmed forth, clambered up to the Boy's shoulder, and turned to eye the assemblage with bright defiance. Never before in his young life had he seen such a remarkable assemblage; which, after all, was not strange, as there was surely not another like it in the world.

The newcomer's reception, on the whole, was not unfriendly. The two white cats, to be sure, fluffed their tails a little, drew back from the circle, and went off to curl up in the sun and sleep off their aversion to a James Edward, too, his curiosity stranger. satisfied, haughtily withdrew. But Stumpy, as acknowledged dean of the Family, wagged his tail, hung out his pink tongue as far as it would go, and panted a welcome so obvious that a much less intelligent animal than the young raccoon could not have failed to understand it. Ebenezer was less demonstrative, but his little eyes twinkled with unmistakable good-will. Ananias-and-Sapphira was extraordinarily interested. In a tremendous hurry she scrambled down Mac-Phairrson's arm, down his leg, across the floor, and up the Boy's trousers. The Boy was a little anxious.

"Will she bite him?" he asked, preparing

to defend his pet.

"I reckon she won't," answered Macphairrson, observing that the capricious bird's plumage was not ruffled, but pressed down so hard and smooth and close to her body that she looked much less than her usual size. "Generally she ain't ugly when she looks that way. But she's powerful

interested, I tell you!"

The little raccoon was crouching on the Boy's right shoulder. Ananias-and-Sapphira, using beak and claws, scrambled nimbly to the other shoulder. Then, reaching far around past the Boy's face, she fixed the stranger piercingly with her unwinking gaze, and emitted an ear-splitting shriek of laughter. The little coon's nerves were not prepared for such a strain. In his panic he fairly tumbled from his perch to the floor, and straightway fled for refuge to the broad back of the surprised and flattered pig.

"The little critter's all right!" declared MacPhairrson, when he and the Boy were done laughing. "Ananias-an'-Sapphira won't hurt him. She likes all the critters she kin bully an' skeer. An' Stumpy an' that comical cuss of a Ebenezer, they be goin' to look out

fer him."

II.

ABOUT a week after this admission of the little raccoon to his Family, MacPhairrson met with an accident. Coming down the long, sloping platform of the mill, the point of one of his crutches caught in a crack, and he plunged headlong, striking his head on a link of heavy "snaking" chain. He was picked up unconscious and carried to the nearest cabin. For several days his stupor was unbroken, and the doctor hardly expected him to pull through. recovered consciousness—but he was no longer MacPhairrson. His mind was a sort of amiable blank. He had to be fed and cared for like a very young child. The doctor decided at last that there was some pressure of bone on the brain, and that operations quite beyond his skill would be required. At his suggestion a purse was made up among the mill-hands and the Settlement folk, and MacPhairrson, smiling with infantile enjoyment, was packed off down river on the little tri-weekly steamer to the hospital in the city.

As soon as it was known around the mill—which stood amidst its shanties a little apart from the Settlement—that Mac-Phairrson was to be laid up for a long time, the question arose: "What's to become of the Family?" It was morning when the accident happened, and in the afternoon the Boy had come up to look after the animals. After that, when the mill stopped work at sundown, there was a council held, amid the suddenly silent saws.

"What's to be done about the orphants?" was the way Jimmy Wright put the problem.

Black Angus MacAllister, the Boss—so called to distinguish him from Red Angus, one of the gang of log-drivers—had his ideas already pretty well formed on the subject, and intended that his ideas should go. He did not really care much about anyone else's ideas except the Boy's, which he respected as second only to those of Mac-Phairrson where the wild kindreds were concerned. Black Angus was a huge, bighanded, black - bearded, bull - voiced man, whose orders and imprecations made themselves heard above the most piercing crescendos of the saws. When his intolerant eves fixed a man, what he had to say usually went, no matter what different views on the subject his hearer might secretly cling to. But he had a tender, somewhat sentimental streak in his character, which expressed itself in a fondness for all animals. horses and oxen working around the mill were all well cared for and showed it in their condition; and the Boss was always ready to beat a man half to death for some very slight ill-usage of an animal.

"A man kin take keer o' himself," he would say in explanation, "an' the dumb critters can't. It's our place to take keer

of 'em."

"Boys," said he, his great voice not yet toned down to the quiet, "I say, let's divvy up the critters among us, jest us mill-hands an' the Boy here, an' look out fer 'em the best we know how till MacPhairrson gits well!"

He looked interrogatively at the Boy, and the Boy, proud of the importance thus attached to him, answered modestly—

"That's just what I was hoping you'd suggest, Mr. MacAllister. You know, of course, they can't stay on together there alone. They wouldn't be a Happy Family long. They'd get to fighting in no time, and about half of 'em would get killed quick."

There was a moment of deliberative silence. No smoking was allowed in the mill, but the hands all chewed. Jimmy Wright, marking the bright face of a freshly sawed deal about eight feet away, spat unerringly upon its exact centre, then, giving a hitch to his trousers, he remarked—

"Let the Boss an' the Boy settle it. They

onderstand it the best."

"That's right, Jimmy! We'll fix it!" said Black Angus. "Now, for mine, I've got a fancy for the parrot an' the pig. That there Ananias-an'-Sapphira, she's a bird

an' no mistake. An' the pig—MacPhairrson calls him Ebenezer—he's that smart ye'd jest kill yerself laffin' to see him. An', moreover, he's that clean—he's clean as a lady. I'd like to have them two around my shanty. An' I'm ready to take one more if necessary."

"Then I think you'll have to take the coon too, Mr. MacAllister," said the Boy.

seems to like me!" And he decorated the bright deal once more.

"Me an' my missus, we'll be proud to take them two white cats!" put in grey old Billy Smith. "She sez, sez she, they be the han'somest cats in two counties. Mebbe they won't be so lonesome with us as they'd be somewheres else, bein' as our shanty's so nigh MacPhairrson's bridge they kin see fer



"Stumpy.

"He and Ebenezer just love each other, an' they wouldn't be happy separated."

"All right. The coon fer me," responded the Boss. "Which of the critters will you take verself?"

"I'll wait and see which the rest of the boys want," replied the Boy. "I like them all, and they all know me pretty well. I'll take what's left."

take what's left."

"Well, then," said Jimmy Wright, "me for Susan. That blame moose calf's the only one of the critters that I could ever git along with. She's a kind of a fool, an'

themselves all the time there ain't no one onto the island any more."

"Stumpy's not spoken for," reminded the Boy. The dog was popular, and half a dozen volunteered for him at once.

"Mike gits the dawg!" decided the Boss, to head off arguments.

"Then I'll take the big gander," spoke up Baldy Pallen, one of the disappointed applicants for Stumpy. "He knows as much as any dawg ever lived."

"Yes, I reckon he kin teach ye a heap, Baldy!" agreed the Boss. A laugh went round at Baldy's expense. Then for a few seconds there were no more applications.

"No one seems to want poor Butters and Bones! "laughed the Boy. "They're neither of them what you'd call sociable. But Bones has his good points. He can see in the dark; and he's a great one for minding his own business. Butters has a heap of sense; but he's too cross to show it, except for MacPhairrson himself. Guess I'd better take them both, as I understand their infirmities.

"An' ain't there a young fox?" inquired

"Oh, Carrots; he can just stay on the island," answered the Boy. "If some of you'll throw him a bite to eat every day, he'll be all right. He can't get into any mischief. And he can't get away. stands on his dignity so, nobody'd get any

fun out of having him!"

These points decided, the council broke up and adjourned to MacPhairrson's island, carrying several pieces of rope, a halter, and a couple of oat-bags. The members of the Family, vaguely upset over the long absence of their master, nearly all came down to the bridge in their curiosity to see who was coming—all, indeed, but the fox, who slunk off behind the cabin; Butters, who retired to his box; and Bones, who remained scornfully indifferent in his corner. eyed the crowd uneasily, but were reassured by seeing the Boy with them. In fact, they all crowded around him, as close as they could, except Stumpy, who went about greeting his acquaintances, and James Edward, who drew back with lifted wings and a haughty hiss, resolved to suffer no familiarities.

Jimmy Wright made the first move. had cunningly brought some salt in his pocket. With the casual remark that he wasn't going to put it on her tail, he offered a handful to the non-committal Susan. The ungainly creature blew most of it away with a windy snort, then changed her mind and greedily licked up the few remaining grains. Deciding that Jimmy was an agreeable person with advantages, she allowed him to slip the halter on her neck and lead her unprotesting over the bridge.

Then Black Angus made overtures to Ebenezer, who carried the little raccoon on his back. Ebenezer received them with a mixture of dignity and doubt, but refused to stir an inch from the Boy's side. Angus scratched his head in perplexity.

"'Tain't no use tryin' to lead him, I

reckon!" he muttered.

"No, you'll have to carry him in your arms, Mr. MacAllister," laughed the Boy. "Good thing he ain't very big yet. But here, take Ananias-and-Sapphira first. If she'll be friends with you, that'll mean a lot to Ebenezer." And he deftly transferred the parrot from his own shoulder, where she had taken refuge at once on his arrival, to the lofty shoulder of the Boss.

The bird was disconcerted for an instant. She "slicked" down her feathers till she looked small and demure, and stretched herself far out as if to try a jump for her old perch. But, one wing being clipped, she did not dare the attempt. She had had enough experience of those sickening, flopping somersaults which took the place of flight when only one wing was in commission. Turning from the Boy, she eyed MacAllister's nose with her evil, unwinking stare. Possibly she intended to bite it. But this moment MacAllister reached up his huge hand fearlessly to stroke her head, just as fearlessly as if she were not armed with a beak that could bite through a boot. Greatly impressed by this daring, she gurgled in her throat, and took the great thumb delicately between her mandibles with a daintiness that would not have marred a rose petal. Yes, she concluded at once, this was a man after her own heart, with a smell to his hands like that of MacPhairrson himself. Dropping the thumb with a little scream of satisfaction, she sidled briskly up and down MacAllister's shoulder, making herself quite at home.

"My, but she's taken a shine to you, Mr. MacAllister!" exclaimed the Boy. never saw her do like that before."

The Boss grinned proudly.

"Ananias-an'-Supphira be of the female sect, bain't she?" inquired Baldy Pallen, with a sly look over the company.

"Sure, she's a she!" replied the Boy.

" MacPhairrson says so!"

"That accounts fer it!" said Baldy. "It's a way all shes have with the Boss. Jest look at her now!"

"Now for Ebenezer!" interrupted the Boss, to change the subject. "You better hand him to me, an' maybe he'll take it as an introduction."

Solemnly the Boy stooped, shoving the little raccoon aside, and picked the pig up in his arms. Ebenezer was amazed, having never before been treated as a lap-dog, but he made no resistance beyond stiffening out all his legs in a way that made him most awkward to handle. Placed in the Boss's great arms, he lifted his snout straight up in

the air and emitted one shrill squeal; but the sight of Ananias-and-Sapphira, perched coolly beneath his captor's ear, in a measure reassured him, and he made no further protest. He could not, however, appear reconciled to the inexplicable and altogether undignified situation, so he held his snout rigidly as high aloft as he could and shut his little eyes tight, as if anticipating some further stroke of fate.

Black Angus was satisfied so far. He felt that the tolerance of Ebenezer and the acceptance of Ananias-and-Sapphira added

distinctly to his prestige.

"Now for the little coon!" said he jocularly. But the words were hardly out of his mouth when he felt sharp claws go up his leg with a rush, and the next instant the little raccoon was on his shoulder, reaching out its long, black nose to sniff solicitously at Ebenezer's legs and assure itself that everything was all right.

"Jumping Jiminy! Oh, hang!" squeaked Ananias-and-Sapphira, startled at the sudden onset, and nipped the intruder smartly on the leg till he squalled and whipped around

to the other shoulder.

"Now you've got all that's coming to you, I guess, Mr. MacAllister," laughed

the Boy.

"Then I reckon I'd better be lightin' out fer home with it," answered Black Angus, hugely elated. Turning gently, so as not to dislodge the passengers on his shoulder, he strode off over the bridge and up the sawdust-muffled street towards his clapboard cottage, Ebenezer's snout still held rigidly up in air, his eyes shut in heroic resignation, while Ananias-and-Sapphira, tremendously excited by this excursion into the outer world, kept shricking at the top of her voice: "Ebenezer, Ebenezer, Ebenezer! Oh, hang! I want Pa!"

As soon as the noisy and picturesque recessional of Black Angus had vanished, Baldy Pallen set out confidently to capture the wild gander, James Edward. He seemed to expect to tuck him under his arm and walk off with him at his ease. Observing this, the Boy looked around with a solemn Old Billy Smith and the half-dozen onlookers who had no responsibility in the affair grinned and waited. As Baldy approached, holding out a hand of placation, and "chuckling" persuasively as if he thought James Edward was a hen, the latter reared his snaky black head and stared in haughty surprise. Then he gave vent to a strident hiss of warning. Could it be possible that this

impudent stranger contemplated meddling with him? Yes, plainly it was possible. It was certain, in fact. The instant he realised this, James Edward lowered his long neck, darted it out parallel with the ground, spread his splendid wings, and rushed at Baldy's legs with a hiss like escaping steam. Baldy was startled and bewildered. His legs tweaked savagely by the bird's strong, hard bill, and thumped painfully by the great, battering, windy wings, he sputtered: "Jumpin' Judas!" in an embarrassed tone, and retreated behind Billy Smith and the Boy.

A roar of delighted laughter went up as James Edward backed away in haughty triumph and strolled carelessly up towards the cabin. There were crys of "Ketch him quick, Baldy!" "Try a leetle coaxin'!" "Don't be so rough with the gosling, Baldy!" "Jest whistle to him, an' he'll folly ye!" But, ignoring these pleasantries, Baldy rubbed his legs and turned to the Boy for guidance.

Boy for guidance.

"Are you sure you want him now?"

inquired the latter.

"'Course I want him!" returned Baldy with a sheepish grin. "I'll coax him round an' make friends with him all right when I git him home. But how'm I goin' to git him? I'm afeard o' hurtin' him, he seems that delicate, and his feelin's so sensitive like!"

"We'll have to surround him, kind of. Just wait, boys!" said the Boy. And running into the cabin, past the deliberate James Edward, he reappeared with a heavy blanket.

The great gander eyed his approach with contemptuous indifference. He had come to regard the Boy as quite harmless. When, therefore, the encumbering folds of the blanket descended, it was too late to resist. In a moment he was rolled over in the dark, bundled securely, picked up, and ignominiously tucked under Baldy Pallen's arm.

"Now you've got him, don't let go o' him!" admonished the Boy, and amid encouraging jeers Baldy departed, carrying the bundle victoriously. He had not more than crossed the bridge, however, when the watchers on the island saw a slender black head wriggle out from one end of the bundle, dart upward behind his left arm, and seize the man viciously by the ear. With a yell Baldy grabbed the head, and held it securely in his great fist till the Boy ran to his rescue. When James Edward's bill was removed from Baldy's bleeding ear, his darting,

furious head tucked back into the blanket, the Boy said—

"Now, Baldy, that was just your own fault for not keeping tight hold. You can't blame James Edward for biting you!"

"Sure, no!" responded Baldy cheerfully.
"I don't blame him a mite. I brag on the spunk of him. Him an' me'll git on all

right."

James Edward gone, the excitement was The Boy picked up the two big white cats, Melindy and Jim, and placed them in the arms of old Billy Smith, where they settled themselves, looking about with an air of sleepy wisdom. From smallest kittenhood the smell of a homespun shirt had stood to them for every kind of gentleness and shelter, so they saw no reason to find fault with the arms of Billy Smith. By this time old Butters, the woodchuck, disturbed at the scattering of the Family, had retired in a huff to the depths of his little barrel by the doorstep. The Boy clapped an oatbag over the end of the barrel, and tied it down. Then he went into the cabin and slipped another bag over the head of the unsuspecting Bones, who fluffed all his feathers and snapped his fierce beak like In two minutes he was tied up so that he could neither bite nor claw.

"That was slick!" remarked Red Angus, who had hitherto taken no part in the proceedings. He and the rest of the hands had followed in hope of further excitement.

"Well, then, Angus, will you help me home? Will you take the barrel, and see that Butters doesn't gnaw out on the way?"

Red Angus picked up the barrel and carried it carefully in front of him, head up, that the sly old woodchuck might not steal a march on him. Then the Boy picked up Bones in his oat-bag, and closed the cabin door. As the party left the island with loud tramping of feet on the little bridge, the young fox crept slyly from behind the cabin, and eyed them through cunningly narrowed slits of eyes. At last he was going to have the island all to himself; and he set himself to dig a burrow directly under the doorstep, where that meddlesome MacPhairrson had never permitted him to dig.

III.

It was in the green zenith of June when MacPhairrson went away. When he returned, hobbling up with his tiny bundle, the backwoods world was rioting in the scarlet and gold of young October. He was quite cured. He felt singularly well, But a desperate

loneliness saddened his home-coming. knew his cabin would be just as he had left it, there on its steep little foam-ringed island; and he knew the Boy would be there, with the key, to admit him over the bridge and welcome him home. But what would the island be without the Family? The Boy, doubtless, had done what he could. He had probably taken care of Stumpy, and perhaps of Ananias-and-Sapphira. But the rest of the Family must inevitably be scattered to the four winds. Tears came into his eyes as he thought of himself and Stumpy and the parrot, the poor lonely three, there amid the sleepless clamour of the rapids, lamenting their vanished comrades. A chill that was more than the approaching autumn twilight could account for settled upon his heart.

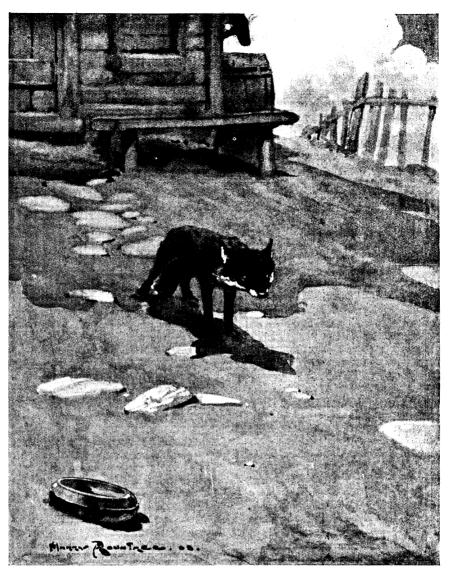
Arriving at the little bridge, however, his heart warmed again, for there was the Boy waving at him, and hurrying down to the gate to let him in. And there at the Boy's heels was Stumpy, sure enough. Phairrson shouted, and Stumpy, at the sound of the loud voice, went wild, trying to tear his way through the gate. When the gate opened, he had to brace himself against the frame before he could grasp the Boy's hand, so extravagant and overwhelming were the yelping Stumpy's caresses. Gladly he suffered them, letting the excited dog lick his hands and even his face; for, after all, Stumpy was the best and dearest member of the Then, to steady him, he gave him his bundle to carry up to the cabin, and proudly Stumpy trotted on ahead with it. His voice trembled as he tried to thank the Boy for bringing Stumpy back to himtrembled and choked.

"I can't help it!" he explained apologetically as soon as he got his voice again. "I love Stumpy best, of course! You kept the best fer me! But, Jiminy Christmas,

Boy, how I miss the rest on 'em!"

"I didn't keep Stumpy!" explained the Boy, as the two went up the path. "It was Mike Sweeny took care of him for you. He brought him round this morning because he had to get off to the woods cruising. I took care of Bones—we'll find him on his box inside—and of cross old Butters. Thunder, how Butters has missed you, MacPhairrson! He's bit me twice, just because I wasn't you. There he is, poking his nose out of his barrel."

The old woodchuck thought he had heard MacPhairrson's voice, but he was not sure. He came out and sat up on his fat haunches, his nostrils quivering with expectation. Then



"The young fox crept slyly from behind the cabin, and eyed them through cunningly narrowed slits of eyes."

he caught sight of the familiar limping form. With a little squeal of joy he scurried forward and fell to clutching and clawing at his master's legs till MacPhairrson picked him up. Whereupon he expressed his delight by striving to crowd his nose into MacPhairrson's neck. At this moment the fox appeared from hiding behind the cabin, and sat up, with ears cocked shrewdly and head to one side, to take note of his master's return.

"Lord, how Carrots has growed!" exclaimed MacPhairrson lovingly, and called him to come. But the fox yawned in his face, got up lazily, and trotted off to the other side of the island. MacPhairrson's face fell.

"He's got no kind of a heart at all," said the Boy, soothing his disappointment.

"He ain't no use to nobody," said Mac-Phairrson. "I reckon we'd better let him go." Then he hobbled into the cabin to greet Bones, who ruffled up his feathers at his approach, but recognised him and submitted to being stroked.

Presently MacPhairrson straightened up

on his crutches, turned, and gulped down a

lump in his throat.

"I reckon we'll be mighty contented here," said he, "me an' Stumpy, an' Butters, an' Bones. But I wisht as how I might git to have Ananias-an'-Sapphira back along with us. I'm goin' to miss that there bird a lot, fer all she was so ridiculous an' cantankerous. I s'pose, now, you don't happen to know who's got her, do you?"

"I know she's got a good home!" answered the Boy truthfully. "But I don't know that I could tell you just where she is!"

At just this minute, however, there came a jaugling of the gate bell, and screeches of—

"Oh, by Gee! Jumpin' Jiminy! I want Pa!"

MacPhairrson's gaunt and grizzled face grew radiant. Nimbly he hobbled to the door, to see the Boy already on the bridge, opening the gate. To his amazement, in strode Black Angus the Boss, with the bright green glitter of Ananias-and-Sapphira on his shoulder screeching varied profanities—and whom at his heels but Ebenezer and the little ring-tailed raccoon. In his excitement the old woodsman dropped one of his Therefore, instead of going to meet his visitors, he plumped down on the bench outside his door and just waited. moment later the quaint procession arrived. He found Black Angus shaking him hugely by the hand, Ebenezer, much grown up, rooting at his knees with a happy little squeal, and Ananias-and-Sapphira, as of old, clambering excitedly up his shirt-front.

"There, there, easy now, old pard," he murmured to the pig, fondling the animal's ears with one hand, while he gave the other to the bird, to be nibbled and nipped ecstatically, the raccoon meanwhile looking on with bright-eyed, non-committal interest.

"Angus," said the old woodsman presently, by way of an attempt at thanks, "ye're a wonderful hand with the dumb critters—not that one could rightly call Ananias-an'-Sapphira dumb, o' course—'n' I swear *J* couldn't never have kep' 'em lookin' so fine and slick all through the summer. 1 reckon——'"

But he never finished that reckoning. Down to his bridge was coming another and a larger procession than that of Black Angus. First, and even now entering through the gate, he saw Jimmy Wright leading a lank young moose cow, whom he recognised as Close behind was old Billy Smith with the two white cats, Melindy and Jim, in his arms; and then Baldy Pallen, with a long blanket bundle under his arm. Behind them came the rest of the mill-hands. their faces beaming welcome. MacPhairrson. shaking all over, with big tears in his eyes, reached for his fallen crutch and stood up. When the visitors arrived and gave him their hearty greetings, he could find no words to answer. Baldy laid his bundle gently on the ground and respectfully unrolled it. Out stepped the lordly James Edward, and lifted head and wings with a troubled honk-a, honka. As soon as he saw Mac-Phairrson, he came up and stood close beside him, which was as much enthusiasm as the haughty gander could bring himself to show. The cats meanwhile were rubbing and purring against their old master's legs, while Susan sniffed at him with a noisy, approving MacPhairrson's throat, and then his whole face, began to work. How different was this home-coming from what he had expected! Here, wonder of wonders, was his beloved Family all gathered about him! How good the boys were! He must try to thank them all. Bracing himself with one crutch, he strove to express to them his immeasurable gratitude and gladness. vain, for some seconds, he strove to down the lump in his throat. Then, with a titanic effort, he blurted out: "Oh, hang, boys!" and sat down, and hid his wet eyes in Stumpy's shaggy hair.

THE VIOLET.

WITH purple softness on the grey are set
My amethystine pillows on the grass,
Where weary humming birds may rest their heads
In momentary slumber as they pass.

Or like rare beads upon a fairy thread Dropt by some moonbeam in her hurried flight, Across the opal courtyard of the day Back to her ebon sanctuary of night,

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.



THE SELFISHNESS OF YOUTH.

MOTHER: Here's a wire from Walter to say their big football match is over, and he's come out with three broken ribs.

FATHER (eagerly): Who won? MOTHER: He doesn't say.

FATHER: That boy thinks of no one but himself. Now I shall have to send the maid out for an evening paper.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A LOCK-OUT.

By William Caine.

Mr. Tweedle, as he turned into his so-called carriage drive, placed his hand in his waistcoat pocket and realised, with a sort of sick feeling, that his latch-key was on his dressing-table. He probed into the bottom of all his pockets, not forgetting the ornamental outside breast pocket of his overcoat, and the little ticket pocket on his cuff. To make quite sure, he went through them all once more, and by the time he had completed his examination he had mounted the steps and found himself confronted with the house door.

The time was exactly three minutes past three in the morning, and the place was Notting Hill. The night was fine — a circumstance which had led Mr. Tweedie to walk home from his club, and the respectable houses of his neighbours slept in the meanlight.

Mrs. Tweedie and Willy were away from home,

and this accounts for the lateness of Mr. Tweedie's arrival, for a man has every excuse for remaining at his club till the last possible moment when all his house, except the front bedroom, is in the hands of the painters and decorators.

The cook and housemaid slept on the top storey of the house.

Mr. Tweedie pulled the bell and rapped three times on one of the glass panels of the door. He waited for several seconds listening hopefully. In his heart he knew that not a soul on earth except himself was aware of his summons, but there is something about a moonlit suburban road at three in the morning which at first deters a man from making any violent commotion.

Mr. Tweedie was one of Notting Hill's most respected church members, and he shrank from proclaiming, more loudly than was necessary, the fact that he was out so late. It was quite well known in the road that Mrs. Tweedie was staying with her mother at Northampton.

So he rang the bell once, knocked three times,

and waited. The raps upon the glass sounded like pistol shots through the quiet night, but nothing happened.

Mr. Tweedie rang the bell three times and beat upon the wood of the door with the lower

part of his right palm. This evoked sound resembling muffled thunder, but nothing happened. Although his servants slept at the back. Mr. Tweedie stepped down into the carriage drive and looked up at the porch of the house. Nothing happened. Then mounted the steps once more and began to pull at the bell with one hand and pound the upon wood of the door with the other. After a minute of violent exercise he was forced to pause, for he was of a full habit of body. Nothing happened.

Mr. Tweedie indulged in some very pungent observations relating to the stupidity, the self-indulgence, and the ingratitude of his cook and housemaid. He cursed them for sleeping so soundly. He cursed them

for going to bed so early. He cursed them for not having told him that he had left his latch-key in his bedroom. He cursed them for sleeping at the back instead of the front of the house—which was monstrous, because he had insisted on their being put there, so that Willy might have the morning sun in his nursery.

Nothing happened.

Mr. Tweedie placed the point of his stick in

the slit of the letter-box and began to rattle it up and down. This made a noise reminiscent of a Maxim gun working at high pressure during a field day at Aldershot.

When he had wearied of this amusement, he heard the squeak of a window being opened in the house opposite.

At this, Mr. Tweedie's self-control began desert him. and he flung himself upon the door with a sob, and placing his hand in the slit of the letter-box. to get a purchase, he kicked the base of the door with all his might for two minutes and a quarter.

His strength at last gave way, and as he paused to wipe his brow he heard someone cry: "What is going on?" and another voice say loudly: "It's a drunken man." Whereupon a

woman's voice, a long way off, cried "Shame!"

Mr. Tweedie put his mouth to the slit of the letter-box and began to roar inarticulately into the interior of his dwelling.



FORCE OF HABIT.

ABSENT-MINDED PLAYGOER: Would you mind taking off your hat in front there?



NO ROOM FOR FORGIVENESS!

"Have you heard from Mabel since her elopement? Do you know if her mother is going to forgive them?" "No, she is not! She is going to live with them!"

Windows were opening all up and down the road, and Mr. Tweedie, as he cast a swift, hunted glance behind him, was aware of a figure in white which leaned out of a casement in the house opposite. He knew that it was an actor called Hobson, whose advances he had persistently rejected.

Sheer lack of breath now compelled Mr. Tweedie to rest himself, and in the silence which ensued, Hobson's voice was heard distinctly saying;

"It's Mr. Tweedie come home with the milk." Then Hobson began to blow violently on a police whistle and to spring an enormous rattle.

Mr. Tweedie resolved to discharge his cook and housemaid next morning.

By this time a number of people who had become materialised out of the night air were gathered at Mr. Tweedie's gate. They talked among themselves loudly and threw scraps of idiotic advice to Mr. Tweedie. They urged him

to knock on the door, to ring the bell, and to look in his pocket for his latch-key.

On the approach of a policeman, they dispersed, to re-form their group upon the other side of the road as soon as the officer had passed through Mr. Tweedie's gate.

Mr. Tweedie felt hope revive at the sight of the policeman. Such confidence in constituted authority have five centuries of order implanted in the bosoms of the English. He felt that the policeman would do something.

The policeman did nothing but look up vacantly at the façade of Mr. Tweedie's house. Something prompted Mr. Tweedie to join him and do likewise. But the house remained dark and silent.

Hobson shouted rudely: "Burgle the house, you fool!"

At any other time Mr. Tweedie must have resented this remark, but now he was so cowed by the hideous publicity of his position that he welcomed the suggestion as if it were a new gospel of salvation.

The policeman knew Mr. Tweedie perfectly well, but he wished to consult a superior before he lent his countenance to any such manœuvre as Hobson had suggested. So he blew on his whistle until the sergeant came, and the road was awake from end to end. The sergeant thought that it might be done, and, together, he and the constable hoisted Mr. Tweedie on to the sill of his own dining-room window. Mr. Tweedie had little difficulty in forcing back the catch and raising the sash. He stepped inside his own house to the accompaniment of a round of cheering, led by Hobson, in which persons at the

distance of three hundred yards could be heard joining lustily.

Mr. Tweedie passed out two half-crowns through the window, and shut and locked it carefully. Then lighting a match and breathing a prayer of gratitude, he made his way over the carpetless floor, round the sheeted mound of furniture which huddled in the middle of the room, and turned the handle of the door.

It was locked on the outside.



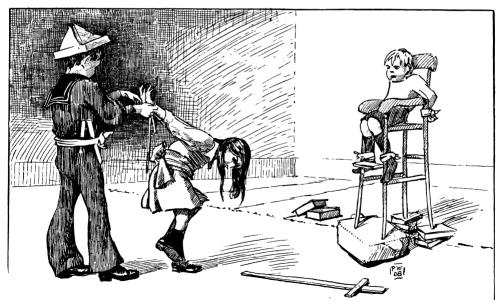
A FAIR WARNING.

When women get the vote,
You men take this to heart,
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A gallant air,
And members must be smart.
For looks will be the passport there
When women get the vote,

New toyshops you will note
More than there were before,
For you in toys
Must find your joys,
Since Mary, Constance and Lenore
Won't be your playthings any more,
When women get the vote.

The marriage laws will show
The trend of female views.
You Benedicks,
In sorry fix,
Must mind your "p's" and "q's,"
You'll all be shaking in your shoes
When women get the vote.

Jessie Pope.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

LITTLE GIRL (just captured): Not so tight! Oh! not so tight, you're hurting!
PIRATE KING (consolingly): Be a man. Never mind a bit of pain; that's half the fun.
PREVIOUS CAPTIVE (bound on marooner's rock): What about all my chocolates? You've eaten every one.
PIRATE KING: Ah! that's the other half. See?





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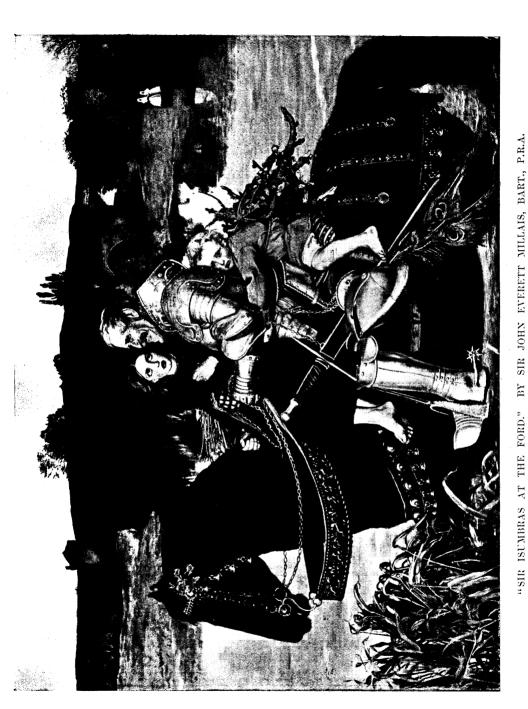
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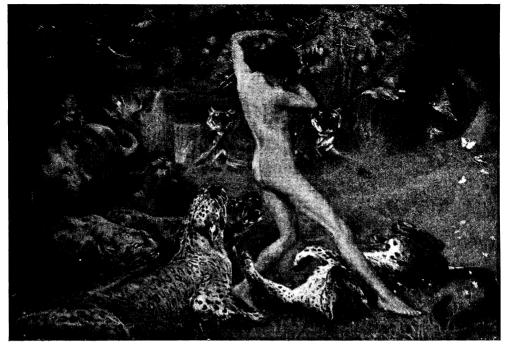
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148 The Girl in Waiting. Archibald Eyre.
149 My Japanese Prince. A. C. Gunter.
150 Black Business. Hawley Smart.
151 Pro Patria. Max Pemberton.
152 Jarwick the Prodigal. Tom Gallon.
153 Race of Life. Guy Boothey.
154 Racing Rubber. Hawley Smart.
155 The Betrayal. E. P. Oppenheim.
156 Unmasked at Last. Headon Hill.
157 An Ocean Secret. Guy Boothey.
158 The Corner House. Fred M. White.
160 A Study in Scarlet. Sir A. Conan Dovle.
161 Thrice Past the Post. Hawley Smart.
162 Dr. Nikola's Experiment, Guy Boothey.
163 Buchanan's Wife. Justus Miles Forman.
164 The Master Spirit. Sir Wm. Magnay.
165 The Gold Wolf. Max Pemberton.
166 The Outsider. Hawley Smart.
167 A Consummate Scoundrel. Guy Boothey.
168 The Edge of the Sword. Fred M. White.
169 The King's Messenger. Louis Tracy.
170 The Impostor. Harold Bindloss.
171 The Master Mummer, E. Phillips Oppenheim.
172 The Man Behind the Door. A. C. Gunter.
173 Fauconberg. Sir Wm. Magnay.
174 First it was Ordained. Guy Thorne.
175 Frost and Friendship. Geo. F. Turner.
176 Whoso Findeth a Wife. Wm. Le Queux.
177 Lightly Lost. Hawley Smart.
179 The King of Diamonds. Louis Tracy.
180 The Slave of Silence. Fred M. White.
181 Crime of the Under Seas. Guy Boothey.
182 'Twixt Sword and Glove. A. C. Gunter.
183 Cleverly Won. Hawley Smart.
184 The Mystery of the Unicorn. Sir Wm. Magnay.
185 The Hidden Victim. Headon Hull.
186 The Lord of the Manor. Fred M. White.
187 The Curse of the Snake. Guy Boothey.
188 The Hidden Victim. Headon Hull.
189 The Edges of the Snake. Guy Boothey.
190 The Burner. A. C. Gunter.
191 The Plunger. Hawley Smart.
192 Princess Kate. Louis Tracy.
194 A Fatal Dose. Fred M. White.
195 The Master of Rathkelly. Hawley Smart.

192 Princess Kate. Louis Tracy.
193 A Brighton Tragedy. Guy Boothby.
194 A Fatal Dose. Fred M. White.
195 The Master of Rathkelly. Hawley Smart.
196 A Morganatic Wife. Louis Tracy.
197 A Maker of Millions. F. M. White.
198 Dr. Burton's Success. A. C. Gunter.
199 Beneath Her Station. Harold Bindloss.
200 A Stolen Peer. Guy Boothby.
201 Whe: I was Czar. A. W. Marchmont.
202 Little Esson. S. R. Crockett.
203 If Sinners Entice Thee. Wm. Le Queux.
204 Tinman. Tom Gallon.



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"ORPHEUS." BY JOHN M. SWAN, R.A.

THE ART OF THE McCulloch Collection.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

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If good work counts for aught, in time and achievement, as it undoubtedly does, the McCulloch collection will endure, as an interesting representation of the progress of art in England at the end of the nineteenth century from the moribund state in which earlier it was bound, and because it contains specimens of the best that, at the same time, has been done in foreign art, the whole brought together by the generous patronage of a man who had an especially eatholic gift of appreciation.

In a collection in which the choice of each picture has been guided solely by the individual taste of one man, there must always be some allowance extended for the purchases which have been made under those exceptional circumstances which are controlled by either friendship for a painter, interest in special subjects, or those flaws of vision which arise in all judgments, and in which critical faculty has at some moment in

the march of time, as it is bound to do, given us the slip.

During his life Mr. McCulloch never deigned to ask the public's opinion of his taste, and now that he is

Unmoved by men's praise or their blame either, it would be but churlish to cavil at the few exceptions which, in upwards of three hundred works of art, fall below the loftiest standards of importance or beauty.

Rather must one recognise the extraordinary ability with which one man brought together the best work of the age in which he lived.

To be entirely just to our contemporaries is a far harder task than most people realise;

. . . . old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes Are peeping o'er my shoulder The head shakes still: "'Tis Art's decline, my son! You're not of the true painters great and old."

Such, unconsciously, is the estimate by critics of modern work. We know it is not



"THE PROCESSION OF THE DAPHNEPHORIA." BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. By permission of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W., publishers of the large engraving.



"THE SCULPTOR'S GALLERY." BY SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, O.M., R.A.

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given to moderns to "put on the glory, Raphael's daily wear," and that it is easy enough to point out

Where an outline
. . . . there is wrongly traced, or a hue mistaken,
but, as we view the several pictures of this col-

lection, gathered together by Mr. McCulloch, which contains the work of English, Scotch, French, Spanish, Norwegian, Hungarian, Dutch, and American artists, we see them as well worthy of being linked, one to another, by words of praise,



9 - 14 - 44 - 440



Gloucester: Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne: To take is not to give.
Gloucester: Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger.
Gloucester is not thy breast enclosed my poor heart;
Wear so thy breast enclosed my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.—Shakespeare, "Richard III.," Act I., Scene II.

Reproduced by permission of the Art Union of London, 112, Strand, publishers of the etching by Leopold Flameng

No one man, in purchasing the work of contemporary artists, could hope to secure the one highest achievement of each. To do that would be an impossibility, for it would demonstrate in a purchaser possession of superhuman perspicacity; but in the cases of Sir John Millais, Lord Leighton, Sir W. Quiller Orchardson, Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. J. McNeil Whistler, Bastien - Lepage and Dagnan-

by those two aids of genius, time and varnish, which the artist himself urged were no inconsiderable factors in the increasing value of a work of art. Could Ruskin see this picture, to-day mellowed to terms of excellent sobriety, full of exquisite gradations of tone, we cannot doubt that he would feel the spell of this painter's great endowment, instead of cavilling as he did when writing in 1857 of this very picture. To-day, "Sir Isumbras"



"WAYSIDE PASTURE," BY T. AUSTEN BROWN.

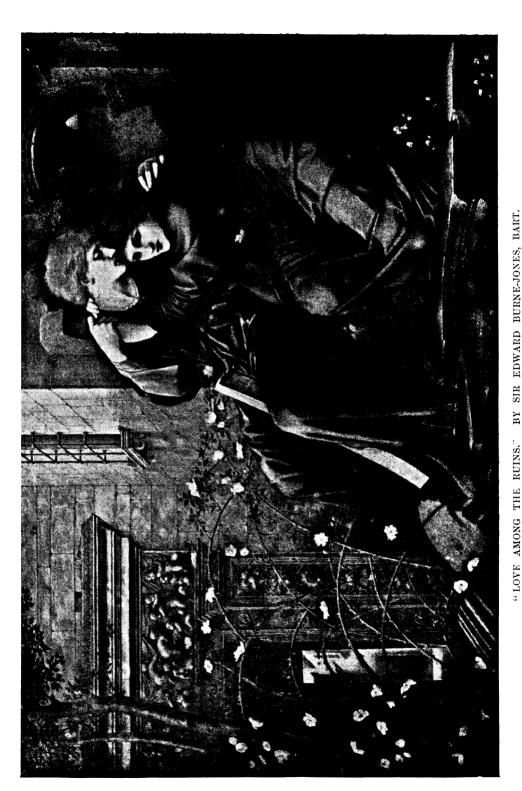
Bouveret, Mr. McCulloch seems to have been guided by the unerring *flair* which secured to him, if not the superlative work that strikes more than an average balance of the high qualities of each painter, work which will stand against the prejudicial average of time, work which

. . . . puts all thoughts of praise out of our heads With wonder at lines, colours and what-not.

"Sir Isumbras at the Ford," a picture painted by Millais in 1857, has been touched

remains a marvellous example of Millais's technical mastery and perceptive genius.

In each of the four works by Sir William Quiller Orchardson, which this collection holds, this painter shows his infallible pictorial faculty, his imperturbable facility in the use of the materials of his art; but in "Master Baby" and "The Young Duke" we seem to see the subtle, apprehensive intelligence of the artist at its best, placing before us with masterly accomplishment and



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"THE YOUNG DUKE." BY SIR WILLIAM Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

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without trouble in construing medium, scenes envisioned in the glamour of inspiration. In the case of each canvas the mellow felicity of the work appears in some mysterious way to mark the especial felicity of each occasion.

In Mr. Sargent's work we get portraiture at its best. His work must always, from its magnificent craftsmanship, present that ex-

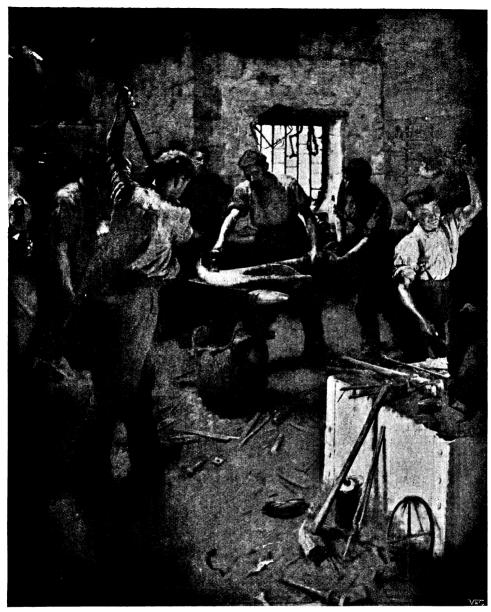
traordinary interest to his fellow-artists which justifies his being known as the painters' painter. He sees his subjects as material for his art, sees people in their casual aspect and so renders them, instead of seeing the subject through the screen of his own personality. In his placating, distinguished way, this artist, in his picture,



Photo by] [Annan & Son, Glasgow. "MASTER BABY." BY SIR WILLIAM Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



"BLOSSOMS FAIR." BY SIR WILLIAM Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



"FORGING THE ANCHOR." BY STANHOPE FORBES.

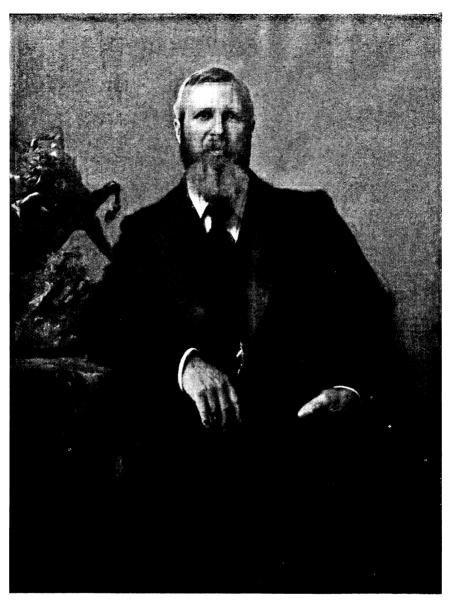
"On His Holiday: Salmon Fishing in Norway," gives us a portrait of Mr. Alexander McCulloch which stands forth as the masterly work of a great craftsman. It is full of the thrill of life, of boyish enjoyment. Mr. Sargent's vital and clean technique allows of his treating the rocks and water in this portrait-picture with the assurance of a landscape-painter.

A curious combination this—landscape and portrait-painting—but it is one which,

rare to Mr. Sargent, is accustomed to Mr. Coutts Michie, who, to quote Sir Isidore Spielmann, "alternates between portraiture and landscape of admirable quality." The sombre delicacy of his "Home from the Hills," a lay-sermon in paint, the rich depth of colour of his "Autumn Sunshine," and the distinguished accomplishment of his portrait of Mrs. Alexander McCulloch, with its suggestions of character, are admirable examples of his versatile talent.



"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE MCCULLOCH. BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET, HON. R.A.

There are portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, by Dagnan-Bouveret, so lifelike that it is difficult, in each case, to decide whether art was administering truth, or truth accrediting art; anyway, here is the moment seized and the impression of the moment transferred. Dagnan-Bouveret's other two important subject pictures are "La Cène" and "The Madonna and Child."

Mr. E. A. Abbey is represented by two of his finest canvases, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne" and

"Lear and Cordelia." The intention of his work is always decorative, but how vast in design and accurate in effect, how majestic in line and harmonious in parts, and with what dignity of conception are the scenes placed within reach of our vision! The question with him is not portrayal of Nature with its differentiation of planes and values, but of design, the pictorial record of a gorgeous colour-pattern shown with strength, intelligence, and originality. In the picturesque "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady

Anne," we see him treat his people's heads and hands as spots of light, where, to make symmetric whole in the gorgeous yet solemn colouring, light needs to be localised. The same unclassified purity of tone in the draperies is the distinguishing mark of "Lear and Cordelia," a picture which takes the eye by the majesty and harmony of its effect.

Albert Moore was also a decorative painter, but of different aim, and in "The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons," we see him not only a consummate painter, but as one of the most charming of poets.

Amongst this decorative work must be included that of Mr. Waterhouse, an imaginative painter of rare parts, and of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Such pictures as Sir Edward's "Psyche's Wedding," "The Sleeping Princess," and "Love Among the Ruins," possess an interest apart from paint, since the artist has sought and studied the fabulous world and renewed for us old myths. Always he tells us in one form or another an old, immortal story, which is as a vast extravaganza to prosaic life. "Love Among the Ruins" bears its history recorded thus: "This oil picture is the same design as one of the same name which I painted in water-colours twentyone years ago, but which was destroyed in August of last year. The present picture I began at once, and have made it as like as



PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE MCCULLOCH, NOW MRS. COUTTS MICHIE. BY J. COUTTS MICHIE.



SKETCH PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALEXANDER McCULLOCH.
BY J. COUTTS MICHIE.

possible to the other, and have finished it this day, April 23rd, 1894."

That diverse appreciation of different styles which is so distinguishing a mark of the collection made by Mr. McCulloch, led him to acquire three of the best pictures painted by Bastien-Lepage, the canvas known as "The Potato Gatherers," "Pauvre Fauvette," and "Pas Méche."

There is a small picture by Mathew Maris, which has in it a vein of poetry and of imagination; whilst "The Noonday Rest," of Lhermitte, who is represented by no less than four canvases, shows the artist's work lifted into greatness by that spontancity which appears to emphasise all this artist's transcripts of rural life.

In the art of Mr. Clausen we are in intimate alliance with that of France, and, unconsciously, we appraise it by the same standards we apply to Lhermitte and Bastien-Lepage; whilst that of Edward Stott, touched by romantic suggestion, leads this artist into the vicinity of great painters.

The Scotch school, as is natural enough in a collection gathered together by a Scotchman, is fully represented. Not only have we the works of Orchardson, Gow, the two Farguharsons, Peter Graham, Faed, Pettie. McTaggart, Coutts Michie, Macallum, Mac-Whirter, Macbeth, Macnab, McGregor, Colin Hunter, David Cameron, Robert Allan, Austen Brown, and John Lavery, but there are no less than sixteen landscapes by David Murray, who is seen at his best, and his best is very good, in the picture entitled "The Farm Ford."

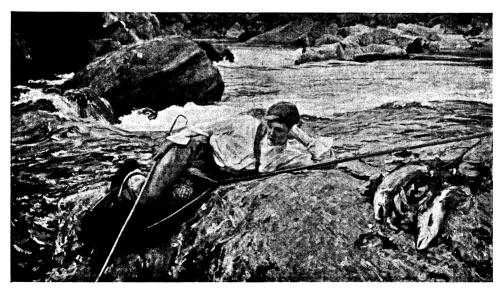
The work of Cecil Lawson, like that of Whistler, is marked by breadths of vision, largeness of treatment, and the same sense of grandeur of style; the large picture, "Marshlands," purchased by Mr. McCulloch, is a fine specimen of his artistry, and illustrates very fully those qualities which Henley describes as characteristic of reticence and good breeding.

Highland Castle," by Horatio McCulloch, is an excellent specimen of the work of a man who has exercised great influence on Scotch landscape-painting; and "The Sleep that is among the Lonely Hills" shows Mr. MacWhirter at his best. It is a picture which James Caw, in his excellent book on Scottish painting, recently published, says: "Holds a dirge-like beauty of a high order."

In "The Sculptor's Gallery" we get Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema at his highest in that art of marble which he has formulated into a principle, and other distinguished artists who are represented in the collection by some of their very finest work are: Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Herbert Draper, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

In considering a collection chosen with such catholicity, "there must always be a sense of the effort necessary to keep the various parts from flying asunder," a sense more or less of imperfect continuity, a sense of unevenness in execution; but, on emerging from the doors of Burlington House, this feeling was mitigated by the recognition of the extraordinary ability with which, as we said at the beginning of this article, one man by his individual taste had brought together a large amount of the best artistic work of the age in which he lived.

We are indebted to the kind permission of Mrs. McCulloch, now Mrs. Coutts Michie, for the right to reproduce in the foregoing article a number of the most notable pictures in the collection, and for facilities for reproducing them we have to thank Messrs. Virtue and Co., who have kindly allowed us to use the negatives prepared for their own publication on the subject, a complete pictorial record of the McCulloch Collection, issued as a special number of The Art Journal, with one hundred and forty illustrations.



"ON HIS HOLIDAYS": ALEXANDER MCCULLOCH SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY. BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

SILVER SPEECH AND GOLDEN SILENCE.

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

I. SILVER SPEECH.



is not only the interest of India—now the most considerable part of the British Empire—but the credit and honour of the British nation itself, will be decided by this division. We are to

decide by this judgment whether the crimes of individuals are to be turned into public guilt and national ignominy; or whether this nation will convert the very offences which have thrown a transient shade upon its government into something that will reflect a permanent lustre upon the honour, justice, and humanity of the kingdom! My lords! There is yet another consideration equal to those other two great interests I have stated —those of our Empire, of our national character—something that, if possible, comes more home to the hearts and feelings of every Englishman - I mean the interests of our constitution itself, which is deeply involved in this case."

In the audience a young man fair of face, blue of eye, looked up suddenly, then muttered under his breath—

"Hard cheek! What the deuce has he got to do with the British constitution?"

"Do be quiet, Tom!" blushed the girl who sat next him in a whisper; "they'll hear you."

Tom relapsed into bored silence, and the stream of words went on—

"But the crimes we charge against him are not lapses, defects, errors of common human frailty which, as we know and feel, we can allow for. They are no crimes that have not arisen from passions which it is criminal to harbour, no offences that have not their root in avarice, rapacity, pride, insolence, ferocity, treachery, cruelty, malignity of temper; in short, in nothing that does not argue a total extinction of all moral principle, that does not manifest an inveterate black-

ness of heart dyed ingrain with malice, vitiated, corrupted, gangrened to the very core."

"Confound his Billingsgate!" murmured Tom Gordon softly. "What good does it do—anybody?"

"H'sh!" came the warning feminine whisper; "his accent is really very good."

Tom shifted uneasily, and once again the strenuous, eager voice, struggling bravely against the harshness of the English language, was the only sound held in the white walls of the Mission School at Ilmpur, a little Puniâb town set in a waste of sand. The hot sunshine slanted across it in broad, golden rays from the upper windows, to lay broad, yellow squares on the cool whitewash. Through the doors, set open to the air on all sides, the same hot, yellow sunshine slanted in on the upturned faces of the students, all bent-with elation in their looks—on the prize English speaker, who was declaiming his set speech out of Burke's famous impeachment of Warren Hastings. Declaiming it before, as the local paper put it, "Mr. Commissioner Gordon and his good lady, Mr. Tom Gordon, a fine young man worthy of his great father who has lately entered India from Eton in quest of police post, the beautiful Miss Gordon, and many others of European renown, including natives of high official positions, who have honoured the Reverends Freemantle and Smith with attendance at their mission-school prizegiving."

They sat in a semicircle on the daïs. quaint company. Mr. Commissioner Gordon with a painstakingly pious expression on his grizzly red bearded face, inwardly rehearsing the speech he would have to make in his turn; his good lady nervously eveing the gilt books which she would have to give away, spread out on the table before her. It was covered with a royal red cloth, and on it stood a packed posy of jasmine blossoms and marigolds. The odour of the crushed blossoms mingled with the confused scent of cocoanut oil, roses, and curry powder which is inseparable from every Indian assembly. On one side of the Commissioner sat the Reverend Freemantle, a gentleman with a beard grown white in the service of education. Mild, placid, benevolent, his face

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"Gunpat-Rai was simply excelling himself."

beamed out over his students. They were all doing well, and Gunpat-Rai was simply excelling himself by showing complete mastery over both vowels and consonants. Indeed, in the whole semicircle of eager teachers and approvers upon the platform there was not to be seen a dissentient expression; and one zenana-worker positively wept tears of joy, because it was through her dreary daily drudgery amongst fetid alleys and sunless back courts that the prize pupil had originally come to the mission-school.

Otherwise he might have remained as his

father had remained all his life, proprietor of an odd little shop right away from all other shops, where they sold matches and oil, flour and earthenware dishes, string and pipe-bowls—everything, in fact, which might suddenly be wanted in the big, high, tenement houses that elbowed and shouldered the little dark lane.

"The law is the security of the people of England! It is the security of the people of India!"

Gunpat-Rai's voice, overtaxed, almost broke over the climax of Burke's rhodomontade,

but the tumultuous, undisciplined applause which followed covered the fact, and he sat down feeling dazed, confused. It was the first time he had ever spoken in public, and he had found that he had not been afraid. That in itself was disturbing—he had not felt afraid!

Meanwhile, Mr. Commissioner Gordon's loud voice was bombarding the wall with fitful explosions of words which reverberated amidst an echo of hesitating stutters.

"Gives me great pleasure, unalloyed pleasure to-er-er-to-to see Indian youther—er—taking their place with—with—er—er—er—" Here a glance at his son who, after the manner of sons when their fathers are speaking, was burying his face in his hands—seemed to supply the lacking phrase—" with the youth of England."

"Good Heavens!" groaned Tom Gordon aside plaintively. "I say, Nell, how long do you think the Guv'nor will be on his legs, for I'll slope out and have a smoke—

"S-st, Tom!" reproved his sister severely. "You can't—and you've got to play in the cricket match, you know."

Tom groaned again, but less plaintively; and so the speechifying went on, the burden of all being the incalculable advantage of a good sound English education in every walk Did they but choose, every student present—at any rate, students of the stamp of Gunpat-Rai — might "rise to higher things."

So, with a final and formal handshake to the lad who so distinguished himself, the company trooped out into the sunshine, and the mission-school lay empty. Only in the place where Gunpat-Rai had sat ere rising to speak, a tiny packet wrapped in silver-leaf betrayed its presence by shining like a star. It was the talisman which his little fifteenyear-old-wife had given him that morning ere he started, with tears and laughter, because it was only the first half-chewed, half-sucked piece of dough-cake his firstborn had ever had. It had dropped from his nerveless hand when, in a dire funk, he had stood up in answer to the call of his name.

It did not, however, shine long, for an impudent sparrow soon discovered that it was but dough made silvern, and promptly carried it off.

Meanwhile the cricket match was in full swing, Tom Gordon captaining one side, and the Reverend Mr. Freemantle (who still cherished an old blue cap he had worn in his Oxford days) the other.

Youth, however, had to be allowed for,

so the last-comer from Eton found himself. to his great delight, at the head of ten smaller boys—jolly little chaps with bright eyes and boundless obediences—while the big students, including Gunpat-Rai-who was cock at cricket as in English—ranged themselves under their master.

They won the toss, and Tom Gordon, as he suppled his hands with the ball, told

himself the bowling must be good.

And good it was, especially in style. tall young figure in white flannels, close clipped about the lean flanks with the light blue belt, reminded one of a flying Mercury as it poised in delivery. Every woman's eye was on it in admiration. As for the swift balls it sent, they were a revelation to these Indian boys, who had never seen real cricket. They crumpled up before them like agitated spiders when they came off the wicket, and when they came on it, they looked helplessly at the umpire to see if they were really out. The Reverend Mr. Freemantle made a good stand, the memory of many a past day coming back to give half-forgotten skill to his bat, his sheer delight in his youthful adversary's prowess making him bold. the score stood ominously at one figure when Gunpat-Rai took his place. Tom Gordon hitched up his belt and looked.

"I should say leg before," he muttered, "but they're so thin, they hardly count."

And then he let drive.

Now, whether the ball chose to hit Gunpat-Rai's bat, or Gunpat-Rai's bat chose to hit the ball, is immaterial. Away it went beyond the boundary, and Gunpat-Rai's long legs scored four. A sharp, hissing roar of delight rose from the assembled school, and Tom Gordon frowned faintly; but he was far too good-humoured to withstand what followed. Heartened up by his absolutely unlooked-for success, Gunpat-Rai, who, though his legs were thin, was a powerful enough young fellow, did everything and more than everything that could be expected of him. He gambolled out and slogged wildly, he pirouetted like a teetotum and nearly killed his wicket-keep, and finally let drive at his partner's wicket, demolishing all three stumps.

"Out!" cried the umpire ruefully, butwith commendable impartiality, and when Tom Gordon had sufficiently recovered from his laughter to assert that no one but the stumps had suffered, another hissing roar of

applause rose from the school.

All things, however, must come to an end, and a skying block of Gunpat-Rai's was finally caught by Tom Gordon just as it appeared to be descending on his mother's lap. But the score stood at thirty-six, and as the batsman walked past him proudly yet sheepishly, the Eton boy shook him by the hand.

"By George, you know," he said, "you'd be another Ranji with practice! I never saw such an innings played—never!"

Gunpat-Rai flushed up under his dark skin and gave back the grip with all the curious, lissome strength of an Indian hand, in which the sinews seem made of iron, the bones of velvet.

After that it seemed of little count that Tom Gordon, who began the next innings, should, by a judicious foresight and the obedience of his small boys combined, carry out his bat as last man with a score of seventy-two.

"You are too good for us, Gordon," laughed the Rev. Mr. Freemantle. "We must deport him from the station, or request him not to play again, mustn't we, boys?"

But the hissing roar which followed was of dissent, not assent, and when it had died away, Gunpat-Rai, as head of the school, spoke up, to his own surprise again, fluently.

"Cricket," he said, "is a noble game. We learn everything noble from England. So are we pleased to acquire proficiency at the hands of Mr. Tom Gordon, Esquire."

The soft, dark eyes looked almost appeal-

ingly at the blue ones.

"All right," said their owner curtly.
"I'll come down and coach you a bit if you like."

And he did.

II. GOLDEN SILENCE.

"Why on earth can't you learn to hold your tongue, Gunpat?" said Tom Gordon roughly. "I thought you had more sense than to mix yourself up with those Arya Somajh agitators. You'll be getting yourself into trouble some day!"

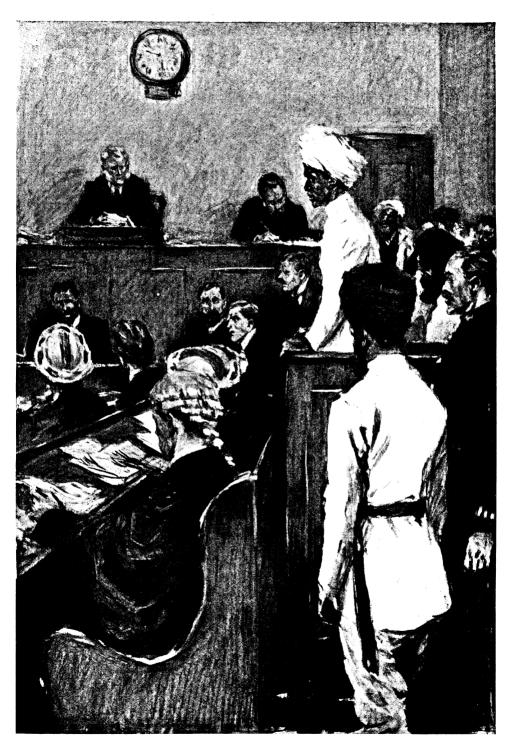
The years had passed since the famous innings, making of the bowler an Assistant District Superintendent of Police, of the batsman a pleader in the High Court. Practically the balance of progress was all in favour of the latter. Coming from the house of a miserable merchant whose monthly earnings barely touched a living wage of the poorest description, he had risen far beyond his birthright, whereas Tom Gordon, on his pay of two hundred a month, with poor promotion before him, had, if anything, fallen from his. But discontent sat in the dark eyes and cheerful

acquiescence in the blue ones. Perhaps the owner of the latter was a better appraiser of his own worth, for he knew he was not clever; knew that though he was "jolly good "at this, he was not "jolly good" at that. Not so Gunpat-Rai. Clever at school the cleverness of imitation, of memory—and gifted with a fluency of words beyond even that of most of his class, he had spent the first years of his young manhood in waiting for an appointment which never came. How could it come when every school in India turns out dozens of applicants as capable as he for every Government post from Cape Comorin to Holy Himalaya? Yet resentment at this failure of the impossible ate into his soul. So he had turned pleader, had drifted into the editing of a native newspaper, a copy of which lay on Tom Gordon's office-table as he looked with kindly contempt at the man who sat opposite him. For though Gunpat-Rai had not turned out a second Ranji, the memory of the old days when he had coached the Ilmpur school still lingered with the Eton boy, and he had shaken hands as frankly as ever when Gunpat-Rai had called to welcome him to his new district.

"I'll tell you what it is, Gunpat," continued Tom Gordon, "you fellows don't know what anybody wants but yourselves. Now, take this district—it's a very fair sample "-he turned over the leaves of the last Census report which lay on his table rapidly. "Hum-m-m, here we are, Jahilabad, population 560,000 odd—240,000 Jât cultivators of the soil, 35,000 Banyas, presumably moneylenders—literacy—let's take the average for all India if you like-it tells enormously against my argument, but it can stand it! Now think! At fifty-three per thousand we have twenty-nine-let's say 30,000 men who can scrawl their names and spell out a line or two in their own vernacu-How many of these are put out of court by the 35,000 moneylenders? More than a half, I'll wager. There you are, you educated men, a negligible minority, taking India as a whole. So why don't you speak for yourselves, not for the country at large? Because you don't really mean anything, you don't know what you want yourselves." Tom Gordon paused in this unusual eloquence, and with a laugh turned to the handsome little fellow of six whom Gunpat-Rai had shown off with pride as his eldest son.

"Jolly little chap," said the Assistant Superintendent irrelevantly. "I suppose he's

married?"



". But the crimes we charge against you---,"

Gunpat-Rai flushed up under his dark skin as he had done five years before at the cricket match.

"The women——" he began.
"Oh, I know!" interrupted the young Englishman. "'Stri acchar' and all that. But I say, Gunpat! How the deuce are you going to govern India if you can't even settle your womenkind? No, my dear fellow! I haven't the faintest sympathy with you. You sail pretty near sedition in this copy." Here he laid his hand on the blurred, blotched broadsheet which called itself The Star of Hope. "But, by George! if you jib it the least bit more, I shall have to run you in. So don't be a fool. You're a good sort, Gunpat, and I shall never forget that innings of yours-never! If you would only have stuck to it instead of 'seeking a post in white clothing,' you might have been—

He paused, unable to say what; and Gunpat Rai feeling a like inability, the conversation ended uncomfortably.

And so it came to pass that not many days afterwards Tom Gordon sat once more in that curious atmosphere of cocoanut-oil and curry powder which is inseparable from Indian crowds, listening to Gunpat-Rai's voice. But he sat disguised in one of the front benches of the crowded hall, so that he had to look back more than once to see that his constables were all in evidence. For a notable agitator on tour had stopped at the little town; and this was a meeting which must be reported upon, since here was no. audience composed of peacefully seditious Bengali clerks and irresponsible students, but of stalwart Jâts, discontented over some new, but as yet untried, scheme of irrigation. Now, irrigation stands closer to the heart of a Jât than does wife or children. What! was the Sirkar to deny the land its drink?

The other speakers had been innocuous. Their very vehemence had passed by the slumbering passions of the long-bearded Jâts who listened to them with ill-concealed yawns. But with Gunpat - Rai it was different. At the first word Tom Gordon felt that he was in the presence of a born orator. And yet—and yet—surely the words were vaguely familiar in their import, if not in their sound?

"The crimes we charge against this alien Government of India," came the liquid Indian voice, "are not lapses, defects, errors of common frailty which we, brethren, as we know them in ourselves, can allow for. They are no crimes that have not arisen from evil

passions—passions which it is criminal to harbour"—an iron mailed stick held by a burly farmer fell with a clang as its owner shifted it to his right hand—"no offences that have not their root in avarice, rapacity, pride, insolence, ferocity, treachery, cruelty, malignity of temper——" Each epithet seemed punctuated by a growing stir amongst the audience. "In short, in nothing that does not argue a total extinction of all moral principle, that does not manifest an inveterate blackness of heart."

Tom Gordon had it now! The Billingsgate he had confounded years ago, of course— Burke's Billingsgate!

He had flung off his disguise and leapt to

the daïs in a second.

"Oh! hold your jaw! Do, there's a decent chap! Don't go spouting other folks' abuse!" he cried.

But Gunpat-Rai was helpless before the sudden need for decision. "Dyed ingrain with malice, vitiated—" he went on mechanically.

The young Assistant Superintendent of Police gave a sharp glance behind him. What he saw there was not reassuring. "Oh! Do shut up! Tell them the meeting's over, or there'll be mischief."

"Corrupted, gangrened——"

"Constables," came the order keenly, For Heaven's sake, "clear the room! Gunpat, don't get yourself into trouble!"

They were the last words Tom Gordon spoke. His hand slipped from Gunpat-Rai's shoulder as he was struck full on the bare head from behind by an iron-bound staff which crashed into his skull.

Even then the tyranny of words held Gunpat-Rai, though the suddenness of the shock dislocated his sequence.

"Dyed ingrain, corrupted to the very

core."

Then he stood staring at what lay before him, and a great silence—a golden silence from words—came to him at last.

He only broke it once, when he was on The court was full of his friends, and on the daïs sat Englishmen, so the conditions were nearly the same as they had been years ago when the hot sunshine had slanted from the upper windows at Ilmpur to lay broad yellow squares on the cool whitewash.

"I learnt it at school," he said dully; and then he began: "But the crimes we charge

against you-"

"Hush-h!" said the judge gravely. "We know what you learnt at school."

But that did not lessen the sentence.

WIT AND UNDERSTANDING.

By NORMAN INNES,

Author of "My Lady's Kiss," "The Surge of War," "The Lonely Guard," etc.



HE woman died with
a prayer on her lips:
"God give him wit
and understanding"; and the
coarse-featured man
beside the bed
muttered "Amen,"
though why, he
hardly knew, for
this tiny son of his

was born to an inheritance that a prince

might have envied.

Six-and-twenty years after, Vere Broadley went under. It was a most distressing case, and culminated at the Woolmers', in Belgrave Square. He had lived luxuriously, improvidently, secure of the future; then the crash had come, and Vere heeled before the blast of adversity. He made no fight, let himself go badly, maundered of "Kismet," and sought oblivion in drink. People were sorry, but a man in Vere's mental state is impossible, for delusions strange and manifold laid hold of the doomed man's soul.

If the fraud and mismanagement of local agents had been the primary cause in the collapse of his Spanish property, the prospect of a large inheritance had had its share in his ruin.

But for the fact that old Tom Broadley had died when his son was but nineteen, the latter might have taken an interest in and have developed the family property. He had spent some months with his father in the Spanish mountains, had entered upon a course of mining engineering in England, but he had been spoiled by his wealth, and when that deserted him, it left him weak and whining.

Instead of doing what lay in his power to rehabilitate his fortunes, he gave the order for the shutting down of the mines, sold plant and property recklessly, surrendered concessions, alienated rights, and, in short, after five years of gross mismanagement, ruined the many enterprises that his father, the long-headed North-countryman, had founded.

To have one's spending capacity reduced

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from thousands to the narrow limit of a paltry eight hundred pounds per annum is among the bitterest of life's ironies, but it is not an insuperable obstacle to a joyous and useful career.

Old Tom Broadley had started on life's battle with no more than the proverbial half-crown in his pocket.

But the stout North-country blood, it seemed, had weakened—the son took his reverses lying down. He conjured up grievances, nursed imaginary wrongs, cherished a craven spite against the world at large, and proposed to sever his ties with friends and society by methods as unseemly as they were irremediable.

"I'm sick of it, sick to death of it!" he groaned—it was the forenoon; Vere had taken to breakfasting on brandies and sodas, and the meal was, as a rule, unduly prolonged—"sick of their pity and patronage! I'll be shot of the lot of them, cut the bally painter. They can't keep asking me to their houses if I floor the butler after dinner, nor can a man nod and pass the time of day when you've made a scene in his drawing-room the night before."

On that fatal evening in Belgrave Square, Vere Broadley cut the painter. Besides friends of his family, there were folk of light and leading at the Woolmers' dinnertable, so the thing could not be overlooked. The state in which the hansom disgorged him at the house can only be described as glorious, a source of apprehension to his host's butler, of liveliest interest to the second footman. In the chill of pre-prandial inanities his speech and heaving called for

inanities his speech and bearing called for remark. Later he had insisted on annexing a buttonhole from the table decorations, had cast profane doubt on the credibility of an Indian colonel's pet big-game romance, had bombarded a dignitary of the Church with pellets of bread, and had collapsed beneath the table when about to be forcibly removed at the appearance of the entrée. Short of the appearance of the police, his departure from the Woolmers' mansion savoured of Leicester Square and a Boat-race night. Even the cabman who drove him back to his rooms in Bury Street admitted that it

was a bad case. As for the party in Belgrave

Square, opinion there was unanimous, if all but unexpressed.

Charity pronounced him mad, and with that washed her hands of Vere Broadley.

The culprit, if not repentant, felt the sting of remorse upon the morrow. He confessed that he did not know that Alice Karslake had been a witness of his shame. No, not for the world—for the sake of outraging old Woolmer's feelings—would he have gone to the house in that state had he known Miss Karslake was to have been there.

He had first met her when but little more than a boy in Switzerland, at his aunt's châlet above St. Nicholas, where he had stayed for a fortnight at the end of the climbing-season. He was just twenty at the time, and had been struck by the girl, one year his junior, whom his aunt had adopted. Alice Karslake was fair and matter-of-fact, and Broadley, who was dark and inclined to be weak, had unconsciously set her up as the criterion of all that a girl should be. over, they had one sympathy in common—a love of those broad-shouldered, snow-capped giants that girt the valley, of crag and glacier, of the glint of the wind-glazed snow. The man had been born beneath the shadow of the mountains, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada—Granada's glory—and had never wavered in his allegiance to the majesty of peak and precipice. So for her sake, and for the sake of pleasant memories embittered, he repented of his folly, and drowned his remorse in a long and systematic course of pegs at the club.

He met her by chance in Arlington Street within the week, and affected not to see her, though the flush on his face, the shame in his eyes, were patent to the girl.

Her companion laughed, a scornful, un-

musical laugh.

"That unfortunate Mr. Broadley, I do declare! Did you see him, Alice?"

Miss Karslake looked backward, and answered simply—

"Yes—and he is unfortunate."

Nearly a year passed before Alice Karslake crossed Vere Broadley's path again. The year had not dealt kindly with the man, who, to tell the truth, had used himself hardly. The light had died from his eyes, his face was coarser, a certain carelessness of manner made up for lost self-esteem—at the club they winked, shrugged their shoulders, and said that Broadley was going downhill fast.

It was the beginning of August, and London was emptying, and they met in Berkeley Square, on the pathway beside the dust-covered railing to the garden.

The man started; for a moment he thought of hurrying across into Bruton Street; but he held on his way, vaguely wondering in what manner she would cut him.

But, instead, she stopped, with a smile of recognition, and held out her hand.

"It's quite a long time since I have seen you, Mr. Broadley," said she in all innocence.

The man's face crimsoned, and he glanced at her sharply. But there was neither sarcasm nor reproach on the small, oval face or the deep blue eyes. He noted how cool she looked in the white silk blouse and biscuitbrown skirt; he was feeling distinctly hot.

But he had not forgotten, even if she had,

neither had he forgiven himself.

"I must apologise, Miss Karslake," he stammered awkwardly, prodding at the railings with his stick, "for my conduct last year at the Woolmers'."

For a moment the woman looked as embarrassed as the penitent, then she laughed easily.

"But you were not well," she said. "You were in such trouble then. I hope things are going better."

Broadley shrugged his shoulders.

"Not much, I'm sorry to say. But it's good of you to ask." And then he added, as if in explanation: "I'm no better, I'm afraid. But I'm keeping you. Good-bye. Remember me to my aunt when you see her."

He made no effort to shake hands, and

turned almost abruptly.

Miss Karslake glanced curiously at him—that side of the square was deserted, save for two cabmen at the lower end, a telegraph-boy, and themselves.

"Mr. Broadley," said she, "your Aunt Ethel and I are going abroad in a week, and are badly in need of an escort. I'm sure she would like it if you could come."

The man stared in astonishment—he almost laughed. It was true that he wrote to his aunt occasionally—hers was one of the few houses that had not shut its doors against him—but he had seen nothing of her for more than a year. To be looked on in the light of an eligible escort for Aunt Ethel and her adopted daughter was too absurd. Was that upright figure beside the railings making fun of him?

But, after all, it would be a change—a change from the club, the cards, and the

unlimited pegs.

Perhaps the wistful look in the brown eyes was not lost upon Miss Karslake.

"It would be nice if you could, really it



"Alice Karslake turned slowly and faced the man at her side. 'It looks to me like running away.'"

would," said she. "We are going to the South of Spain, to the Sierra Nevada, and

you'd be so useful."

He—useful? Well, perhaps he might be; he knew the language fairly, and had spent months of his youth with his father among the southern spurs of the Andalusian Hills.

"Do you mean it?" he stammered incredulously—a puff of hot wind raised the dust from the dry wood paving, and he thought of the breeze that fanned those distant sunkissed Sierras. "And what about auntie?"

"Of course she'll like you to come with us," replied the girl. "I will see to that and

will write to the club."

Within forty-eight hours it was all arranged. His aunt had written endorsing Miss Karslake's proposal, making no reference to the past, except hinting that a personal inspection of a property that he had not visited for some eight years might be to his advantage.

So he went, and was the better for the passage to Gibraltar, and for the company of the two women, though even such a voyage has its drawbacks. Miss Karslake, it seemed. could not sleep well at sea, and would make him walk the deck with her at night till long after the closing of the bar in the smoking-Vere Broadley winced at the privation, but his regret was momentary. And in the mountains, at the little Spanish wateringplace of Lanjaron, there was nothing to drink, only Rioja and Aguadiente—the one is rough and scarcely palatable, the other is unkind and unseemly in its effects. But the mountains, as of old, cast their spell upon him, may hap breathed some measure of their strength into his spirit. Vere Broadley and Miss Karslake spent their days in the open air—alone, as a rule, for Mrs. Hollis was something of an invalid; both were keen climbers, and were for ever exploring the higher ridges and valleys.

On two occasions the man had ridden to inspect the solitary lead-mine that was still being worked on the southern side of the mountains; but he had gone alone—the thought of the ruin that had befallen its sister ventures, which had prospered so exceedingly in his father's day, was bitter.

Now, it happened one day that the three had driven down the high road to Orgiba, had turned up a narrow valley, and had picnicked beside a deserted mine, a remnant

of Broadley's ruined property.

Vere and Miss Karslake were sitting in the oak scrub after luncheon—Mrs. Hollis was sketching beneath the chestnuts some few hundred yards above them. Neither had

spoken for some minutes; Broadley was lying on his side amid the aromatic undergrowth, pitching stones in the direction of the disused shaft.

"That is yours," said Alice Karslake suddenly, as if the desultory fire of pebbles could do some damage.

The man looked up in her face with a laugh, but the laughter died as his eyes met hers.

"Oh—yes, worse luck!" he stammered. "Something like my life, isn't it?"

The woman was silent, and affected to ignore the hot, deep flush that had risen to his sunburnt cheeks.

"You're right," continued the man gloomily and through his teeth, "just like my life. I'm glad we are going to leave the place in a week; it's been all very jolly, but of course there's been a skeleton in the cupboard for me. I never thought that seeing the place again could have given me such a fit of the blues."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do," said he wearily; "and I shan't be sorry to start the journey home next Tuesday."

Alice Karslake turned slowly and faced

the man at her side.

"It looks to me like running away." Broadley looked at her in wonder.

"Yes, running away," repeated his companion. "You see, you have interests out here, responsibilities, and yet you are content to waste your life at home. You have some capital, speak the language, have a slight knowledge of the business. Why not stay out here for a while and try to reopen another of the mines? Mr. Prain is a competent engineer, and with his help something might be done."

She spoke slowly, gravely, weighing her words, with her eyes on a distant sierra ruddy in the afternoon sunlight, but for all that her heart was beating, racked between hope and fear for the success of her counsel.

Then the man in Vere Broadley woke beneath the lash of the woman's words. He coloured as he scrambled to his feet, and laughed hoarsely.

"Can you and Aunt Ethel go home with-

out me?"

The woman looked away to the sunset; there was a smile on her lips, though tears stood in her eyes, and, of course, the man saw neither.

"Yes," answered she, "I think so."

So, a week later, Vere Broadley said "Goodbye" to the ladies in Granada, and rode south

ward to the mountains again as the summer died and the russet of autumn laid its finger on beech and chestnut, turned the upland juniper to flame, and in the depth of the valleys painted the oranges golden.

He passed the winter between his property and his office in Malaga, set himself to grasp the details of his business, and made the life of George Prain, his engineer-manager, a

burden to him.

But there was no denying that he was homesick; he sighed for London and the old days, promised himself a holiday within the year, and wrote long letters to his aunt and Miss Karslake. However, as his interest in his work grewand the output of the mine increased, the past slipped from his shoulders. All thought of running home to England was dismissed; he had too much on his In the spring of the following year hands. a second mine was opened, and Vere Broadley set himself to the task of acquiring further capital for developing his property on a Months slipped away, and larger scale. years, and he hardly noticed their flight; the longing for home passed from him, the shafts and his office upon the sea-coast absorbed his interest, his soul was in the land that gave him the wealth for which he laboured.

And the letters to England grew shorter—his time was valuable and had to be economised—and the two ladies at home were very proud of the work in which they had had a hand, though at times one could have wished that his success had not been quite so great and so all-absorbing.

"And perhaps, Alice," said Mrs. Hollis, "since Vere seems too busy money-grubbing to spare a few months in five years in England, we shall have to pay him a visit."

They were amazed at the change in Broadley when he met them at Granada and drove them to Lanjaron. His lips were firmer set, his face, bronzed as a Spaniard's, had grown keen and hard, and his speech was shorter, and, as a rule, of his mines and their prospects.

His aunt could hardly believe her senses.

"What a man of affairs he has become!" she almost gasped, and even Miss Karslake had to admit that his concentration of interest was likely to grow monotonous.

"I'm afraid, now that we have come out here," said she, "he will have little time to

waste on us."

But Broadley found time and to spare, and showed his aunt over his fast-developing properties, and clambered in the mountains with Miss Karslake. But, as the latter had feared, it seemed he had lost interest in aught save his mines, with their hideous shafts and wreaths of smoke that hung athwart the valley. As for returning to England, he scorned the idea.

"I can rely on my London agent," said he, with a laugh, "and this is the place for me. A man can work here, but over there

one is cramped and fettered."

His companion nodded without a word.

"You see, this is my native land, in a sense," continued the man. "I was born here, in Orgiba; you can see its roofs shining in the distance."

Alice Karslake still stood silent.

"You are very busy," she said at length.

"I am," replied the other, laughing, "and making a pretty good thing out of it. But, you know, it was your suggestion. You've not forgotten five years ago, at the mouth of the old Azul shaft."

Miss Karslake was looking intently down

the valley.

"No, I have not forgotten."

"And aren't you proud of your work? In a sense, it is all yours, you know."

But the woman turned, and her face was hard and set.

"I don't know," answered she almost fiercely. "I'm not sure."

The man was aghast.

"But why, Alice?" he cried. "Not proud nor glad? Why, for the past five years I've been counting on how proud you'd be."

"But I never meant—" she faltered.

"Meant what, Alice?"

Her face was turned away, her head drooped, and, more, there was a sob in her voice.

Then the woman looked up in his face, and the flush on her face matched the sunset glow on the Veleta's peak at the head of the barranco behind them.

"But you are rich!" she cried, her eyes big with tears—"too rich, almost! I never meant that, Vere."

And he smiled in the upturned face.

"I was rich, I was poor, I am rich again; and I was blind, stone blind. But I think I'm beginning to understand——" He paused for a moment, and his glance wandered down the valley above which the smoke from his mines hung blue.

his mines hung blue.
"Very rich," he whispered, as his hand sought the woman's—"richer than I had

hoped for."

Heaven had answered the mother's prayer.

"BULLS."

By WILBUR T. ORR.



MONG the many types of amusing distortions of speech, the bull stands supreme. Its element of the unexpected and unintentional gives it a flavour that is lacking in the cleverest jeud'esprit.

Yet with all its attractiveness the bull has lost something of its distinction through the looseness of the popular terminology. One is always coming across newspaper paragraphs recording as bulls quaint sayings or verbal confusions that are by no means entitled to be so classified. The characteristic merits of the real bull are obscured by this neglect to discriminate between the thing itself and some of its near relatives.

Many alleged bulls, for example, are simply mixed metaphors. There was quoted the other day as a Parliamentary bull a member's eager demand that the law relating to labour combinations should be made watertight, in order that no judge should be able to drive a coach and four through it. A grotesque utterance, certainly, but no bull. Spoonerisms and other dislocations and transpositions of words are equally without title to be included in this category. Although he was an Irishman, the member of Parliament who denounced an opponent as a disgrace to the colours he was flying under, was not thereby guilty of a bull. Again, the conditions of bull-ship are not satisfied by the normal instances of "things that one would rather have expressed differently "-- the diverting and embarrassing slips of the tongue or pen which make a man say something of a very different meaning from what he actually intended. Sir Boyle Roche assuring a friend: "If you are ever within five miles of my house, I hope you'll stay there all night"; the Waterford railway porter calling out, as the boat express starts: "This train stops nowhere at all, at all"; the country paper reporting in its description of the Christmas market that Mr. Smith had a show of meat more resembling a London butcher than a local tradesman; the literary journal beginning

its review of a biography with the words: "Thick and clumsy in outward shape, this book will recall Leslie Stephen to everyone who has met him "—these contributors to the gaiety of the English-speaking peoples made, after all, no addition to the literature There are many other recorded instances of ludicrous confusion which it would be difficult to classify formally except that one may confidently pronounce them to lie outside the sacred circle. Does not even Sir Boyle Roche's reputation as the champion manufacturer of bulls rest on very insecure foundations? Mention has already been made of one Roche story that must be otherwise classified, and the still more famous one, "I cannot be in two places at once, like a bird," is equally lacking in the distinctive marks of the true article. The bird illustration, indeed, appears to stand in a class by We might, of course, set the professional psychologist or logician to work to find out for us wherein the humour of the saying really lies. Probably he would analyse it as an instance of the fallacy of malobservation, so it may be as well to accept it and enjoy it as it stands, without endeavouring to explain it scientifically. But, at any rate, however firmly established its right to be counted among the memorable utterances of the world, it has no claim to be set down as an instance of that particular type of laughter-provoking bêtise which is marked off from all others by the term "bull."

Any dictionary will bring to light the differentia that is so commonly overlooked. Sir James Murray's definition runs thus: "A self-contradictory proposition; in modern use, an expression containing a manifest contradiction in terms and involving a ludicrous inconsistency unperceived by the speaker." Now, there is no inconsistency in saying-whether you mean it or not-that you hope a friend will stay all night within five miles of your house, and no selfcontradiction in regarding the rapidity of a bird's flight as practically equivalent to the art of being in two places at once. A perfect example of the self-contradiction which is the making of a bull is given by Dr. John Hill Burton in his "Book-Hunter." It is a passage describing the happy ending of a



"That's a tidy pig you have there, Shamus."
"Faith, an' 'tis so, y'r honour. Tim Phelan, he offered me two pound for her, but says I: 'The day I sell her for twoice that money, Tim, I'll give her to ye for nothing!'"

duel. It runs: "The one party received a slight wound in the breast; the other fired in the air; and so the matter terminated."

Oratorical fervour must be given the credit of supplying several excellent specimens. The House of Commons, as might have been expected, has contributed a fair share. It was in one of the debates of that body that the late Colonel Saunderson described Eastern Roumelia as "man enough to take her stand" in defence of a certain threatened right. An Irish politician once declared that of the outrages reported from Ireland, three-quarters were exaggerated and half had no foundation in fact—a statistical computation that reminds one of another Irish M.P. who declared excitedly to a group of fellow-members, "I want to convince you that there isn't

any truth in half the lies they are telling about Ireland." In a debate on Disestablishment, Gladstone himself made a "When an Englishman wants curious slip. to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants his child baptised, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The House, dissolved in laughter, did not wait for an answer, and the speaker good-humouredly added: "As I was contrasting the English Church with the Irish, a bull is perhaps excusable." On a par with this story must be placed that of the clergyman who lamented the deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen" living without Christian burial."

But St. Stephen's has produced nothing quite as rich and rare as this extract from a peroration given in the Cape Colony Legislature: "Such, Mr. Speaker, was the state of insecurity upon the Eastern frontier, that I and other settlers have often gone to our daily avocations leaving our peaceful homesteads, our happy wives, our smiling children, to return in the evening to find our houses burnt over our heads, our wives widows, and our children fatherless." Miraculous, indeed, must have been the good fortune of the orator in being spared to tell the tale. Extra-Parliamentary eloquence can add many exhibits to this collection. It was at a Dublin debating society that an eminent surgeon, describing the crisis of the Transvaal war, rhetorically asked whether England was to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets. Of the same nationality was the ardent member of a committee who, in protesting against a policy of inaction, besought his colleagues to remember that if they wanted to stay where they were, they must move forward. The biography of Dean Hook recalls a certain minor canon who used to preach at the cathedral when Hook was a boy at Winchester School. In one of his sermons there occurred the striking reflection that "What is impossible can never be, and very seldom comes to pass." Another discourse was long remembered for its pathetic lamentation on the degeneracy of the age: "O tempora! O mores! what times we live in! little boys and girls run about the streets cursing and swearing before they can either walk or talk." But the Church of England has no monopoly of these violent contrasts, for it was at a City Temple meeting not many years ago that a speaker exclaimed: "I find my time is already gone. Therefore I will keep within it." Perhaps the best

legal bull was that of a Colonial judge, who gave the following instruction to an unusually garrulous and involved witness: "Now, hold your tongue, sir, and give your evidence clearly." The courts are also responsible for this engaging defence offered by an Irish poacher: "Indade, your worship, the only bird I shot was a rabbit, and I knocked that down with a stick."

The "hustle" of modern journalism gives special opportunities for the production of Lack of time for revision would therefore explain how an evening paper once suffered itself to report that "a two-days' temperance convention was held this morning in Exeter Hall"—a feat of daylightsaving comparable to that of the schoolboy who wrote home to say that the previous week was a red-letter day in his history. It was, of course, an Irish paper that, in an account of a burglary, reported that, after a fruitless search, all the stolen money was recovered with the exception of a pair of boots. Journalists can plead, in mitigation of such slips, that sober authors, working without any fear of the clock before their eyes, are occasionally guilty of similar offences. Writing of Lady Rich, the late Professor Minto said: "As the husband of a man whom she disliked and kept in thorough fear and subjection, and as the brother of an ambitious nobleman nearly related to the throne, she led a brilliant and a troubled life."

A few miscellaneous curios may be added to complete our present set. From New York comes the story of a home-sick immigrant protesting: "If I live till I die, which Heaven only knows whether I will or not, I'll see ould Ireland yet before I lave America." In an inn album, Russel, of the Scotsman, once found the following entry: "I stopped here by chance, and would advise every person to do the same." Then there is the famous series of resolutions alleged to have been passed by a certain public authority: "That we build a new gaol; that the new gaol be built out of the materials of the old gaol; and that the prisoners be kept in the old gaol until the new gaol is completed." For practical wisdom this policy is closely run by the decision—not perhaps a bull, but near akin to it—of a town council in Holland as recorded by Mr. E. V. Lucas. The waterpipes and fire-engines had been proved defective on a sudden call for use, and it was therefore resolved, to prevent any such failures in the future, that "on the evening preceding a fire" all the apparatus should be overhauled.



AT THE TOP OF MONT BLANC: THE GRAND PLATEAU.

MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS.

By SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY.

Photographs by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

THE sport of mountain-climbing consists in going safely through dangerous places and reaching, in spite of difficulty and danger, some desired point, usually a mountain-top. If there were no danger, there would be no sport. If the danger were unavoidable, the sport would be a mere hazard. The craft of climbing is that combination of knowledge, experience, and skill whereby the dangers by which the climber is surrounded are avoided or neutralised. The great safeguard of the climber is that he does not go alone, nor on the mountains does he act as an individual. He goes as one of a party, and the party acts together as a single unit. The unifying agent is the rope when properly handled. The long, strong cord makes the party (preferably of three or four members) into one creature. It is fastened securely round the waists of the climbers so as to leave a distance

of some twenty feet between each man and his neighbours. Then, if one falls, the other three are not affected, and the proper use of the rope is that which so arranges that only one shall be in danger of falling at a time, and that, if one falls, the rope shall immediately arrest him before he has had time to gain velocity by acceleration. Other precautions consist in regarding the condition of snow and rock, in knowing whether the snow is in a dangerously loose state, whetherthe rock is firm or friable, whether there exist concealed crevasses, whether a snowridge that is being traversed is, or is not, corniced. There are also precautions called for in certain conditions of weather, and there are precautions to be taken in the matter of clothing, food, and the like, in relation to exposure.

A careful and experienced party that regards all these matters and does not willingly go under things that may at any moment fall, hardly ever suffers the extreme penalty of the mountains. Sometimes, indeed, it may knowingly accept a risk, such as to cross a well-marked channel where stones fall, or to traverse a slope that may be

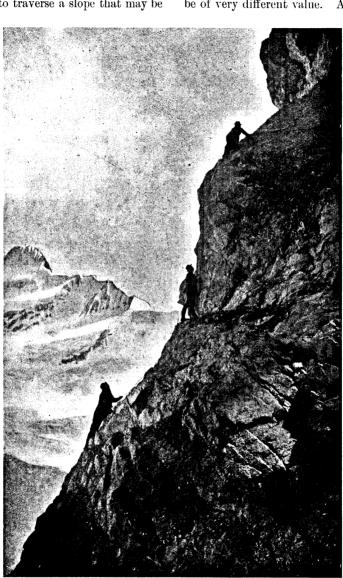
swept by an avalanche, but it will do so with its eves open and at a time of day when the risk is probably exceedingly small. Most of the great accidents have happened to people who violated some fundamental rule. In the early days this was due to ignorance. The rules had to be discovered and it was misfortune that revealed them. Nowadays they happen to ignorant parties, of which far too many may be seen o n t h e higher cliffs on any fine summer day. To unroped or solitary climbers an accident may

happen at any time and any altitude, for any man, however good, may slip, and for the unroped climber there is no salvation if he slips in a place where to fall means death.

Alpine accidents are unusually interesting to the general public. To the sufferer it matters nothing whether he be run over by a milk-cart and killed in a country village, or fall from a balloon 10,000 feet in the sky. In each case the result is the same and the emotion probably not dissimilar. But to the newspaper editor the two accidents would be of very different value. All accidents are

really dramatic, but the dramatic element of some is far more easy to describe. It is the quality of many Alpine accidents to be obviously dramatic. Of course. there are plenty that are not, and we hear little about those. An old gentleman goes up a hillside to pick flowers; he leans too far over a little wall of rock, loses his balance. falls, and is killed. Dozens of such accidents occur every year, and are added up into the total of so-called "Alpine accidents." They only serve to confuse statistics.

The real Alpine accidents are those that occur to a proper climbing party of sportsmen engaged above the snow-line. That is what the public understands as an Alpine accident, and of such in any one year there are always very few, and most of them are intensely dramatic when their details come to be known.



UP THE WETTERHORN: THE SIDE OF THE ST. COULOIR.

The classic Alpine accident was that which occurred to the party that first climbed the Matterhorn. They had reached the summit in triumph. They had enjoyed their glorious hour in perfect weather on the top. They had begun the descent and advanced but a

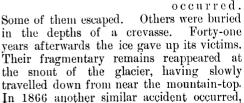
little way. In a moment the leading four men of the seven who were on the rope fell. The other three remained firm. The rope strained and broke. The three survivors saw the four doomed men sliding and bounding away at their feet till they disappeared over a cliff and were dashed to pieces thousands of feet below. That was a dramatic accident with a vengeance. The character and standing of those killed, the mountain that exacted the toll, and its long, uncanny reputation; the moment, the conspicuity —all com-

bined to make it an event that attracted European attention. No other accident has ever equalled it in those respects or ever will, unless the same thing should happen to the first conquerors of Mount Everest, whoever they may be.

Mont Blanc has been prolific in dramatic

accidents, and that not because of its difficulty, but owing to the great expanse of its high snow region and its liability to storms. The weather high up on Mont Blanc would, of course, be thought nothing of in the Arctic regions, but men do not as a rule carry arctic

equipment up a mountain, on whose high places they expect to spend at most a few hours of probably fine weather. The expectations of such parties have several times been disappointed and they have escaped with difficulty or succumbed to exposure. There is a long list of the Mont Blanc accidents in C. E. Matthew's interesting "Annals of Mont Blanc." The first was the overthrow of Dr. Hamel's party in 1820 by an avalanche. In the condition of the snow they ought not to have been where they were when i t





A CREVASSE ON THE WAY UP MONT BLANC.

and the victim's remains likewise were given up in 1897. But the most tragic of the Mont Blanc fatalities happened in 1870, when a party of eleven succumbed. They duly

reached the summit at 2.30 in the afternoon. Then storm overtook them. They passed the night in a hole dug out of the snow, and suffered greatly, being doubtless insufficiently clad. They remained there the whole of the next day and night, the storm continuing. They had no \mathbf{food} . They were frostbitten and exhausted. One of them wrote a piteous record of their sufferings. The following night all were dead. Many others have died on Mont Blanc from exposure, as, for instance, that refined Oxford scholar, Nettleship. The same mountain, on its more difficult and

Italian side, levied an equally heavy toll on Cambridge when it destroyed that admirable man of science, Frank Balfour. But all these tales are too long to tell in an article.

Not the least enthralling mountain acci-

dents are those which are shrouded in an inpenetrable veil of mystery. Such was that which killed the Hon. Secretary of the Alpine Club and his party in the Caucasus.

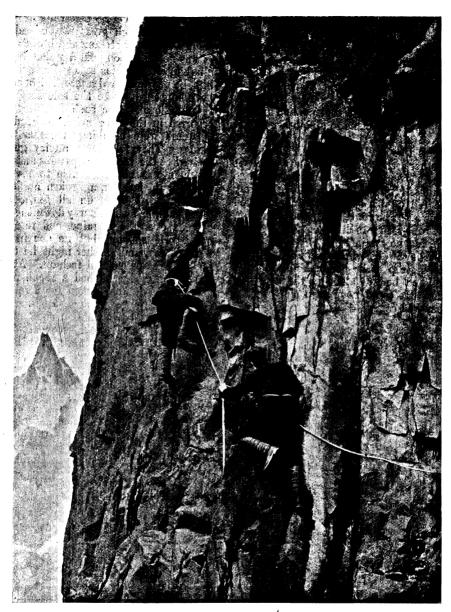
They started for a high climb and were never again beheld by man. Next year a search expedition went to try and unravel the mystery. They found the high camp where they had spent their last night, and the baggage still in position as they had left it, but they found nothing more known. The same was the case with climber, perhaps the of all, A. F. Mummery. He and some Gurkha companions in the Kashmir Himalayas started to cross a pass, but never the other side. It is



overwhelmed by one of the gigantic avalanches that scour the mountain-sides there as nowhere else in the world; but no one knows or ever will know.

In these later years climbing has entered





ON THE AIGUILLE DE CRÉPON.

on a new phase. The Alps are all known. All the great peaks have been climbed from every side. All the important routes have been accomplished. The exploration of the Alps, which was the pleasure of climbers down to about 1880, is done. Hence the attraction to the most enterprising men is no longer to do new things, but to accomplish difficult climbs—climbs which, from their excessive difficulty, are to all intents and purposes always new to each new party.

Excessive difficulty involves a high degree of danger to climbers of insufficient skill. Where a great expert may go safely, one less skilful should not go at all. Ambition leads men to try more than they can safely accomplish. It would be invidious to describe such accidents, of which those who have suffered them would be ashamed, if they could return to life.

Now and again, indeed, though very rarely, a first-rate man may be killed by a sheer,

unforeseeable accident, as when a great rock breaks away under his feet, or other the like misfortune comes upon him, for which he is as little responsible as are the passengers in a railway smash. Such an accident happened a few years ago on the Dent Blanche, one of the high mountains near Zermatt. A party of four were climbing a difficult and narrow rock ridge. They came to a point where the ridge rose abruptly in a kind of step. climb this they had, practically, to stand on one another's shoulders. The top man got his fingers over the edge and was about to hand himself up when the rock gave way and he fell on his supporters and knocked them down. The fourth man remained firm, but the rope seems to have cut on an edge of rock, for no strain came on him. For a moment he saw his three companions flying down the steep rocks beside him; then all was still and he was alone in the appalling solitude. He could not return alone by the way they had come. He was forced to climb the difficulty that had slain the others. found another way round and so after an hour's work turned the obstacle. In another hour he was on the top of the peak and able to descend by an easier and well-known route, itself, however, one of the great climbs of earlier days. He commenced the descent, but only to plunge into fog and snowstorm. When night came on, he tied himself to the rocks and had to remain there till noon next day, when the fog lifted and he could see a way down. Darkness again overtook him when he was off the hard rocks and on the

glacier below. On he plodded in the night, reaching the high grass region and finally being stopped by streams and broken ground. It was not till noon next day that he gained a habitation and was safe. Fortunately for him, he was uninjured himself. But accidents have happened where the sole survivor was in worse case. One such I remember. occurred in the same neighbourhood. amateurs were climbing together without guides. They fell down an icy gully and arrived at the foot in a parlous state. One of them was utterly unable to move; the other, with, I think, a broken ankle, could only crawl. Slowly, on all fours, and in great pain, he made his way down the glacier, crawled over the moraine, and reached the grass. He shouted, but no one heard. night, a day, and another night he travelled on in the same painful fashion. At last in the darkness he reached a shepherd's hut, but only then to be taken for a robber and driven away by dogs and stones. great length did he obtain succour, and it was a day more before his companion could be rescued, though maimed for life with frost-bitten feet and limbs. Such are a few of the tragedies of the mountains. year brings others to add to the list. But when the number of climbers is compared with the number of sufferers to whose adventures the term "accident" can properly be applied, the percentage of misfortune is very small indeed. Most so - called Alpine accidents are really unintentional suicides.

HEIMWEH.

OH! land of sunlight, alien skies of blue,
Fragrance of roses, airs of softest balm!
Golden mimosa, olive, feathery palm—
My heart grows sick for home, in spite of you!

Give me, instead, the grey, dear skies that lean Tenderly stooping, over misty hills; Copses, sown thick with swinging daffodils; And hedgerows faintly veiled in budding green.

Songs that the thrush alone knows how to sing,
The purpling hazels, elm boughs flushing red;
Pale primroses upon their mossy bed—
The slow, sweet promise of an English spring!

THE LORD OF THE GLASS HOUSE.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



N the sheltered Carribbean cove the water was warm as milk, green and clear as liquid beryl, and shot through with shimmering sun. Under that stimulating yet mitigated radiance the bottom of the

cove was astir with strange life, grotesque in form, but brilliant as jewels or flowers. Long, shining weeds, red, yellow, amber, purple, and olive, waved sinuously among the weedlike sea-anemones which outshone them in coloured sheen. Fantastic pink-and-orange crabs sidled awkwardly but nimbly this way and that. Tiny sea-horses, yet more fantastic, slipped shyly from one weed-covert to another, aware of a possible peril in every gay but menacing bloom. And just above this eccentric life of the shoal sea-floor small fishes of curious form shot hither and thither, live, darting gleams of gold and azure and amethyst. Now and again a long, black shadow would sail slowly over the scene of freakish life—the shadow of a passing albacore or barracouta. Instantly shining fish would hide themselves among the shining shells, and every movement, save that of the unconsciously waving weeds, would be stilled. But the sinister shadow would go by, and straightway the sea-floor would be alive again, busy with its affairs of pursuit and flight.

The floor of the cove was uneven, by reason of small, shell-covered rocks and stones being strewn over it at haphazard. From under the slightly overhanging base of one of these stones sprouted what seemed a cluster of yellowish grey, pink-mottled weed-stems, which sprawled out inertly upon the mottled bottom. Over the edge of the stone came swimming slowly one of the gold-and-azure fish, its jewelled, impassive eyes on the watch for some small prey. Up from the bottom, swift as a whip-lash, darted one of those inert-looking weed-stems, and

fastened about the bright fish just behind the gills.

Fiercely the shining one struggled, lashing with tail and fins till the water swirled to a boil over the shell-covered rock, and the sea-anemones all about shut their gorgeous, greedy flower-cups in a panic. But the struggle was a vain one. Slowly, inexorably, that mottled tentacle curled downward with its prey, and a portion of the under-side of the rock became alive! Two ink-black eyes appeared, bulging, oval, implacable; and between them opened a great, hooked beak, like a giant parrot's. There was no separate head behind this gaping beak, but eyes and beak merely marked the blunt end of a mottled, oblong, sac-like body.

As the victim was drawn down to the waiting beak, among the bases of the tentacles, all the tentacles awoke to dreadful life, writhing in aimless excitement although there was no work for them to do. In a few seconds the fish was torn asunder and engulfed—those inky eyes the while unwinking and unmoved. A darker, livid hue passed fleetingly over the pallid body of the octopus. Then it slipped back under the shelter of the rock; and the writhing tentacles composed themselves once more to stillness upon the bottom, awaiting the next careless passer-by. Once more they seemed mere inert trailers of weed, not worth the notice of fish or crab. And soon the anemones near by reopened their treacherous blooms of vellow and crimson.

Whether because there was something in the gold-and-azure fish that disturbed his inward content, or because his place of ambush had somehow grown distasteful to his soft, unarmoured body, the octopus presently bestirred himself and crawled forth into the open, walking awkwardly on the incurled tips of his tentacles. about as comfortable a method of progression as for a baby to creep on the back of its hands. The traveller himself did not seem to find it altogether satisfactory, for all at once he sprang upward nimbly, clear of the bottom, and gathered his eight tentacles into a compact parallel bunch extending straight out past his eyes. In this attitude he was no longer clumsy, but trim and swift-looking.

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Beneath the bases of the tentacles, on the under-side of the body, a sort of valve opened spasmodically and took in a huge gulp of water which was at once ejected with great force through a tube among the tentacles. Driven by the strange propulsion of this pulsating stream, the elongated shape shot swiftly on its way, but travelling backward instead of forward. The traveller had apparently taken his direction with care. before he started, however, for he made his way straight to another rock, weedier and more overhanging than the first. Here he stopped, settled downward, and let his tentacles once more sprawl wide, preparatory to backing his spotted body-sac into its new quarters.

This was the moment when he was least ready for attack or defence; and just at this moment a foraging dolphin, big-jawed and hungry, shot down upon him through the lucent green, mistaking him, perhaps, for an overgrown but unretaliating squid. assailant aimed at the big, succulent-looking body, but missed his aim, and caught instead one of the tentacles which had reared themselves instantly to ward off the attack. Before he realised what was happening, another tentacle had curled about his head, clamping his jaws firmly together so that he could not open them to release his hold; while yet others had wrapped themselves securely about his body.

The dolphin was a small one; and such a situation as this had never come within range of his experience. In utter panic he lashed out with his powerful tail and darted forward, carrying the octopus with him. But the weight upon his head, the crushing encumbrance about his body, were too much for him, and bore him slowly downward. Suddenly two tentacles, which had been trailing for an anchorage, got grip upon the bottom—and the dolphin's frantic flight came to a stop abruptly. He lashed, plunged, whirled in a circle, but all to no purpose. His struggles grew weaker. He was drawn down, inexorably, till he lay quivering on the sand. Then the great beak of the octopus made an end of the matter, and the prey was dragged back to the lair beneath the weed-covered rock.

A long time after this, a shadow bigger and blacker than that of any albacore—bigger than that of any shark or saw-fish—drifted over the cove. There was a splash, and a heavy object came down upon the bottom, spreading the swift stillness of terror for yards about. The shadow ceased drifting,

for the boat had come to anchor. Then, in a very few minutes, because the creatures of the sea seem unable to fear what does not move, the life of the sea-floor again bestirred itself, and small, misshapen forms that did not love the sunlight began to convene in the shadow of the boat.

Presently, from over the side of the boat descended a dark tube, with a bright tip that seemed like a kind of eye. The tube moved very slowly this way and that, as if to let the eye scan every hiding-place on the many-coloured bottom. As it swept over the rock that sheltered the octopus it came to a stop. Those inert, sprawling things that looked like weeds appeared to interest it. Then it was softly withdrawn.

A few moments later, a large and tempting fish appeared at the surface of the water, and began slowly sinking straight downward in a most curious fashion. The still eyes of the octopus took note at once. They had never seen a fish behave that way before; but it plainly was a fish. A quiver of eagerness passed through the sprawling tentacles, for their owner was already hungry again. But the prize was still too far away, and the tentacles did not move. The curious fish, however, seemed determined to come no nearer, and at last the waiting tentacles came stealthily to life. Almost imperceptibly they drew themselves forward, writhing over the bottom as casually as weeds adrift in a light current. And behind them those two great, inky, impassive eyes, and then the fat, mottled, sac-like body, emerged furtively from under the rock.

The bottom, just at this point, was covered with a close brown weed, and almost at once the body of the octopus and his tentacles began to change to the same hue. When the change was complete, the gliding monster was almost invisible. He was now directly beneath that incomprehensible fish; but the fish had gently risen, so that it was still out of reach.

For a few seconds the octopus crouched, staring upward with motionless orbs, and gathering himself together. Then he sprang straight up, like a leaping spider. He fixed two tentacles upon the tantalising prey; then the other tentacles straightened out, and with a sharp jet of water from his propulsion tube he essayed to dart back to his lair.

To his amazement, the prey refused to come. In some mysterious way it managed to hold itself—or was held—just where it was. Amazement gave way to rage. The monster wrapped his prize in three more



"And the writhing tentacles composed themselves once more to stillness upon the bottom, awaiting the next careless passer-by."

tentacles, and then plunged his beak into it, savagely. The next instant he was jerked to the surface of the water. A blaze of fierce sun blinded him, and strong meshes enclosed him, binding and entangling his tentacles.

In such an appalling crisis most creatures of sea or land would have been utterly demoralised by terror. Not so the octopus. Maintaining undaunted the clutch of one tentacle upon his prize, he turned the others. along with the effectual menace of his great beak, to the business of battle. The meshes fettered him in a way that drove him frantic with rage, but two of his tentacles managed to find their way through, and writhed madly this way and that in search of some tangible antagonist on which to fasten themselves. While they were yet groping vainly for a grip, he felt himself lifted bodily forth into the strangling air, and crowdednet, prey, and all-into a dark and narrow receptacle full of water.

This fate, of course, was not to be tamely endured. Though he was suffocating in the unnatural medium, and though his great, unshrinking eyes could see but vaguely outside their native element, he was all fight. One tentacle clutched the rim of the metal vessel; and one fixed its deadly suckers upon the bare black arm of a half-seen adversary who was trying to crowd him down into the dark prison. There was a strident yell. A sharp, authoritative voice exclaimed: "Look out! Don't hurt him! I'll make him let go!" But the next instant the frightened darky had whipped out a knife and sliced off a good foot of the clutching tentacle. As the injured stump shrank back upon its fellows like a spade-cut worm, the other tentacle was deftly twisted loose from its hold on the rim, and the captive felt himself forced down into the narrow prison. A cover was clapped on, and he found himself in darkness, with his prey still gripped securely. Upset and raging though he was, there was nothing to be done about it, so he fell to feasting indignantly upon the prize for which he had paid so dear.

II.

LEFT to himself, the furious prisoner by and by disentangled himself from the meshes of the net, and composed himself as well as he could in his straitened quarters. Then for days and days thereafter there was nothing but tossing and tumbling, blind feeding, and uncomprehended distress; till at last his prison was turned upside down and he was dropped unceremoniously into a great tank

of glass and enamel that glowed with soft light. Bewildered though he was, he took in his surroundings in an instant, straightened his tentacles out before him, and darted backwards to the shelter of an overhanging rock which he had marked on the floor of the tank. Having backed his defenceless body under that shield, he flattened his tentacles anxiously among the stones and weeds that covered the tank-bottom, and impassively stared about.

It was certainly an improvement on the black hole from which he had just escaped. Light came down through the clear water, but a cold, white light, little like the green and gold glimmer that illumined the slow tide in his Carribbean home. The floor about him was not wholly unfamiliar. The stones, the sand, the coloured weeds, the shells—they were like, yet unlike, those from which he had been snatched away. But on three sides there were white, opaque walls, so near that he could have touched them by stretching out a tentacle. Only on the fourth side was there space—but a space of gloom and inexplicable moving confusion from which he shrank. In this direction the floor of sand and stones and weeds ended with a mysterious abruptness; and the vague openness beyond filled him with uneasiness. Pale-coloured shapes, with eyes, would drift up, sometimes in crowds, and stare in at him fixedly. It daunted him as nothing else had ever done, this drift of peering faces. It was long before he could teach himself to ignore them. When food came to himsmall fish and crabs, descending suddenly from the top of the water—at such times the faces would throng tumultuously in that open space, and for a long time the many peering eyes would so disconcert him as almost to spoil his appetite. But at last he grew accustomed even to the faces and the eyes, and disregarded them as if they were so much passing seaweed, borne by the tide. His investigating tentacles had shown him that between him and the space of confusion there was an incomprehensible barrier fixed, which he could see through but not pass; and that if he could not get out, neither could the faces get in to trouble him.

Thus well fed and undisturbed, the octopus grew fairly content in his glass house, and never guessed the stormy life of the great city beyond his walls. For all he knew, his comfortable prison might have been on the shore of one of his own Bahaman Keys. He was undisputed lord of his domain, narrow though it was; and the



"Without the slightest hesitation he whipped up two tentacles and seized him."

homage he received from the visitors who came to pay him court was untiring.

His lordship had been long unthreatened, when one day, had he not been too indifferent to notice them, he might have seen that the faces in the outer gloom were unusually numerous, the eyes unusually intent. Suddenly there was the accustomed splash in the water above him. That splash had come to him to mean just food, unresisting victims, and his tentacles were instantly alert to seize whatever should come within reach.

This time the splash was unusually heavy, and he was surprised to see a massive, roundish creature, with a little, pointed tail sticking out behind, a small, snake-like head stretched out in front, and two little flippers outspread on each side. With these four flippers the stranger came swimming down calmly towards him. He had never seen anything at all like this daring stranger; but without the slightest hesitation he whipped up two writhing tentacles and seized him. The faces beyond the glass surged with excitement.

When that abrupt and uncompromising clutch laid hold upon the turtle, his tail, head, and flippers vanished as if they had never been, and his upper and lower shells closed tight together till he seemed nothing more than a lifeless box of horn. Absolutely unresisting, he was drawn down to the impassive eyes and gaping beak of his captor. The tentacles writhed all over him, stealthily but eagerly investigating. Then the great parrot-beak laid hold on the shell, expecting to crush it. Making no impression, however, it slid tentatively all over the exasperating prize, seeking, but in vain, for a weak point.

This went on for several minutes, while the watching faces outside the glass gazed in tense expectancy. Then at last the patience of the octopus gave way. In a sudden fury he threw himself upon the exasperating shell, tumbling it over and over, biting at it madly, wrenching it insanely with all his tentacles. And the faces beyond the glass surged thrillingly, wondering how long the turtle would stand such treatment.

Shut up within his safe armour, the turtle all at once grew tired of being tumbled about, and his wise discretion forsook him. He did not mind being shut up, but he objected to being knocked about. Some prudence he had, to be sure, but not enough to control his short temper. Out shot his narrow, vicious-looking head, with its dull eyes and punishing jaws, and fastened with the grip of a bull-dog upon the nearest of the tentacles, close to its base. A murmur arose outside the glass.

The rage of the octopus swelled to a frenzy, and in his contortions the locked fighters bumped heavily against the glass, making the faces shrink back. The small stones on the bottom were scattered this way and that, and the fine silt rose in a cloud that presently obscured the battle.

Had the turtle had cunning to match his courage, the lordship of the glass house might have changed holders in that fight. Had he fixed his unbreakable grip in the head of his foe, just above the beak, he would have conquered in the end. But as it was, he had now a vulnerable point, and at last the octopus found it. His beak closed upon the exposed half of the turtle's head, and slowly, inexorably, sheared it clean off just behind the eyes. The stump shrank instantly back into the shell; and the shell became again the unresisting plaything of the tentacles, which presently, as if realising that it had no more power to retaliate, flung In a few minutes the silt settled. Then the eager faces beyond the glass saw the lord of the tank crouching motionless before his lair, his ink-like eyes as impassive and implacable as ever, while the turtle lay bottomside up against the glass, no more to be taken account of than a stone.

THE ORCHARD.

THE orchard's like a place of clouds all tangled in the trees
As if they'd drifted from the sky last night with gentle breeze,
All rose and white and heart o' pearl with sunny morn they gleam,
While blackbird 'mid the cherry's snow sings out his heart's Spring dream.

The orchard grass is set with stars where primrose blossoms peep, With lilac of the lady-smocks all fresh from Winter's sleep, The candles of the chestnuts rise like white flames 'gainst the blue, And all the world, my sweeting Spring, keeps carnival with you.

CUPID GOES SLUMMING.

By ALICE HEGAN RICE,

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

T is a mooted question whether love is a cause or an effect, whether Adam discovered a heart in the recesses of his anatomy before or after the appearance of Eve. In the case of Joe Ridder it was distinctly the former.

At nineteen his knowledge of the tender passion consisted of dynamic impressions received across the footlights at an angle of forty-five degrees. Love was something that hovered with the calcium light about beauty in distress, something that brought the hero from the uttermost parts of the earth to hurl defiance at the villain and clasp the swooning

maiden in his arms; it was something that sent a fellow down from his perch in the peanut gallery with his head hot and his hands cold, and a sort of blissful misery rioting in his soul.

Joe lived in what was known by courtesy as Rear Ninth Street. "Rear Ninth Street" has quite a sound of exclusive aristocracy,

and the name was a matter of some pride to the dwellers in the narrow, unpaved alley that writhed its watery way between two rows of tumble-down cottages. Joe's family consisted of his father, whose vocation was plumbing, and whose avocation was driving either in the ambulance or the patrol wagon; his mother, who had discharged her entire debt to society when she bestowed nine healthy young citizens upon it; eight young Ridders, and Joe himself, who had stopped school at twelve to assume the financial responsibilities of a rapidly increasing family.

Lack of time and the limited responsibilities of Rear Ninth Street, together with an uncontrollable shyness, had brought Joe to his nineteenth year of broad-shouldered, muscular manhood, with no acquaintance whatever among the girls. But where a shrine is built for Cupid and the tapers are kept burning, he seldom disappoints the devotee.

One morning in October, as Joe was guiding his rickety wheel around the mud puddles on his way to the cooper shops. he saw a new sign on the first cottage after he left the alley—"Mrs. R. Beaver, Modiste & Dress Maker," he read. In the yard and on the steps were a confusion of household effects, and in their midst a girl

with a pink shawl over her head.

So absorbed was Joe in open - mouthed wonder over the "Modiste," that he failed to see the girl, until a laughing exclamation made him look up. "Watch out!"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe, coming to a balt.

"I thought maybe you didn't know your wheels

was going 'round!' 's said the girl in a burst of audacity, then fled into the house and slammed the door.

All day at the shops Joe worked as in a trance. Every iron rivet that he drove into a wooden hoop was duly informed of the romantic occurrence of the morning, and as some four thousand rivets are fastened into four thousand hoops in the course of one day, it will be seen that the matter was duly considered. The stray spark from a feminine eye had kindled such a fierce fire in his heart that by the time the six o'clock whistle blew the conflagration threw a rosy glow over the entire landscape.

As he rode home, the girl was sitting on the steps, but she would not look at him. Joe had formulated a definite course of



"Rear Ninth Street."

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action, and though the utter boldness of it nearly cost him his balance, he adhered to it strictly. When just opposite her gate, without turning his head or his eyes, he lifted his



"The girl was sitting on the steps."

hat, then rode at a furious pace around the corner.

"What you tidying up so fer, Joe?" asked his mother that night; "you goin' out?"

"No," said Joe evasively, as he endeavoured in vain to coax back the shine to

an old pair of shoes.

"Well, I'm right glad you ain't. Berney and Dick ain't got up the coal, and there's all them dishes to wash, and the baby she's got a misery in her year."

"Has paw turned up?" asked Joe.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ridder indifferently. "He looked in 'bout three o'clock. He was tolerable full then, and I 'spec he's been took up by now. He said he was goin' to buy me a bird-cage with a bird in it, but I surely hope he won't. Them white mice he brought me on his last spree chewed a hole in Berney's stocking; besides, I never did care much for birds. Good lands! what are you goin' to wash yer head for?"

Joe was substituting a basin of water for a small girl in the nearest kitchen chair, and

a howl ensued.

"Shut up, Lottie!" admonished Mrs. Ridder, "you ain't any too good to set on the floor. It's a good thing this is pay-day, Joe, for the rent's due and four of the children's got their feet on the ground. You paid up the grocery last week, didn't you?"

Joe nodded a dripping head.

"Well, I'll jes' git yer money out of yer coat while I think about it," she went on as she rummaged in his pocket and brought out nine dollars.

"Leave me a quarter," demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds.

"All right," said Mrs. Ridder accommodatingly; "now that Bob and Ike are gitting fifty cents a day, it ain't so hard to make out. I'll be gittin' a new dress first thing, you know."

"I seen one up at the corner!" said Joe.

"A new dress?"

"Naw, a dressmaker. She's got out her sign."

"What's her name?" asked Mrs. Ridder,

keen with interest.

"Mrs. R. Beaver, Modeste," repeated Joe from the sign that floated in letters of gold in his moment

in his memory.

"I knowed a Mrs. Beaver wunst, up on Eleventh Street—a big, fat woman that got in a fuss with the preacher and smacked his jaws."

"Did she have any children?" asked Joe.

"Seems like there was one, a pretty little tow-headed girl."

"That's her," announced Joe conclusively.

"What was her name?"

"Lawsee, I don't know. I never would 'a' ricollected Mrs. Beaver 'cepten she was such a tarnashious woman, always a-tearin' up stumps, and never happy unless she was rippitin' 'bout somethin'. What you want? A needle and thread to mend your coat? Why, what struck you? You been wearin' it that a-way for a month. You better leave it be 'til I git time to fix it."

But Joe had determined to work out the



"'Leave me a quarter,' demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds."

salvation of his own wardrobe. Late in the evening after the family had retired, he sat before the stove with back humped and knees drawn up trying to coax a coarse thread

through a small needle. Surely no rich man need have any fear about entering the kingdom of heaven since Joe Ridder managed to get that particular thread through the eye of

that particular needle!

But when a boy is put at a work-bench at twelve years of age and does the same thing day in and day out for seven long years, he may have lost all of the things that youth holds dear, but one thing he is apt to have learned, a dogged, plodding, unquestioning patience that shoves silently along at the appointed task until the work is done.

By midnight all the rents were mended and a large new patch adorned each elbow. The patches, to be sure, were blue, and the coat was black, but the stitches were set with mechanical regularity. Joe straightened his aching shoulders and held the garment at arm's length with a smile. It was his first

votive offering at the shrine of love.

The effect of Joe's efforts were prompt and satisfactory. The next day being Sunday, he spent the major part of it in passing and repassing the house on the corner, only going home between times to remove the mud from his shoes and give an extra brush to his hair. The girl, meanwhile, was devoting her day to sweeping off the front pavement, a scant three feet of pathway from her steps to the wooden gate. Every time Joe passed she looked up and smiled, and every time she smiled Joe suffered all the symptoms of locomotor ataxia!

By afternoon his emotional nature had reached the saturation point. Without any conscious volition on his part, his feet carried him to the gate and refused to carry him farther. His voice then decided to speak for itself, and in strange, hollow tones he heard himself saying—

"Say, do you wanter go to the show with me?"

"Sure," said the pink fascinator. "When?"

"I don't care," said Joe, too much embarrassed to remember the days of the week.

"To-morrer night?" prompted the girl.
"I don't care," said Joe, and the conversation seeming to languish, he moved on.

After countless eons of time the next night arrived. It found Joe and his girl cosily squeezed in between two fat women in the gallery of the People's Theatre. Joe had to sit sideways and double his feet up, but he would willingly have endured a rack of torture for the privilege of looking down on that fluffy, blond pompadour under its large bow, and of receiving the sparkling glances that were flashed up at him from time to time.

"I ain't ever gone with a feller that I didn't know his name before!" she confided before the curtain rose.

"It's Joe," he said, "Joe Ridder. What's

your front name?"



"'Say! I forgot to tell you --- It's Mittie."

"Miss Beaver," she said mischievously. "What do you think it is?"

Joe could not guess.

"Say," she went on, "I knew who you was all right even if I didn't know yer name. I seen you over to the hall when they had the boxin' match."

"The last one?"

"Yes, when you and Ben Schenk was fightin'. Say, you didn't do a thing to him!"

The surest of all antidotes to masculine shyness was not without its immediate effect. Joe straightened his shoulders and smiled complacently.

"Didn't I massacre him?" he said. "That there was a half-Nelson holt I give him. put him out of business all right, all right.

Say, I never knowed you was there!"

"You bet I was," said his companion in honest admiration; "that was when I got

stuck on you!"

Before Joe could fully comprehend the significance of this confession, the curtain rose, and love itself had to give way to the tempestuous and absorbing career of "Old Gaunt-Eye, the Ghost Detective." Through a labyrinth of crime the heroine fought her way, jumping from a runaway engine, fleeing from a burning tenement where she had been gagged and chained, heroically going over Niagara Falls in a barrel to escape her pursuers, only at the end of the third act to find herself beside the death-bed of her only child, "Little Rosebud," who knelt in her crib and sang four verses of "Home, Sweet Home" before she died.

At this point Joe arose abruptly and muttering something about "gittin' some gum," fled to the rear. When he returned and squeezed his way back to his seat, he found "Miss Beaver," with red eyes and an apparent cold in the head.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Joe.
"My shoe hurts me," said Miss Beaver,

still unable to look up.

"What you givin' me?" asked Joe, smiling.
"These here kinds of play always hurts my feelings too. "Tain't nothin' to be shamed of."

But Miss Beaver was too much moved to recover herself at once. She sat in limp dejection and surreptitiously dabbed her eyes with her moist ball of a handkerchief.

Joe twisted about uneasily. Suddenly an electric shock passed through him. Entirely by chance his hand had brushed hers as it lay under her wrap on the arm of the seat between them. His heart almost stopped beating as he sat there staring straight ahead, with every nerve tingling. Then, as the lodestone follows the magnet, his hand began to travel slowly back towards hers.

When the curtain rose on the last act, her small hand was a willing captive in his large, sympathetic one, and Miss Beaver was enabled to pass through the tragic *finale* with a

remarkable degree of composure.

When the time came to say "Good night" at the Beavers' door, all Joe's reticence and awkwardness returned. He watched her let herself in and waited until she lit a candle. Then he found himself out on the pavement in the dark feeling as if the curtain had gone down on the best show he had ever seen. Suddenly a side window was raised cautiously and he heard his name called softly. He had turned the corner, but he went back to the fence.

The course of true love thus auspiciously started might have flowed on to blissful fulfilment had it not encountered the inevitable barrier in the formidable person of Mrs. Beaver. Not that she disapproved of Mittie receiving attention; on the contrary,



"Wore collars on a week-day without any apparent discomfort."

it was her oft-repeated boast that "Mittie had been keepin' company with the boys ever since she was six, and she 'spected she'd keep right on till she was sixty." It was not attention in the abstract that she objected to, it was rather the threatening of "a steady," and that steady, the big, awkward, shy Joe Ridder. With serpentine wisdom she instituted a counter-attraction.

Under her skilful manipulation, Ben Schenk, the son of the saloon-keeper, soon developed into a rival suitor. Ben was engaged at a down-town pool-room, and wore collars on a week-day without any apparent discomfort. The style of his garments, together with his easy air of sophistication, entirely captivated Mrs. Beaver, while Ben on his part found it increasingly pleasant to lounge in the Beavers' best parlour chair and recount to a credulous audience the prominent part which he was taking in all the affairs of the day.

Matters reached a climax one night when, after some close financing, Joe Ridder took Mittie to the Skating Rink. An unexpected run on the tin savings bank at the Ridders' had caused a temporary embarrassment, and by the closest calculation Joe could do no better than pay for two entrance-tickets and hire one pair of skates. He therefore found it necessary to develop a sprained ankle, which grew rapidly worse as they neared

the rink.

"I don't think you orter skate on it, Joe!" said Mittie sympathetically.

"Oh, I reckon I kin manage it all O.K.,"

said Joe.

"But I ain't agoin' to let you!" she declared with divine authority. "We can just set down and rubber at the rest of them."

"Naw, you don't," said Joe; "you kin go

on an' skate, and I'll watch you."

The arrangement proved entirely satisfactory so long as Mittie paused on every other round to rest or to get him to adjust a strap, or to hold her hat, but when Ben Schenk arrived on the scene, the situation

was materially changed.

It was sufficiently irritating to see Ben go through an exhaustive exhibition of his accomplishments under the admiring glances of Mittie, but when he condescended to ask her to skate, and even offered to teach her some new figures, Joe's irritation rose to ire. In vain he tried to catch her eye; she was laughing and clinging to Ben and giving all her attention to his instructions.

Joe sat sullen and indignant, savagely biting his nails. He would have parted with



Ben instructing Mittie.

everything he had in the world at that moment for three paltry nickels!

On and on went the skaters, and on and on went the music, and Joe turned his face to the wall and doggedly waited. When at last Mittie came to him flushed and radiant, he had no word of greeting for her.

"Did you see all the new steps Mr. Ben

learnt me?" she asked.

"" Naw," said Joe.

"Does ver foot hurt you, Joe?"

"Naw," said Joe.

Mittie was too versed in masculine moods to press the subject. She waited until they were out under the starlight in the clear stretch of common near home. Then she slipped her hand through his arm and said coaxingly—

"Say now, Joe, what you kickin' 'bout?"

"Him," said Joe comprehensively.

"Mr. Ben? Why, he's one of our best friends. Maw likes him better'n anybody I ever kept company with. What have all you fellers got against him?"

"He was block marvelled at the hall all

right," said Joe grimly.

"What for?"

"It ain't none of my business to tell what for," said Joe, though his lips ached to tell what he knew.

"Maw says all you fellows are jealous cause he talks so pretty and wears such

stylish clothes."

"We might, too, if we got 'em like he done," Joe began, then checked himself. "Say, Mittie, why don't yer maw like me?"

"She says you haven't got any school education and don't talk good grammar."

"Don't I talk good grammar?" asked Joe

anxiously.

"I don't know," said Mittie; "that's what she says. How long did you go to school?"

"Me? Oh, off and on 'bout two year. The old man was always poorly, and Maw, she had to work out, till me an' the boys done got big enough to work. 'Fore that I had to stay home and mind the kids. Don't I talk like other fellers, Mittie?"

"You talk better than some," said Mittie

lovally.

After he left her, Joe reviewed the matter carefully. He thought of the few educated people he knew—the boss at the shops, the preacher up on Twelfth Street, the doctor who sewed up his head after he stopped a runaway team, even Ben Schenk, who had gone through the eighth grade. Yes, there was a difference. Being clean and wearing good clothes were not the only things.

When he got home, he tiptoed into the front room, and picking his way around the various beds and pallets, took Berney's school satchel from the top of the wardrobe. Retracing his steps, he returned to the kitchen, and with his hat still on and his coat collar turned up, he began to take an

inventory of his mental stock.

One after another of the dog-eared, grimy

books he pondered over, and one after another he laid aside, with a puzzled, distressed look deepening in his face.

"Berney she ain't but fourteen an' she gits on to 'em," he said to himself; "looks

like I orter."

Once more he seized the nearest book, and with the courage of despair repeated the

sentences again and again to himself.

"That you, Joe?" asked Mrs. Ridder from the next room an hour later. "I didn't know you'd come. Yer paw sent word by old man Jackson that he was at Hank's

Exchange way down on Market Street, and fer you to come git him."

"It's twelve o'clock." remonstrated Joe.

"I know it," said Mrs. Ridder, yawning, "but I reckon you better go. The old man always gits the rheumatiz when he lays out all night, and that there rheumatiz medicine cost sixtvfive cents a bottle!"

"All right," said Joe with a resignation born of experience, "but don't you go and put no more of the kids in my bed. Jack and Gus kick the stuffin' out of me now."

And with this parting injunction he went wearily out into the night,

giving up his struggle with Minerva, only to begin the next round with Bacchus.

The seeds of ambition, though sown late, grew steadily, and Joe became so desirous of proving worthy of the consideration of Mrs. Beaver that he took the boss of the shops partially into his confidence.

"It's a first-rate idea, Joe," said the boss, a big, capable fellow who had worked his way up from the bottom. "I could move you right along the line if you had a better education. I have a good offer up in Chicago next year; if you can get more book sense in your head, I will take you along."

"Where can I get it at?" asked Joe, somewhat dubious of his own power of achievement.

"Night school," said the boss. "I know a man that teaches in the Settlement over on Burk Street. I'll put you in there if you like."

Now, the prospect of going to school to a man who had been head of a family for seven years, who had been the champion scrapper of the South end, who was in the midst of a critical love affair, was trebly humiliating. But Joe was game, and while he determined to keep the matter as secret as

possible, he agreed to the boss's pro-

position.

"You're mighty stingy with yourself these days!" said Mittie Beaver one night a month later, when he stopped by on his way to school.

Joe grinned somewhat foolishly. "I come every evenin'," he said.

"For 'bout ten minutes," said Mittie, with a toss of her voluminous pompadour; "there's some wants more'n ten minutes."

"Ben Schenk?" asked Joe, alert with jealousy.

"I ain't sayin'," went on Mittie. "What do you do of nights, hang around the hall?"

"Naw," said Joe indignantly. "There ain't nobody can say they've sawn me around the hall sence I've went with you!"

"Well, where do you go?"

"I'm trainin'," said Joe evasively.

"I don't believe you like me as much as

you used to," said Mittie plaintively.

Joe looked at her dumbly. His one thought from the time he cooked his own early breakfast, down to the moment when he undressed in the cold and dropped into his place in bed between Gussie and Dick, was of her. love of her made his back stop aching as he bent hour after hour over the machine; it



"He ain't come!"

made all the problems and hard words and new ideas at night school come straight at last; it made the whole sordid, ugly day swing round the glorious ten minutes that

they spent together in the twilight.

"Yes, I like you all right," he said, twisting his big, grease-stained hands in embarrassment. "You're the onliest girl I ever could care about. Besides, I couldn't go with no other girl if I wanted to, 'cause I don't know none."

It is small wonder that Ben Schenk's glib protestations, reinforced by Mrs. Beaver's own zealous approval, should have in time outclassed the humble Joe. The blow fell just when the second term of night school was over, and Joe was looking forward to long summer evenings of unlimited joy.

He had gotten two tickets for a river excursion, and was hurrying into the Beavers' when he encountered a stolid bulwark in the form of Mrs. Beaver, whose portly person seemed permanently wedged into the narrow aperture of the front door. She sat in silent majesty, her hands just succeeding in clasping each other around her ample waist. Had she closed her eyes, she might have passed for a placid, amiable person, whose angles of disposition had also become curves. But Mrs. Beaver did not close her eyes. She opened them as widely as the geography of her face would permit, and coldly surveyed Joe Ridder.

Mrs. Beaver was a born manager; she had managed her husband into an untimely grave, she had managed her daughter from the hour she was born, she had dismissed three preachers, induced two women to leave their husbands, and now dogmatically announced herself arbiter of fashions and conduct in Rear Ninth Street.

"No, she can't see you," she said firmly in reply to Joe's question. "She's going out to a dance party with Mr. Schenk."

"Where at?" demanded Joe, who still

trembled in her presence.

"Somewheres down town," said Mrs.

Beaver, "to a real swell party."

"He oughtn't to take her to no downtown dance," said Joe, his indignation getting the better of his shyness. "I don't want her to go, and I'm going to tell her so."
"In-deed!" said Mrs. Beaver in scorn.

"In-deed!" said Mrs. Beaver in scorn.

"And what have you got to say about it?

I guess Mr. Schenk's got the right to take

her anywhere he wants to!"

"What right?" demanded Joe, getting

suddenly a bit dizzy and blind.

"'Cause he's got engaged to her. He's

going to give her a real handsome turquoise ring, fourteen-carat gold."

"Didn't Mittie send me no word?"

faltered Joe.

"No," said Mrs. Beaver unhesitatingly, though she had in her pocket a note for him

from the unhappy Mittie.

Joe fumbled for his hat. "I guess I better be goin'," he said, a lump rising ominously in his throat. He got the gate open and made his way half dazed around the corner. As he did so, he saw a procession of small Ridders bearing joyously down upon him.

"Joe!" shrieked Lottie, arriving first, "Maw says hurry on home; we got another

new baby to our house."

During the weeks that followed, Rear Ninth Street was greatly thrilled over the unusual event of a home wedding. The reticence of the groom was more than made up for by the bulletins of news issued daily by Mrs. Beaver. To use that worthy lady's own words, "she was in her elements!" She organised various committees—on decoration, on refreshment, and even on the bride's trousseau, tactfully permitting each assistant to contribute in some way to the general grandeur of the occasion.

"I am going to have this a real showy wedding," she said from her point of vantage by the parlour window, where she sat like a field-marshal and issued her orders. "Those paper fringes want to go clean across every one of the shelves, and you all must make enough paper roses to pin 'round the edges of all the curtains. Ever'thing's got to look

gay and festive."

"Mittie don't look very gay," ventured one of the assistants. "I seen her in the

kitchen cryin' a minute ago."

"Mittie's a fool!" announced Mrs. Beaver calmly. "She don't know a good thing when she sees it! Get them draperies up a little higher in the middle; I'm goin' to hang a

silver horseshoe on to the loop."

The wedding night arrived, and the Beaver cottage was filled to suffocation with the élite of Rear Ninth Street. The guests found it difficult to circulate freely in the room on account of the elaborate and aggressive decorations, so they stood in silent rows awaiting the approaching ceremony. As the appointed hour drew near, and none of the groom's family arrived, a few whispered comments were exchanged.

"It's 'most time to begin," whispered the preacher to Mrs. Beaver, whose keen black eyes had been watching the door with grow-

ing impatience.

"Well, we won't wait on nobody," she said positively, as she rose and left the room to

give the signal.

In the kitchen she found great consternation: the bride, pale and dejected in all her finery, sat on the table, all the chairs being in the parlour.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs.

Beaver.

"He ain't come!" announced one of the women in tragic tones.

"Ben Schenk ain't here?" asked Mrs. Beaver in accents so awful that her listeners quaked. "Well, I'll see the

reason why!"

Out into the night she sallied, picking her way around the puddles until she reached the saloon at the corner.

"Where's Ben Schenk?" she demanded sternly of the men around

the bar.

There was an ominous silence, broken only by the embarrassed shuffling of feet.

Drawing herself up, Mrs. Beaver thumped the

counter.

"Where's he at?" she repeated, glaring at the most embarrassed of the lot.

"He don't know where he's at," said the man. "I

rickon he cilebrated a little too much fer the weddin'."

"Can he stand up?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"Not without starchin'," said the man, and amid the titter that followed, Mrs. Beaver made her exit.

On the corner she paused to reconnoitre. Across the street was her gaily lighted cottage, where all the guests were waiting. She thought of the ignominy that would follow their abrupt dismissal, she thought of the refreshments that must be used to-night or never, she thought of the little bride sitting forlorn on the kitchen table.

With a sudden determination she decided to lead a forlorn hope. Facing about, she marched weightily around to the rear of the saloon and began laboriously to climb the steps that lead to the hall. At the door she paused and made a rapid survey of the room until she found what she was looking for.

"Joe!" she called peremptorily.

Joe Ridder, haggard and fistless, put down his billiard-cue and came to the door.

Five minutes later Joe breathlessly presented himself at the Beaver kitchen. He had on a clean shirt and his Sunday

clothes, and while he wore no collar, a clean handkerchief was neatly pinned about his neck.

"Everybody but the bride and groom come into the parlour," commanded Mrs. Beaver. "I'm a-going to make a speech, and tell 'em that the bride has done changed her mind."

Joe and Mittie, left alone, looked at each other in dazed rapture. She was the first to recover.

"Joe!" she cried, moving timidly towards him, "ain't you mad? Do you still want me?"

Joe, with both

hands entangled in her veil and his feet lost in her train, looked down at her through swimming eyes.

"Want yer?" he repeated, and his lips trembled, "gee whiz! I feel like I done ribbeted a hoop round the hull world!"

The signal was given for them to enter the parlour, and without further interruption the ceremony proceeded, if not in exact accordance with the plans of Mrs. Beaver, at least in obedience to the mandate of a certain little autocrat who sometimes takes a hand in the affairs of man even in Real Ninth Street.



Joe to the rescue.



Who plays Volumnia in "Coriolanus," and Queen Margaret in "Richard III.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE past twelve months have brought in their train not a few alarums and excursions into that field of tournament wherein fresh onset is, at intervals, made upon the personal responsibility for his own life-work of the man Shakespeare, as he has been handed down to us. But within the same period there has been much ado on the part of the faithful to evolve a practicable scheme for the founding and endowing of a National Theatre in per-

manent celebration of Shakespeare's memory in the metropolis of the English-speaking world. And now, once again, the little town of the great poet's birth, retaining still her touching old-world grace despite past vandalism and modern "improvement," hangs out her banners to welcome the yearly increasing throng of visitors who are attracted within her gates by the annual performances of "Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral" from that poet's work. Once more, on

47 3 C

April 23, the reputed birthday and, in fact, the deathday of Stratford's great son, a happy little multitude of those who with rare Ben Jonson "do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any," cries:

To him garlands let us bring!

as it throngs the stately church where

Kings for such a tomb might wish to die.

In the great world outside drums beat and trumpets blare to herald either new onslaughts on Shakespeare's identity with



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS LADY ANNE IN "RICHARD III."

his own genius or new movements to commemorate that genius, but here, beside the soft - flowing Avon, the one permanent Shakespearian Theatre in England once more quietly opens its doors to a throng of playgoers eager for a programme that includes no fewer than sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, "Tragedy, Comedy, History" ("Pastoral," in this mode of classification, being the one *genre* this year lacking), including such neglected works as "Henry VI." and "Cymbeline." Here, too, are presented

pre-Shakespearian works in the form of four Chester Mystery Plays, performed in the ancient Guildhall, separately from the programme of the theatre, and post-Shakespearian drama that ranges from eighteenth-century Hannah Cowley to early-Victorian



MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD III.

Photographs by L. Caswall Smith.

Lytton, and then on to twentieth-century Jerome.

Here is matter for a May morning, indeed! or, rather, for those afternoons and evenings of April and May that fall within the three weeks' traffic of the Festival. And the



MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

casts of players which Mr. F. R. Benson has arranged for the discharge of this unique programme are even more varied than in any previous year. For within the compass of this three weeks' series of performances Miss Genevieve Ward appears as Volumnia to the Coriolanus of Mr. Benson, the Virgilia of Miss Helen Haye, the Menenius of



Photo by

Lafayette, Dublin.

MRS. BENSON AS KATHERINA IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."



Photo by]

 $\{Buckley,\ Limerick\}$

MISS ELINOR AICKIN,
Who plays Mrs. Quickly, Curtis, The Duchess of Gloucester,
and other rôles.

Mr. Nicholson, and the Tullus Aufidius of Mr. Arthur Goodsall, and subsequently as Margaret of Anjou to the Richard III. of Mr. Benson, the Lady Anne of Mrs. Benson, and the Clarence of Mr. Otho Stuart, whose artistic work at earlier Stratford Festivals appropriately led up to his own memorable Shakespearian revivals in London.

Mr. F. R. Benson himself makes two entirely new additions to his own repertoire, for in reviving "King John" he plays the King for the first time, the part having been entrusted to Mr. Lyall Swete when Mr. Benson formerly produced the play as part of the historical series in which he himself played "Richard II.," "Henry V.," and "Richard III.," as once again at this year's Festival.

In "Cymbeline," which has not been revived at any Festival since 1884, when it was played by the late Miss Alleyn, Mr. Benson appears for the first time as Posthumus to the Imogen of Miss Margaret Halstan, and the Iachimo of Mr. Cyril



MRS. BENSON AS CONSTANCE IN "KING JOHN." $Photograph\ by\ L.\ Caswall\ Smith.$

Keightley. Mr. Keightley also appears as the Bassanio and the Cassius of this year's "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Cassir."

Mrs. Benson reappears at this year's Festival as Beatrice, Katharina the Shrew, Princess Katharine in "Henry V.," Mrs. Ford, and in other *rôles* with which her name is associated, besides being seen for the first time as Constance in "King John," and as Letitia Hardy, the wayward heroine of Hannah Cowley's witty old comedy, "The Belle's Stratagem."

In "Henry VI.," Part II., Mrs. Benson appears as the scheming Margaret of Anjou, Mr. Worlock being the King Henry, Mr.



MR. ROBERT LORAINE,

Who plays Benedick.

Benson the Cardinal Beaufort, Mr. Nicholson the "Good Duke Humphrey," Miss Helen Haye the Duchess of Gloucester, and Mr. Warburton the Jack Cade.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh make their reappearance on the Festival stage as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and Mr. Lewis Waller plays Hotspur to the Prince Hal of Mr. Benson. Miss Constance Collier as Portia has two Shylocks to baffle, for at one performance Mr. Benson plays the Jew, and at the other Mr. Henry Ainley makes his first appearance in the part.

There are also two Benedicks in the field, Mr. Benson playing the part at one of the



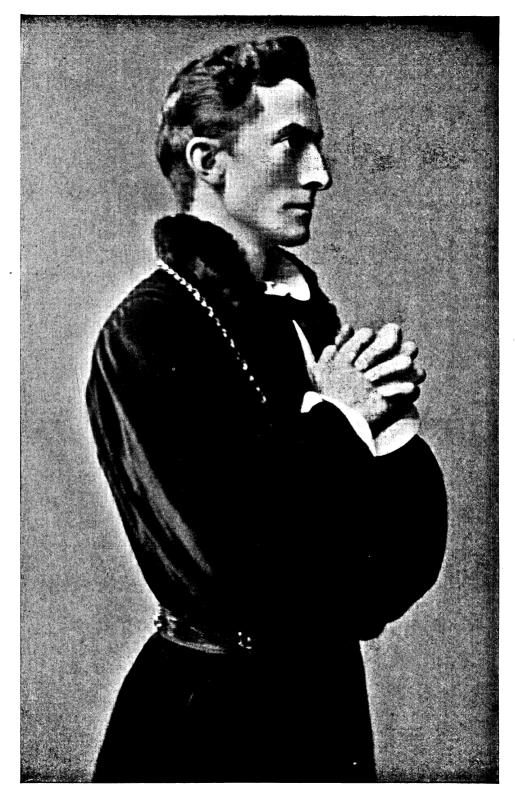
Photo by] [Watson, Wembley.

MISS LEAH HANMAN AS PRINCE ARTHUR.



Photo by] [Langfier, Glasgow.
MISS HELEN HAYE,

Who plays Virgilia, Queen Gertrude, Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, Elizabeth Woodville, and other rôles,



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS BUCKINGHAM IN "HENRY VIII."

Photograph by Window & Grove.

CARL CALL EX



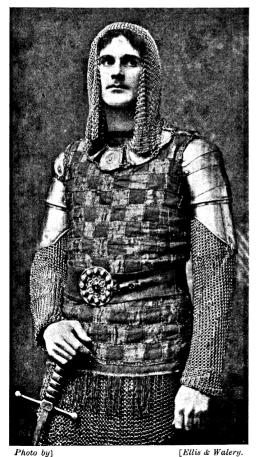
MR. HENRY AINLEY, WHO PLAYS SHYLOCK.

Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," and at the other Mr. Robert Loraine, grown a good deal in his art since the days when he was last seen in Stratford in a production of "Henry V." in the Elizabethan manner.

The latest Hamlet and Ophelia are Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton, both players well-graced in the eyes of Festival audiences by their valuable work when formerly members of Mr. and Mrs. Benson's company.

Last, but by no means least, and last in enumeration only by reason of the modernity of their chief contribution to the programme, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Gertrude Elliott, and their company, including Miss Kate Carlyon, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Haidee Wright, Miss Kate Bishop, Mr. Wilfred Forster, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, Mr. Ian Robertson, and Mr. Edward Sass, are to be seen in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's moving play, "The Passing of the



MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY,

Who plays Cassius, Bassanio, Iachimo, and other rôles.

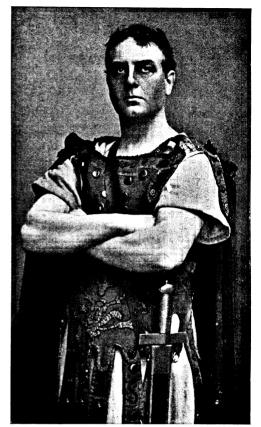


Photo by]

[Ellis & Walery.

MR. EDWARD WARBURTON AS BRUTUS.

Third Floor Back." This performance will be preceded by Act II., Scene I., of "Henry VIII.," the scene of Buckingham's pathetic farewell speech to the people of London, in which Mr. Forbes Robertson repeats the noble rendering he gave of the part in Sir Henry Irving's famous production of the play at the Lyceum.

The one-act play, "A Midnight Bridal," which is presented this year is a picturesque dramatisation by Mrs. F. R. Benson and H. O. Nicholson from Halliwell Sutcliffe's story of days shortly after the battle of Culloden.

This is, in truth, a very goodly programme that Mr. Benson sets before his audiences for the twenty-first Festival entrusted to his organising skill. Tragedy, comedy, and chronicle play are sorted cheek by jowl in all their own infinite variety and in well-arranged relief amongst themselves. Some voice is raised each year as to the desirability of including any non-Shakespearian works in



MR. F. R. BENSON AS PETRUCHIO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." ${\it Photograph~by~L.~Caswall~Smith.}$



MRS. BENSON AS ROSALINE IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

Photograph by Ellis & Wallery.



MR. J. P. WILSON AS BIONDELLO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

MR. MOFFAT JOHNSTON IN "A MIDNIGHT BRIDAL."

the programme at all. Probably those who are pilgrims to Stratford for the sole purpose of this series of performances would prefer to remain undisturbed in their Shakespearian

mood. But then there is the very considerable local element of the audiences to be considered, the element drawn not only from the town of Stratford itself, but from a large



MR. G. HANNAM CLARKE AS BANQUO IN "MACBETH."



MR. H. O. NICHOLSON AS FLUTTER IN "THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM,"



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HOTSPUR IN "HENRY IV.—PART I." ${\it Photograph~by~Ellis~\&~Walery.}$



Proto by] [Rita Martin.

MISS OLIVE NOBLE AS THE QUEEN IN "RICHARD II,"

surrounding district, and the late Mr. Charles Flower and the other founders of the Memorial Theatre had it ever before them as an ideal to endow a home primarily for Shakespearian celebrations, but incidentally also for the general benefit of local audiences. They intended, indeed, to concede, and even to approve the fact that there have been dramatists both before and after Shakespeare, just as "there were heroes before Agamemnon," though longo intervallo. The idea has seemed less unsuitable to the occasion since the Festival's span was extended to three weeks, and some of the non-Shakespearian fare presented has proved remarkably interesting. The difference between the ideal of Tragedy held by the Greek dramatists and that of Shakespeare has been illustrated by a very impressive production of the Orestean trilogy of Æschylus. Typical work of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries has been seen in Marlowe's "Edward II." and Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour." Of later dramatists, Wycherley (adapted by Garrick), Sheridan, Goldsmith, Tom Taylor, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. G. E. Morrison and Mr. R. P. Stewart, with their interesting play "Don Quixote," presenting the hero of Shakespeare's great Spanish contemporary, Cervantes, have hitherto divided the honours of these non-Shakespearian performances, with the addition of certain one-act plays.

This year's programme, even fuller and



Photo by] [The Portman Studio.

MR. F. G. WORLOCK AS HENRY VI.





MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, WHO PLAYS PORTIA, Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

more varied than in any previous year, forms a further advance in the development of the late Mr. Charles Flower's ambitious scheme for the building and endowing of a theatre which should form a permanent centre for the frequent revival of Shakespeare's work, without regard to the limitations all too long imposed upon the selection of plays by the preferences of



Photo by]

[Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR,

Who plays Falstaff, the Gravedigger, and other principal comedy parts.

"star" actors, or the determination of the older playgoing public that only a certain few of the greater tragedies and comedies of the poet could be performed with any certainty of popular appeal. With the help of Mr. and Mrs. Benson and their company the Council of the Memorial



MR. MURRAY CARRINGTON AS HORATIO.

Photo by Plummer's R.A.P. Gallery, Brighton,
Bournemouth, & Hastings.



Photo by]

[Soame, Oxford.

MR. GUY RATHBONE AS METELLUS CIMBER.



Photo by]

The Dover Street Studios.

MISS HUTIN BRITTON,
Who plays Ophelia.

Theatre has in the past twenty years gradually restored to the modern stage that splendid array of "Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral" which had all too long been omitted from any current theatrical réper-Beginning at about the time when even the traditions of Shakespearian acting fallen out of memory with passing of the older generations of players, Mr. and Mrs. Benson have, with their long series of Stratford-on-Avon revivals, brought back to our stage, whence it may be hoped they will never again be as entirely banished, many works of great beauty or enduring humour. And with the growth of the Festival's audiences and the consequent extension of the annual series of performances it has now for some years been possible to repeat quite a large number of these revivals every year. Thus Shakespeare's town can to-day with honourable pride claim to be the one place in the world where a visitor may witness as many as sixteen of the poet's plays within a brief three weeks' Thus, too, though unofficially, it season. happens that the same little town, through encouraging Mr. Benson and his players to keep their many admirable revivals of the less familiar plays yearly in readiness, indirectly realises some part, at least, of that larger ideal which hoped to make the Memorial Theatre an influence as well as a local celebration. For the playgoers of many a distant centre in the course of the year have the opportunity to see repetitions from the Festival programme and thereby

to be glad that Stratford has been able "to give the world assurance" of the unfading splendours of her great son's work.

For many members of this year's Festival audiences, line after line of Shakespeare's philosophy and wit will be recalling "the sound of a voice that is still." It is almost impossible to realise what impression some dozen of this Festival's plays will make without the remarkable illusion given in all previous years to the chief comedy parts by that inimitable artist, Mr. George Weir, whose death has come as an irreparable loss to all lovers of the Shakespearian drama. A brief summary of Mr. Weir's career and work is given on the ensuing pages, with portraits of the famous player in three of the many parts which he had made peculiarly his own.



Photo by

[Guttenberg, Manchester.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN,
Who plays Imogen.



MR. MATHESON LANG AS HAMLET.

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

GEORGE WEIR,

COMEDIAN.

George Rodger Weir, whose death has robbed the Shakespearian and Old English Comedy stage of its finest comedian, was born in Glasgow fifty-six years ago, but, his mother being an Irishwoman, spent most of his boyhood in Belfast, and was there apprenticed to a bookbinder. Whether the work was not suited to his temperament, or whether the art of the stage really appealed to him beyond all other crafts, he was never known to explain, but before he was out of his teens he had obtained the post of call-boy at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, then managed by Mr. William Glover, who came of eighteenth-century theatrical stock. From call-boy he developed into an actor of small parts, and as the moment was that of the transition from the old "stock" company



Photo by] [Ellis & Walery.

MR. GEORGE WEIR AS THE GRAVEDIGGER
IN "HAMLET,"



Photo by] [Baines & Co., Leeds.

MR. GEORGE WEIR AS BOTTOM THE WEAVER IN

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

system to that of the touring company sent out from London, he passed into a company which was adventuring round the provinces as "from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London." Subsequently he returned to Glasgow, where Mr. William Glover still maintained the Theatre Royal on the stock company principle, and there he remained, playing every kind of part, until 1879. Eventually George Weir found himself playing "second comedian" with a company organised by Mr. Walter Bentley for touring romantic plays, and one day a new recruit to the company was Mr. F. R. Benson, who had gone on the stage after making a reputation in Greek plays at Oxford, had played Paris in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Romeo and Juliet," and at the end of the run was seeking the varied work of a touring company in order to gain experience. It was in the spring of 1883, twenty-six years almost to a day from the date of Mr. Weir's death, that Mr. Benson arranged to take over all responsibility for Mr. Bentley's company, reorganised it as his own, and at the same time sealed with Mr. Weir the long compact of comradeship which remained unbroken until the last "call" came for the man who, after playing the part of Bottom the Weaver for nearly a



MR. GEORGE WEIR AS SIR TOBY IN "TWELFTH NIGHT,"

Photograph by Kilpatrick, Dublin,

quarter of a century, chose for his own epitaph the Athenian rustic's words: "When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer."

In this long and unswerving loyalty to one management there was something of that "constant service of the antique world" which was typical of the man. Were not traces of it discernible in the whole-hearted devotion of his Grumio, bewildered how best to serve his master, yet anxious, if possible, to see that Katharina should get her supper, and not be treated more hardly than she can Or again, in the exquisitely gentle pathos with which, as the gardener in "Richard II.," he acted as chorus to the grief of the stricken queen? And what a gallery of memorable portraits of Shakespearian clowns he was enabled to paint through his long association with the one management that, year in, year out, ranges through the whole gamut of Shakespeare's work! One hopes never to forget the fine imagination and rich humour that he brought to the many parts which he made extraordinarily droll without ever allowing them to degenerate into mere buffoonery. For a curious sense of moderation seemed to control his most comical moments without robbing them of a jot of their natural humour. In the rôle of the Gravedigger, for instance, he originally followed traditional comic "business," such as the doffing of innumerable waistcoats before beginning to dig, but as he grew surer of his audiences he discarded all such adventitious aids to laughter. He knew a surer way to mirth The comthan by anything mechanical. pletely Elizabethan quality of his joviality as Sir Toby Belch, again, redeemed even the drunkenest moments of his revels from offence, and his Stephano, in "The Tempest," one of his most uproariously funny parts in the earlier scenes, became almost pathetic in his contact with the unseen spirit world of the enchanted isle. Bully Bottom, on the other hand, he found all mirth, without the moon-struck pathos of one "translated," which Phelps is said to have given to the But what a blend of hustling egotism, self-belief, and stolid obstinacy he made the pragmatical Weaver! Who can forget his greed to play all the best rôles in the masque simultaneously?

In the same vein of entirely unconscious humour he was inimitable in such ignorant yet self-opinionated characters as Lancelot Gobbo, Peter in "Romeo and Juliet," Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost," and the outraged vanity of his Dogberry was unforgettable. It was in the portrayal of these essentially rustic types that his art was most unique, whether they were merely ignorant. as those already recalled, or endowed with the homely sententiousness of "a little knowledge," as the gravedigger in "Hamlet," the porter in "Macbeth," or the first citizen in "Coriolanus," and of these simple peasants he made one at least, the countryman who brings the fatal snake to Cleopatra, a figure of grim impressiveness that can never be dissociated from the scene. In this last part, as in that of the gardener in "Richard II." and the fool in "King Lear," he showed a remarkable power of ironic pathos. Beyond the range of rusticity his best performance was undoubtedly his truculent yet congenial Sir Toby Belch, and next to that portrait one would place his shrewd, sensible, kindly Fluellen. Both these performances went to show that it was no lack of versatility that showed him as a less conspicuous artist in such other nimble-witted characters as Touchstone or Autolycus, but rather that his own nature lacked their touch of cynicism, and he never quite imported enough of it to make Falstaff one of his best parts, although he brought a fine touch of pathos to the scene of the knight's repudiation by the reformed prince in the last act of "Henry IV., In Old Comedy, his jovial Bob Acres and Tony Lumpkin were as spontaneous as his Shakespearian rustics, being in essentials the same homely type translated into the Georgian squirearchy.

Mr. Weir had no theories about his art. He was simply a born comedian, who could do nothing on the stage that ever crossed the dangerous boundary which divides natural, effortless drollery from buffoonery. He had the real artistic "sensibility," which was unerringly right in its expression, and in addition to all his accomplishments as an actor, "he brought into his work," as a writer in The Manchester Guardian has well put it, "just that patient intimacy with the unchanging movement of Nature which is the spirit behind all the Shakespeare rustics. And this helped to make him that very rare artist that he was—a comic actor with a

sense of poetry."

In private life Mr. Weir was the genial, unassuming man that his life's work bespoke him, highly esteemed by all who knew him, and to them his last words from his death-bed were: "God bless everybody!" But to recall the quaint old-world charm of the man's personality aright would require a second Charles Lamb.

THE QUEST.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN,

Author of "The Garden of Lies," "Tommy Carteret," "Buchanan's Wife," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Ste. Marie, an aristocratic young Frenchman, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a picturesque and popular figure in the best Parisian society; but his volatile temperament, which he owes to a mixture of French and Irish ancestry, leads his more serious friends doubt whether he will ever turn his brilliant gifts to any real account, or carve for himself a career of any importance. On his way to a dinner-party in Paris, he learns from his English friend, Richard Hartley, that he is that evening for the first time to meet Miss Helen Benham, a member of an American family long resident in Paris, and Hartley reminds him that the whole family has been living in some seclusion of late owing to gried and suspense caused by the sudden disappearance of Miss Benham's younger brother, a headstrong boy, but one with no faults sufficient to account for his mysterious absence. On attaining his majority in a few months' time, young Arthur Benham will come into a considerable amount of money from his dead father's estate, and a still larger fortune will be his if he survives his grandfather, once a distinguished diplomatist and now the venerable autocrat of his own family, so that the boy has everything to lose by quarrelling with the old man. Therefore it is argued that he cannot be wilfully absenting himself, a course of folly which the grandfather protests that he would never forgive, and the fear of foul play keeps the whole family in suspense. While Hartley is imparting this information on the way to the dinner-party, the two young men are spectators of a slight motor accident, the occupants of the car being a girl of extraordinary beauty and an Irish-looking man, whose face Ste. Marie vaguely recalls without recollecting his name, while the girl's eyes "seem to call him" with some inexplicable mute two are mutually attracted into a great friendship. Yet when Ste. Marie, some weeks later, proposes marriage, Helen, strongly swayed by her own lofty ideals of life and its responsibilities, doubts h

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE JOINT IN THE ARMOUR.

TE. MARIE put down a book as O'Hara came into the room, and rose to meet his visitor.

"I'm compelled," said the Irishman, "to put you on your honour to-day if you are to go out as usual. Michel has been sent on an errand, and I am busy with letters. I shall have to put you on your honour not to make any effort to escape. Is that agreed to? I shall trust you altogether if you give your word."

"I give my word gladly," said Ste. Marie.

"And thanks very much. You've been uncommonly kind to me here. I—regret more than I can say that we—that we find ourselves on opposite sides, as it were. I wish we were fighting for the same cause."

The Irishman looked at the younger man sharply for an instant, and he made as if he would speak, but seemed to think better of it. In the end he said—

it. In the end he said—
"Yes, quite so! Quite so! Of course
you understand that any consideration I
have used towards you has been by way of
making amends for—for an unfortunate
occurrence."

Ste. Marie laughed.

"The poison!" said he. "Yes, I know. And, of course, I know who was at the bottom of that. By the way, I met Stewart

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in the garden the other day. Did he tell you? He was rather nervous, and tried to shoot me, but he had left his revolver at the house—at least, it wasn't in his pocket when he reached for it."

O'Hara's hard face twitched suddenly, as if in anger, and he gave an exclamation under his breath, so the younger man inferred that "old Charlie" had not spoken of their encounter. And after that the Irishman once more turned a sharp, frowning glance upon his prisoner, as if he were puzzled about something. But, as before, he stopped short of speech, and at last turned away.

"Just a moment!" said the younger man. "Is it fair to inquire how long I may expect to be confined here?"

The Irishman hesitated a moment and then said—

"I don't know why I shouldn't answer that. It can't help you, so far as I can see, to do anything which would hinder us. You'll stay until Arthur Benham comes of age, which will be in about two months from now."

"Yes," said the other. "Thanks! I thought so. Until young Arthur comes of age and receives his patrimony, or until old David Stewart dies. Of course, that might happen at any hour."

The Irishman said—

"I don't quite see what—— Ah, yes, to be sure! Yes, I see. Well, I should count upon eight weeks, if I were you. In eight weeks the boy will be independent of them all, and we shall go to England for the wedding."

"The wedding?" cried Ste. Marie.

"What wedding?"

"Arthur Benham and my daughter are to be married," said O'Hara, "so soon as he reaches his majority. I thought you knew that."

In a very vague fashion he realised that he had expected it. And still the definite words came to him with a shock, which was like a physical blow, and he turned his back with a man's natural instinct to hide his feeling. Certainly that was the logical conclusion to be drawn from known premises. That was to be the O'Haras' reward for their labour. To Stewart the great fortune, to the O'Haras a good marriage for the girl and an assured future. That was reward enough surely for a few weeks of angling and decoying and luring and lying. That was what she had meant, on the day before, by saying that she could see all the

to-morrows. He realised that he must have been expecting something like this, but the thought turned him sick, nevertheless. He could not forget the girl as he had come to know her during the past week. He could not face with any calmness the thought of her as the adventuress who had lured poor Arthur Benham on to destruction.

"I want to see her married!" added the Irishman suddenly. And it was a new voice—a voice Ste. Marie did not know. It shook a little with an emotion that sat uncouthly

upon this grim, stern man.

"I want to see her married and safe!" he said. "I want her to be rid of this roving, cheap existence. I want her to be rid of me and my rotten friends and my rotten life!" He chafed his hands together before him, and his tired eyes fixed themselves upon something that he seemed to see out of the window, and glared at it fiercely.

"I should like," said he, "to die on the day after her wedding, and so be out of her way for ever. I don't want her to have any shadows cast over her from the past. I want her to be free—free to live the sort of life she was born to and has a right to."

He turned sharply upon the younger man. "You've seen her!" he cried. "You've talked to her, you know her! Think of that girl dragged about Europe with me ever since she was a little child! Think of the people she's had to know, the things she's had to see! Do you wonder that I want to have her free of it all, married and safe and comfortable and in peace? Do you? I tell you it has driven me as nearly mad as a man can be. But I couldn't go mad, because I had to take care of her. I couldn't even die, because she'd have been left alone, without anyone to look out for her.

"She wouldn't leave me! I could have settled her somewhere in some quiet place, where she'd have been quit at least of shady, rotten people, but she wouldn't have it. She's stuck to me always, through good times and bad. She's kept my heart up when I'd have been ready to cut my throat if I'd been alone. She's been the—bravest and faithfullest--- Well, I--- And look at her! Look at her now! Think of what she's had to see and know—the people she's had to live with—and look at her! Has any of it stuck to her? Has it cheapened her in any littlest way! No, thank God! She has come through it all like a—like a Sister of Charity through a city slum-like an angel through the dark!"

The Irishman broke off speaking, for his voice was beyond control, but after a moment he went on again more calmly—

"This boy, this young Benham, is a fool, but he's not a mean fool. She'll make a man of him. And, married to him, she'll have the comforts that she ought to have, and the care and—freedom. She'll have a chance to live the life that she had a right to, among the sort of people she has a right to know. I'm not afraid for her. She'll do her part and more. She'll hold up her head among duchesses, that girl. I'm not afraid for her."

He said this last sentence over several times, standing before the window and staring out at the sun upon the tree-tops. He seemed to have forgotten that the younger man was in the room. He only gazed out of the window into the fresh morning sunlight, and his face worked and quivered, and his lean hands chafed restlessly together before him.

But at last he seemed to realise where he was, for he turned with a sudden start, and stared at Ste. Marie, frowning as if the younger man were someone he had never seen before. He said—

"Ah, yes, yes! You were wanting to go out into the garden. Yes, quite so! I—I was thinking of something else. I seem to be absent-minded of late. Don't let me keep you here!" And Ste. Marie said—

"Oh, thanks! There's no hurry. However, I'll go, I think. It's after eleven. I understand that I'm on my honour not to climb over the wall, nor burrow under it, nor batter it down. That's understood. I——"

He felt that he ought to say something in acknowledgment of O'Hara's long speech about his daughter; but he could think of nothing to say, and, besides, the Irishman seemed not to expect any comment upon his strange outburst. So, in the end, Ste. Marie nodded and went out of the room without further ceremony.

He had been astonished almost beyond words at that sudden and unlooked-for breakdown of the other man's impregnable reserve, and dimly he realised that it must have come out of some very extraordinary nervous strain; but he himself had been in no state to give the Irishman's words the attention and thought that he would have given them at another time. His mind, his whole field of mental vision, had been full of one great fact—the girl was to be married to young Arthur Benham. The thing loomed gigantic before him, and, in some strange way,

terrifying. He could neither see nor think beyond it.

He stumbled down the ill-lighted stair

with fixed, wide, unseeing eyes.

Below in the open his feet led him mechanically straight down under the trees, through the tangle of shrubbery beyond, and so to the wall under the cedar. Arrived there, he awoke all at once to his task, and with a sort of frowning anger shook off the dream which enveloped him. His eyes sharpened and grew keen and eager. He said—

"The last arrow! God send it reached home!" And so went in under the lilac shrubs.

He was there longer than usual. Unhampered now, he may have made a larger search, but when at last he emerged, Ste. Marie's hands were over his face, and his feet dragged slowly like an old man's feet.

Without knowing that he had stirred, he

found himself some distance away.

He walked on in the direction which lay before him, but he took no heed of where he went; and Mlle. Coira O'Hara spoke to him twice before he heard or saw her.

CHAPTER XXV.

COIRA GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

They were near the east end of the *rond* point, in a space where fir-trees stood and the ground underfoot was covered with dry needles.

"I was just on my way to—our bench beyond the fountain," said she, and Ste. Marie nodded, looking upon her sombrely. It seemed to him that he looked with new eyes, and after a little time, when he did not speak, but only gazed in that strange manner, the girl said—

"What is it? Something has happened. Please tell me what it is!" Something like the pale foreshadow of fear came over her beautiful face, and shrouded her golden voice as if it had been a veil.

"Your father," said Ste. Marie heavily, "has just been telling me—that you are to marry young Arthur Benham. He has been telling me."

She drew a quick breath, looking at him, but, after a moment, she said—

"Yes, it is true. You knew it before, though, didn't you? Do you mean that you didn't know it before? I don't quite understand. You must have known that.

"What, in Heaven's name, did you think?"

she cried, as if with a sort of anger at his

The man rubbed one hand wearily across

his eyes.

"İ—don't quite know," said he. "Yes, I suppose I had thought of it. I don't know. It came to me with such a-shock! Yes. Oh, I don't know! I expect I didn't think at all. I just-didn't think." Abruptly his eyes sharpened upon her, and he moved a step forward.

"Tell me the truth!" he said. "Do you

love this boy?"

The girl's cheeks burned with a swift crimson, and she set her lips together. She made an odd little gesture with her two hands. It seemed to express fatigue as

much as anything—a great weariness.
"I like him," she said. "I like him enough, I suppose. He is good—and kind —and gentle. He will be good to me. And I shall try very, very hard to make him happy." Quite suddenly and without warning the fire of her anger burnt up. flamed defiance in the man's face.

"How dare you question me?" she cried. "What right have you to ask me questions about such a thing? You, what you are!"

Ste. Marie bent his head.

"No right, mademoiselle," said he, in a low "I have no right to ask you anything-not even forgiveness. I think I am a little mad to-day. It—this news came to me suddenly. Yes, I think I am a little mad." The girl stared at him, and he looked back with sombre eyes. Once more he was stabbed with intolerable pain to think what she was. Yet in an inexplicable fashion it pleased him that she should carry out her trickery to the end with a high head. was a little less base done proudly. He could not have borne it otherwise.

"Who are you," the girl cried, in a bitter resentment, "that you should understand? What do you know of the sort of life I have led—we have led together, my father and I? Oh, I don't mean that I'm ashamed of it! We have nothing to feel shame for, but you simply do not know what such a life is."

She spread out her arms before him, a

splendid and tragic figure.

"What chance have I ever had?" she demanded. "No, I am not blaming him. I am not blaming my father! I chose to follow him. I chose it! But what chance have I had? Think of the people I have lived among! Would you have me marry one of them—one of those men? I'd rather die! And yet I cannot go on for ever.

am twenty now. What if my father—— You yourself said yesterday — Oh, I am afraid! I tell you I have lain awake at night a hundred times and shivered with cold, terrible fear of what would become of me if —if anything should happen—to my father.

"And so," she said, "when I met Arthur Benham last winter and he—began to—he said—when he begged me to marry him . . . Ah, can't you see? It meant safety—safety safety! And I liked him. I like him nowvery, very much. He is a sweet boy. Ishall be happy with him—in a peaceful fashion. And my father-

"Oh, I'll be honest with you!" said she. "It was my father who decided me. He was—he is—so pathetically pleased with it! He so wants me to be safe! It's all he lives for now. I--couldn't fight against them

both—Arthur and my father.

"So I gave in. And then, when Arthur had to be hidden, we came here with him—to wait."

She became aware that the man was staring at her with something strange and terrible in his gaze, and she broke off in wonder. The air of that warm, summer morning turned all at once keen and sharp about them—charged with moment.

"Mademoiselle!" cried Ste. Marie. "Mademoiselle, are you telling me the truth?"

For some obscure reason she was not Again she spread out her hands in that gesture of weariness. She said—

"Oh, why should I lie to you?" And the man began to tremble exceedingly.

stretched out an unsteady hand.

"You—knew Arthur Benham last winter?" he said. "Long before his—before he left his home? Before that?"

"He asked me to marry him last winter," said the girl. "For a long, long time I—wouldn't . . . But he never let me alone. He followed me everywhere. And my

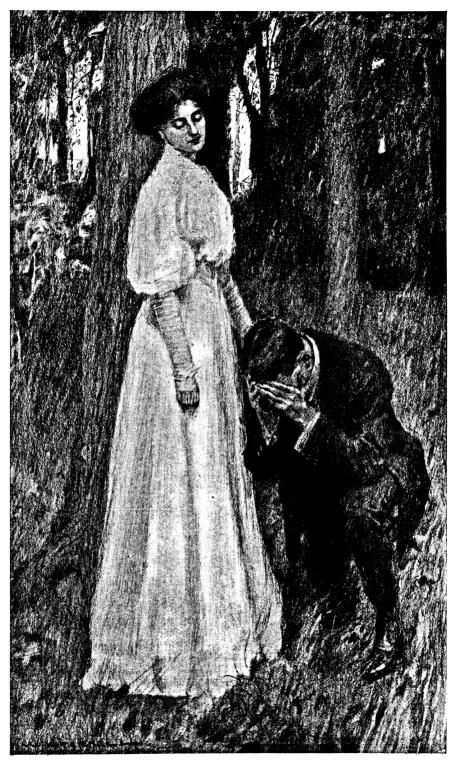
Ste. Marie clapped his two hands over his face, and a groan came to her through the straining fingers. He cried in an agony-

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!"

He fell upon his knees at her feet, his head bent in what seemed to be an intolerable anguish, his hands over his hidden face. The girl heard hard-wrung, stumbling, incoherent words, wrenched each with an effort out of extreme pain.

"Fool! fool!" the man cried, groaning. "Oh, fool that I have been-worm, animal! Oh, fool not to see—not to know!'

She stood white-faced, smitten with great



"He fell on his knees at her feet."

fear over this abasement. Not the least and faintest glimmer reached her of what it She stretched down a hand of protest and it touched the man's head. if the touch were a stroke of magic, he sprang

upright before her.

"Now at last, mademoiselle," said he, "we two must speak plainly together. at last I think I see clear, but I must know beyond doubt or question. Oh, mademoiselle, now I think I know you for what you are, and it seems to me that nothing in this world is of consequence beside that. I have been blind, blind, blind! . . . Tell me one thing! Why did Arthur Benham leave his home two months ago?"

"He had to leave it!" she said, wonder-She did not understand yet, but she was aware that her heart was beating in loud and fast throbs, and she knew that some great mystery was to be made plain before

her. Her face was very white.

"He had to leave it!" she said again. "You know as well as I. Why do you ask me that? He quarrelled with his grand-They had often quarrelled before over money—always over money! grandfather is a miser, almost a madman. He tried to make Arthur sign a paper releasing his inheritance—the fortune he is to inherit from his father-and when Arthur wouldn't, he drove him away! Arthur went to his uncle—Captain Stewart—and Captain Stewart helped him to hide. He didn't dare go back because they're all against him, all his family. They'd make him give in."

Ste. Marie gave a loud exclamation of amazement. The thing was incredible—childish! It was beyond the maddest possibilities. But even as he said the words to himself, a face came before him—Captain Stewart's smiling and benignant face—and he understood everything. As clearly as if he had been present, he saw the angry, bewildered boy, fresh from David Stewart's berating, mystified over some commonplace legal matter requiring a signature. He saw him appeal for sympathy and counsel to "old Charlie," and he heard "old Charlie's" reply. It was easy enough to understand now. It must have been easy enough to bring about. What absurdities could not such a man as Captain Stewart instil into the already prejudiced mind of that foolish lad?

His thoughts turned from Arthur Benham to the girl before him, and that part of the mystery was clear also. She would believe whatever she was told in the absence of any reason to doubt. What did she know of old

David Stewart or of the Benham family? It seemed to Ste. Marie all at once incredible that he could ever have believed ill of her ever have doubted her honesty. It seemed to him so incredible that he could have laughed aloud in bitterness and self-disdain. But as he looked at the girl's white face and her shadowy, wondering eyes, all laughter, all bitterness, all cruel misunderstandings, were swallowed up in the golden light of his joy at knowing her, in the end, for what

"Coira! Coira!" he cried, and neither of the two knew that he called her for the first time by her name. "Oh, child," said he, "how they have lied to you and tricked you! I might have known, I might have seen it. but I was a blind fool. I thought-intolerable things. I might have known! They have lied to you most wickedly, Coira!"

She stared at him in a breathless silence without movement of any sort. face seemed to have turned a little whiter and her great eyes darker, so that they looked almost black and enormous in that still face.

He told her briefly the truth—how young Arthur had had frequent quarrels with his grandfather over his waste of money, how after one of them, not at all unlike the others, he had disappeared, and how Captain Stewart. in desperate need, had set afoot his plot to get the lad's greater inheritance for himself. He described for her old David Stewart and the man's bitter grief, and he told her about the will, about how he had begun to suspect Captain Stewart, and of how he had traced the lost boy to La Lierre. He told her all that he knew of the whole matter—and he knew almost all there was to know-and he did not spare himself even his misconception of the part she had played, though he softened that as best he could.

Midway of his story Mlle. O'Hara bent her head and covered her face with her hands. She did not cry out nor protest nor speak She made no more than that one movement, and after it she stood quite still; but the sight of her, bowed and shamed, stripped of pride, as it had been of garments, was more than the man could bear. her name—

"Coira!" And when she did not look up, he called once more upon her. He said-

"Coira, I cannot bear to see you stand so!

Look at me! Ah, child, look at me!

"Can you realise," he cried, "can you even begin to think what a great joy it is to me to know at last that you have had no part in all this? Can't you see what it

means to me? I can think of nothing else.

Coira, look up!"

She raised her white face, and there were no tears upon it, but a still anguish too great to be told. It would seem never to have occurred to her to doubt the truth of his words. She said—

"It is I who might have known. Knowing what you have told me now, it seems impossible that I could have believed. And Captain Stewart—I always hated him—loathed him—distrusted him!

"And yet," she cried, wringing her hands, "how could I know? How could I know?"

The girl's face writhed suddenly with her grief, and she stared up at Ste. Marie with terror in her eyes. She whispered—

"My father! Oh, Ste. Marie, my father! It is not possible. I will not believe— He cannot have done this, knowing. My father,

Ste. Marie!"

The man turned his eyes away, and she

gave a sobbing cry.

'Has he," she said slowly, "done even this for me? Has he given—his honour also—when everything else was—gone?

Has he given me his honour, too?

"Oh," she said, "why could I not have died when I was a little child? Why could I not have done that? To think that I should have lived to—bring my father to this! I wish I had died!

"Ste. Marie!" she said, pleading with him. "Ste. Marie, do you think—my father—knew?"

"Let me think!" said he. "Let me think! Is it possible that Stewart has lied to you all—to one as to another? Let me think!" His mind ran back over the matter, and he began to remember instances which had seemed to him odd, but to which he had attached no importance. He remembered O'Hara's puzzled and uncomprehending face when he, Ste. Marie, had spoken of Stewart's villainy. He remembered the man's indignation over the affair of the poison, and his fairness in trying to make amends. He remembered other things, and his face grew lighter, and he drew a great breath of relief. He said—

"Coira, I do not believe he knew. Stewart has lied equally to you all—tricked each one of you!" And at that the girl gave a cry

of gladness and began to weep.

But quite suddenly she looked up to him, and she was smiling and flushed, so that Ste. Marie stared at her in utter amazement.

"So now at last," said she, "I have back

my Bayard. And I think the rest—doesn't matter very much."

"Bayard?" said he, wondering. "I

don't understand," he said.

"Then," said she, "you must just go without understanding, for I shall never, never explain!"

The bright flush went from her face, and

she turned grave once more.

"What is to be done?" she asked. "What must we do now, Ste. Marie—I mean about Arthur Benham? I suppose he must be told."

"Either he must be told," said the man, or he must be taken back to his home by force." He told her about the four letters which in four days he had thrown over the wall into the Clamart road.

"It was on the chance," he said, "that someone would pick one of them up and post it, thinking it had been dropped there by accident. What has become of them I don't know. I know only that they never reached Hartley."

The girl nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," said she, "that was the best thing you could have done. It ought to have succeeded. Of course——" She paused a moment and then nodded again. course," said she, "I can manage to get a letter in the post now. We'll send it to-day, if you like. But I was wondering—would it be better or not to tell Arthur the truth? It all depends upon how he may take it whether or not he will believe you. He's very stubborn and he's frightened about this break with his family, and he is quite sure that he has been badly treated. Will he believe you? Of course, if he does believe, he could escape from here quite easily at any time, and there'd be no necessity for a rescue. What do you think?"

"I think he ought to be told," said Ste. Marie. "If we try to carry him away by force, there'll be a fight, of course, and—who knows what might happen? That we must leave for a last resort—a last desperate resort.

First we must tell the boy."

Abruptly he gave a cry of dismay, and the

girl looked up to him, staring.

"But—but you, Coira!" said he, stammering. "But you! I hadn't realised—I hadn't thought—it never occurred to me what this means to you." The full enormity of the thing came upon him slowly. He was asking this girl to help him in robbing her of her lover.

She shook her head with a little, wry

smile,

"Do you think," said she, "that, knowing what I know now, I would go on with that until after he has made his peace with his family? Before, it was different. I thought him alone and ill-treated and hunted down. I could help him then, comfort him. Now I should be—all you ever thought me, if I did not send him to his grandfather." smiled again, a little mirthlessly.

"If his love for me is worth anything," she said, "he will come back-but openly this time, not in hiding. Then I shall know that he is-what I would have him be.

Otherwise---"

Ste. Marie looked away.

"But you must remember, Coira," said he, "that the lad is very young, and that his family—they may try—————————It may be hard for him. They may say that he is too young to know—— Ah, child, I should have thought of this!"

"What will you say to Arthur's family, Ste. Marie," she demanded very soberly, "when they ask you if I - if Arthur should

be allowed to—come back to me?"

A wave of colour flooded the man's face

and his eyes shone. He cried—

"I shall tell them, Coira, that if that wretched, half-baked lad should search this wide world round, from Paris on to Paris again, and if he should spend a lifetime searching, he would never find the beauty and the sweetness and the tenderness and the true faith that he left behind at La Lierre—nor the hundredth part of them. I should say that you are so much above him that he ought to creep to you on his knees from the Rue de l'Université to this garden, thanking God that you were here at the journey's end, and kissing the ground that he dragged himself over for sheer joy and gratitude. I should tell them — Oh, I have no words! I could tell them so pitifully little of you! I think I should only say: 'Go to her and see!'"

The girl turned her head away with a little sob, but afterwards she faced him once

more, and said-

"For love of whom, Ste. Marie, did you undertake this quest—this search for Arthur Benham? It was not in idleness nor by way of a whim. It was for love. For love of whom?"

For some strange and inexplicable reason the words struck him like a blow, and he

stared whitely.
"I came," he said at last, and his voice was oddly flat, "for his sister's sake-for love of her." Coira O'Hara dropped her

eyes. But presently she looked up again with a smile. She said—

"God make you happy, my friend!" And she turned and moved away from him up among the trees. At a little distance she turned, saying—

"Wait where you are! I will fetch Arthur or send him to you. He must be told at once." Then she went on and was

lost to sight.

Ste. Marie followed a few steps after her and halted. His face was turned by chance towards the east wall, and suddenly he gave a great cry, and smothered it with his hands over his mouth. His knees bent under him, and he felt weak and trembling. Then he began to run. He ran with awkward steps, for his leg was not yet entirely recovered, but he ran fast, and his heart beat within him until he thought it must burst.

He was making for that spot which was

overhung by the half-dead cedar tree.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I WON'T GO!"

Ste. Marie came under the wall breathless and shaking. What he had seen there from a distance was no longer visible, but he pressed in close among the lilac shrubs and called out in an unsteady voice. He said-

"Who is there? Who is it?" And

after a moment he called again.

A hand appeared at the top of the high The drooping screen of foliage was thrust aside, and he saw Richard Hartley's face looking down. Ste. Marie held himself by the strong stems of the lilacs, for once more his knees had weakened under him.

"There's no one in sight," Hartley said. "I can see for a long way. No one can see us or hear us. I got your letter this morning—an hour ago. When shall we come to get you out-you and the boy? To-night?"

"To-night at two!" said St. Marie. He spoke in a loud whisper. "I'm to talk with Arthur here in a few minutes. We must be quick. He may come at any time. I shall try to persuade him to go home willingly, but if he refuses, we must take him by force. Bring a couple of good men with you tonight, and see that they're armed. Come in a motor, and leave it just outside the wall by that small door that you passed. Have you any money in your pockets? I may want to bribe the gardener."

Hartley searched in his pockets, and while

he did so, the man beneath asked—

"Is old David Stewart alive?"

"Just about," Hartley said. "He's very low and he suffers a great deal, but he's quite conscious all the time. If we can fetch the boy to him, it may give him a turn for the better. Where is Captain Stewart? spies on his trail for some time, but he has disappeared within the past three or four days. Once I followed him in his motor out past here, but I lost him beyond Clamart."

"He's here, I think," said Ste. Marie. "I

saw him a few days ago."

The man on the wall had found two notes of a hundred francs each, and he dropped them down to Ste. Marie's hands. Also he gave him a small revolver which he had in his pocket. Afterwards he glanced

up and said—

"Two people are coming out of the house; I shall have to go. At two to-night, then!
—and at this spot. We shall be in time." He drew back out of sight, and the other man heard the cedar tree shake slightly as he went down to the ground. Then Ste. Marie turned and walked quickly back to the place where Mlle. O'Hara had left him.

Young Arthur Benham and Coira O'Hara came together down under the trees from the house. They walked swiftly, and the boy was a step in advance, his face white with excitement and anger. He began to speak while he was still some distance away. cried out in his strident, young voice-

"What the devil is all this silly nonsense about old Charlie and lies and misunderstandings and—and all that guff?" he demanded. "What the devil is it? D'you think I'm a fool? D'you think I'm a kid? Well, I'm not!" He came close to Ste. Marie, staring at him with an angry scowl, but the scowl twitched and wavered, and his hands shook a little beside him, and his He was frightened. breath came irregularly.

"There is no nonsense," said Ste. Marie. "There is no nonsense in all this whole sorry business. But there has been a great deal of misunderstanding and a great many lies and not a little cruelty. It's time you knew the truth at last." He turned his eyes to where

Coira O'Hara stood near by.

"How much have you told him?" he

asked. And the girl said—

"I told him everything, or almost. I had to say it very quickly, and—he wouldn't believe me. I think you'd best tell him again."

The boy gave a short, contemptuous laugh. "Well, I don't want to hear it," said he. He was looking towards the girl. He said—

"This fellow may be able to hypnotise you, all right, but not Willie. Little Willie's wise to guys like him." And swinging

about to Ste. Marie, he cried-

"Forget it—forget it! I don't want to listen to your little song to-day. Ah, you make me sick! You'd try to make me turn on old Charlie, would you? Charlie's the only real friend I've got in the world! Old Charlie has always stood up for me against the whole bunch of them. Forget it, George! I'm wise to your graft."

Ste. Marie frowned, for his temper was never of the most patient, and the youth's sneering tone annoyed him. Truth to tell, the tone was about all he understood, for the

strange words were incomprehensible.

"Look here, Benham!" he said sharply. "You and I have never met, I believe, but we have a good many friends in common, and I think we know something about each other. Have you ever heard anything about me which would give you the right to suspect me of any dishonesty of any sort? Have you?"
"Oh, slush!" said the boy. "Anybody'll

be dishonest if it's worth his while."

"That happens to be untrue," Ste. Marie remarked, "and as you grow older, you will know it. Leaving my honesty out of the question, if you like, I have the honour to tell you that I am, perhaps not quite formally, engaged to your sister, and it is on her account, for her sake, that I am here. You will hardly presume, I take it, to question your sister's motive in wanting you to return Incidentally, your grandfather is so overcome by grief over your absence that he is expected to die at any time. Come! I have said enough to convince you that you must listen to me. Believe what you please, but listen to me for five minutes! that, I have small doubt of what you will do."

The boy looked nervously from Ste. Marie to Mlle. O'Hara, and back again. He thrust his unsteady hands into his pockets, but withdrew them after a moment and clasped

them together behind him.

"I tell you!" he burst out at last—"I tell you it's no good your trying to knock old Charlie to me. I won't stand for it. Old Charlie's my best friend, and I'd believe him before I'd believe anybody in the world. You've got a knife out for old Charlie, that's what's the matter with you."

"And your sister?" suggested Ste. Marie. "Your mother? You'd hardly know your mother, if you could see her to-day. It has

pretty nearly killed her."

"Ah, they're all—they're all against me!"

the lad cried. "They've always stood together

against me. Helen, too!"

"You wouldn't think they were against you, if you could just see them once now," said Ste. Marie. And Arthur Benham gave a sort of shamefaced sob, saying—

"Ah, cut it out! Cut it out!

"Go on, then, and talk, if you want to," he said. "I don't care. I don't have to listen. Talk, if you're pining for it." And Ste. Marie, as briefly as he could, told him the truth of the whole affair from the beginning, as he had told it to Coira O'Hara. Only he laid special stress upon Charles Stewart's present expectations from the new will, and he assured the boy that no document his grandfather might have asked him to sign could have given away his rights in his father's fortune, since he was a minor, and had no legal right to sign away anything at all, even if he wished to.

"If you will look back as calmly and carefully as you can," he said, "you will find that you didn't begin to suspect your grandfather of anything wrong until you had talked with Captain Stewart. It was your uncle's explanation of the thing that made you do that. Well, remember what he had at stake—I suppose it is a matter of several millions of francs. And he needs them. His affairs are in a bad way."

He told also about the pretended search which Captain Stewart had so long maintained, and of how he had tried to mislead the other searchers whose motives were

honest.

"It has been a gigantic gamble, my friend," he said at the last—"a gigantic and desperate gamble to get the money that should be yours. You can end it by the mere trouble of climbing over that wall yonder and taking the Clamart tram back to Paris. As easily as that you can end it—and, if I am not mistaken, you can at the same time save an old man's life—prolong it, at the very least." He took a step forward.

"I beg you to go!" he said very earnestly.
"You know the whole truth now. You must see what danger you have been and are in. You must know that I am telling you the truth. I beg you to go back to

Paris."

And from where she stood, a little aside, Coira O'Hara said—

"I beg you, too, Arthur. Go back to hem!"

The boy dropped down upon a tree-stump which was near, and covered his face with his hands. The two who watched him could see that he was trembling violently. Over him their eyes met, and they questioned each other with a mute and anxious gravity—

"What will he do?" For everything was in Arthur Benham's weak hands now.

For a little time, which seemed hours to all who were there, the lad sat still, hiding his face; but suddenly he sprang to his feet, and once more stood staring into Ste. Marie's quiet eyes.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" he cried, and his voice ran up high and shrill, and wavered and broke. "How do I know that? You'd tell just as smooth a story if—if you were lying—if you'd been sent here to get me back to—to what old

Charlie said they wanted me for."

"You have only to go back to them and make sure," said Ste. Marie. "They can't harm you nor take anything from you. If they persuaded you to sign anything—which they will not do—it would be valueless to them, because you're a minor. You know that as well as I do. Go and make sure! Or wait! wait!" He gave a little, sharp laugh of excitement. "Is Captain Stewart in the house?" he demanded. "Call him out here! That's better still! Bring your uncle here to face me, without telling him what it's for, without giving him time to make up a story! Then we shall see. Send for him!"

"He's not here," said the boy. "He went away an hour ago. I don't know whether he'll be back to-night or not." Young Arthur stared at the clder man,

breathing hard.

"Good Heavens!" he said in a whisper, "if—old Charlie is rotten, who in this world isn't? I—don't know what to believe." Abruptly he turned with a sort of snarl upon Coira O'Hara.

"Have you been in this game, too?" he cried out. "I suppose you and your precious father and old Charlie cooked it up together! What? You've been having a fine low-comedy time, laughing yourselves to death at me, haven't you? What a gang!"

Ste. Marie caught the boy by the shoulder

and spun him round.

"That will do!" he said sternly. "You have been a fool; don't make it worse by being a coward and a cad. Mlle. O'Hara knew no more of the truth than you knew. Your uncle lied to you all." But the girl came and touched his arm. She said---

"Don't be hard with him! He is bewildered and nervous, and he doesn't know what he is saying. Think how sudden

it has been for him. Don't be hard with him, Ste. Marie,"

Ste. Marie dropped his hand, and the lad backed a few steps away. His face was

crimson. After a moment he said—

"I'm sorry, Coira. I didn't mean that. I didn't mean it. I beg your pardon. I'm about half dippy, I guess. I—don't know what to believe or what to think or what to do." He remained staring at her a little while in silence, and presently his eyes sharpened. He cried out—

"If I should go back there (mind you, I say 'if'!), d'you know what they'd do? Well, I'll tell you. They'd begin to talk at me one at a time. They'd get me in a corner and cry over me, and say I was young and didn't know my mind, and that I owed them something for all that's happened, and not to bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. And the long and short of it would be that they'd make me give you up." He wheeled upon Ste. Marie.

"That's what they'd do!" he said, and his voice began to rise again shrilly. "They're three to one, and they know they can talk me into anything. You know it,

too." He shook his head.

"I won't go back!" he cried wildly. "That's what will happen if I do. I don't want granddad's money. He can give it to old Charlie or to a gendarme, if he wants to. I'm going to have enough of my own. I won't go back, and that's all there is of You may be telling the truth, or you may not, but I won't go!"

Ste. Marie started to speak, but the girl checked him. She moved closer to where

Arthur Benham stood, and she said—

"If your love for me, Arthur, is worth having, it is worth fighting for. If it is so weak that your family can persuade you out of it, then-I don't want it at all, for it would never last. Arthur, you must go

back to them. I want you to go."

"I won't!" the boy cried. "I won't go! I tell you they could talk me out of anything. You don't know 'em. I do. I can't stand against them. I won't go, and that settles it! Besides, I'm not so sure that this fellow's telling the truth. I've known old Charlie a lot longer than I have him."

Coira O'Hara turned a despairing face

over her shoulder towards Ste. Marie.

"Leave me alone with him!" she begged. "Perhaps I can win him over. Leave us alone for a little while!" Ste. Marie hesitated, and in the end went away and left the two together. He went farther

down the park to the rond point, and crossed it to the familiar stone bench at the west side. He sat down there to wait. He was anxious and alarmed over this new obstacle, for he had the wit to see that it was a very important one. It was quite conceivable that the boy, but half convinced, half yielding before, would balk altogether when he realised, as evidently he did realise, what returning home might mean to him—the loss of the girl he hoped to marry.

Presently his eyes caught a far-off glimpse of woman's garments, and he saw that Coira O'Hara and Arthur Benham were walking towards the house. So he went a little way after them, and waited at a point where he could see anyone returning. He had not long to wait, for it seemed that the girl went only as far as the door with her fiance, and

then turned back.

Ste. Marie met her with raised eyebrows,

and she shook her head.

"I don't know," said she. "He is very stubborn. He is frightened and bewildered. As he said a while ago, he doesn't know what to think or what to believe. mustn't blame him. Remember how he trusted his uncle! He's going to think it over, and I shall see him again this afternoon. Perhaps when he has had time to reflect— I don't know. I truly don't know."

"He won't go to your father and make a scene?" said Ste. Marie, and the girl shook her head.

"I made him promise not to."
"Oh, Bayard," she cried—and in his abstraction he did not notice the name she gave him-"I am afraid, myself! horribly afraid about my father!"

"I am sure he did not know," said the "Stewart lied to him." But Coira

O'Hara shook her head, saying—

"I didn't mean that. I'm afraid of what will happen when he finds out how he has been—how we have been played upon, tricked, deceived—what a light we have been placed in. You don't know, you can't even imagine, how he has set his heart on—what he wished to occur. I am afraid he will do something terrible when he knows. I am afraid he will kill Captain Stewart."

"Which," observed Ste. Marie, "would be an excellent solution of the problem. But, of course, we mustn't let it happen. What

can be done?"

"We mustn't let him know the truth." said the girl, "until Arthur is gone, and until Captain Stewart is gone, too. He is

terrible when he's angry. We must keep the truth from him until he can do no harm. It will be bad enough even then, for I think it will break his heart."

Ste. Marie remembered that there was something she did not know, and he told her about his interview with Richard Hartley, and about their arrangement for the rescue if it should be necessary—on that very

She nodded her head over it, but for a long time after he had finished she did not

Then she said—

"I am glad, I suppose. Yes, since it has to be done, I suppose I am glad that it is to come at once." She looked up at Ste. Marie with shadowy, inscrutable eyes.

"And so, monsieur," said she, "it is at an end—all this." She made a little gesture which seemed to sweep the park and gardens.

"So we go out of each other's lives as abruptly as we entered them. Well-She had continued to look at him, but she saw the man's face turn white, and she saw something come into his eyes which was like intolerable pain. Then she looked away.

Ste. Marie said her name twice, under his breath, in a sort of soundless cry, but he said no more, and after a moment, she went on—

"Even so, I am glad that at last we know each other—for what we are . . . I should have been sorry to go on thinking you . . . what I thought before . . . And I could not have borne it, I'm afraid, to have you think . . . what you thought of me . . . when I came to know . . . I'm glad we understand at last."

Ste. Marie tried to speak, but no words would come to him. He was like a man defeated and crushed, not one on the high. road to victory. But it may have been that the look of him was more eloquent than anything he could have said. And it may have been that the girl saw and understood.

So the two remained there for a little while longer in silence, but at last Coira O'Hara

"I must go back to the house now. There is nothing more to be done, I suppose nothing left now but to wait for night to I shall see Arthur this afternoon, and make one last appeal to him. If that fails, you must carry him off. Do you know where he sleeps? It is the room corresponding to yours on the other side of the house just across that wide landing at the top of I will manage that the front the stairs. door below shall be left unlocked. The rest you and your friends must do. If I can make any impression upon Arthur, I'll slip a note under your door this afternoon or this evening. Perhaps, even if he decides to go, it would be best for him to wait until night and go with the rest of you. In any case, I'll let you know."

She spoke rapidly, as if she were in great haste to be gone, and with averted eyes. And at the end she turned away without any word of farewell, but Ste. Marie started after

her. He cried—

"Coira! Coira!" And when she stopped, he said-

"Coira, I can't let you go like this! Are we to-simply to go our different ways, like

this, as if we'd never met at all?"

"What else?" said the girl. And there was no answer to that. Their separate ways were determined for them-marked plain to see.

"But afterwards!" he cried. wards—after we have got the boy back to

his home—what then? 5

"Perhaps," she said, "he will return to She spoke without any show of feel-"Perhaps he will return. well, I don't know. I expect my father and I will just go on as we've always gone. We're used to it, you know."

After that she nodded to him and once more turned away. Her face may have been a very little pale, but, as before, it betrayed no feeling of any sort. So she went up under the trees to the house, and Ste. Marie watched her with strained and burning eyes.

When, half an hour later, he followed, he came unexpectedly upon the old Michel, who had entered the park through the little wooden door in the wall, and was on his way round to the kitchen with sundry parcels of supplies. He spoke a civil "Bon jour, monsieur," and Ste. Marie stopped him. They were out of sight from the windows. Marie withdrew from his pocket one of the hundred-franc notes, and the single, bead-like eye of the ancient gnome fixed upon it and seemed to shiver with a fascinated delight.

"A hundred francs!" said Ste. Marie unnecessarily, and the old man licked his

withered lips. The tempter said—

"My good Michel, would you care to receive this trifling sum — a hundred francs?"

The gnome made a choked, croaking sound in his throat.

"It is yours," said Ste Marie, "for a small service—for doing nothing at all." The bead-like eye rose to his and sharpened intelligently.



"Went down, hand under hand."

"I desire only," said he, "that you should sleep well to-night, very well—without waking."

"Monsieur," said the old man, "I do not sleep at all. I watch. I watch monsieur's windows. Monsieur O'Hara watches until midnight, and I watch from then until day."

"Oh, I know that," said the other. "I've seen you more than once in the moonlight; but to-night, mon vieux, slumber will overcome you. Exhaustion will have its way, and you will sleep. You will sleep like the dead."

"I dare not!" cried the gardener. "Monsieur, I dare not! The old one would kill me. You do not know him. He would cut me into pieces and burn the pieces. Monsieur, it

is impossible."

Ste. Marie withdrew the other hundred-franc note and held the two together in his hand. Once more the gnome made his strange, croaking sound, and the withered face twisted with anguish.

"Monsieur! monsieur!" he groaned.

"I have an idea," said the tempter. "A little earth rubbed upon one side of the head—perhaps a trifling scratch to show a few drops of blood. You have been assaulted, beaten down despite a heroic resistance, and left for dead. An hour afterwards you stagger into the house a frightful object. Hein?"

The withered face of the old man expanded slowly into

a senile grin.

"Monsieur," said he, with admiration in his tone, "it is magnificent. It shall be done. I sleep like the good dead—under the trees, not too near the lilacs, eh? Bien, monsieur, it is done!" Into his trembling claw he took the notes, he made an odd bow, and shambled away about his business. Ste. Marie laughed and went on into the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NIGHT'S WORK.

The long hours dragged themselves by. They seemed interminable; but somehow they passed, and evening drew on.

and the dusk gathered and deepened into darkness.

Ste. Marie walked his floor and prayed for the hours to pass. He had candles and matches, and there was even a lamp in the room, so that he could have read if he chose, but he knew that the words would have been meaningless to him, that he was incapable of abstracting his thought from the night's stern work. He began to be anxious over not having heard from Mlle. O'Hara. She had said that she would talk with Arthur Benham during the afternoon, and then slip a note under Ste. Marie's door. Yet no word had come from her.

Then at last came reassurance and something like ease of mind. He heard a sound of voices at the front of the house, and sprang to his balconied window to listen. Captain Stewart and O'Hara were walking upon the brick-paved terrace and

chatting calmly over their cigars.

He drew back with a breath of relief, and at that moment a sound across the room arrested him, a soft, scraping sound such as a mouse might make. He went where it was, and a little square of paper gleamed white through the darkness just within the door. Ste. Marie caught it up and took it to the far side of the room away from the window. He struck

a match, opened the folded paper, and a single line of writing was there—

"He will go with you. Wait by the door in the wall."

He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to ten. Four hours left.

He lay down upon the bed and closed his eyes. He knew that he could not sleep, but he was tired from long tramping up and down the room, and from the strain of overtried nerves. From hour to hour he looked at his watch by match-light, but he did not leave the bed until half-past one. Then he rose and took a long breath, and the time was at hand.

He stood a little while gazing out into the night. An old moon was high overhead in a cloudless sky, and that would make the night's work both easier and more difficult, but, on the whole, he was glad of it. He looked to the east towards that wall where was the little wooden door, and the way was under cover of trees and shrubbery for the whole distance save a little space beside the house. He listened, and the night was very still—no sound from the house below him—no sound anywhere save the barking of a dog from far away, and, after an instant, the whistle of a distant train.

Ste. Marie turned back into the room and pulled the sheets from his bed. He rolled them, cornerwise, into a sort of rope, and knotted them together securely. Then he went to one of the east windows. There was no balcony there, but, as in all French upper windows, a wood and iron bar fixed into the stone casing at both ends, with a little grille below it. It crossed the windowspace a third of the distance from bottom to top. He bent one end of the improvised rope to this, made it fast, and let the other end hang out. The east side of the house was in shadow, and the rolled sheet, a vague white line, disappeared in the darkness below, but Ste. Marie knew that it must reach nearly to the ground.

He felt in his pocket for the pistol, and it was ready to hand. Then he buttoned his coat round him and swung himself out of the window. He held his body away from the wall with one knee, and went down, hand under hand. It was so quietly done that it did not even rouse the birds in the near-by trees. His feet touched the earth and he was free.

He stood for a moment where he was, and then slipped rapidly across the open, moonlit space into the inky gloom of the trees. He made a half-circle round before the house and looked up at it. It lay grey and black and still in the night. Where the moonlight was upon it, it was grey; where there was shadow, black as black velvet; and the windows were like open, dead eyes. He looked towards Arthur Benham's room, and there was no light, but he knew that the boy was awake and waiting there, shivering probably in the dark.

He turned and began to make his way silently under the trees towards the appointed meeting-place. Once he thought of the old Michel, and wondered where that gnarled and withered watch-dog had betaken himself. Somewhere, within or without the house, he was asleep, or pretended to sleep, and Ste. Marie knew that he could be trusted. The man's cupidity and his hatred of Captain Stewart together would make him faithful—or faithless, as one chose to look upon it.

He came to that place where a row of lilac shrubs stood against the wall and a half-dead cedar stretched gnarled branches above. He was a little before his time, and he settled himself to listen and wait, his sharp ears keenly on the alert, his eyes turned towards the dark and quiet house.

The little noises of the night broke upon him with exaggerated clamour. A hundred times he heard the cautious approach of Richard Hartley's motor-car without the wall, and he fell into a panic of fear lest that machine prove unruly, break down, puncture a tyre, or burst into a series of ear-splitting explosions. But at last there came an unmistakable rustling from overhead and the sound of hard-drawn breath. The top of the wall, just at that point, was in moonlight, and a man's head appeared over it, then an arm and then a leg. Hartley called down to him in a whisper, and Ste. Marie, from the gloom beneath, whispered a reply. He said-

"The boy has promised to come with us. We shan't have to fight for it." Richard Hartley spoke to someone outside and then, turning about, let himself down to arm's length and dropped to the ground.

"The two men who were to have come with me didn't show up," he said. "I waited as long as I dared, and then came on with only the chauffeur. He's waiting outside by the car ready to crank up when I give the word. The car's just a few yards away, headed out for the road. How are we to get back over the wall?"

Ste. Marie explained that Arthur Benham was to come out to join them at the wooden

door, and doubtless would bring a key. If not, the three of them could scale fifteen feet easily enough in the way soldiers and firemen are trained to do it. He told his friend all that was necessary for the time, and they went together along the wall to the more open space beside the little door.

They waited there in silence for five minutes, and once Hartley, with his back towards the house, struck a match under his sheltering coat, looked to see what time it was, and it was three minutes past two.

"He ought to be here!" the man growled. "I don't like waiting. You don't think he's funked it, do you? Eh?" Ste. Marie did not answer, but he was breathing very fast and he could not keep his hands still.

"I'm going a little way towards the house," said Ste. Marie at last. "We can't see the terrace from here." But before he had started, they heard the sound of hurrying feet, and Richard Hartley began to curse under his breath. He said-

"Does the young idiot want to rouse the whole place? Why can't he come quietly?

Ste. Marie began to run forward, slipping the pistol out of his pocket and holding it ready in his hand, for his quick ears told him that there was more than one pair of feet coming through the night. He went to where he could command the approach from the house and halted there, but all at once he gave a low cry and started forward again, for he saw that Arthur Benham and Coira O'Hara were running together, and that they were in desperate haste. He called out to them, and the girl cried-

"Go to the door in the wall! The door in the wall! Oh, be quick!" He fell into step beside her, and, as they ran, he said—

"You're going with him? You're coming with us?" The girl answered him-

"No! no!" and she sprang to the little low door and began to fit the iron key into the lock. The three men stood about her, and young Arthur Benham drew his breath

in great shivering gasps that were like sobs.
"They heard us!" he said in a whisper.
"They're after us! They heard us on the stairs! I—stumbled and fell! For Heaven's

sake, Coira, be quick!"

The girl fumbled desperately with the clumsy key, and dropped upon her knees to see the better. Once she said in a whisper: "I can't turn it. It won't turn," and at that Richard Hartley pushed her out of the way and lent his greater strength to the task.

A sudden, loud cry came from the house, a hoarse, screeching cry in a voice which might

have been either man's or woman's, but was as mad and as desperate and as horrible in that still night as the screech of a tortured animal-or of a maniac. It came again and again, and it was nearer.

"Oh, hurry! hurry!" said the girl. "Can't you be quick? They're coming!" And as she spoke, the little group about the wall heard the engine of the motor-car outside start up with a staccato roar, and knew that the faithful chauffeur was ready for

"I'm getting it, I think!" said Richard Hartley between his teeth. "I'm getting it. Turn, you beast! Turn!"

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and

Ste. Marie spun about. He cried—

"Don't wait for me! Jump into the car and go! Don't wait anywhere. Come back after you've left Benham at home!" He began to run forward towards those running feet, and he did not know that the girl followed after him. A short distance away there was a little open space of moonlight, and in its midst, at full career, he met the Irishman, O'Hara, a gaunt and grotesque figure in his sleeping-suit, barefooted, with Beyond him still, someone empty hands. else ran stumbling, and sobbed and uttered mad cries.

Ste. Marie dropped his pistol to the ground and sprang upon the Irishman. He caught him about the body and arms, and the two swayed and staggered under the tremendous At just that moment, from behind, came the crash of the opened door and triumphant shouts. Ste. Marie gave a little gasp of triumph too, and clung the harder to the man with whom he fought. He drove his head into the Irishman's shoulder, and set his muscles with a grip which was like He knew that it could not endure long, for the Irishman was stronger than he; but the grip of a nervous man who is keyed up to a high tension is incredibly powerful for a little while. Trained strength is nothing beside it.

It seemed to Ste. Marie in this desperate moment—it cannot have been more than a minute or two at the most-that a strange and uncanny miracle befell him. It was as if he became two. Soul and body, spirit and straining flesh, seemed to him to separate, to stand apart each from the other. There was a thing of iron flesh and thews which had locked itself about an enemy, and clung there madly with but one purpose, one single thought—to grip and grip and never loosen until flesh should be torn from bones.

apart, the spirit looked on with a complete detachment. It looked beyond—he must have raised his head to glance over O'Hara's shoulder—saw a mad figure staggering forward in the moonlight, and knew the figure for Captain Stewart. It saw an upraised arm and was not afraid, for the work was almost done now. It listened and was glad, hearing the motor-car without the walls leap forward into the night, and its puffing grow fainter and fainter with distance. It knew that the thing of strained sinews received a crashing blow upon back-flung head, and that the iron muscles were slipping away from their grip, but it was still glad, for the work was done.

Only at the last, before red and whirling lights had obscured the view, before conciousness was dissolved in unconsciousness. came horror and agony, for the eyes saw Captain Stewart back away and raise the thing he had struck with, a large revolver, saw Coira O'Hara, a swift and flashing figure in the moonlight, throw herself upon him, before he could fire, heard together a woman's scream and the roar of the pistol's explosion, and so knew no more.

CHAPTER XXVIII. COIRA'S LITTLE HOUR.

When Coira O'Hara came to herself from the moment's swoon into which she had fallen, she rose to her knees and stared wildly about her. She seemed to be alone in the place. and her first thought was to wonder how long she had lain there. Captain Stewart disappeared. She remembered her struggle with him to prevent him from firing at Ste. Marie, and she remembered her desperate agony when she realised that she could not hold him much longer. She remembered the accidental discharge of the revolver into the air, she remembered being thrown violently to the ground—and that was all.

Where was her father and where was Ste. Marie? The first question answered itself, for, as she turned her eyes towards the west, she saw O'Hara's tall, ungainly figure disappearing in the direction of the house. She called his name twice, but it may be that the man did not hear, for he went on without pausing and was lost to sight.

The girl became aware of something which lay on the ground near her, half in and half out of the patch of silver moonlight. some moments she stared at it uncomprehending. Then she gave a sharp scream and struggled to her feet. She ran to the thing which lay there motionless and fell upon her knees beside it. It was Ste. Marie, his face upturned to the sky, one side of his head black and damp. Stewart had not shot him, but that crashing blow with the clubbed revolver had struck him full and fair, and he was very still.

For an instant the girl's strength went out of her, and she dropped lax across the body, her face upon Ste. Marie's breast. But after that she tore open coat and waistcoat, and felt for a heart-beat. It seemed to her that she found life, and she began to believe that the man had only been stunned.

Once more she rose to her feet and looked about her. There was no one to lend her She bent over the unconscious man and slipped her arms about him. Though Ste. Marie was tall, he was slightly built, by no means heavy, and the girl was very strong. She found that she could carry him a little way, dragging his feet after her. When she could go no farther, she laid him down and crouched over him, waiting until her strength should return. And this she did for a score of times; but each time the distance she went was shorter, and her breathing came with deeper gasps, and the trembling in her limbs grew more terrible. At the last she moved in a sort of fever, an evil dream of tortured body and reeling brain. had got Ste. Marie up through the park to the terrace and into the house, and, with a last desperate effort, she had laid him upon a couch in a certain little room which opened from the lower hall. Then she fell down before him and lay still for a long time.

When she came to herself again, the man was stirring feebly and muttering to himself under his breath. With slow and painful steps she got across the room and pulled the bell-cord. She remained there ringing until the old Justine, blinking and half dressed, appeared with a candle in the doorway. Coira told the woman to make lights and then to bring water and a certain little bottle of aromatic salts which was in her room Then Coira O'Hara went back to the man who lay outstretched on the low couch, and knelt beside him, looking into his face. The man stirred and moved his head slowly. Half articulate words came from his lips, and she made out that he was saying her name in a dull monotoneonly her name, over and over again. She gave a little cry of grief and gladness, and hid her face against him as she had done

once before, out in the night.

The old woman returned with a jug of water, towels, and a bottle of aromatic salts. The two of them washed that red stain from Ste. Marie's head and found that he had received a severe bruise, and that the flesh had been cut before and above the ear.

"Thank God!" the girl said, "it is only a flesh wound. If it were a fracture, he would be breathing in that horrible loud way they always do. He's breathing naturally. He has only been stunned.

"You may go now!" she said.

So the old woman went away, and the two were left together. Coira held the salts bottle to Ste. Marie's nostrils, and he gasped and sneezed and tried to turn his head away from it, but it brought him to his senses—and doubtless to a good deal of pain. Once when he could not escape the thing, he broke into a fit of weak cursing, and the girl laughed over him tenderly and let him be.

Very slowly Ste. Marie opened his eyes, and, in the soft half-light, the girl's face was bent above him, dark and sweet and beautiful —near, so near that her breath was warm upon his lips. He said her name again

in an incredulous whisper—

"Coira! Coira!" And she said—
"I am here." But the man was in a strange borderland of half consciousness, and his ears were deaf.

He said, gazing up at her—

"Is it—another dream?" And he tried to raise one hand from where it lay beside him, but the hand wavered and fell aslant across his body. It had not the strength yet to obey him.

He said, still in his weak whisper—

"Oh, beautiful—and sweet—and true!" The girl gave a little sob and hid her face.

"A goddess!" he whispered. "'A queen among goddesses!' That's—what the little Jew said. 'A queen among goddesses.— The young Juno, before——'" He stirred restlessly where he lay, and he complained-

"My head hurts! What's the matter

with my head? It hurts!"

She dipped one of the towels in cold water and held it to the man's brow. The chill of it must have been grateful, for his eyes closed and he breathed a little satisfied "Ah!

"It mustn't hurt to-night," said he. "To-night at two--by the little door in the garden wall. And he's coming with us. The young fool is coming with us. . . So she and I go out of each other's lives.

"Coira!" he cried with a sudden sharpness. "Coira, I won't have it! Am I going to lose you . . . like this? Am I going to lose

you, after all . . . now that we know? He put up his hand once more—a weak and uncertain hand. It touched the girl's warm cheek, and a sudden, violent shiver wrung the man on the couch. His eyes sharpened and stared with something like fear.

"Real!" he cried, whispering. "Real?
. Not a dream?"

"Oh, very real, my Bayard!" said she. A thought came to her, and she drew away from the couch, and sat back upon her heels, looking at the man with grave and sombre eyes. In that moment she fought within herself a battle of right and wrong.

"He doesn't remember," she said. doesn't know. He is like a little child. He knows nothing but that we two—are here together. Nothing else. Nothing!"

His state was plain to see. He dwelt still in that vague borderland between worlds. He had brought with him no memories, and no memories followed him save those her face had wakened. Within the girl a great and tender passion of love fought for possession of this little hour.

"It will be all I shall ever have!" she cried piteously. "And it cannot harm him. He won't remember it when he comes to his He'll sleep again and—forget. He'll go back to her and never know. And I shall never even see him again. Why can't I have my little sweet hour?"

Once more the man cried her name, and she knelt forward and bent above him.

"Oh, at last, Coira!" said he. "After so long! . . . And I thought it was another dream."

"Do you dream of me, Bayard?" she asked. And he said—

"From the very first. From that evening in the Champs Elysées. Your eyes, they've

haunted me from the very first.

"There was a dream of you," he said, "that I had so often-but I cannot quite remember because my head hurts. What is the matter with my head? I was-going somewhere. It was so very important that I should go, but I have forgotten where it was and why I had to go there. I remember only that you called to me-called me backand I saw your eyes—and I couldn't go. You needed me."

"Ah, sorely, Bayard! Sorely!" cried the girl above him.

"And now," said he, whispering.

"Now!" she said.

"Coira, I love you," said the man on the couch. And Coira O'Hara gave a single dry sob. She said—

"Oh, my dear love! now I wish that I might die after hearing you say that. My life, Bayard, is full now. It's full of joy and gratefulness and everything that is sweet. I wish I might die before other things come to spoil it.

Ste. Marie—or that part of him which lay at La Lierre—laughed with a fine scorn, albeit very weakly.

"Why not live instead?" said he. what can come to spoil our life for us?

"Our life!" he said again, in a whisper. A flash of remembrance seemed to come to him, for he smiled and said—

"Coira, we'll go to Vavau."

"Anywhere!" said she. "Anywhere!"

"So that we go together."

"Yes," she said gently, "so that we two go together." She tried with a desperate fierceness to make herself like the man before her, to put away, by sheer power of will, all memory, the knowledge of everything save what was in this little room, but it was the vainest of all vain efforts. She saw herself for a thief and a cheat—stealing, for love's sake, the mere body of the man she loved while mind and soul were absent. her agony she almost cried out aloud as the words said themselves within her. denied them. She said-

"His mind may be absent, but his soul is He loves me. It is I, not that other. Can I not have my poor little hour of pretence? A little hour out of all a lifetime! Shall I have nothing at all?"

But the voice which had accused her said— "If he knew, would he say he loves you?" And she hid her face, for she knew that he would not-even if it were true.

"Coira!" whispered the man on the couch, and she raised her head. In the half-darkness he could not have seen how she was Her face was only a warm blur suffering. to him, vague and sweet and beautiful, with tender eyes. He said-

"I think—I'm falling asleep. My head is so very, very queer! What is the matter with my head? Coira, do you think I might

be kissed before I go to sleep?"

She gave a little cry of intolerable anguish. It seemed to her that she was being tortured beyond all reason or endurance. suddenly very weak, and she was afraid that she was going to faint away. She laid her face down upon the couch where Ste. Marie's Her cheek was against his and head lav. her hair across his eyes.

The man gave a little contented sigh and

fell asleep.

Later she rose stiffly and wearily to her feet. She stood for a little while looking down upon him. It was as if she looked upon the dead body of a lover. She seemed to say a still and white and tearless farewell to him. Her little hour was done, and it had been, instead of joy, bitterness unspeakable—ashes in the mouth. Then she went out of the room and closed the door.

In the hall outside she stood a moment considering, and finally mounted the stairs and went to her father's door. She knocked and thought she heard a slight stirring inside, but there was no answer. She knocked twice again and called out her father's name, saving that she wished to speak to him, but still he made no reply, and, after waiting a little longer, she turned away. She went downstairs again and out upon the terrace. The terrace and the lawn before it were still chequered with silver and deep black, but the moon was an hour lower in the west. A little cool breeze had sprung up, and it was sweet and grateful to her. She sat down upon one of the stone benches and leant her head back against the trunk of a tree which stood beside, and she remained there for a long time, still and relaxed in a sort of bodily and mental languor—an exhaustion of flesh and spirit.

She fell to wondering about Captain Stewart and what had become of him, but she did not greatly care. She had a feeling that her world had come to its end, and she was quite indifferent about those who still peopled its ashes—or about all of them save her father.

She heard the distant sound of a motorcar, and at that sat up quickly, for it might be Ste. Marie's friend, Mr. Hartley, returning The sound came nearer and from Paris. ceased, but she waited for ten minutes before rapid steps approached from the east wall, and Hartley was before her.

He cried at once—

"Where's Ste. Marie? Where is he? He hasn't tried to walk into the city?"

"He is asleep in the house," said the girl. "He was struck on the head and stunned. I got him into the house, and he is asleep now.

"Of course," she said, "we could wake him, but it would probably be better to let him sleep as long as he will, if it is possible. It will save him a great deal of pain, I think. He'll have a frightful headache if he's wakened now. Could you come for him or send for him to-morrow—towards noon?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so," said Richard



"The girl fumbled desperately with the clumsy key."

Hartley. "Yes, of course, if you think that's better. Could I just see him for a moment?" He stared at the girl a bit suspiciously, and Coira looked back at him with a little, tired smile, for she read his

thought.

"You want to make sure," said she. "Of course! Yes, come in. He's sleeping very soundly." She led the man into that dim room where Ste. Marie lay, and Hartley bent over his friend to see the bruise at the side of the head, and listened to the sleeper's breathing. Then the two went out again to the moonlit terrace.

"You must forgive me," said he, when they had come there. "You must forgive me for seeming suspicious, but—all this wretched business—and he is my closest friend. I've come to suspect everybody. I was unjust, for you helped us to get away.

I beg your pardon!"

The girl smiled at him again, her little,

white, tired smile, and she said —

"There is nothing I would not do to make amends—now that I know—the truth."

"Yes," said Hartley, "I understand. Arthur Benham told me how Stewart lied to you all. Was it he who struck Ste. Marie?" She nodded.

"And then tried to shoot him—but he didn't succeed in that. I wonder where he

is-Captain Stewart?"

"I have him out in the car," Hartley said.

"Oh, he shall pay, you may be sure! If he doesn't die and cheat us, that is. I nearly ran the car over him a few minutes ago. If it hadn't been for the moonlight, I should have done for him. He was lying on his face in that lane that leads to the Issy road. I don't know what is the matter with him. He's only half conscious and he's quite helpless. He looks as if he'd had a stroke of apoplexy or something. I must hurry him back to Paris, I suppose, and get him under a doctor's care. I wonder what's wrong with him?"

The girl shook her head, for she did not know of Stewart's epileptic seizures. She thought it quite possible that he had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, as Hartley suggested, for she remembered the half-mad state he

had been in.

Richard Hartley stood for a time in

thought.

"I must get Stewart back to Paris at once," he said finally. "I must get him under care and in a safe place from which he can't escape. It will want some managing. If I can get away, I'll come out here again

in the morning; but if not, I'll send the car out with orders to wait here until Ste. Marie is ready to return to the city. Are you sure he's all right—that he isn't badly hurt?"

"I think he will be all right," she said, "save for the pain. He was only stunned."

And Hartley nodded.

"He seems to be breathing quite naturally," said he. "That's arranged, then. The car will be here in waiting, and I shall come with it if I can. Tell him when he wakes." He put out his hand to her, and the girl gave him hers very listlessly, but smiling.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SCALES OF INJUSTICE.

STE. MARIE slept soundly until mid-morning—that is to say, about ten o'clock—and then awoke with a dull pain in his head and a sensation of extreme giddiness, which became something like vertigo when he attempted to rise. However, with the aid of the old Michel he got somehow upstairs to his room and made a rather sketchy toilet.

Coira came to him there, and, while he lay still across the bed, told him about the happenings of the night after he had received his injury. She told him also that the motor was waiting for him outside the wall, and that Richard Hartley had sent a message by the chauffeur to say that he was very busy in Paris making arrangements about Stewart, who had come out of his strange state of half-insensibility only to rave in a delirium.

"So," she said, "you can go now whenever you are ready. Arthur is with his family, Captain Stewart is under guard, and your work is done. You ought to be glad—even though you are suffering pain."

Ste. Marie looked up at her.

"Do I seem glad, Coira?" said he. And she said—

"You will be glad to-morrow—and always, I hope and pray. Always, always!"

The man held one hand over his aching

"I have," he said, "queer half-memories. I wish I could remember distinctly."

He looked up at her again.

"I dropped down by the gate in the wall. When I awoke, I was in a room in the house. How did that happen?"

"Oh," she said, turning her face away, "we got you up to the house almost at once." But Ste. Marie frowned thoughtfully.

"We'? Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Well, then, I," the girl said. "It was not difficult."

"Coira!" cried the man, "do you mean that you carried me bodily all that long distance? You?"

"Carried or dragged," she said. "As much one as the other. It was not very difficult. I'm strong for a woman."

"Oh, child, child!" he cried. And he

said—

"I remember more. It was you who held Stewart and kept him from shooting me. I heard the shot and I heard you scream. The last thought I had was that you had been killed in saving me. That's what I went out into the blank thinking."

He covered his eyes again, as if the memory were intolerable. But after a while

he said—

"You saved my life, you know." And

the girl answered him—

"I had nearly taken it once before. It was I who called Michel that day you came over the wall, the day you were shot. I nearly murdered you once. I owed you something. Perhaps we're even now." She saw that he did not at all remember that hour in the little room—her hour of bitterness, and she was glad. She had felt sure that it would be so. For the present she did not greatly suffer; she had come to a state beyond active suffering—a chill state of dulled sensibilities.

The old Justine knocked at the door to ask if monsieur was going into the city soon, or if she should give the chauffeur his discusser and tell him to wait

déjeuner and tell him to wait.

"Are you fit to go?" Coira asked. And he said—

"I suppose as fit as I shall be." He got to his feet, and the things about him swam dangerously, but he could walk by using great care. The girl stood white and still, and she avoided his eyes.

"It is not good-bye," said he. "I shall see you soon again—and I hope, often—often, Coira." The words had a flat and foolish sound, but he could find no others.

It was not easy to speak.

"I suppose I must not ask to see your father?' said he, and she told him that her father had locked himself in his own room and would see no one, would not even open his door to take in food.

Ste. Marie went to the stairs, leaning upon the shoulder of the stout old Justine, but, before he had gone, Coira checked him for an instant. She said—

"Tell Arthur, if he speaks to you about

me, that what I said in the note I gave him last night I meant quite seriously. I gave him a note to read after he reached home. Tell him for me that it was final. Will you do that?"

"Yes, of course," said Ste. Marie. He looked at her with some wonder, because her words had been very emphatic.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell him. Is that

all?"

"All but good-bye," said she. "Good-

bye, Bayard!"

She stood at the head of the stairs while he went down them. And she came after him to the landing halfway where the stairs turned in the opposite direction for their lower flight. When he went out of the front door, he looked back, and she was standing there above him—a straight, still figure, dark against the light of the windows behind her.

He went straight to the Rue d'Assas.

Arrived there, he wrote a little note to a friend of his who was a doctor and lived in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, asking this man to call as soon as it might be convenient. He sent the note by the chauffeur, and then lay down, dressed as he was, to wait, for he could not stand or move about without a painful dizziness. The doctor came within a half-hour, examined Ste. Marie's bruised head and bound it up. He gave him a dose of something with a vile taste, which he said would take away the worst of the pain in a few hours, and he also gave him a sleeping-potion and made him go to bed.

"You'll be fairly fit by evening," he said.

"But don't stir until then."

At ten he got into a *fiacre* and drove to the Rue de l'Université.

The man who admitted him said that mademoiselle was alone in the drawing-room, and he went there at once. He was dully conscious that something was very wrong, but he had suffered too much within the past few hours to be analytical, and he did not know what it was that was wrong. He should have entered that room with a swift and eager step, with shining eyes, with a high-beating heart. He went into it slowly, wrapped in a mantle of strange apathy.

Helen Benham came forward to meet him and took both his hands in hers. Ste. Marie was amazed to see that she seemed not to have altered at all—in spite of this enormous lapse of time, in spite of all that had happened in it. And yet, unaltered, she seemed to him a stranger, a charming and gracious stranger with an icily beautiful face. He wondered at her and at himself, and he was a little alarmed, because he thought that he must be ill. That blow upon the head must, after all, have done something terrible to him.

"Ah, Ste. Marie!" she said, in her well-remembered voice—and again he wondered that the voice should be so high-pitched and so without colour or feeling. "How glad I am," she said, "that you are safely out of it all! How you have suffered for us, Ste. Marie! You look white and ill. Sit down, please! Don't stand!" She drew him to a comfortable chair, and he sat down in it obediently. He could not think of anything to say, though he was not, as a rule, tongue-tied; but the girl did not seem to expect any answer, for she went on at once, with a rather odd air of haste—

"Arthur is here with us, safe and sound. Richard Hartley brought him back from that dreadful place, and he has talked everything over with my grandfather, and it's all right. They both understand now, and there'll be no more trouble. We have had to be careful, very careful, and we have had to—well, to rearrange the facts a little so as to leave—my uncle—to leave Captain Stewart's name out of it. It would not do to shock my grandfather by telling him the truth. Perhaps, later; I don't know. That will have to be thought of. For the present we have left my uncle out of it—and put the blame entirely upon this other man. I forget his name."

"The blame cannot rest there," said Ste. Marie sharply. "It is not deserved, and I shall not allow it to be left so. Captain Stewart lied to O'Hara throughout. You cannot leave the blame with an innocent man."

"Still," she said, "such a man!"

Ste. Marie looked at her frowning, and the girl turned her eyes away. She may have had the grace to be a little ashamed.

"Think of the difficulty we were in!" she urged. "Captain Stewart is my grand-father's own son. We cannot tell him now, in his weak state, that his own son is—what he is."

There was reason, if not justice, in that, and Ste. Marie was forced to admit it. He said—

"Ah, well, for the present, then. That can be arranged later. The main point is that I've found your brother for you. I've brought him back."

Miss Benham looked up at him and away again, and she drew a quick breath. He saw her hands move restlessly in her lap, and he was aware that for some odd reason she was very ill at ease. At last she said—

"Ah, but—but have you, dear Ste. Marie?

Have you?"

After a brief silence, she stole another swift glance at the man, and he was staring in open and frank bewilderment. She rushed

into rapid speech.

"Ah," she cried, "don't misunderstand me! Don't think that I'm brutal or ungrateful for all you've—you've suffered in trying to help us. Don't think that! I can—we can never be grateful enough, never! But stop and think! Yes, I know this all sounds hideous, but it's so terribly important. I shouldn't dream of saying a word of it, if it weren't so important, if so much didn't depend upon it. But stop and think! Was it, dear Ste. Marie, was it, after all, you? Was it you who brought Arthur to us?"

The man fairly blinked at her, owl-like.

He was beyond speech.

"Wasn't it Richard?" she hurried on.
"Wasn't it Richard Hartley? Ah, if I could only say it without seeming so contemptibly heartless! If only I needn't say it at all! But it must be said, because of

what depends upon it.

"Think! Go back to the beginning! Wasn't it Richard who first began to suspect my uncle? Didn't he tell you or write to you what he had discovered, and so set you upon the right track? And after you had —well, just fallen into their hands, with no hope of ever escaping, yourself — to say nothing of bringing Arthur back-wasn't it Richard who came to your rescue and brought it all to victory? Oh, Ste. Marie, I must be just to him as well as to you! Don't you see that? However grateful I may be to you for what you have done—suffered—I cannot, in justice, give you what I was to have given you, since it is, after all, Richard who has saved my brother. I cannot, can Surely you must see it. And you must see how it hurts me to have to say it. I had hoped that—you would understand—without my speaking.

Still the man sat in his trance of astonishment, speechless. For the first time in his life he was brought face to face with the amazing, the appalling injustice of which a woman is capable when her heart is concerned. This girl wished to believe that to

Richard Hartley belonged the credit for rescuing her brother, and, lo! she believed it.

Ste. Marie took a long breath and he

started to speak, but in the end shook his head and remained silent. Through the whirl and din of falling skies he was yet able to see the utter futility of words. He could have adduced a hundred arguments to prove her absurdity. He could have shown her that before he ever read Hartley's note, he had decided upon Stewart's guiltand for much better reasons than Hartley had. He could have pointed out to her that it was he, not Hartley, who discovered young Benham's whereabouts: that it was he who summoned Hartley there; and that, as a matter of fact, Hartley need not have come at all, since the boy had been persuaded to go home in any case.

He thought of all these things and more, and, in a moment of sheer anger at her injustice, he was on the point of stating them, but he shook his head and remained silent. After all, of what use was speech? He knew that it

could make no impression upon her, and he knew why. For some reason, in some way, she had turned, during his absence, to Richard Hartley, and there was nothing more to be said. There was no treachery on Hartley's part. He knew that, and it never even occurred to him to blame his friend.

Hartley was as faithful as anyone who ever lived. It seemed to be nobody's fault. It had just happened.

He became aware that he ought to say something, and he said—

"Yes. Yes, I—see. I see what you mean. Yes, Hartley did all you say. I hadn't

say. I hadn't meant to rob Hart-ley of the credit he deserves. I suppose you're right." He was possessed of a sudden longing to get away out of that room, and he

rose to his feet. "If you don't mind," he said, "I think I'd better go. This is—well, it's a bit of a facer, you see. I want to think it over. Perhaps tomorrow morrow—You don't mind?" He saw a swift relief flash into Miss Benham's eyes, but she murmured a few words of protest that had a rather perfunctory sound. Ste. Marie shook his head.

"Thanks! I won't stay," said he. "Not just now. I—think I'd better go." He had a confused realisation of plati-

tudinous adieux, of a silly formality of speech, and he found himself in the hall. Once he glanced back, and Miss Benham was standing where he had left her, looking



"Walking there in the tender moonlight."

after him with a calm and unimpassioned He thought that she looked rather like a very beautiful statue.

The butler came to him to say that Mr. Stewart would be glad if he would look in before leaving the house, and so he went upstairs and knocked at old David's door. He moved like a man in a dream, and the things about him seemed to be curiously unreal and rather far away, as they seem sometimes in a fever.

He was admitted at once, and he found the old man sitting up in bed, clad in one of his incredibly gorgeous mandarin's jackets plum-coloured satin, this time, with peonies —overflowing with spirits and good-humour. His grandson sat in a chair near at hand. The old man shook Ste. Marie's hand with hospitable violence, and Ste. Marie was astonished to see upon what a new lease of life and strength he seemed to have entered. There was no ingratitude or misconception here, certainly. Old David quite overwhelmed his visitor with thanks and with expressions of affection.

"You've saved my life among other things!" he said in his gruff roar. ready to go, but, I'm going to stay a while longer now! This world's a better place than I thought—a much better place."

shook a heavily waggish head. "If I didn't know," said he, "what your reward is to be for what you've done, I should be in despair over it all, because there is nothing else in the world that would be anything like adequate. You've been making sure of the reward downstairs, I dare say?

Eh, what? Yes?"
"You mean—" asked the younger And old David said—

"I mean Helen, of course. What else?" Ste. Marie was not quite himself. another time he might have got out of the room with an evasive answer, but he spoke without thinking. He said-

"Oh—yes! I suppose—I suppose I ought to tell you that Miss Benham—well, she has changed her mind. That is to say——"

"What?" shouted old David Stewart, in

his great voice. "What is that?"

"Why, it seems," said Ste. Marie, "it seems that I only blundered. It seems that Hartley rescued your grandson, not I. I suppose he did, you know. Whe come to think of it, I suppose he did." When you

David Stewart's great, white beard seemed to bristle like the ruff of an angry dog, and his eyes flashed fiercely under their shaggy brows.

"Do you mean to tell me that, after all you've done and—and gone through, Helen has thrown you over? Do you mean to tell me that?"

"Well," argued Ste. Marie uncomfortably, "well, you see, she seems to be right. I did bungle it, didn't I? It was Hartley who

came and pulled us out of the hole."

"Hartley be hanged!" cried the old man, in a towering rage. And he began to pour out the most extraordinary flood of furious invective upon his granddaughter and upon Richard Hartley, whom he quite unjustly termed a snake in the grass, and finally upon all women, past, contemporary, or still to be born.

Ste. Marie, in fear of old David's health, tried to calm him, and the faithful valet came running from the room beyond with prayers and protestations, but nothing would check that astonishing flow of fury until it had run its full course. Then the man fell back upon his pillows, crimson, panting, and exhausted; but the fierce eyes glittered still, and they boded no good for Miss Helen Benham.

"You're well rid of her!" said the old gentleman, when at last he was once more able to speak. "You're well rid of her! I congratulate you! I am ashamed and humiliated, and a great burden of obligation is shifted to me—though I assume it with pleasure—but I congratulate you. You might have found out too late what sort of a woman she is."

Ste. Marie began to protest and to explain, and say that Miss Benham had been quite right in what she said, but the old gentleman only waved an impatient arm to him: and presently, when he saw the valet making signs across the bed, and saw that his host was really in a state of complete exhaustion after the outburst, he made his adieux and got away.

Young Arthur Benham, who had been sitting almost silent during the interview, followed him out of the room and closed the door behind them. For the first time Ste. Marie noted that the boy's face was white and strained. Young Arthur pulled a crumpled square of folded paper from his pocket and shook it at the other man.

"Do you know what this is?" he cried.
"Do you know what's in this?" Ste. Marie shook his head, but a sudden recollection

came to him.

"Ah!" said he, "that must be the note Mlle. O'Hara spoke of. She asked me to tell you that she meant it—whatever it may

be—quite seriously; that it was final. She didn't explain. She just said that—that you were to take it as final."

The lad gave a sudden, very bitter sob.

"She has thrown me over!" he said. "She says I'm not to come back to her."

Ste. Marie gave a wordless cry and he

began to tremble.

"You can read it if you want to," the boy said. "Perhaps you can explain it. I can't. Do you want to read it?" The elder man stood staring at him whitely, and the boy

repeated his words. He said—

"You can read it if you want to"; and at last Ste. Marie took the paper between stiff hands and held it to the light. Coira O'Hara said briefly that too much was against their marriage. She mentioned his age, the certain hostility of his family, their different tastes, a number of other things. But in the end she said she had begun to realise that she did not love him as she ought to do if they were to marry. And so, the note said finally, she gave him up to his family, she released him altogether, and she begged him not to come back to her nor to urge her to change her mind. made the trite but very sensible observation that he would be glad of his freedom before the year was out.

Ste. Marie's unsteady fingers opened, and the crumpled paper slipped through them to the floor. Over it the man and the boy look at each other in silence. Young Arthur Benham's face was white, and it was strained and contorted with its first grief. But first griefs do not last very long. O'Hara had told the truth; before the year was out the lad would be glad of his freedom. But the man's face was white also, white and still, and his eyes held a strange expression which the boy could not understand, and at which he wondered. The man was trembling a little from head to foot. The boy wondered about that, too, but abruptly he cried

"What's up? Where are you going?" for Ste. Marie had turned all at once and was running down the stairs as fast as he

could run.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOURNEY'S END.

In the hall below Ste. Marie came violently into contact with and nearly overturned Richard Hartley, who was just giving his hat and stick to the man who had admitted

him. Hartley seized upon him with an exclamation of pleasure, and wheeled him round to face the light. He said—

"I've been pursuing you all day. You're almost as difficult of access here in Paris as you were at La Lierre. How's the head?"

Ste. Marie put up an experimental hand.

He had forgotten his injury.

"Oh, that's all right," said he—"at least, I think so. Anderson fixed me up this afternoon. But I haven't time to talk to you. I'm in a hurry. To-morrow we'll have a long chin. Oh, how about Stewart?" He lowered his voice, and Hartley answered him in the same tone.

"The man is in a delirium. Heaven knows how it'll end. He may die and he may pull through. I hope he pulls through—except for the sake of the family—because then we can make him pay for what he's done. don't want him to go scot free by dying."

"Nor I!" said Ste. Marie fiercely. "Nor I! I want him to pay, too—long and slowly and hard, and, if he lives, I shall see that he does it, family or no family. Now I must Ste. Marie's face was shining and uplifted. The other man looked at it with a little, envious sigh.

"I see everything is all right," said he. "And I congratulate you. You deserve it

if ever anyone did."

Ste. Marie stared for an instant uncom-

prehending. Then he saw.
"Yes," he said gently. "Everything is all right." It was plain that the Englishman did not know of Miss Benham's decision. He was incapable of deceit. Ste. Marie threw an arm over his friend's shoulder and went with him a little way towards the drawing-

"Go in there," he said. "You'll find someone glad to see you, I think. And remember that I said everything is all right." He came back after he had turned away, and met Hartley's puzzled frown with a smile.

"If you've that motor here, may I use it?" he asked. "I want to go somewhere in a hurry."

"Of course," the other man said-"of course! I'll go home in a cab."

So they parted, and Ste. Marie went out to

the waiting car.

On the left bank the streets are nearly empty of traffic at night, and one can make excellent time over them. Ste. Marie reached the Porte de Versailles, at the city's limits, in twenty minutes, and dashed through Issy five minutes later. In less than half an hour from the time he had left the Rue de l'Université he was under the walls of La Lierre. He looked at his watch,

and it was not quite half-past eleven.

He tried the little door in the wall, and it was unlocked, so he passed in and closed the door behind him. Inside he found that he was running, and he gave a little laugh, but of eagerness and excitement, not of mirth. There were dim lights in one or two of the upper windows, but none below, and there was no one about. He pulled at the doorbell, and, after a few impatient moments, pulled again and still again. Then he noticed that the heavy door was ajar, and since no one answered his ringing, he pushed the door open and went in.

The lower hall was quite dark, but a very faint light came down from above through the well of the staircase. He heard dragging feet in the upper hall, and then upon one of the upper flights—for the stairs, broad below, divided at a half-way landing, and continued upward, in an opposite direction, in two narrower flights—a voice, very faint and

"Who is there? Who is ringing, please?" And Coira O'Hara, holding a candle in her hand, came upon the stair-landing and stood gazing down into the darkness. She wore a sort of dressing-gown, a heavy, white garment which hung in straight, long folds to her feet, and fell away from the arm that held the candle on high. The yellow beams of light struck down across her head and face, and even at the distance the man could see how white she was, and hollow-eyed and

that had walked in the garden at La Lierre. "Who is there, please?" she asked again.

worn—a pale wraith of the splendid beauty

"I can't see. What is it?"

weary, called-

"It is I, Coira!" said Ste. Marie, and she gave a sharp cry. The arm which was holding the candle overhead shook and fell beside her, as if the strength had gone out of it. The candle dropped to the floor, spluttered there for an instant, and went out, but there was still a little light from the hall above.

Ste. Marie sprang up the stairs to where the girl stood, and caught her in his arms, for she was on the verge of faintness. Her head fell back away from him, and he saw her eyes through half-closed lids, her white teeth through parted lips. She was trembling, but, for that matter, so was he at the touch of her, the heavy and sweet burden in his arms. She tried to speak, and he heard a whisper—

"Why? Why? Why?"

"Because it is my place, Coira!" said he.
"Because I cannot live away from you.
Because we belong together."

The girl struggled weakly and pushed against him. Once more he heard whispering words, and made out that she tried to sav—

"Go back to her! Go back to her! You belong there." But at that he laughed

aloud.

"I thought so, too," said he. "But she thinks otherwise. She'll have none of me, Coira. It's Richard Hartley now. Coira, can you love a jilted man? I've been jilted—thrown over—dismissed."

Her head came up in a flash, and she stared at him, suddenly rigid and tense in

his arms.

"Is that true?" she demanded.

"Yes, my love!" said he; and she began to weep, with long, comfortable sobs, her face hidden in the hollow of his shoulder. On one other occasion she had wept before him, and he had been horribly embarrassed, but he bore this present tempest without, as it were, winking. He gloried in it. He tried to say so. He tried to whisper to her, his lips pressed close to the ear that was nearest them, but he found that he had no speech. Words would not come to his tongue; it trembled and faltered, and was still for sheer inadequacy.

Rather oddly, in that his thoughts were chaos, swallowed up in the surge of feeling, a memory struck through to him of that other exaltation which had swept him to the He looked upon it and was amazed because now he saw it, in clear light, for the thing it had been. He saw it for a fantasy, a self-evoked wraith of the imagination, a dizzy flight of the spirit through spirit space. He saw that it had not been love at all, and he realised how little a part Helen Benham had ever really played in it. A cold and stilleved figure for him to wrap the veil of his imagination round, that was what she had There were times when the sweep of his upward flight had stirred her a little, wakened in her some vague response, but for the most part she had stood aside and looked on, wondering.

The mist was rent away from that rainbowpainted cobweb, and at last the man saw and understood. He gave an exclamation of wonder, and the girl who loved him raised her head once more, and the two looked each into the other's eyes for a long time. They fell into hushed and broken speech.

"I have loved you so long, so long!" she

said, "and so hopelessly! I never thought—I never believed—— To think that in the end you have come to me! I cannot believe it!"

"Wait and see!" cried the man. "Wait

and see!" She shivered a little.

"If it is not true, I should like to die before I find out. I should like to die now, Bayard, with your arms holding me up and

your eyes close-close!"

Ste. Marie's arms tightened round her with a sudden fierceness. He hurt her, and she smiled up at him. Their two hearts beat one against the other, and they beat very fast.

"Don't you understand," he cried, "that life's only just beginning—day's just dawning, Coira? We've been lost in the dark. Day's coming now. This is only the sun-

rise."

"I can believe it at last," she said, "because you hold me close, and you hurt me a little, and I am glad to be hurt. And I can feel your heart beating. Ah, never let me go, Bayard! I should be lost in the dark again if you let me go." A sudden thought came to her, and she bent back her head to see the better.

"Did you speak with Arthur?" And he

said---

"Yes. He asked me to read your note, so I read it. That poor lad! I came straight to you then. Straight and fast!"

"You knew why I did it?" she said, and

Ste. Marie said-

"Now I know."

"I could not have married him," said she.
"I could not. I never thought I should see you again, but I loved you and I could not have married him. Ah, impossible! And he'll be glad later on. You know that. It will save him any more trouble with his family, and, besides—he's so very young! Already, I think, he was beginning to chafe a little. I thought so more than once.

"Oh, I'm trying to justify myself!" she cried. "I'm trying to find reasons, but you know the true reason. You know it."

"I thank God for it!" he said.

So they stood clinging together in that dim place, and broken, whispering speech passed between them or long silences when speech was done. But at last they went down the stairs and out upon the open terrace where the moonlight lay.

"It was in the open, sweet air," the girl said, "that we came to know each other. Let us walk in it now. The house smothers me." She looked up, when they had passed the west corner of the façade, and drew a

little sigh.

"I am worried about my father," said she. "He will not answer me when I call to him, and he has eaten nothing all day long. Bayard, I think his heart is broken. Ah, but to-morrow we shall mend it again! In the morning I shall make him let me in, and I shall tell him—what I have to tell."

They turned down under the trees, where the moonlight made silver splashes about their feet, and the sweet night air bore soft against their faces. Coira went a half-step in advance, her head laid back upon the shoulder of the man she loved, and his arm

held her up from falling.

So at last we leave them, walking there in the tender moonlight, with the breath of roses about them, and their eyes turned to the coming day. It is still night, and there is yet one cloud of sorrow to shadow them somewhat, for upstairs in his locked room a man lies dead across the floor with an empty pistol beside him—heart-broken, as the girl had feared. But where a great love is, shadows cannot last very long, not even such shadows as this. The morning must dawn—and joy cometh of a morning.

So we leave them walking together in the moonlight, their faces turned towards the

coming day.

THE END.





"BENEDICTA." BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

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THE EDUCATION OF A WAR HORSE.

BY CECIL BATTINE.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

HE fighting man on horseback has for ten centuries been the emblem of courage, strength, and command, and the word "chivalrous" has stood for the noblest qualities of Christian gentlemen. Today the popular opinion of the purposes for which cavalry exists is not inaptly rendered by the famous answer of the Dragoon subaltern under examination for promotion: "Cavalry is maintained to give a tone to proceedings which might otherwise degenerate

of its most successful cavalry charges was delivered by a regiment of Cuirassiers in the last agony of Napoleon's campaign in France, when the cavalry had been practically destroyed, and had to be replaced by new levies. Neither men nor horses had been trained, the regiment had been hastily embodied from a draft of conscripts, and mounted on horses collected from the farms. Formed on the top of the steep bank of the Seine, the squadrons had been led to the



YOUNG HORSES BEING WALKED ROUND FREE FROM LEADING REIN.

into a vulgar brawl." The gifted writers of fiction who contribute the military articles to most of our leading daily newspapers have insisted on the theory that cavalry can effect nothing in the presence of modern firearms. That the professional chiefs of all the great armies of Europe hold the opposite view does not for an instant abash these modest scribes, and, disastrously for our country, the British War Administration, by its neglect of the mounted arm, would seem to be the one and only War Office in the world which agrees with these journalists. It is an oft-quoted tradition in the French Army that one

attack down the precipitous incline, and in spite of the efforts of their riders to hold them, the horses ran away down the hill, stampeded across the meadowland at its base, and trampled under their hoofs in their mad career a whole brigade of Austrian infantry. This episode does not prove that it is unnecessary to train horses for the cavalry service, for success in war depends primarily on correct combination of the different forces which constitute an army, and a thorough training of man and horse is alone capable of producing the best results. Perfection, therefore, is always aimed at

when time admits, and a recital of what the horse is expected to do for his rider in war gives a fair idea of how important a sound and patient education must be, both for his

character and for his physical strength.

The military horse must be capable of carrying, not only his rider, but also arms, ammunition, blanket, and other field-kit, over all sorts of country and obstacles at a gallop. This weight cannot be reduced below an average of eighteen stone, while a hunter normally carries no more than fourteen stone, unless he is bred for the express purpose of carrying weight. Cavalry must be able to pursue wherever defeated in-

fantry can rally, and mounted scouts may have to scramble over ground which would scare the hunters of Exmoor. In the actual combat, particularly against hostile cavalry, the troop-horse should be as handy as possible. The life of his rider will often depend on our young horse require the accomplishments of a hunter, but also he needs the agility and handiness of a polo pony in actual combat. Moreover, he should have the docility

> and steadiness of a shooting-cob, for cavalry are fighting on foot more often than on horseback. and the first condition of success in such engagements lies in the speed and order with which the soldiers can dismount with their rifles and form a line of combat on The horses foot. must be depended on to stand quietly, and even to move up at a brisk pace to meet their riders when led in groups of four or five by one horse-Usually the man. horses are quiet

enough after a week's campaigning. Lastly, the troop-horse is also a pack-horse. He will be wanted to carry his rider long distances with supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition, which will frequently increase the weight to be borne up to more than twenty



TEACHING A HORSE TO LIE DOWN WITH A MAN MOUNTED: FIRST STAGE.



SECOND STAGE.

the suppleness the horse can display, and on the readiness with which he responds to the horseman's intentions, either in evading or seeking an antagonist. Not only, then, does

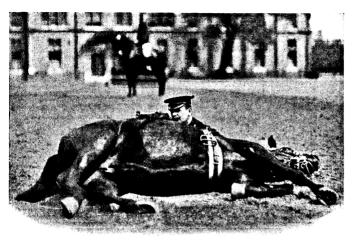


THIRD STAGE.

stone. When the Boer cavalry invaded Natal, in 1899, each man had 300 cartridges and several days' food and forage on his pony. Some had two or three ponies and

some carts, but these commandos were irregular cavalry of a formidable type.

The education of the young horse must therefore aim at both activity and endurance.



THE HORSE HAS TO BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE SOUND OF THE RIFLE.

It must not begin in earnest too soon, or else his limbs will not stand the strain. It must be begun with caution, and proceeded with gradually, patiently, and goodhumouredly. The horse, unless he has been spoilt by cruel, stupid, or clumsy handling,

is, in the vast majority of cases, the gentlest, most docile, and most faithful of animals. Both his brain and his character are capable of great development. is eminently sociable, has strong likes and dislikes. for both men and other horses. can be taught most things if care is taken not to alarm him at first acquaintance with the new duty, for, like most courageous, well-bred animals.

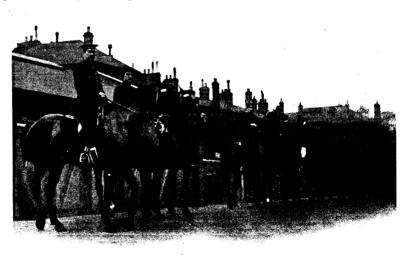
he possesses a highly strung nervous system, and a memory which is quite remarkably retentive. He has an instinctive aversion from separation from his kind, but will face peril and pain when he has a trusted rider on his back and his companion horses alongside of him. The training of the horse cannot, therefore, be too carefully undertaken. It is very easy to ruin a horse, for good

and all, in quite a few

lessons.

The intelligence of horses has been often underrated by people, who forget how little chance their human masters and captors give to the development of a horse's brain and character. Shut up in silence, without company, in dark, narrow stables, the horse cannot be expected to progress intellectually, but when conditions are more favourable, his wit soon asserts itself. The cleverness of the experienced hunter, or polo pony, is proverbial, and in countries such as Arabia and South Africa, where the horse is the companion of

mankind, and not only a chattel, he shows many sympathetic characteristics which we have been accustomed to believe were possessed by the dog alone of the dumb creation. The astonishing difference in the behaviour of the same horse with different



TEACHING THE HORSE BENDING LESSON.

riders is a proof of his sympathetic and responsive nature.

As the strain which is put upon the limbs of the cavalry horse is exceptionally severe, while the accomplishments demanded of him are more varied than for private horses, so his education should be more gradual. In Germany the utmost economy of horse power is aimed at; the young horse is kept in large is necessarily interfered with, because the best men in the ranks of the squadron have to be left in from field work to ride remounts.

At the outbreak of war, the regiments have



TEACHING HIM TO STAND STEADY WHILE FIRING FROM HIS BACK.

Government studs, where he is taught to jump without a rider, to get accustomed to the saddle and girths, which may hurt his sensitive skin at first, even when adjusted with the greatest care, and to bear the

weight of a light rider on his back. Turned five, he is posted to a regiment, his slow and systematic education begins. Not till he completes his sixth year is he expected to take his place in the ranks for ordinary The British duty. Government has no studs for young horses, but buys them as they are wanted or, rather, when the need for them becomes very acute. Even in times of peace the remounts are posted to the regiments at irregular

intervals and at varying ages. The regimental authorities have to do the best they can with the means at their disposal to train their horses. Since the best riders are required for the purpose, the training of the soldiers



TEACHING HIM TO PULL UP IN HIS OWN LENGTH FROM A GALLOP.

only about half the trained horses they require, and others have to be procured somehow. The British War Office has never taken any steps in peace to provide against this contingency, which regularly recurs

every time the cavalry has to be raised to war strength. war in South Africa compelled us to scour Europe and America to procure the horses, without which the conquest of the Boer Republics could not have been effected. Horses were obtained, but at what a price! Moreover, thousands of them died because they were suddenly exposed to the conditions of campaigning on the veldt, strange food, strange climate, extremes of heat and cold, with short commons and severe



FAMILIARISING HIM WITH THE USE OF THE SWORD IN ACTUAL FIGHTING.

work. If we enter on another serious war before organising our horse supply, it is far from certain that we shall be able to get what we want at any price, for in war-time horses are eagerly bought up, the price rises to prohibitive figures, and every precaution will be taken by belligerent Powers to prevent their enemies from supplying themselves with remounts.

Breaking in a young horse forms the best possible training for a rider who aspires to become an accomplished horseman. It cannot even be attempted by men who are not thoroughly at home in the saddle, and who cannot carry it out with patience and good temper. Since the men required for this duty have to be drawn from the ranks of the squadrons, a great deal of careful management is required to train and select suitable men under efficient instructors, and to organise the carrying on of the ordinary routine work as well. If the remounts join

of the youngster is aroused, untold mischief is done, and he may never get over it. for this reason that every decided step of progress has to be cautiously undertaken, such as the first saddling, or the first planting of a man's weight on the horse's back. When once these ordeals have been passed without misadventure, and the horse has got accustomed to the handling and ways of his rider, quick progress may be Nearly all horses will jump hoped for. freely both height and width without a weight on their back; when once they know their own powers, they will readily carry a man over obstacles, but he must sit very firm at first, for if his mount finds the unaccustomed weight rolls on to his withers



TEACHING THE HORSE TO BE STEADY WHILE THE MAN IS PRACTISING CUTS AND POINTS AT HEADS AND POSTS.

a regiment at the close of the manœuvre season, the six winter months can be devoted to their education, so that most of them are fit for the ranks in the following summer. But if, as often happens to our cavalry regiments, they get a batch of sixty young horses thrown at them in the middle of the squadron training, at a time, too, when the ranks are full of young soldiers, all of whom require daily work in the field, while few or none are fit to be entrusted with a young horse, then the task of the commanding officer becomes well-nigh impossible. Either young horses are sacrificed to present exigencies, or the training of the troops has to give way to the making of their horses.

In horse-breaking the first step is the all-important one. If the temper or terror

when he lands, and so upsets his balance, he is very likely to acquire a distaste for the exercise. Whenever a new task is successfully accomplished, the horse should be rewarded by gentle caresses, and even by dainties, such as an apple or a carrot.

To teach a horse to join in mounted combat is probably the most difficult part of his training. Here, again, too much care cannot be taken to avoid any accident which may permanently frighten him from playing his part. In actual fighting the horse-soldier will often aim his first blow at his adversary's horse, particularly if he is armed with the lance. No horse will charge an adversary who pricks him on the nose or lip, if he has time to turn. In this manner the Lancer compels his adversary to turn his

back, and the attack becomes a mere pursuit. In early instruction, therefore, the combatants with masks and single-sticks must. above all things, avoid striking their own or their adversary's charger. On the other hand, horses can be trained gradually to face smart blows in a mêlée, and a stream of rushing horses has often been known to trample its way through a triple hedge of bayonets, and, in more recent times, to smash a path right across a barbed-wire entanglement, regardless of pain and wounds, the essential condition of such successful charges being that the horses should be galloping at high speed and closely wedged together, just as if they were stampeding of their own accord.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the part which horses have played in war right through historic times. Alexander, Hannibal, Attila, William the Norman, Frederick, and Napoleon, all achieved their mighty conquests by skilful use of the combined strength of man and horse. Nor is the weapon less powerful to-day, though the occasions of its employment have changed with the progress of machinery and the other circumstances of modern war. size of contemporary armies, the large proportion of their soldiers who have only received a few months' training, the disorder, amounting sometimes to dissolution, which is the inevitable accompaniment of all infantry fighting on a big scale, are among the factors which create opportunities for decisive cavalry attack, the like of which have never

existed before. Then, again, the utter physical and moral exhaustion induced by the long strain of a modern battle, the rapid consumption of cartridges, the lack of food, water, and sleep, exposure to the weather by night as well as by day, use up infantry troops in a way that no former warfare was known to do. Not one of these conditions affect cavalry to the same extent, so that a field exists for the prowess of brave horse-soldiers on well-broken chargers, which even the Norman chivalry might have envied.

Keen and deadly is the instrument, but the battlefield of to-day has become a most difficult field of action. On it there is no place for incompetence and irresolution. when opposed by skill and determination. The cavalry leader of the future must not only be the dashing fighter, the gallant knight, and inspiriting chief, but he must also be one of the most rusés and besteducated men on his side. When bold riders and scientific leaders have been secured for our cavalry, the prime condition of success still remains to be fulfilled. No cavalry can keep the field without a well-organised system for supplying a continual stream of well-bred, well-broken, and mature remounts, to meet the waste of war. Unless the proper measures are taken in peace to this end, the cost of meeting the exigencies of war will be ruinous; nor is there any certainty that even a ruinous expenditure will be effectual to redeem the neglect of founding a good system in the years of peace.

THE PIPING SHEPHERD.

MY shepherd a-piping
Blows notes loud and long,
Spring in the meadow,
And the birds' song,
The clatter of stones,
The drops as they fall,
The unfolding of leaf-buds
On the wet wall;

The branches a-whisper,
The winds lie-a-down,
Blades in their scabbard,
The buttercup's crown,
The wash of the stream,
The cry of the rills,
The scents of the Spring, coming
Over the hills;

A stir in the garden,
Joy at the birth,
Seeds climbing up on
A ladder of earth;
The tremor of bloom,
The yearning of bowers,
The thrill of the air, that is
Ready for flowers.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE UNEXPECTED.

By FRED M. WHITE.



Y and by the two men would be making Empire. Later on, with any luck, that unknown portion of Africa would be added to the map and duly painted red. Then, perhaps, in the fulness of time, Stanning and

Ridsdale would be largely in the newspapers, with C.B.'s after their names, and possibly fat commissionerships in the not remote future. It is a fascinating game, and has been played with brilliant success ever since the days of Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins. If the thing is successful, then these adventurers are patriots and explorers; if the thing fails, then they are no better than pirates, and are treated accordingly. nobody understood the rules of the game better than Stanning and Ridsdale. had gone into it with their eyes wide open; they had tired of the ordinary amusements of an effete civilisation, and, besides, they were both getting on in life. There were wrinkles under their eyes and grey patches on their temples, and a peculiar, nervous jerk of their hands which told its own story.

There were about two hundred and fifty of them altogether. As to the natives, they didn't count at all. They had been more or less pressed into the service; they were so many black cattle in a country where it was impossible to obtain mules. The Europeans were a mere handful, and of them the less said the better. For the most part, they would have preferred it that way. They were all in possession of antecedents, of course, but on this head they displayed a unanimous and striking modesty. Probably most of them had been in jail, and they all deserved to be, but they were just the sort of men that Ridsdale and Stanning wanted, for they knew no fear, and adventure was as the breath of their nostrils. It looked like being a big thing,

In the first place, no white man had ever

been here before. The country was rich in produce; there was ivory to be had for the asking, and if the stories told by the natives were true, there was indiarubber back yonder behind the place where the chief of the tribes lived. Of course, there was the awful climate—the hot, steamy days and the heavy nights, when the fog fell like a blanket, and perspiring humanity shivered under its cold touch. There were fever and dysentery and all the rest of it, and no man knew what to-morrow would bring forth. But it was beautiful in its way, too. were orchids here hanging from the trees, which collectors away in England would have given an ear to call their own. Provided the little force was not wiped out prematurely. then Stanning and Ridsdale began to see the outline of great possibilities. Probably, later on, they would reap their reward for all this: there were no newspaper correspondents present, so that they might carry out the campaign in the usual way. It is an axiom in the making of geography that dead men tell no tales.

And yet, somehow, things were not going quite so smoothly as they might, for here was a tribe that refused to come in. The men of it were not to be moved by blandishments or glass beads or biscuit-tins, and Winchester rifles appeared to have no terrors for them. than one brush had ended in an undecided fashion, and progress was getting slow, until it began to dawn upon the leaders of the expedition that they were in a tight place. Their sentries were picked off at nights, and though they had every intention of moving in one direction, it gradually began to dawn upon Stanning and Ridsdale that they were being shepherded into quite another place. It was all very well to try and believe that their movements were made for strategic reasons, and because of the force of the foe who kept at respectful distance. But these two leaders had been in South Africa, and they recognised that there was method behind all this. was something almost murderously civilised about it. The lesson had come right home that afternoon, when an advance party had been fallen upon and cut off to a man in a little ravine leading out into the plain. And when the advance party came to be buried,

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Stanning stood there whistling softly and scratching his head with a ruminative fore-tinger. He was the more observant of the two, and he was seeing things now which were lost upon Ridsdale. When the two sat down gloomily to smoke, it was Stanning who pointed out certain things of moment.

"This is a serious business," Ridsdale

said.

"My boy, it's more serious than you think," Stanning replied. "Now, just look at this. I picked it up this afternoon—in fact, I picked up a couple of dozen of them. If those chaps of ours find any of them, they won't move another yard."

"What is it?" Ridsdale asked languidly. He lay there half suffocated by the moist heat; his face seemed to be bathed in a kind of yellow varnish. "What have you got

there?"

Stanning passed over a little, shining, brass cylinder for his companion's inspection.

"No reason to ask you if you know what this is," he said. "You've been through the Boer war, and you've seen the thing for yourself. It's the shell of a Mauser cartridge, my boy, and I've got a score more in my pocket. And every one of those poor devils we buried just now was shot with a No. 2 Mauser rifle of the very latest pattern. Why, it hadn't been out more than six months. Lord knows how it was that those chaps didn't notice. I suppose they thought that our little lot was picked off by a lot of old gas-pipes just in the usual way. I tell you, I don't like it. Ridsdale. I could have sworn that we were the first white men here, and yet that's impossible. Fancy coming across niggers in the middle of Africa armed with Mausers! And that's not the worst of it. Here's another shell. I picked it up quite by accident. You won't want to run your eve over it more than once to see that it's a Maxim cartridge. Fancy a nigger chief right off the map here with a force behind him armed up to date in this way! wonder he refused to come into treaty with And the beggar's clever, too. running this little scrap quite on European lines. He's a kind of Cronje in the bud. And instead of us being marching on to Maryland and all that sort of thing, we are in a devilish tight place. I only began to realise it yesterday, and that confounded nigger knows it, too. If something out of the common doesn't happen, your mother and mine will never see their blue-eyed boys again."

"So you've spotted it, too?" Ridsdale

asked. "I didn't like to say anything about it till I was certain. And so far as I can see, there is only one thing left to be done."

"'The good old rule, the simple plan," Stanning quoted—"the great game of bluff which has built up the British Empire and made it what it is. We shall have to wave the flag, my boy. We shall have to pose as a British force, and offer this mahogany Napoleon here the protection of the Union Jack. It may come off all right; on the other hand, it mayn't. If it does, then we shall get our little reward later on, and if it doesn't, then Portland prison may be our portion for some little time to come. will send our friend an ultimatum. We will send something neat and not too gaudy in the way of a mission, asking the chief to come and see us. You write it-you are better at that sort of thing than I am-and make it flowery, old chap, whatever you do. Throw in a lot about the Empire on which the sun never sets."

Ridsdale dragged himself wearily in the direction of his tent. He sat down, and at the end of half an hour had evolved something satisfactory. It was finely decorated with some imposing looking pictures taken from packets of cigarettes. It was just the sort of thing to fill the heart of a simple savage with wonder and delight.

"I think that will do the trick," he said.
"Those regimental colours from the cigarette
packets come in fine. It looks like the work
of a boy in a Council school. And now, I
suppose, the best thing we can do is to send
it off. With any luck, we ought to get some

sort of a reply before sunset."

It was not a particularly easy matter to procure volunteers for the proud position of bearing the proclamation. But the thing was accomplished at length by a judicious admixture of threats and bullying, together with a couple of bottles of something peculiarly atrocious in the way of whisky. The deputation started presently under the guidance of a big ex-convict, who had, amongst other talents, the gift of tongues. He swayed slightly in his walk; he was filled contemporaneously with the importance of his mission and the lion's share of the aggressive whisky. The little company departed presently, and Ridsdale and Stanning sat down to await events. Even their spirits were damped by the outlook. The heat beat down upon them furiously; they lay there groaning and sweating, anxious to be up and doing something, and yet held in the grip of that enervating moisture. Presently it became

too hot to smoke; they could only lounge there half torpid and almost too listless to fight the flies which hung round them in black, humming clouds. It was nearly sunset before a solitary native came in sight, the only one of the deputation, apparently.

"Where are the rest of them?" Stanning

demanded.

The native made a motion by drawing his hand across his throat. He was absolutely livid under his black skin, his yellow eyeballs rolled in a fine frenzy of fear.

"All gone, master," he said—"all done for. I saw it. First one, then the other, and the lord of the black beard last of all. Me they spared, me they sent with a letter."

This was the gist of the story he had to tell, told in his own words. It was adorned with wild gesticulations and a certain fluency of description from which the listeners picked out the prominent features. Apparently, without waiting for any explanation, the native chief had had the deputation promptly murdered, with the exception of the fortunate individual saved from the holocaust to bring back a reply to Ridsdale's work of art.

"Did it seem to annoy him?" Ridsdale

asked

"He read," the native said. "He put up the one glass to his eye, same as my lord here——"

"What?" Stanning cried. "Here, steady on! Do you mean to tell me that this nigger wears an eyeglass like mine? Oh, the man's mad--frightened to death!"

But the native stuck stoutly to his story. He had gone alone into the presence of the mysterious great chief, all dressed in his feathers and his paint, and the great gold ring through his nose, and the great chief had read that illuminated address, and he had laughed and laughed till the tears ran down his face. Then he had summoned a woman, who came muffled to the eyes, and she had read and laughed, too, in tones like those of the bellbird when he is calling to his mate. And after that the big chief had written something with a pen on a sheet of paper, and he had tossed it to the messenger, bidding him contemptuously to be gone and take it to the white men who had dared to send him there.

"Oh, the man's raving!" Ridsdale said. "He's either that or he's a born journalist without knowing it. I suppose you could find novelists in this part of the world even. If this chap were only educated, he would knock some of those writing chaps at home silly. Still, it's clever. He's a humorist. Just think of a nigger with a ring through

his nose and an eyeglass! And that touch about the fair female with a voice like a set of silver bells!"

"And the pen and paper," Stanning said.
"Now, my son, produce the love-letter. Let's have the cream-laid note and the violet ink.
Hand it over—the letter, you fool, the letter!"

The anguished native promptly dived his hand into his loin-cloth and produced a note. Surely enough it looked just the sort of letter to come from any civilised being with a nice taste in notepaper and a firm, neat handwriting. The letter was addressed to the commander of the British force, and inside was a short and pithy message couched in ironical phrase in an absolutely perfect grammar. Stanning gasped as he read it.

"The gist of it," he said faintly, "is:
'Don't you wish you might get it!' And
it's written in French, of all languages in
the world! Oh, we've gone mad, old chap!
This infernal climate has been too much for
us, and, for the time being, Reason totters on
her throne. The dusky warrior who murders
the envoy in cold blood is all right enough,
for we've met him before, but the savage
chief who has an eyeglass and writes letters
upon notepaper with the Army and Navy
Stores' imprint on the flap of the envelope
must be a creature of imagination. He
couldn't exist; the whole thing is impossible."

"Well, there it is, anyway," Ridsdale said.
"I suppose we don't happen to have blundered on a tribe of white men who have been lost sight of for a few generations? No, that's quite impossible. I don't think a white man would have an embassy chopped up in that cold-blooded way. Still, the thing's pretty weird, old man. It gives me a queer sensation down my spine. I'd give something

to get out of this!"

Stanning was emphatically of the same There was nothing for it now but to await the course of events. The darkness fell presently, and with it the night became sensibly cooler. It was possible to stand up now and to think and to act energetically. For an hour or more the two friends debated the matter, at the end of which time they decided that it would be better to fall back the way they had come. A long night march might take them outside the zone of danger. But here they were mistaken. A murderous fire broke out presently from both sides of the ravine, and the small advance guard fell back in confusion. Evidently it was too late to do anything now, and the only thing left was to concentrate forces and await the onslaught, which Ridsdale and Stanning knew now would come before

morning.

They could only hope for the best. They could only clench their teeth with the determination to fight it out to the bitter end. It was a couple of hours before the dawn when the attack broke upon them from all sides with startling suddenness. A great searchlight flared amongst the trees; the wood seemed to be alive with black figures, some of which were armed with a Mauser Their fire was concentrated and murderous; they closed in more fiercely, till at length Ridsdale and Stanning and a couple of natives alone remained. A gigantic black figure came bounding through the undergrowth, and pointed a revolver at Ridsdale, but at that very moment another huge figure appeared from out the gloom, and snatched the weapon from the big fellow's hand. the same instant a hoarse command rang out from somewhere, and the firing ceased and the searchlight died away. It was impossible to see a yard ahead in the intense darkness.

It was no time to wait and argue what this policy meant. Stanning clutched his companion by the arm, and together they staggered on through the night. They fought their way steadily with a grim courage and despair, knowing little where they went and what lay before them. But presently it seemed to them that the noise was dying away, and that for the time being, at any rate, they had reached a haven of safety. The first glimpse of the dawn was coming up now as they threw themselves down, spent and exhausted, upon the thick herbage.

"We've done it now!" Stanning gasped.
"I should say that we were the only two left.
So far we are lucky to be together. But where's it going to end? How are we going to find our way back again? Why, we haven't got so much as a revolver and a

cartridge between us!"

Ridsdale had no suggestion to make; he was too utterly tired and worn out. Stanning's eyes were closing, too, and they lay there in a deep sleep of utter exhaustion hour after hour, until, when they woke again, the sun was beginning to slope behind the dim outline of the distant hills. So far as they could judge, according to English time, it must have been about six o'clock. And then came the knowledge simultaneously to both of them that they were ravenously hungry. Still, they had to get on, and that speedily. They were far enough away from their own camp, even if they had known

the direction in which it lay. But by this time, no doubt, the camp had been wiped off the face of the forest, and little trace of it would remain. They had nothing beyond what they stood up in, no arms, and no provision to make a fire, even if they possessed the food to cook.

"We shall have to manage it somehow or other," Stanning said. "We can't sit quietly here and starve. What do you say to prospecting around till we can find a village? We can't be so very far away from a human habitation."

"Come along," Ridsdale said. "Any-

thing's better than this."

It was a difficult and a hazardous matter, but they managed it at length. They found a village presently, lying on a high plateau of land, and in the background an imposing group of buildings—quite a small palace in its way—which evidently was the residence of the chief of the tribe. So far everything had gone well, and there was nothing for it now but to possess their souls in patience until such time as the village slept, and it would be possible to steal into one of the huts and procure food. It might be possible also to assimilate a rifle or two and a box of cartridges.

The darkness fell presently, and dim lights began to twinkle out in the village. Then the open windows of the imposing palace in the background burst into scores of points of gleaming flame. Ridsdale clutched his

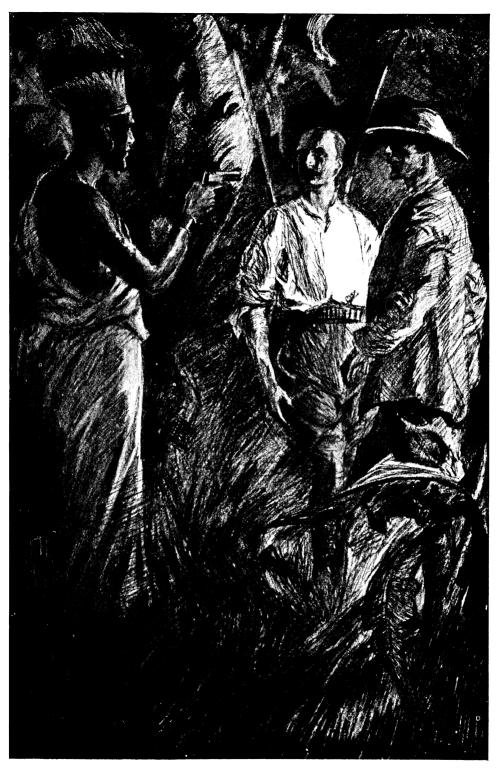
companion's arm.

"It's a land of magic," he whispered. "Electric lights, as I'm a living soul! Oh, there's no doubt of it! Look and see for yourself. Why, you can see the clusters on the ceiling! What on earth does it mean?"

"Come and see for yourself," a quiet voice came out of the darkness. "Now, don't move, gentlemen; I've got you covered with my revolver. I've been watching you for

some time."

Ridsdale and his companion resigned themselves to the inevitable. They were too dazed and bewildered to make any resistance; besides, this was emphatically a case where discretion was the better part of valour. They walked circumspectly and discreetly, for on that point their guide was emphatic. They came presently to the outer gate of the palace, which was immediately closed behind them. Once inside, they gazed round them with a feeble mixture of admiration and surprise. Here was a large, wide hall furnished in luxurious fashion, perhaps a little reminiscent of Tottenham Court Road, but with an absolute eye to comfort for all that. The



"A gigantic black figure."

electric lights gleamed everywhere behind the yellow silk shades; there were pictures on the walls, and oriental vases and bowls filled with masses of white and gold and purple orchids. The feet of the weary adventurers sank luxuriously into thick carpet; their tired eyes turned wearily from the splendour and the luxury of it all. Ridsdale turned recklessly to his guide. The man was a European like himself, with the suggestion of a Frenchman about him.

"What's the name of this hotel?" Ridsdale asked. "I say, you might show us where the bathroom is. And if you can give us a pick-me-up before dinner, we should

be obliged."

"A little patience," the guide said calmly.
"Perhaps you would like to see the bathroom

first. This way, please."

They followed, still marvelling, across a wide passage with many rooms leading out of it. The adventurers could see that there was a well-filled library as they passed, and further on a billiard-room, and again a music-room.

They were alone together presently in a large apartment lined with white tiles and fitted with two baths with silver appliances. They stood and grinned at one another.

"The Arabian Nights, by Jove!" Ridsdale cried. "Where's the one-eyed calendar with the scented soap and the hot towel? Upon my word, if they give us a good dinner and show us the nigger with the eyeglass afterwards, I shall be quite prepared to die happy. Pity we didn't bring our dress-clothes with us, wasn't it?"

Stanning responded in a reckless mood. He was feeling now as if he cared little what happened; after this, life could possess no further surprises for him. They fairly revelled in the luxury of a bath. They came out presently, to find razors and shaving tackle awaiting them. Then their guide reappeared and conducted them down to a drawing-room which would have been worthy of Belgravia. And here, awaiting them, was a tall, graceful woman in evening-dress. She was dark and handsome enough in a way—she might have been some five-and-forty years of age—and she had a fascinating smile which rendered her face extremely youthful.

"I am very glad to see you," she said.
"Which is Mr. Ridsdale and which is Mr. Stanning?... Oh, yes, it is quite delightful to see a white face again! It is thirteen years now since I spoke in English or French to anyone but my husband. I see you are wondering who my husband is. He was a

little late in going to his dressing-room this evening, but he will be here presently to explain things for himself. He is the chief of the tribe, you know. I fancy one of you gentlemen owes his life to the prompt intervention of my husband last night."

Stanning started and stammered something. Usually he was cool and collected enough, but he looked flushed and uncom-

fortable now.

"I—I don't understand," he blurted out.

The dazzling vision smiled sweetly.

"Oh, there are lots of things you don't understand," she said. "But you will get over your surprise in time. Of course, if you will come here, you will have to put up with the consequences. If you had both perished last night, you would have had nobody to blame but yourselves. Why can't you English leave people alone? Surely, if one likes to come all this way from civilisation, one has a right to a little peace and quietness. Oh, I don't blame you, but I know exactly what you were after. In a short time you find some excuse to quarrel with the natives, then you run up the British flag and build a light railway, and then you go home and write a book, and your Government gives you a knighthood and perhaps makes you a governor of some important island. I never pick up one of the English society papers without reading some charming little biography of this kind. It is only when you fail that you are called a thief and an adventurer. Still, I bear you no grudge, especially as you are going to make no geography out of this little affair. And it really was good of you to come all this way and give us a little variety in our monotonous Now, I haven't the slightest intention of telling you who we are, and what strange freak of fortune brought us here, but there was a time when I knew the Park and Ascot and Cowes quite as well as you do. And I should be frightfully interested after dinner to hear all about my old friends. But here is my husband."

There came into the drawing-room at that moment the striking figure of a man in evening-dress. He was splendidly proportioned, a veritable mass of sinews. His face was burnt almost black, his blunt, short nose and somewhat sensual lips had a suggestion of the negro about them. Dyed and stained and dressed in the appropriate feathers, he would have passed even in the searching daylight for the very model of a negro chief. Looking at him carefully, Stanning could see where the nose had been pierced, and where

on occasions this amazing specimen of humanity wore the heavy gold ring which the native envoy had spoken of. But there were no signs of it now, for the strange host carried his glass in his right eye as if to the manner born. Just for the moment a flicker of malicious amusement fell on his face, and his eyes grew hard and merciless. Beyond a doubt, this man had been reared in civilisation, but, all the same, he was a tiger. at that moment Stanning could read clearly enough what was likely to happen. had been brought here to amuse this savage and his wife, but that they were likely to return to civilisation to tell their story was a contingency so remote that it was not worthy of thought.

"I am exceedingly glad to meet you, gentlemen," the chief said in a harsh, grating voice. "I managed to save you last night at some little risk to myself. To a certain extent I am like the man in the Scriptures who spared Agag and the best of the spoil. Still, it was worth taking the risk. I knew it would amuse my wife and afford her a pleasant change. But, really, I owe you a grudge for coming here like this, because for many reasons strict privacy is essential to us. We won't talk about that; let us go in to dinner. We can play at society, at any rate,

for the time being." It was an excellent dinner; indeed, it seemed to Stanning and his companion that they had never sat down to a better. Here were the same luxuries which they would have found at the Carlton or the Savoy, here was the finest of champagne, the most curious thing in the way of liqueurs, and cigarettes which had been expressly manufactured for Royalty itself. And the table left nothing to be desired. There were three or four wellwho did servants their trained excellently.

"Ex-convicts," the strange host explained, when the coffee and cigars had circulated. "They are French, for the most part. three out of the four have escaped from Toulon. But they serve our purpose excellently well, and for obvious reasons they are quite content to stay here. Of course, I need not tell you that the tribe which I have the honour to reign over does not dream of the way in which its chief spends his evenings. No nigger of the lot of them has ever been in here. But that only adds to the mystery and gives me greater hold upon them. Now, what do you gentlemen say to a game of billiards? We can talk and play at the same time, and I can give you any information you need. Not that it is likely to be of any service to you, but, still, out of courtesy to my guests——"

The smile was pleasant enough, but the tone none the less menacing. And, on the whole, it was a pleasant evening. The dramatic, unexpected suddenness of it alone gave it piquancy and charm in the eyes of the guests. It was only later on, in the seclusion of the bedroom, that the grimness of it appealed to them.

"Where's this going to end?" Ridsdale

asked gloomily.

"It will end," Stanning said grimly, "when that tiger and his mate have had enough of it. It will end on the knot of a rope or at the impact of a bullet. You don't suppose that chap's going to let us get back to civilisation, do you? Not a bit of it, my boy. Do you know who he is? Because if you don't, I can tell you. He's George Templemore. 1 found that out last night. Of course, I should never have guessed if we hadn't got that letter which our envoy brought us. And when I saw the little exploit last night, it flashed upon me like a shot. You remember Templemore, don't you? He used to live in Paris years ago. One of the most awful blackguards I think I ever came across. But you seem to have forgotten the scandal."

"By Jove!" Ridsdale exclaimed. "Do

you mean to say-"

"I do, my boy. And the charming lady who has been entertaining us to-night used to be known in the world of fashion as Marie Chesterton. Templemore robbed Chesterton of all he had, and then finally murdered the man who had been such a friend to him. And to make the thing all the more horrible, that fiend of a woman fled with her husband's murderer. They took any amount of loot with them. And they vanished in the most extraordinary manner. At any rate, although the police of Europe were looking for them everywhere, they were never found. this is just the sort of wild, mad, plucky sort of thing that Templemore would do. Why, that chap would have walked into a den of lions if he had been dared to do it., After seeing him, you can quite understand he managed to get his influence over this tribe. You see, they didn't know anything about Mauser rifles when he came here first. And, mind you, he was perfectly safe here so long as the gangs of pirates like ourselves, masquerading as the forces of civilisation, did not come too far. In any case, we're not safe here, and the sooner we get out of it the better. I don't

suppose our friend will get tired of us before the week's out, but I managed to find out where the arms were kept, and I know where the stables are, too. There are rifles and cartridges in the little room off the billiardroom, and some really good horses in the stable. Now, is it good enough to stay here on the off-chance of that blackguard changing his mind at any moment, or would you like to make a move in the direction of England, home, and beauty without delay? It's very nice to sit down to a good dinner and to enjoy a good bath—and though we are pirates, we know it—but it isn't quite good enough to sit down again with a cold-blooded murderer."

"Soon as you like," Ridsdale whispered. It was an hour or so before the dawn that they crept cautiously through the house, after helping themselves liberally to the chief's weapons. Then presently they led two horses out of the stables, making a detour of the village, after which they rode on hour after hour, till the sun was high in the heavens and all chance of pursuit was at an end.

"I think we can stop now," Stanning suggested, "and perhaps we are safe, after all. There's one thing in Templemore's favour. When we get home and tell this story, nobody will believe us. I know I shouldn't

if anybody told it to me."

A SONG IN GREEN.

GREEN leaves above, green lawns below,
Along the woodland way we go,
With happy steps delaying.
The west wind's bugles round us blow,
Green boughs are swaying,
Green lights are playing,
When maids go forth a-maying.

Green door and hall, green floor and wall,
Green threshold moss, green roof-tree tall,
Where golden gleams are straying:
From turrets green the cuckoos call,
Celestial singing
Is softly ringing
When maids go forth a-maying.

Green bud and blade for carpet rare,
Green shine and shade for curtains fair,
The house of Spring arraying:
And Love is Lord and Master there—
Oh, who would fly him?
Oh, who deny him?
When maids go forth a-maying.

MAY BYRON.

MY MISTAKE.

By JESSIE POPE.



T'S pretty rough, as I said to Woodward the day we broke up, to have to spend your Easter holidays with people who haven't a motor-car, or a carriage, or horse, or even a pony of any description.

Woodward said they'd have a donkey, anyhow; but I assured him that this was not so. It was an unfortunate fact that my uncle's house was one of a row of little red-brick villas in a provincial town, and had not the accommodation for any domestic animal larger than a cat. I did not, however, enter into these details with Woodward, and it's just as well; for, in the first place, if I had, this story would never have been written; and, in the second, he would probably have looked down on me, as he has often told me his father has three motor-cars, and I know for a fact he has two, because I have seen them. Woodward is my great chum, and I am his, though not to such a large extent. He is captain of our House Second Eleven and immensely strong physically stronger than I am, that is; but my nerves are certainly the best, as he often admits I get on his, though he never gets on mine.

My people were abroad, that's why I had to go to my uncle's, and the only thing that reconciled me to it was that they hadn't any children, because, being poor, they would have sent them to cheap schools, and I should have been expected to go about with the little bounders all the holidays. same, I had a pretty dull time; there was nowhere to go and nothing to do, and though my aunt was always pressing me to go in the public park, which was opposite the row of houses, naturally I avoided the place, as it was a common hole, swarming with slum The canal at the kids from the town. back of the house wasn't so bad-in fact, when you got out of the town, quite decent for boating; but I was not often able, unfortunately, to do that, as the boats were ninepence an hour. The worst of it was, I knew Woodward had friends in the neighbourhood, and I had to be constantly on the watch, because if he motored by and saw me going in or coming out of a not even semi-detached house like my uncle's, it would, of course, be pretty fatal to our friendship.

One day—the last day of the holidays, in fact—I met a neighbour of my aunt's in the street, a person named Mrs. Pitt, quite young and really rather pretty, although being a married woman. I had been introduced to her, but of course always looked the other way if I came across her out of doors, and was doing so now, when to my horror she stopped and said "Good morning," though she was actually wheeling a perambulator containing a kid and several small parcels at the time. There was no chance of getting by, so I also stopped and gave my cap a hitch—my House Eleven cap, by the way.

"We're going to have a game of cricket in the park this afternoon," she said. "Baby loves watching it so! There will be my young brother and the children next door-

will you join us?"

For a moment I simply couldn't speak. The absolute sauce of asking me to join in a kid's game in that beastly public park! But she looked quite pleasant and friendly, and I really don't think she meant it for sauce, but simply didn't realise what she was asking.

"Thanks," I said, "I don't think I care to," and, hitching my cap again, walked

quickly into the house.

"Why, there's Mrs. Pitt playing with those children in the park," said my aunt, looking out of the window later in the afternoon. "I wonder she didn't ask you to join them."

"She did," I replied, "but I declined."

"What a pity! They seem such a merry party. I see she has got her brother staying there—such a gentlemanly little fellow he is. Dear me, how hard she hit that ball!"

I had the curiosity to stroll to the window. Mrs. Pitt was in, the next-door children fielding, and the Pitt baby in its perambulator at a safe distance—and just as well,

for Mrs. Pitt was hitting all round the wicket—in fact, from the form she showed I should have given her a place in the "3rd" without hesitation. The balls were teasers, too. I glanced at the bowler, the young brother—"the gentlemanly little fellow," as my aunt called him. His back was towards

me as he collected the ball from one of the kids, then he turned for his next delivery. It was Woodward!

I went hot all over, then cold.

"Who is Mrs. Pitt?" I said in a low, suppressed voice.

"Mrs. Pattison Pitt," replied my aunt. "Her husband is a great cricket player." She needn't have told me that. Pattison Pitt was the best short slip in the world, and Woodward had often bragged about being his brother-in-law. how on earth was I to suppose that his wife took the baby out herself and brought the shopping home in the perambulator?

"Her people are quite wealthy, I believe," continued my aunt,

"and Pattison Pitt is poor, but she would have him." And then she went on to say what a good wife she was; but I didn't listen to that. I felt sicker than I had ever felt in my life. Here was a splendid chance of getting well in with Woodward and his people simply chucked away because my

aunt hadn't the sense to tell me who Mrs. Pitt was before. And who should get off a passing tram and join the game, first stopping to speak to the baby, who was being wheeled home by the nursemaid, but Pattison Pitt himself! He caught and bowled his wife first ball, and then went in; but I felt too

sick to watch any more, and went up to my bedroom at the back of the house, and tried hard to think of some noble deed I could do which would make Woodward proud of calling me his chum, and Pattison Pitt and his wife reverence and admire me from the bottom of their hearts.

I could see their backgarden where I sat ; they had a door in their end wall leading to the towpath, and a summerhouse close by, where the baby. now back from the park, was lying asleep in its perambulator. Suddenly, while I watched. I saw the towpath door softly open and the ugly monkeylike face of a barge-woman peep round it. She caught sight of the



"Mrs. Pitt was bitting all round the wicket."

buby in the summer-house, looked quickly round, came inside, seized the perambulator, and nipped out of the door with it before you could say "Knife."

First of all I realised what a splendid bit of luck it was for me to be an actual eyewitness of such a fine case of kidnapping;

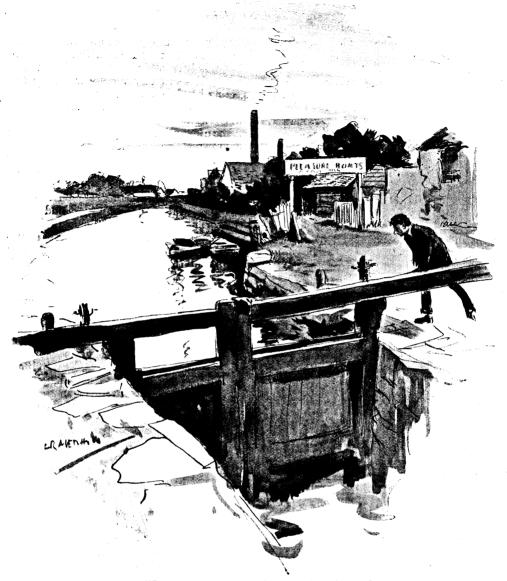
then it came upon me like a flash that here was my opportunity for making Woodward and the Pitts practically lick my boots for the rest of my life. I must rescue that baby single-handed; if the woman was alone, so much the better, it would be a soft job; but if she had confederates, I was prepared to risk life itself, and take it too, for that matter, feeling pretty certain that, in that case, I should only have manslaughter and one day's imprisonment brought in against me.

My first step was to track the woman to her lair, and to do this I was obliged to go round by the road, as my uncle had not a door in his back wall, and as I did this I was glad to see the cricketing party pulling up stumps and making for home—as the sooner they came in, the longer time of suspense and anguish they would have to endure, which of course would make it all the better for me.

When I reached the towpath, all signs of the barge-woman and the baby had disappeared. This would have puzzled some people, but, stooping, I at once began to search among the soft mud, and soon found distinct tracks of wheels, which I followed up as closely as a bloodhound would have done so closely, in fact, that after nosing after them a little way off the towpath, I very nearly tumbled over the perambulator with the kid inside, itself standing outside a low little pub, the last house on the towpath, where I could see the woman at the counter, drinking. I might have rescued it then and there, we were so close home; but any kid could have done that, and I had come out prepared to run almost any risk, and was determined to do so, and I retired a little further up the towpath, where, from behind a tree-trunk, I could see all that was going on. Evening was approaching and it got a bit cold, but presently the kid began to cry, and the woman came out in a hurry with her glass still in her hand, which she held to the baby's mouth. It was gin, as I found out afterwards, and of course I thought, the kid being carefully brought up, would cough and choke and that sort of thing; but instead it fairly sucked it down, and went to sleep at once when it couldn't get any more out of the glass, and the old woman began wheeling it quickly up the towpath in my direction, though she seemed a bit shaky on her pins. I had once seen a chap in London disguise himself from a swell to a navvy, by simply turning up his collar and wearing his cap wrong side out. I thought this was a pretty good tip for me now, so followed his example and was stooping moodily over the water in a trampish attitude as she came up.

In a way the disguise was successful, though not quite in the way I intended, for the woman called out: "Fetchin' out the tiddlers, Tommy?" as she passed, evidently taking me for an ordinary urchin, and little suspecting her fate hung in my hands. I made no reply, but followed at the correct distance, till the hull of a barge loomed in sight further up the canal, with a broad plank leading from the towpath to the deck. The kidnapper scuttled up this backwards, treading on her back skirts as she went, pulling the poor little Pitt kid up after her, and as I slouched by I saw she had left the baby on the deck while she went in the cabin place and lit the lamp. The question was—should I take this opportunity or not? It was a little too favourable; still, it meant going right into the enemy's camp, and the sudden snore from a man's nose in the cabin startled and decided me.

I nipped aboard the barge, and, catching hold of the perambulator, bunked with it down the plank without a sound until the jerk off the plank on to the towpath made the kid squirm and squeak, and next moment the old woman had popped out of the cabin like a jack-in-the-box. I heard her yell out at me and then scream to the man inside. but I was making a good pace along the towpath, keeping the perambulator on two wheels as often as not, with a good start of them. I wanted it, what's more. I've been through a good deal in my time, being fourteen years of age next July, but to run along a narrow, raised towpath with a friend's baby in a perambulator with all the nuts loose, pursued by a murderous bargee and his drunken wife, was about the hottest stuff I'd yet tackled, and I doubt if it could have been done better. I heard a splash behind, and turned to see what it was, and that did me, for, though I had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall into the water and the man stop to haul her out, I caught my foot in something and went down on my face, while the perambulator heeled over into some bushes at the side. The handle caught me a clip on the nose as I fell, and I also twisted my ankle, either of which injuries on the football field would have necessitated my retiring hurt; but now I jumped up, yanked the perambulator over on to its wheels again—the kid was strapped in, fortunately—and started off once more. If he caught me now, I knew the man would murder me and throw my body in the canal to clear himself of suspicion. It was getting pretty dark, but I could hear the shouting drawing nearer, though from its husky sound



"I at once began to search among the soft mud."

I gathered the bargee was losing his wind, and I knew if only no officious person met me and stopped me, and the Pitts' gate wasn't locked, I could get in with a minute to spare. Fortunately the towpath was deserted, and the door was still open as the barge-woman had left it; so, panting horribly, with my face streaming with perspiration—and blood, as I afterwards found—I rushed up the garden path straight to the open French window, where I could see a light, and pushed the perambulator triumphantly into the room. Pattison Pitt wasn't there, but

his wife was leaning over something in the corner, and Woodward had got a little saucepan in one hand and a baby's bottle in the other. The lower part of my face was covered with blood, I had lost my cap, and my hair was sticking up all over, and no doubt I looked a bit weird; anyhow, Mrs. Pitt shrieked, and Woodward spilt the milk

out of the saucepan all down his breeches.

"Here's your baby!" I gasped, for I was pumped out.

"What baby?" they cried together.
"Your lost baby," I said, trying to keep



"I heard her yell out at me."

my voice from shaking. "I've saved it. It was kidnapped this afternoon. The brutes are after me now!"

"But I haven't lost Baby," said Mrs. Pitt. "Here she is!" And I noticed for the first time a kid sleeping in a cradle in the corner.

"But," I said, "you must have! I saw an old barge-woman come and sneak it out of your summer-house. I've just tracked her and brought it back."

"But that's her own baby," said Mrs. Pitt. "I know her, and let her leave her baby there when she goes to do her market-

ing, poor old soul. You saw her come and fetch it away." I sat down on a chair.

"Oh!" I said, "I'm sorry—my mistake," and Woodward burst out laughing.

"Why, it is old Chippy," he cried. "What's the matter with your face—it's all over blood!"

"I knocked my nose on the handle when I fell over just now," I said. "I also sprained my ankle. Here they come. I must go and tell them it's my mistake, but I shall get murdered all the same."

I shall get murdered all the same."
"Did they see you take it?" said Mrs.
Pitt quickly.

"The woman did, but the man didn't. It

was nearly dark."

"Give the perambulator to me, and stop where you are," she said. "Come with me, Dick. I'll settle it for you," she added. "It's not a bit like my baby, you know, but it was awfully sweet of you all the same."

I was quite glad they both went out into the garden with the perambulator, because I must have got some grit in my eyes when I

"Stop, will yer!" he shouted. "What yer wanter tell me a chap stole our nipper for? 'Ere it is all the time; you've never been an' fetched it yet. You've bin drinkin', that's what you've bin doin'."

"Saints be praised! It's a merricle!" yelped the woman, throwing herself on the

baby.

"Carm on!" said the man. "Don't keep the lady waiting any longer. She's disgraced 'erself



"I had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall into the water."

fell, for they began to water frightfully just at that moment.

I heard the bargee go blundering past, and then Mrs. Pitt's voice calling him to stop.

"Isn't your wife coming to fetch your baby?" she said. "It's waiting here for her in the summer-house."

Through the curtain I watched him come in, look at the baby in the summer-house, and then go back to the gate just as his wife tottered by.

agin, mum, an' fallen in the river an' all. Woke me up, too, an' made me chase a innercent lad wheelin' 'is mother's nipper 'ome. Carm on wi' yer!" He hustled her through the gate

with the perambulator, and I could hear him swearing at her, while she slobbered and blubbered over the baby all the way back up

the towpath.

I also thought I heard sounds of giggling in the garden, but in that I was mistaken, as Mrs. Pitt and Woodward were perfectly grave when they came in, and Mrs. Pitt thanked me tremendously for the trouble I'd taken. and said if ever her baby was kidnapped, she should send for me at once. Woodward took me

upstairs to wash, and stuck some plaster on my nose and rubbed my ankle with embrocation.

We went back to school together the next day, which was rather a turn for me; but I was a bit staggered when he said what a fine varn it would be to tell the chaps.

"Particularly that part," I said, after a pause, "where I found you mixing your sister's baby's bottle." And after that we made a mutual agreement to say nothing about the business whatsoever.



DESTINATION TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

PLUMBER (after examining the boiler): An' phwat sort av a room is above this, now? PARSON: That's my study, where I sit and work.

PLUMBER: Thin ye can thank the Hivens yez worn't blown straight to blazes, yer riverence.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

AT a large evening party, one of the guests stood in a corner yawning.

"Are you very much bored, sir?" asked a bystander.

"Yes, dreadfully," was the answer. "And you?"
"Oh, I am bored to death, too."

"How would it do to clear out together?"

"I am sorry I can't. I am the host."



PAT got on at the end of a crowded streetcar, and was obliged to steady himself against

"Move up!" shouted the conductor at every

street, as more passengers were taken on. Pat moved up a step each time, but at last he got mad, and he yelled back at the conductor: "Bedad, I paid to ride! Do you expect me to walk all the way home?"



Two friends happened to meet on a stormy, winter morning.

"Well, how do you like this weather?" asked one, almost out of breath.

"Oh, horrible!"

"How's your wife?" gasped the other.

"Oh, just about the same!" was the reply.



IRRESISTIBLE.

FIRST ARTIST: I wish I had a fortune, I'd never paint another picture.

SECOND ARTIST: Well, there are lots of people who would give you one on that condition!

SHE was a wee scrap of a thing just three years old, but with the soul of a heroine shining out of her great brown eyes. It was her first visit to the Zoo, and the babel of queer noises and rows of strange, big beasts might well have daunted her baby heart. But she scorned to seem afraid. Only when they approached the towering form of the elephant did she draw back.

"I'm not goin' too close, farver," she whispered; "I might frighten him!"



THE FIRST STRAW.

(Lines addressed to the courageous wearer of a straw hat in April.)

Oh, man! with face so wan and white, Like vegetable grown at night, When skies are grey and winds are raw, Why do you wear that brand-new straw?

Your action shows that you are bold; But oh! you look so nipped with cold. The glossy brim reflects a sheen Across your face, of pallid green.

The time has not arrived, pray wait Until a little later date; Wait till the grilling suns of May Have tanned your billious look away.

A start must soon be made, it's true, But not, may I suggest, by you, Though, when the cuckoo's calling loud, You'll not be noticed in the crowd. When Josephine was six years old, she was taken for the first time to see a trained-animal show, and came home much pleased with the performance. As she was at times slow to obey, mamma thought this a good time to teach a lesson, so she said: "Don't you think, Josephine, if dogs and ponies and monkeys can learn to obey so well, that a little girl like you, who knows much more than the animals, should obey even more quickly?"

"Of course I would, mamma," came the instant reply, "if I had only been as well trained as they have."

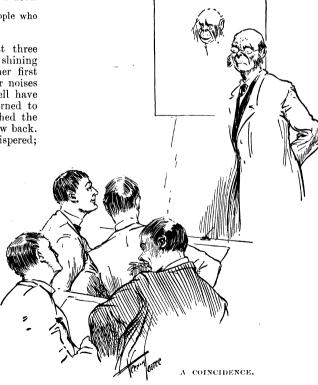


An obliging young curate was driving home one evening after making his pastoral calls, when he overtook a young woman of his congregation, the maid-of-all-work at a farm which he would pass, so he offered her a place in his carriage. The offer was gladly accepted, and they chatted pleasantly all the way to the farm gate.

"Thank you, sir," she said, as she got down.

"Don't mention it, my dear girl. Don't mention it," he said politely.

"No, indeed I won't," she assured him.



Professor (lecturing upon the gorilla): Really, gentlemen, I must beg of you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless your attention is fixed on me.



"I MADE arrangements with two cooks yesterday."
"Two?"
"Yes, one is to come to-morrow, and the other in a fortnight."

ODE TO SPRING. BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

THE nor'east blast blows shrill and sharp and shrewd,

Making the square a haven far from pleasant;

Around the corner riots Boreas rude

To discommode old ladies in the Crescent; Myself, I'm in for "flu," I'm sure, while rheumy Twinges and spasms my joints and muscles rack;

Folks' faces, like the skies, are glum and gloomy—

'Tis bootless to consult the almanack
The insurance people kindly send each year,
For by these signs I know that Spring is here!

"All hail, O Spring!" the poets sing. Quite right,

Save that the hail is ofttimes blent with sleet, While any vernal moon may show the sight Of earth enwrapped in snowy winding-sheet; And if by chance one balmy day deludes,

'Tis followed by a period hyperboreal, So when the jaundiced daffodil protrudes

I hie to the extortioner sartorial, In fur-lined coats my frigid form to wrap, For this is England, and the spring—verb sap! And ugh! the streets! Each snorting motor-

Spurts spiteful streams of London's "own particular";

The reeking pavement oleaginous

Aches to abase one from the perpendicular; Within the City every man one meets

Deplores stagnation, both in trade and liver; From every bridge all one can see are fleets

Of black coal-barges on a blacker river, While greedy gulls still cadge from fools who bring

Them grub, despite the advent of the Spring!

With such a trying clime as ours it needs

Must be quite clear why we're a hardy nation,

Why Britain's sons have oft performed such

deeds

Of derring-do in Arctic exploration.

But I'm not built that way myself—atchoo!

Oh, dear, I wish somebody had my head!
I'm certain it's another go of "flu"—

I think I'll just betake myself to bed, And to myself beneath the blankets sing:

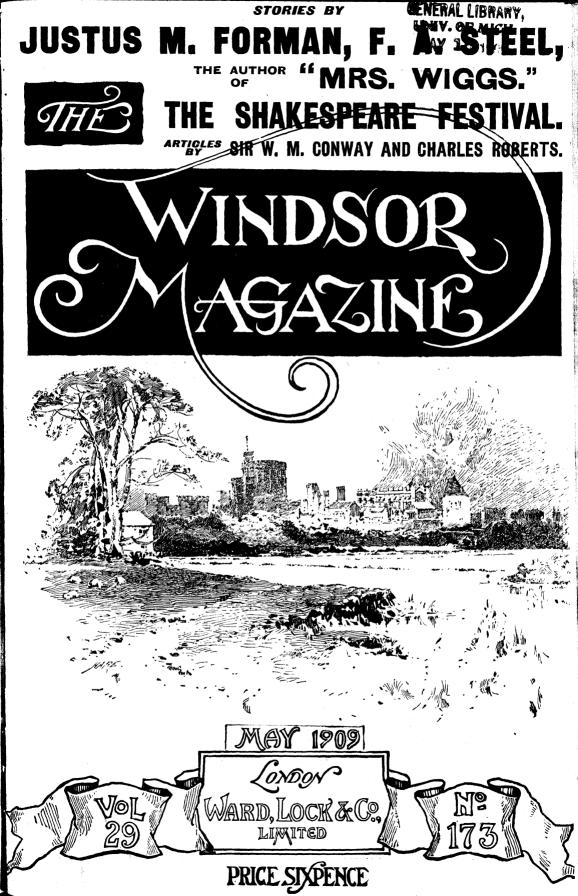
"Take heart! take heart! It is not always Spring!"

Stuart Furniss.



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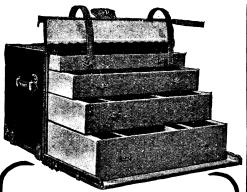
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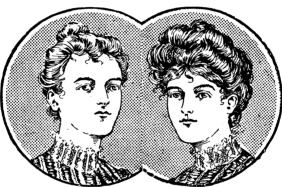
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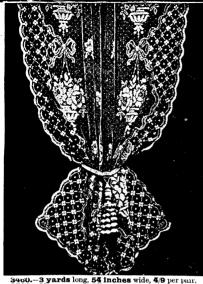
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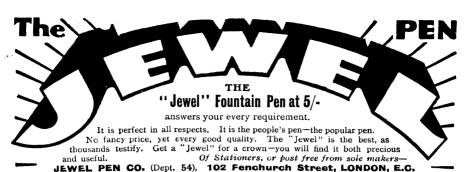
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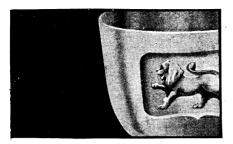
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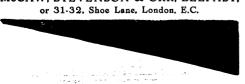
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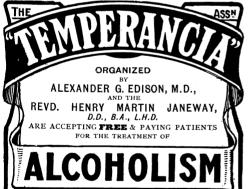
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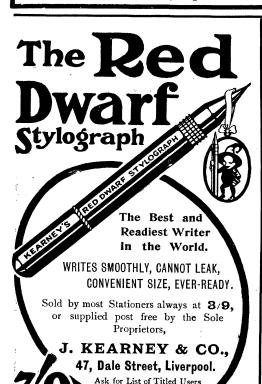
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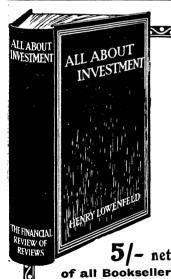
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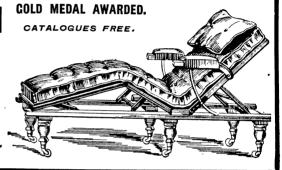
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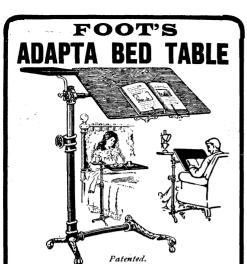
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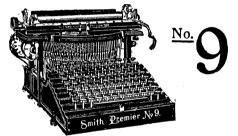
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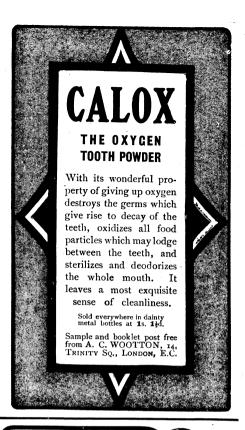
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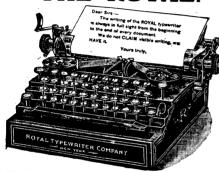
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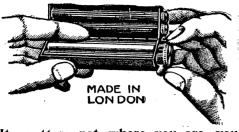


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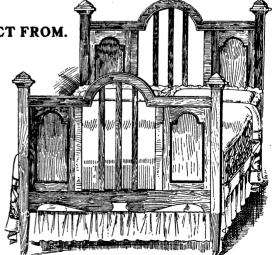
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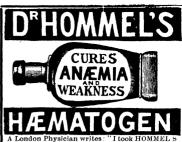
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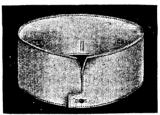
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CONTENTS.

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													-	PAGE
"SIR	1SUMBR	AS AT	THE	FORD."	Sir	\cdot John	Everett	Millai	s, Ba	rt., P. l	?.A.	Fron	tispiece	
THE	ART OF		McCU	LLOCH	COL	LECT	ION	•••	•••		Au	stin	Chester	699
SILVE	ER SPEE Illustrate					ENCE	•••				Flora	Anni	e Steel	713
WIT	AND UI	NDERS	TAND	ING		•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Na	rman	Innes	719
" BUL		 d by S.	 B. de	 LA BERE		•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Wi	lbur	T. Orr	724
MOUI	NTAIN	ACCIDE	ENTS	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Sir W	Mar	rtin (Conway	727
HEIM	WEH	•••		• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	•••		•••			•••	L.	G.	Moberly	732
THE	LORD (USE	•••		•••		Cha	rles G	. D.	Roberts	733
THE	ORCHA	RD		•••		• • • •	•••	•••	•••	•••	Augv	ısta İ	Tancock	738
CUPI	D GOES		MING	·	•••	•••	•••	•••		•••	Alice	Hego	an Rice	739
THE	SHAKE Illustrat	SPEAR ed with	E FE	STIVAL s of the	 players	••• 5.	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	••		747
GEOI	RGE WE Illustrat	IR, CO	MEDI portrait	AN s.	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••		•••	••		766
THE				XIV. TO		 R.I.	•••	•••		Ju	stus A	Iiles .	Forman	7 69
"BE	NEDICT	A"		•••		•••		•••	•••	F	rank I	Dickse	e, R.A.	796
THE		TION ed from			HOR	SE	•••	•••			•••	Cecil	Battine	797
THE	PIPING	SHEP	HERD	· ·	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Agnes			rbertson on nex	

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									PAGE
THE UNEXPECTED			• • • •	. •••	•••		•••	Fred M. White	803
Illustrated by ALEC BAL	L.	~ ·	5	•			4.		
A SONG IN GREEN	•••	•••	•••	•••		•••		May Byron	810
MY MISTAKE Illustrated by L. RAVEN	 -H1LL.	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Jessie Pope	811
THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BO	ок	•••		• • •	•••	•••	•••		817
DESTINATION TAKEN FOR	GRAN	TED ;				•••	•••	G. E. Studdy	817
IRRESISTIBLE	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Arthur Lee	818
THE FIRST STRAW	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••		818
A Coincidence	•••	•••	•••	•••	· ` 	•••	•••	E. Vernon Pearce	818
THE ONLY WAY	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	$\dots H$	loward Somerville	819
ODE TO SPRING	•••	,	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Stuart Furniss	820
THE ONE THING WANTIN	FG -	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Frank Styche	820

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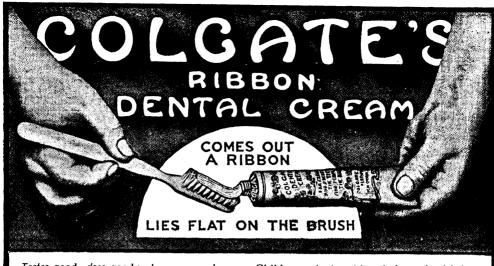
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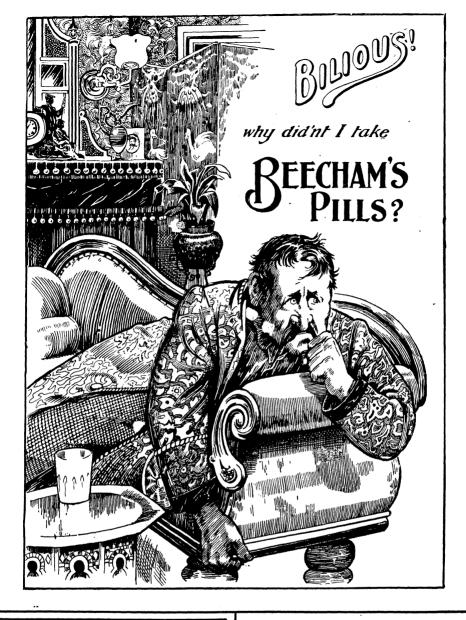


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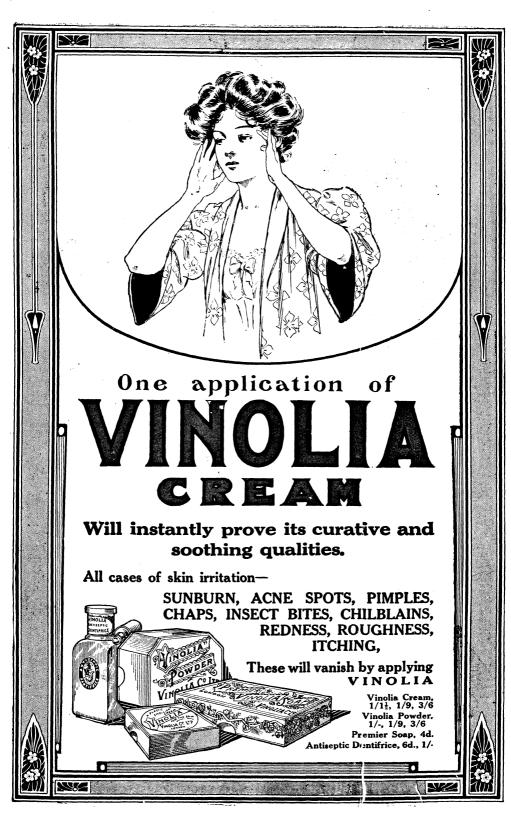
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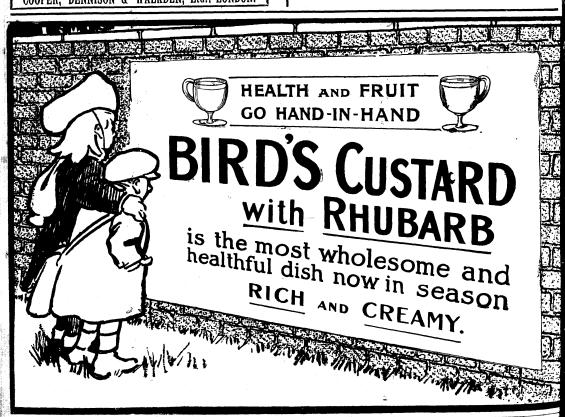
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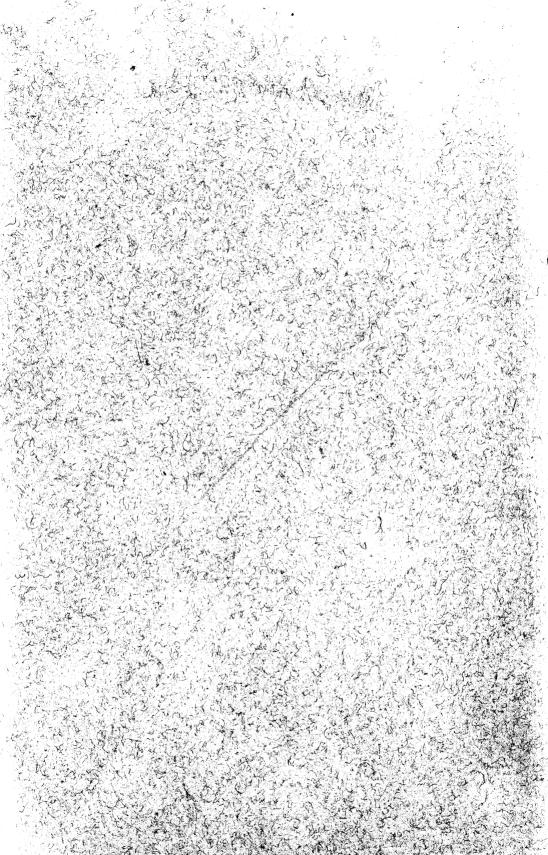
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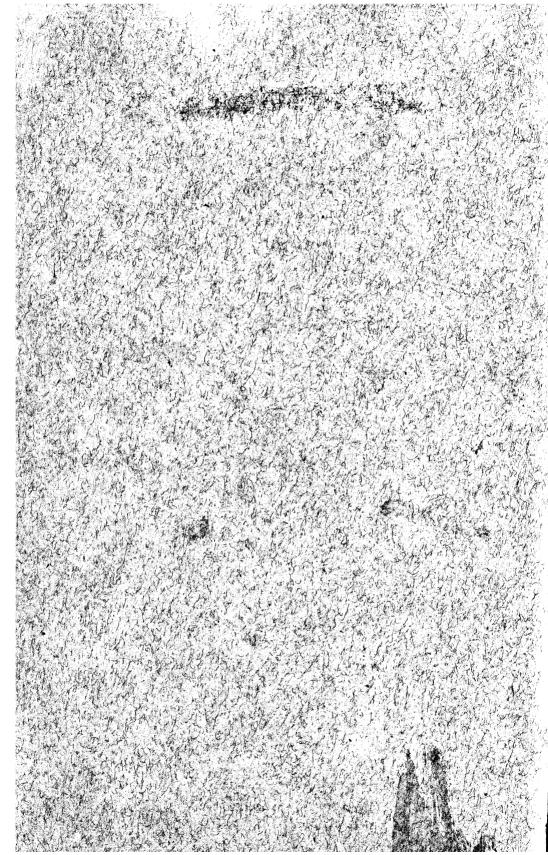
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